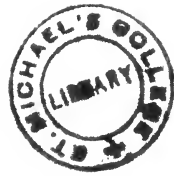


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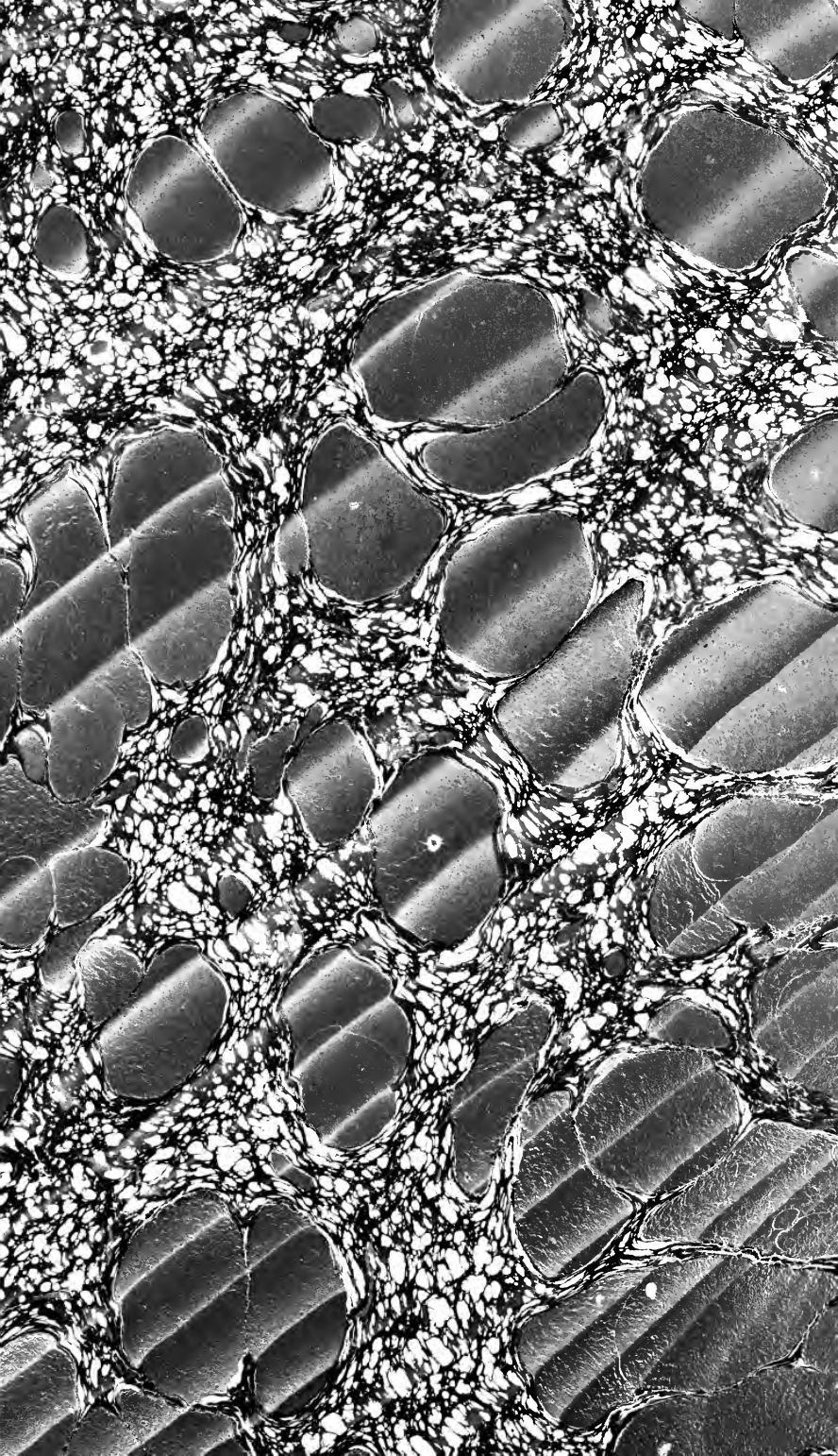


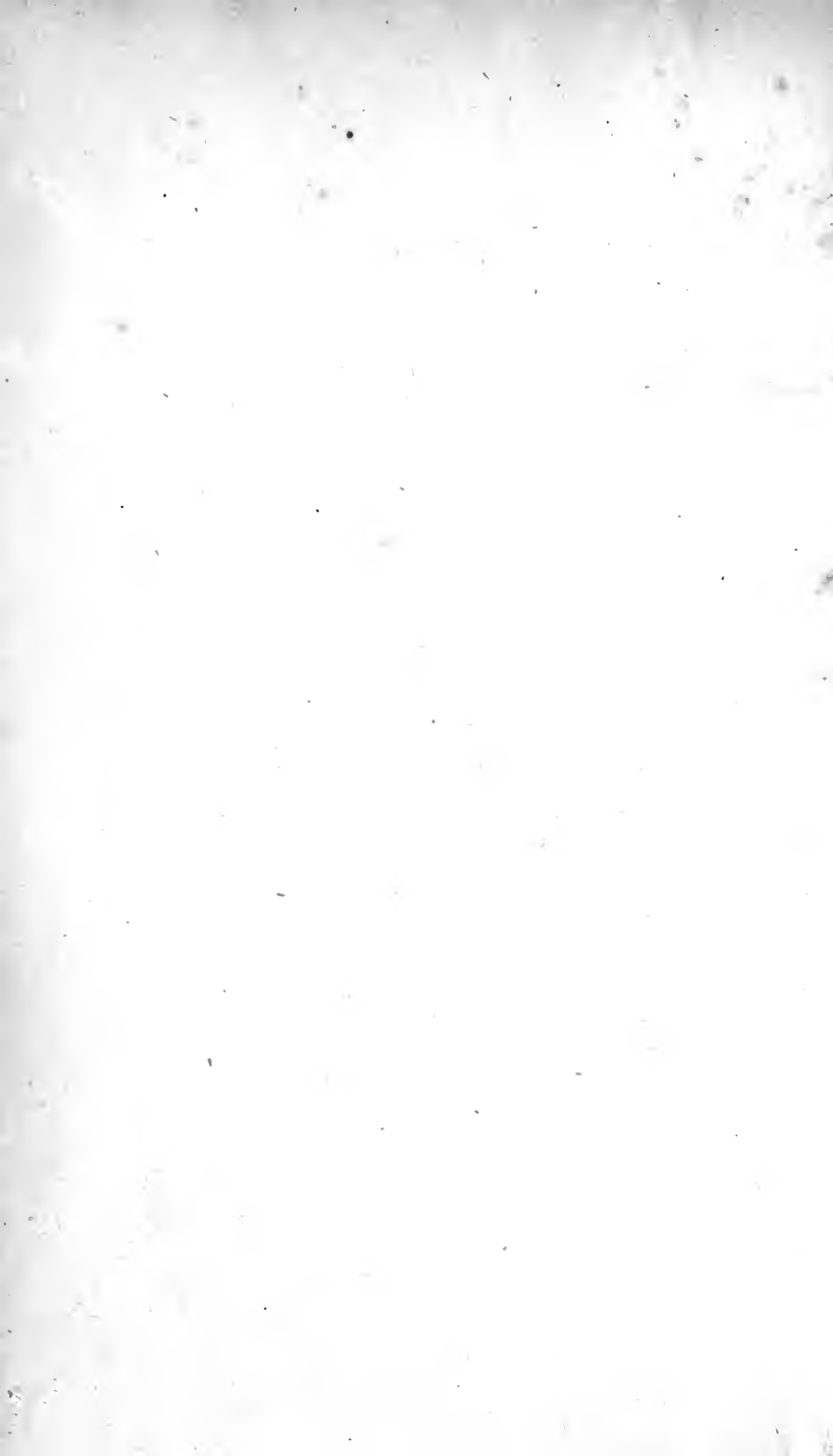
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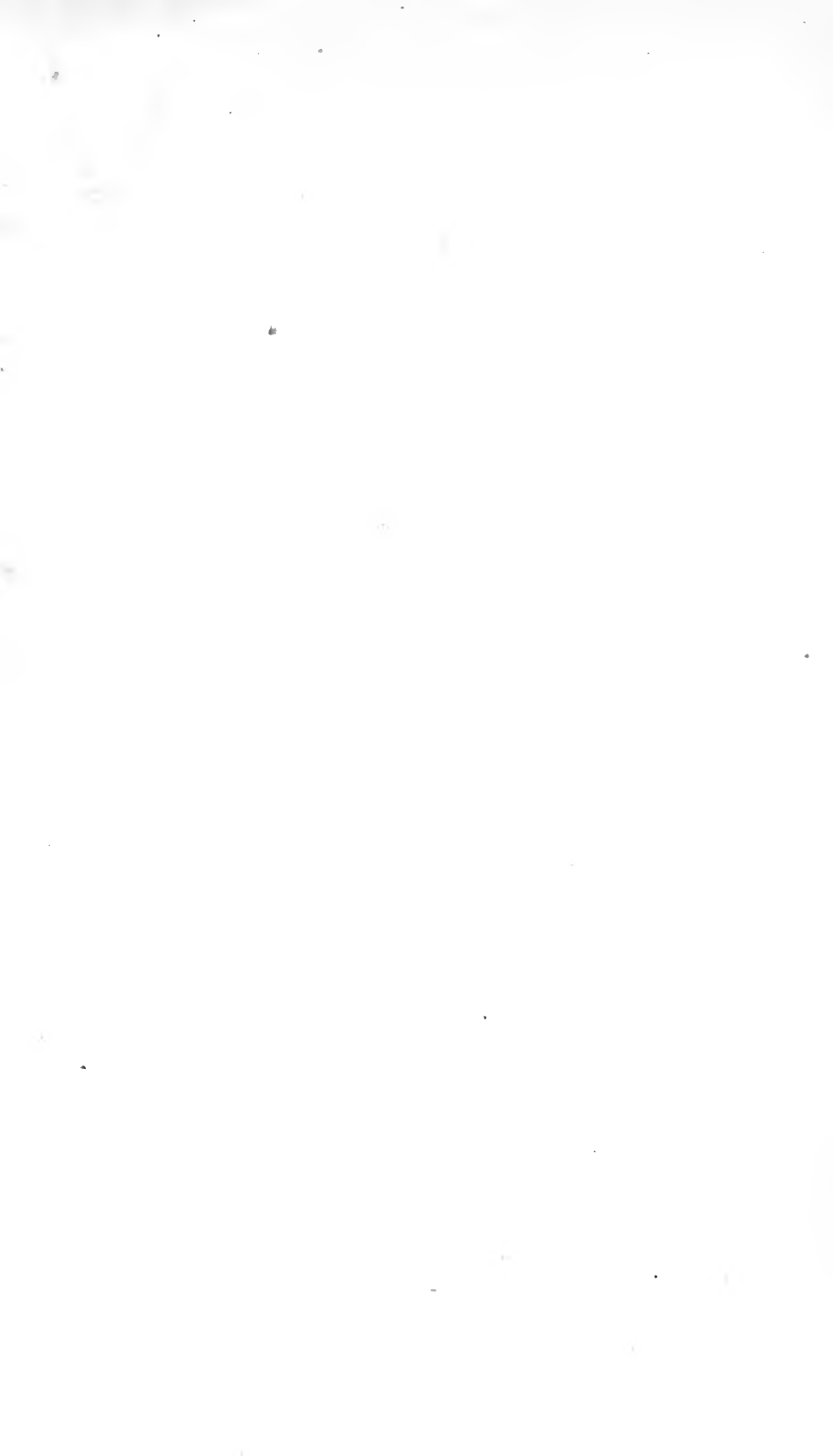




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ERRATA.

The Editor regrets that the absence of the writer of the paper on "Prayer and Prayer Books," and his own serious indisposition, have occasioned a very considerable inaccuracy in the printing of the paper. The following are the most material corrections :—

Page 452, line 2 bottom, for	grained	read	<i>groined</i>
<i>ib.</i> 14	for sowed	...	<i>soured</i>
<i>ib.</i> 15	... slipped	...	<i>slipped in</i>
459 4	... ever	...	<i>even</i>
467 8	... in	...	<i>on</i>
<i>ib.</i> (note) 3	... exitata	...	<i>excitato</i>
<i>ib.</i> (do.) 11	... frugis	...	<i>fruges</i>
468 (do.) 1	... incursia	...	<i>incursio</i>
<i>ib.</i> (do.) 1	... sancta	...	<i>sancto</i>
471 line 2	dele of		
<i>ib.</i> (note) 1	for aliter	...	<i>alitur</i>
<i>ib.</i> (do.) last line	deservirit	...	<i>deserviret</i>
475 line 27	... nave	...	<i>name</i>
<i>ib.</i> 39	... Too visible power	...	<i>Two visible powers</i>
483 42	... occurrence	...	<i>recurrence</i>
485 14	... words	...	<i>sounds</i>

THE
DUBLIN REVIEW.

AUGUST 1842.

- ART. I.—1. *Algérie. Rapport sur la Situation Economique de nos Possessions dans le Nord de l'Afrique, etc., etc.* Par M. Blanqui. Paris: 1840.
2. *L'Algérie.* Par le Baron Baude, Conseiller d'Etat, ex-Commissaire du Roi en Afrique. Paris: 1841.
3. *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.* London: 1839-42.
4. *A Journal of a Residence in the Esmailia of Abd-el-Kader, and of Travels in Morocco and Algiers.* By Colonel Scott. London: 1842.

ALGERIA! a subject interesting in the highest degree, as well in a religious as in a political light; but as in the few pages, to which we are necessarily limited, we can do little more than glance at the objects and general bearing of some of the works placed at the head of this article, we shall omit any notice of its political transactions, and shall confine our attention to other topics, which we think, in the present state of affairs, are more worthy of notice, and calculated to excite interest and afford scope for thought, as well as to throw light on the actual condition and future prospects of the colony. Hence our attention will be chiefly directed to the works which stand second and third in our list.

M. le Baron Pichon, the late civil intendant of Algiers, writing in 1833, exclaimed, "We are certainly a strange nation! Ever since the revolution of July we have had no religious services at Algiers, either for the army or the civil administration; Algiers, which under the Turks had always one or two Catholic chapels open, has not seen, for the two years and a half it has been in our hands, any Christian worship performed within its walls; and now at last, instead of building a church, we plant the cross in one of its

mosques." Of the seven mosques which the French seized upon, out of thirteen, at the taking of the town, one was demolished to make room for the new square, others were used as magazine-rooms, and one only was converted eventually into a Catholic church. This original inattention to the interests of religion was injudicious on grounds of an enlightened policy. It tended to widen the breach between the conquerors and the conquered, to throw still farther back that desirable consummation—the ultimate fusion of the two nations. For it will be seen, as we proceed, that it is almost exclusively in the matter of religion that any conciliation has been effected between the French functionaries and Abd-el-Kader and his followers. This will be discerned more completely when we come to a detail of the proceedings of the present estimable and zealous Catholic bishop at Algiers. But first let us take a glance at the general relations which have subsisted between the Christians and Mussulmans of Algeria, so far as we are enabled to gather them from the accounts of laymen; such, for instance, as that of the Baron Baude, whose work is more extensive and ample than that of any previous writer, upon pretty nearly all subjects connected with the colony, though, like most of his predecessors, his remarks on the topic of religion are sufficiently meager.

"The Mussulmans," he observes, "have never refused to receive services from Christian hands, and the obstacle which separates us from them, lies much more in the manners and customs than in the forms of worship. Christianity and Islamism are both founded on the dogma of the unity of God, and the most incomprehensible mysteries of the Christian religion are related in the Koran almost in the same terms as in the Gospel.* The Turks of Algiers professed a complete toleration for every one who did not attack their faith by proselytism. Save the interruptions caused by the state of war, they permitted from 1646 to 1827, an entire liberty of action to the mission of the Lazarists, who, founded by St. Vincent de Paul, and by the Duchess d'Aiguillon, had for their object the relief of Christian slaves, and their confirmation in the faith. This venerable establishment found protection from the divan, when, in a moment of thoughtless impiety, the convention destroyed it."

Though a digression, yet as we may not have another opportunity, we will give some account of the origin and

* M. Baude gives in a note several extracts from the Koran, in proof of this assertion.

progress of this holy mission. As above stated, it was founded in 1646, by St. Vincent de Paul, who undertook the work at the pressing solicitation of the niece of Cardinal Richelieu, Maria Magdelaine de Vignerod, Duchesse d'Aiguillon, who furnished the chief portion of the funds of the establishment. A priest, named Jean Barreau, was appointed to fulfil at the same time the duties of French consul and of vicar-apostolic of the regencies of Algiers and Tunis. With Father Barreau, St. Vincent de Paul associated another missionary, Father Novali: these were soon joined at Algiers by two other priests of his order, Fathers Lesage and Dieppe. The three last died of the plague, while attending to the relief of those who were affected with it; and Father Barreau survived them but a short time. To supply their places, St. Vincent de Paul sent Philippe le Vacher, who successfully occupied for some time the same two-fold office assigned to Barreau. He perished in 1683, being blown from the mouth of a cannon fired upon the French fleet.* At the close of the war, his place was filled by a Lazarist, named Montmasson, who met the same fate on the 5th of July, 1688. From that time the Lazarist missionaries succeeded without material interruption at Algiers, till 1811. At a former period the fraternity made some charitable collections in France, and obtained the aid of government towards the deliverance of the French slaves. They had erected at Algiers an hospital for the sick, to the expenses of which Louis XIII contributed the sum of 12,000 francs. In the hospital was a chapel, where the services of the Church were gone through as regularly as in a parish. The missionaries also performed the duties of the chapel of the French consulate, and took care of the Catholics dispersed in the environs of the town; they repaired to Bona, at the epoch of the coral fishery, to tend the sick, and administer the succours of religion. This establishment suffered greatly in 1793, from the acts of the convention. The missionaries were expelled, by its decree, from the hospital they had founded, which was sold. Nevertheless, they did not abandon their work. They partook of the food and shared the habitations of the slaves to whom

* "Amongst the many pieces of artillery which defended the batteries of the mole, and neighbouring forts," says Mgr. Dupuch, "there is one called the Consular, the most celebrated of all; it now ornaments the Invalid's Court; it was from its homicidal mouth that Father le Vacher flew to heaven."

they were devoted. During the war which the regency of Algiers now waged against France, Father Jousouy, then vicar-apostolic, came to his native country to collect all his patrimony, and took it to Algiers in order to assist the French establishment. Ere long he saw himself seconded in his righteous enterprise: by a decree of the 31st of July, 1806, the emperor accorded to him an annual stipend of 3000 francs, which was regularly paid to the time of his death, which happened on the 6th of January, 1811.

In 1825, the government having expressed a desire that the order of St. Lazarus should re-establish the Algerine mission, the fraternity dispatched two missionaries, one of whom, like his predecessors, possessed the title and the power of vicar-apostolic of Algiers and of Tunis. They continued the exercise of their ministry till the blockade of 1827, when they received an order to return to France. The object of their mission was to preserve in the faith the Catholic population of Algiers, and to administer spiritual and temporal succour to the slaves. For a considerable period, France was the only European power that maintained a consul at Algiers, and he was thus not only the protector of the French, but also of the Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Maltese, Greeks, Flemings, Germans, and Swedes. The missionaries informed the various governments of the names, capacities, and position of their respective subjects reduced to slavery. Nor did they confine themselves to the spiritual and temporal care and ransom of the slaves; in many circumstances they rendered considerable services to commerce. Some found themselves in a position to assist, by their influence and their counsels, the consuls of different nations who resided at Algiers; others enjoyed the confidence of the deys, and being employed by them in affairs of delicacy, used their interests to protect the Christians from many hardships.

But to return. Those tolerant sentiments of the Algerine Mussulmans, to which we have above alluded, are manifested even at this moment. On the 31st of December, 1837, a Catholic church was consecrated at Tunis, and the minister of the dey contributed 16,000 piastres* towards the public subscription for its erection. And when at the public fêtes of 1832, the central mosque at Algiers was converted into a church, the ulemas presented themselves in a body before the

* The piastre of Tunis is equal to about seventy centimes.

general-in-chief, the Count d'Erlon, and the mufti, Moustapha Ben Ekabti, addressed him in somewhat remarkable language: "Our mosque will change its worship without changing its master, for the God of the Christian is also ours, and we differ only in the manner of worshipping." In holding this singular language, the mufti derogated nothing from his office, inasmuch as it is written in the Koran: "We believe in God according to what he has sent us, according to what he has revealed to Abraham, to Ishmael, to Jacob, and to the twelve tribes; we believe in the sacred books which Moses, Jesus, and the prophet received from God; we make no difference between them."

"The natives repudiate us," says M. Baude, "less as Christians than as unbelievers; and the establishment of the Churches of Algiers, of Bona, and of Oran, is very far from depreciating us in their eyes."

With these introductory remarks, the statement of which will not be deemed irrelevant to our purposes, we proceed to observe, that on the 25th of August, 1838, the king, Louis Philippe, signed the ordinance which named the first and present bishop of Algiers, the active and pious Mgr. Dupuch, whose labours have been crowned, we are happy to say, with extraordinary success. Not only have his exertions realized much good, in respect more particularly to the special objects of his holy mission, but by the exercise of humanity and courage, and all those conciliatory virtues for which he is greatly distinguished, he has won the respect and esteem of Abd-el-Kader and his chiefs. The presence of the bishop and his clergy has been also greatly beneficial in softening the manners of the inhabitants of Algeria, for the clergy have conducted themselves towards the people in the manner which befits ministers of religion; in consequence of which they are justly obtaining that influence over the minds of the Arabs, which generates confidence and a willingness to listen to their sacred instructions. We must mention, to his high credit, that the bishop was chiefly instrumental in bringing about an interchange of prisoners,—of those more particularly whose capture was occasioned by the cruel and wanton system of *razias*, a species of warfare between the French and the Arabs, resembling the Highland forays of former times. The negotiations for these exchanges were originated by his lordship on his own responsibility, as a matter of religion and humanity; he led forth a convoy of prisoners himself, and superintended their exchange in person, after

having clothed them at his own expense, previous to their departure, given them money, and provided conveyances for their women and children. The Arabs, who are a generous and noble-minded race, were touched by these kind attentions; and the khalifat, Sidi Mohammed Ben-Aila, entered into a correspondence with him, and sent presents for the sick under his care. As the prelate, without any escort, conducted the convoy of prisoners across the Metidja plain, to the foot of the mountains, he fell in with the French troops near Blidah, whose presence had well nigh prevented the cartel from being completed: at length, however, the Arabs approached, and the khalifat entered the bishop's carriage; they remained in conversation about an hour, and parted with every mark of mutual esteem. Subsequently another beneficent mission, for the like blessed purposes, has taken place, which is well worth noticing. The number for last March (1842) of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, contains a letter, dated 10th September, 1841, from the Rev. M. Suchet, vicar-general of Algiers (a nephew or son of the marshal, we believe), addressed to the Rev. M. Samatan, giving a most interesting account of his journey to the camp of Abd-el-Kader, and his safe return without any escort whatever. The cause and nature of the undertaking, M. Suchet describes as follows.—

“Fifteen days had passed after the exchange of the prisoners; our joy was not complete, for several of our countrymen were still captives at Tlemesen, the capital of the states of Abd-el-Kader; and we could not tell the number of these unhappy men. The 6th of June we were enabled to ascertain the number: the bulletin of the expeditionary column, commanded by the governor-general, announced the taking of Mascara, and published the names of fifty-six Frenchmen, which had been found inscribed on the walls of a fort of the town. At the head of the list, which had been drawn up by the prisoners themselves, there was a cross, and underneath it these words:—*We know not whither we are going—God be our guard.*

“How our hearts were rent at this sorrowful news! I said to his lordship, ‘If you would send me in search of these poor captives, I would not return without them, though I should have to go to Tlemesen and ask them of Abd-el-Kader himself!’ The worthy prelate desired it more ardently than I did; and my hope of succeeding became the better founded, as the khalifat had promised to restore us our prisoners, on condition of our sending to him some of his, who were then detained in the prisons of Algiers. His lordship had already solicited from the governor the liberation of the eight Arabs now asked for, and he was expecting an immediate

reply ; some presents bespoken for the emir, and intended for the ransom of our brethren, were also expected momentarily to arrive from France. On the same day we received the present, and a favourable answer. My journey was from that moment decided upon."

The next day M. Suchet set out with the eight Arab prisoners, accompanied only by an interpreter and two young moors to lead the mules, loaded with the presents for Abd-el-Kader. Having delivered the captives to their relatives and friends, he repaired to the camp of the kaid of the Hadjoutes, brother-in-law of the khalifat. The kaid provided him a guide to the tents of the latter, which lay beyond the first chain of the Atlas, near Schelif. The khalifat received him with pleasure, and gave him a further guide to discover the abode of the emir, and his French prisoners. On the journey, M. Suchet underwent extreme fatigue and peril, and was for some days in great suspense as to the success of his enterprise. The party, having arrived near Tekedempt, and not finding Abd-el-Kader there, turned in the direction of Mascara, and at length, through many dangers, made their way to the powerful tribe of the Hachems, whence the sultan has his origin, and whom they expected to find there in the bosom of his family. They made many inquiries as to his present abode without success.

"At last," says M. Suchet, "two old men, with white heads, came up to us, and to the usual question of my guide, they answered, 'See, near those two tall poplars in the middle of the plain (the plain of Ghris); we are going to conduct you to him.' At these words I felt within me an universal confusion. I cannot express the feeling which agitated me; but there was certainly mingled in it a lively satisfaction that I was approaching the end of my mission. By a spontaneous movement we pressed the flanks of our horses, and galloped in silence to the camp of Abd-el-Kader. Here and there numerous groups of Arabs were lying on the ground, near their coursers, which were browsing on the dried grass. We crossed the Oued-Moussa, and we had arrived. 'The sultan is there,' said, in a low voice, one of the old horsemen that accompanied us; 'there, in the middle of that garden of orange-trees, of fig-trees, and of laurel-roses.' A gloomy silence reigned around us; we only whispered, or spoke by signs. Some young negroes surrounded us, and took our horses, and some Arabs, who appeared to be officers of distinction, came to us, and pointed with their hand to Abd-el-Kader, squatted on the bare ground, in the shade of a fig-tree. Surprised to find myself in the presence of the sultan, I

asked leave to retire behind an olive-hedge which was before us, in order to recover myself, and to take out the letters of the bishop.

“Abd-el-Kader had already perceived me; he sent, on the spot, his secretary, to whom I gave the despatches of which I was bearer. I told him I awaited the orders of his master to present myself. In two minutes after, the same secretary returned to inform me that the sultan was ready to receive me. He was in the same place and attitude as on my arrival: he did not arise. He saluted me most graciously, and made a sign for me to be seated upon an humble carpet which was spread at his side. This formidable chief was dressed as a common scheik: an ordinary kaik, a white burnou, and camel-hair cord, rolled round his head, constituted his whole costume. No arms, no poignard, no pistols in his belt, no warlike trappings, no sort of court, as I had remarked around the khalifat, at the time of the first exchange of prisoners, distinguished the sovereign of the Arabs. He may be about thirty-five years old; his stature is of the middle size; his physiognomy, without being heroic, is majestic; his face is oval, his features regular, his beard thin and of a deep chesnut colour; his complexion is white, or rather pale, although a little browned by the sun; and his eyes, of a greyish blue, are handsome and very expressive. When silent, he has a pensive and almost timid look; but if he speaks, his eyes become gradually animated, and sparkle. At the name of religion he lowers his eyes, and then gravely raises them towards heaven, in the manner of one inspired. In other respects he is simple in his manners, and even appears embarrassed by his dignity. It was, therefore, with no small surprise, that I saw this austere personage laugh with complete freedom when the conversation took a more familiar turn.”

The emir was delighted with the bishop's letters, and, as he was expressing his admiration of his lordship's charity, “I know all,” said he; “I know all he has done for Algeria, and I have a great veneration for his person.” At first he was unwilling to release the French prisoners, except on certain conditions; but afterwards, on further explanations, readily consented. An interesting conversation here followed on some of the leading topics of the Christian faith, and then Abd-el-Kader accepted the presents which the bishop had sent. “I receive them,” said he, “because it is thy bishop that offers them; I would not have received them from another.” The sultan wrote with his own hand a most friendly and interesting letter to his lordship, which we regret our limits will not permit us to quote. This interview, conducted with the greatest courtesy and urbanity, would doubtless have been prolonged, had not the near approach of General

Bugeaud's column compelled the Arab chief to move his tents. M. Suchet and his companion took a hasty leave; and after some perilous adventures, joined their own countrymen at Medeah, who were not aware of their mission, and whose surprise was extreme at seeing two simple clergymen advancing alone towards them across the hostile plains, where any other person would have required an army to protect him. At length the abbé with his guide, after a very narrow escape, reached Bleedah. "The following week," he concludes, "I embraced, at Algiers, Captain Morissot, who had just arrived at the head of his companions in captivity."

The religious progress which Mgr. Dupuch and his clergy have accomplished throughout Algeria, is of the most encouraging character, for which they are indebted indeed in considerable part to the prompt cooperation of the excellent Institution for the Propagation of the Faith, whose assistance the bishop, in his letters to the central committee at Lyons, very frequently acknowledges in expressions of lively and pious gratitude. His first communication inserted in the *Annals* is dated from Bona, April 22nd, 1839; and the last, that has come to our hands at least, is addressed to His Holiness, of the date of 22nd June 1841. By briefly tracing the course of his indefatigable labours in various quarters of the country, the reader will be enabled to arrive at something like a correct idea of the actual progress realized by his zealous exertions. To begin with the capital: "At Algiers," he observes in the last-mentioned letter, "I have more than twelve thousand Catholics, two churches (shortly there will be three), and four chapels. Before the end of the year I shall have an additional chapel in the town, and another in the suburbs. In the province of Algiers I have also, independently of those enumerated, four chapels and five churches, one of which has been solemnly consecrated; it is under the invocation of the illustrious saints Perpetua and Felicitas." In 1839-40, he had spoken of two churches, and of only two chapels in the city. The principal church of Algiers, which was some years ago the elegant mosque of the women, was ordered by His Holiness Gregory XVI to be dedicated under the patronage of St. Philip. It is, in humble proportion, something like the Pantheon at Rome, or rather the Assumption at Paris, but larger. The great cupola is surrounded by nineteen smaller ones, and rests upon sixteen columns of white marble, each made out of a single block. The chapel,

which is the residence of the bishop, is described as singularly beautiful and rich in decorations. Built by the Moors, it was for a long time the vestibule of the episcopal palace; it is all marble and carved stone. There are seven doors opening into it, of different sizes, and all carved in an admirable style. Twenty pillars of white marble, ornamented with capitals of infinite delicacy, support the roof, and divide it into twelve niches, each of which is appropriately dedicated. An angel in the antique form, reposes upon a monument of white Carara marble, dug from the sacred ruins of Hippo; the inscription, which is in admirable preservation, records that it was erected to the memory of a child placed at the angel's feet. In the middle of the sanctuary, and underneath the bronze lamp, is a mosaic found in the same ruins, and representing, by two rings intertwined, the union of the two churches. Over the altar is a fine painting of the Assumption, given by the Queen Marie Amélie; and on either side are two angels in the posture of adoration, similar to those at the great altar of St. Sulpice, at Paris. In front of the altar are placed two magnificent balustrades, of white marble pillars, incrusting with flowers of antique marble, and of the most exquisite workmanship, the remains of a Mahometan pulpit. The altar is surmounted by a cupola, through which a softened, religious light is admitted; and at the door, the tomb of a dey serves for the holy water, his turban being hollowed for that purpose. "Sanctuary, a thousand times blessed!" exclaims the good bishop: "a thousand times more precious, by the treasure of grace it already contains, and those that are every day being multiplied there, than by the marble and bronze, the wonders of the chisel and pencil, with which it is enriched,—for it is there that I have, for a long time past, received a great number of abjurations, conferred baptism upon Jews and infidels!" &c.

The church mentioned above as having been solemnly consecrated to SS. Perpetua and Felicitas, is at the village of Dely-Ibrahim, where, in 1839, his lordship informs us, it was with difficulty that the holy mysteries could be celebrated in a kind of hut, which served at once as a Catholic and Lutheran or Calvinist temple; for the different preachers went through their respective functions there in turn. On the 24th of March 1841, the bishop writes: "Last Sunday, I consecrated the first church which has been built since the Conquest, and probably the first built here during ages,—I

mean the handsome church of Dely-Ibrahim. The nave, sanctuary, steeple, all bring to mind, with our country, the dearest recollections. The weather was beautiful: it would be difficult for one in Europe to conceive such a ceremony in the plains of Staouéli, which are rendered illustrious by the death of the young and brave Amadeus de Bourmont, and in front of Mount Atlas, near the sea, and under the magic sun of Algeria." In the west, at Cherschell (the ancient Julia Cæsarea) and at Mostaganem, the bishop has established, respectively, a priest and an hospital. At Oran, he has a church dedicated to St. Louis, a large military hospital, a fine establishment of the religious Trinitarians, for the redemption of captives and the beginning of a civil hospital. Three priests reside at Oran, where the Catholics, exclusive of the army, amount to about five thousand. In the east, at Calle, near Tunis, there is a priest, and a church is being restored. At Bona, besides an humble church dedicated to St. Augustine, there is an hospital for 1,500 sick, Sisters of Charity, and a school. The bishop has also purchased there, at a large expense, the ground for the site of a large ecclesiastical edifice. At Hippo, about a league and a half distant from Bona, a monument has been raised to the memory of St. Augustine. The solemn ceremony of blessing and placing the first stone took place on the 28th of August 1839, and the scene is thus interestingly and feelingly described by Mgr. Dupuch :

"I thought that, alone with two or three priests and a few workmen, I should perform that great act; but no; as early as five o'clock, you might have met along the shore, on the old Roman bridge, and in the thousand pathways lined with myrtles and olive-trees, with which those immense ruins are intersected in every direction, a crowd of anxious pilgrims dressed as on a fête-day, and joy beaming on their countenances. The ceremony was attended by the troops with their military music; the excellent General Guingret and his staff, the sub-director of the interior, the Mayor of Bona, the king's attorney, the officers of the navy, &c. &c. At six o'clock I arrived, and found an altar erected over the splendid cisterns of the hospital of St. Augustine, and on the spot where the monument of filial and fraternal affection is to be raised. The underwood had disappeared, as if by enchantment, and a large quantity of flowers had been gathered, with which our poor Sisters of Charity decorated the altar. It was in the midst of these preparations, so enchanting at such an hour, and in such a place, that I celebrated in pontificals, and with the most solemn pomp, the sacrifice which St. Augustine at the same place, had celebrated for

the last time fourteen hundred years before. But with what events were these fourteen centuries filled up!

“The hill we stood on was the same, the sea before us was that which he beheld, the echoes which resounded to our voices those which so often had repeated his. On that day were heard beneath us, on the other side of the bridge, the shouts of the barbarians, the cries and lamentations of the people of St. Augustine. And to-day it is the sound of warlike music, the acclamations of a new people, and the neighing of the horses of the Christian conquerors. And during that mass, at which all my brother bishops of France were present in spirit, what prayers were sent up to heaven! The Sisters of Charity received the holy Communion, the Arabs themselves knelt and prayed. I endeavoured to speak; my mitre sparkling with the dazzling rays of the rising sun, and my crozier resting upon the green sod, which covered stones where perhaps . . . Do not ask me what I felt, what I said, what the sentiments with which we were all animated; what the vows we made, the solemn obligations we renewed. I could not tell you; oh, no, never, never.

“I descended some steps at the sound of warlike music, still in my richest pontifical dress, and accompanied by my strange suite; I blessed the stone which had been prepared, perhaps two thousand years ago and more; my priests, assisted by the general, the sub-director, and the mayor, placed it upon its foundation.

“I gave my solemn benediction to the assembled multitude, to Bona, and to Africa, and to France; and a flourish of trumpets closed that morning, which is the aurora of so many bright and glorious days; for the finger of God was there.”

At Constantina, a handsome mosque has become a church; and there are a civil and three military hospitals, with two chapels formed into one magnificent establishment. There are, moreover, three missionaries and six Sisters of Christian doctrine. Constantina contains about thirty thousand inhabitants. M. Suchet has admirably discharged the functions of missionary there, and his exertions have been well seconded by the governor of the province. Here the approximation of the Arabs towards the Catholic faith seems to be in preparation. The worthy prelate speaks highly of the friendly reception given to him by the natives of this town, and calls it a “providential progress:” writing in March 1841, he says,—“In the month of September I presided at Constantina over a meeting of all the muftis, cadis, and superior functionaries of the mosques. We assembled in one of the chambers of the palace of Achmet Bey. Our signatures and seals were intermingled; our meeting had religion for its object. During

this journey I have received five young Arabs, who belong to respectable families. I have placed them in the preparatory college of St. Augustine, which will form the commencement of an Arab college, if our means will allow us to establish one. Like the preparatory college, and the orphans, it would be confided to the priests of the Holy Cross."

At Stora, exclusive of the garrison, there are five thousand Catholics, a chapel and an oratory, and probably, by this time, two other chapels and an oratory. There is also a military hospital, containing one thousand two hundred invalids. At Giggelly there are a hospital and a sanctuary; and the small town of Bugia, which perhaps more than any other part of Algeria, stands in need of the light of faith, and the blessings of Christian colonization, owns a pretty church, and an excellent priest from Alsace, who is a real providence for the soldiers of the foreign legion and the children, for he is at once priest and schoolmaster. This place contains also, a large military hospital, attended by a single priest. Between thirty and forty leagues from Bugia, on the sea-coast, at the extremity of the Bay of Stora, is the cradle of a rising city. But a short time ago it was called Russicada, with its immense ruins, its quays, its theatre, its aqueducts, and cisterns of Roman origin; it is now called Philippeville, where, in October 1839, there were fifteen hundred colonists. A priest has been placed there, a church built, and a community of Sisters of Christian doctrine settled. At Bouffarick, Douera, Hussein-Dey, and Mustapha-Superior, a church or a chapel exists, respectively, and a priest has been assigned to each. The great mosque at Blidah has been changed into the church of St. Charles, the ceremony of the consecration of which has been very interestingly described by his lordship. It was at Blidah that a young mufti said to him, at one of his visits to that place, "How impatient I am to be able to understand what you say to me! In the meantime, the sweet sound of thy voice enables me to taste the sweetness of the sentiments it expresses!"

Many similar interesting circumstances have occurred in the course of the worthy bishop's philanthropic labours. In his correspondence, he mentions some singular instances of conversion, not only of Protestants, but of those professing Islamism, to the ancient Christian faith. One of the most remarkable, is the case of Aïcha, now called Marie Antoinette, the wife of Achmet-Bey, of Constantina. We give the relation of it in his own words:

“One of those who was the most stricken with this peaceful triumph of religion, and on whose head I afterwards poured the waters of regeneration, presents a touching subject of serious reflections; I mean Aïcha, now called Marie Antoinette, for she cannot bear to hear herself called by any other name. This lady, wife to the Bey of Constantina, of whom the public papers spoke about four months ago,* escaped the most imminent perils through my mediation, and the generous interference of the governor of Constantina. I have had an opportunity of studying her, and of putting to trial her most secret dispositions. I have not words to express what the first dawning of faith has produced upon this soul, that has been in a manner created anew: she has no longer any taste for dress, once her only consolation; she is constantly engaged in manual labour, and enjoys a profound peace, an unalterable joy. ‘I am now,’ said she to me with a smile, ‘like the ring on your finger; it never quits you, and on what side soever you turn it remains; such am I in the hands of God!’ On the day of my arrival, she saw me enter Constantina with General Galbois, at the head of his column; surrounded at the time by the spies of Achmet, who sought an opportunity to carry her off, the sight of a bishop made upon her mind a sudden and extraordinary impression; she wrote to me immediately, imploring me to save her. Three weeks afterwards she was looking at a beautiful painting of the redemption of captives in the regency of Algiers, given me by the minister of war, when I gave her a cross, observing that it was marked on the habit of the religious of Mercy, as well as on the heart of the bishop. Seizing it with earnestness, she hung it round her neck, and kissing it with transports she said, with an accent of inexpressible tenderness: ‘Be my father, and I shall be thy child; I am a Christian!’ And, indeed, it is thought she was born at Genoa, was made a captive when five or six months old, was sold at Smyrna, Alexandria, and Tunis; presented to Achmet-bey by Ben Aïssa, the latter regarding her as a Christian; for having, on a Friday, nearly assassinated her (she had received five strokes of the yatagan):—‘You are not worthy,’ said he to her, ‘to die on the blessed day of the Mussulman prayer; you shall die to-morrow (Saturday)!’ It was on a Saturday she was rescued from another death. She is about nineteen years old, possesses an excellent judgment, and is remarkable for a candour and simplicity, surprising in one who has led such a life.”

The number of charitable and other institutions which the bishop has been successful in establishing in his diocese, bespeak his unwearied industry and Christian zeal in the cause of religion and humanity. There is in Algiers a college, half

* The bishop is writing in August 1839.

civil and half military, which contains one hundred and fifty pupils, whilst about one hundred and sixty children frequent the gratuitous school. This institution is calculated to exert a very powerful influence over the destiny of Algeria. There are also four private schools, with a hundred and eighty-four scholars: the school under the care of the sisters of St. Joseph is attended by one hundred and thirty-seven females; and four private schools by one hundred and ninety-five pupils. There is likewise the ecclesiastical college of St. Augustine, the pupils of which seminary are educated so as to be able to speak both French and Arabic.

In addition to their school, and the work-room they have annexed to it, the sisters are at the head of an asylum for the poor orphans of colonists, and of an infant asylum, which contains one hundred and nineteen children. Other orphans are entrusted to the ladies of the Sacred Heart, and a house of refuge for young females exposed to danger, to the sisters of St. Joseph. To the care of the brothers of St. Joseph of Mans, are committed the orphans of St. Cyprian, whose number is limited to twenty-five. In 1830, an association of charitable ladies was founded at Algiers (now composed of two hundred and fifty members in that town alone), and presided over by the Baroness de Sales, daughter of the governor-general. This society is divided into different sections, which correspond, as much as possible, with the principal miseries which afflict humanity. A general meeting is held four times a year, under the direction of the bishop; and every year a lottery is drawn on the 5th of July, in memory of the taking of Algiers, for the relief of those whom their charity has assembled. His lordship has also formed at Algiers two associations of perseverance, and commenced the establishment of the society of St. Francis Regis, for marriages.

The present diocese of Algiers is composed of the ancient Roman provinces of Mauritania Cæsariensis, of Mauritania Sitifensis, and of Numidia, which included Getulia. About the year 484, these celebrated provinces contained no less than three hundred and fifty-four episcopal sees. In his letter of the latest date that has come under our notice, Mgr. Dupuch states, that his priests, including the chapter, composed of three canons only, his vicar-general, three assistant priests of our Lady of the Cross of Le Mans, and the other missionaries, amount, in the province of Algiers, to the number of twenty-three. The word of God is preached in five different languages,—Maltese, Mahonese, Italian, German, and French. These clergy attend, together

with the church and chapels, one large civil and four military hospitals, containing as many as 6,000 sick; also a civil and military prison, in which there are 1,400 convicts condemned to labour on the public works. 'They are also charged,' says he, 'with the commencement of our college, with the care of the ecclesiastical school, of my double house of orphan boys, of the house of orphan girls, and of my small house of newly converted females. I have in Algiers and its environs, four establishments of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and two of the Brothers of St. Joseph of Le Mans. I am in daily expectation of the ladies of the Sacred Heart. The priests of the Holy Cross direct, together with the ecclesiastical schools, a college of young Arabs of distinguished birth. I am endeavouring to establish the Sisters of St. Joseph at Bledah and at Bouffarick." May success attend the future labours of the pious and active bishop!

We now turn to the political and civil aspect of Algeria. We have already said that the military operations of the belligerents, partaking for the most part, from their very nature, and at the present time more particularly, of a tediousness and sameness of character, and varying often as to their final issue, must not only be comparatively uninteresting, but scarcely to be relied on for any length of time. While invasion on the one side, and resistance on the other, are still pending, even though less active than heretofore, it were perhaps premature to speculate upon any definitive result either as to the eventual extent of the military possessions, or final nature of the position of France in the territory of Northern Africa. Before we proceed, however, it will not be irrelevant to refer to the latest accounts on this point that have come to our knowledge. In March and April last the newspapers informed us that General Bugeaud was finally successful over the Arab chief, who was driven from one stronghold to another, the attachment of the tribes successively weaned from him by repeated defeats, and himself forced to take refuge in the territory of Morocco, accompanied by his only brother and some slaves. Resistance and war were, therefore, probably at an end for a time, and the French would have liberty to pursue their schemes of colonization. Success, though doubtful, may be desired for those schemes.

Of the latest publications on Algeria,—the narratives of individuals that have recently visited the country,—three of the most important we have prefixed to this article. The work of Colonel Scott, the last published, contains much sea-

sonable and important information on the condition of affairs when he wrote. The author explains the nature of the colonial war, appreciates the power opposed to the French, and ventures some probable conjectures concerning the termination of the contest. There is an extraordinary interest attaching to his narrative, though we think he might have disclosed even more than he has done. Amid lawless and turbulent tribes he travels through a great part of Morocco, and enters the dominions of Abd-el-Kader, who, in his efforts to oppose the invaders of his country, has created or revived the most inveterate prejudices of his followers against Christians. The state of society among the Arabs and Moors he describes as being extremely disorganized; uncontrollable animosities often exist between different tribes; and while all ought to unite under one firm and judicious head, some are disposed, but too frequently, to sacrifice the general welfare for the sake of these clannish feuds. Were unanimity and organization to prevail, the French would stand but little chance; as it is, their prospect of final success is rendered far from improbable. Moreover, Abd-el-Kader, by his attempting too great strictness of moral discipline, sometimes alienates from himself and his cause some powerful tribe, against the designs of which, from that time forward, he is compelled to be on his guard. Colonel Scott seems to have been permitted to penetrate the plans and designs of the emir, and hence he is the better enabled to judge of his policy and position, while he indicates several weak points in the character of the Arab chief. He portrays with marked ability the manner in which the war has been carried on between the French and Africans; and his descriptions in this respect are oftentimes most graphic and picturesque, and some are even to the highest degree affecting. Our object will not allow us to dwell on this work at the present moment, but we cannot do less than strongly recommend it, *en passant*, both for its information and the manner of conveying it.

The report of M. Blanqui is also well worthy of notice, from several considerations, more particularly his lucid expositions of the state of property in the colony, the character of the various indigenous populations, and the resources and chances of colonization. He was dispatched in the spring of 1839 by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences at Paris, of which he is a member, to inquire into the social condition of the French colonists, as well as to ascertain the causes of the ill-success of the affairs of the colony. His stay

there, however, was but short; and after visiting Algiers and Constantina he returned home, having been absent not more than a few weeks. He drew up this elaborate report of his visit, which was read to the academy, in which he is not sparing of his censures wherever they are deserved. He freely exposes the faults, not only of the military authorities and the troops, but more especially of the civil and judicial authorities, and still more of some descriptions of residents. He had not long returned to France when a general irruption of the Arabs upon the French settlements took place, accompanied with the proclamation of a holy war.

Viewing the apparently fruitless sacrifices of human life and of revenue which France has been for some years making, for advantages which, under the system of operations and government generally adopted hitherto, are yet far from being realized, some of the more reflecting and truly patriotic of Frenchmen have been led to consider the subject of the possession of Algeria in a light less actual and military, and, it must be conceded, more just and philanthropic, as well as prospective,—in a light which, whatever cause there may be for the jealousy or uneasiness of other countries, arising from considerations of international policy, at the extension of French power in the Mediterranean, cannot but be generally approved, in its character at least, if not in its direction. Among writers of this class, one of the foremost is the Baron Baude. Whether the government of Louis Philippe possesses wisdom enough to appreciate the counsels of these men, or strength and magnanimity enough to render them available and follow them out, is a question too ample and intricate here to discuss, but one with regard to which, from the experience we have had of French principles of colonization and colonial government, we should be inclined at once to venture something like a doubtful or negative reply. Meanwhile to give, in the outset, some idea of the views to which we allude,—the views of such men as Pichon, Baude, Blanqui, and, we believe, Guizot,—we will cite the concluding passage from the preface of the work before us:—

“If we would limit our ambition,” says the Baron Baude, “to the promotion in Algeria of the real interests of France, the expense of its occupation would not long exceed the advantages: but we neglect the true conditions of our establishment there, in order to pursue imaginary ones, and we fail in a reasonable object by seeking to go beyond it. It is besides a grand and fatal error to suppose nothing attainable in Africa, otherwise than by force of arms;

in a multitude of circumstances, that of a wise policy, and a good administration, would be vastly superior to it.

“The false direction given of late to our external politics has placed France in a fatal isolation; her consideration and influence in Europe have undergone a grievous depreciation;—it would be weakness to dissemble or conceal it;—and sheer ignorance to rely upon the *fanfarronade* of the press and the tribune to regain what we have lost in the counsels of kings and the estimation of their people. There are situations of difficulty from which we can escape only by a deliberate, reflecting firmness, and a silent perseverance. Such is the position of our country at the present time. Europe, that has so often experienced our courage, thinks she has a right to question our wisdom; and, in our distant enterprises, we have not always had, in truth, enough of the one to reap the fruits of the other: she is too attentive to what is now going on in the Mediterranean, to render the direction given to our affairs in Africa without influence in the account she is taking of us.”

As the sentiments of these gentlemen are naturally calculated to have weight with the more judicious and reflecting minds of whatsoever country feels itself interested in the question of the French settlement in northern Africa, it may not be amiss, in the first place, to trace a few of the principal positions and views of these writers, relative to the past and the future, together with their suggestions of advice, according as these can be collected from the works to which we have had access. This may enable those of our readers who are in uncertainty as to the ultimate purpose of our neighbours in this affair, to form some kind of judgment of its character, in as far at least as it is broached by some of the most sagacious spirits among them, and supposing that the nation shall eventually be disposed earnestly to listen to their counsels. They intimate that when after ten years of occupancy they compare what accrues from Algeria in the way of revenue, with the physical and financial benefits that might have arisen to the mother-country, by applying in its behalf the cost of the colony, they can hardly refrain from a sentiment of regret, and from avowing at once that if the coast of Africa is never to be held on any other conditions, nothing could be so wise and urgent as to abandon it. However, the headstrong course that was begun is still continued; mistakes are accumulated one upon another without any clear view of the result or the term of so many sacrifices; and a blind confidence is cherished that the chapter of accidents, or the caprice of fortune, may dispense with the responsibility of a wise determination. After the warnings that recent circumstances have given,

things cannot surely remain in their present state; it is time to pause and reflect on the advantages and the inconveniences attending the possession of Algeria, and to regulate, in consequence, the forces that are bestowed upon it.

The uncertainty of the progress in Africa depends upon a variety of causes, the main one being the want of assigning to the undertaking a precise and determinate aim or object. It is not enough to declare in general terms that the honour and interest of the nation demand the completion of the conquest;—a clear definition of what the French interests in Africa consist in, is also required. When we know not the aim or bound of our efforts, we know still less how to commence and proceed; whereas, a clearly defined purpose singularly facilitates the means of attaining it. In order to appreciate what is necessary to be done in this case, there are two predicaments to be considered, namely, the respective situation of the two countries, France and Algeria, in time of war and in time of peace, in Europe. If the whole art of war, as the greatest captain of modern times has declared, consists in so combining its operations, as that these shall be found resting in superior force upon those points where grand events are to be decided, it is plain that as long as the possession of the African province shall require the presence of a very large force, it will only be to France a sort of enfeeblement: for it is evident that the principal interests of France will never be debated on the African soil. If the French had powerful enemies to combat on the Alps or the Rhine, these would rejoice at the blindness which should retain one of the armies of France at a distance from the theatre of war, and the Mediterranean would be to them as a subsidy of sixty thousand men. It might be necessary, then, in order to meet every emergency, to take precautions beforehand, to dis-garrison, nay, even to abandon Algeria, rather than that France should be seriously menaced. Singular acquisition this,—of which the conservation is enabled to aggravate the dangers of the mother-country, and the loss without a conflict to be equivalent to an augmentation of forces!

The inconveniences of this possession, these philosophers well observe, would be greatly increased if, in order to favour the prejudices and caprices familiar to representative assemblies, an obstinate course were persevered in of imposing upon Algeria manners and institutions radically foreign to the soil. The nature of its relation with France is made subordinate to immutable circumstances; such as the difference of

the characters of the two people, of the climates, the configuration of the continents; and the natural consequences of this difference are not to be misapprehended with impunity. These circumstances preclude the possibility of fusion. The advantages of centralization have, moreover, a due limit, beyond which it proves itself an incumbrance instead of a help, both to the party imposing its authority and to the party submitting. This would become daily more and more palpable in Africa, were it pretended to organize every thing there after the fashion of Paris. It would generate the deepest discontent and impatience; so that, if, during a war engaged in by France on her own frontiers, Algeria should prove insurgent instead of auxiliary,—if it became necessary to protect the colony against its own inhabitants,—this struggle, which the least reverses might embitter, would create a permanent diversion to the detriment of France; and though her arms were successful, she would probably lose, in order to maintain herself in Africa, both the opportunity and the means of enlarging her boundaries on this side of the Alps and the Rhine. It is, therefore, necessary to consider that unless the government of the Algerian province be sufficiently strong of itself, sufficiently identified with the local interests to win the country to its own defence against a foreign attack, far from adding anything to the military resources of France for a territorial war in Europe, this possession would paralyze a considerable portion of them. On the contrary, it is calculated to fortify the naval power of France. On its two hundred and fifty leagues of coast, Algeria offers some admirably-placed stations for French shipping. In time of war, the cruisers that should fix their basis of operations on this coast, as well as on that of their own country and Corsica, would exercise a prodigious sway on a confined sea bordered with flourishing towns, where the vessels of the whole commercial world are fallen in with: hence all nations, near and remote, the English, Austrian, Russian, German, Swedish, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, Levantine, American, would there experience the effects of French alliance, or of French hostility.

The possession of Algeria, then, diminishes the military strength of France, when it deprives her of the disposability of troops whose presence might be necessary in Europe; it augments that power when it offers resources and *points d'appui* to her marine; and it will prove a source of injury or of profit to France according to the system of occupation

adopted. Algeria can be made productive of advantages only by giving it a government that will engage its attachment and affection, thereby rendering its maritime points impregnable, and capable of serving as a rendezvous for cruising operations; by progressively reducing the number of French troops to what will be just necessary to protect these points, and by creating an Algerian marine able to afford effective aid.

Such may be considered some of the speculative views of these writers, as applicable to a state of war. It is contended, moreover, that no man of sense or good faith ever reckoned upon any overplus in the financial resources of Algeria, in a state of peace, as supplying any deficiencies in the French revenue; than which, we think, nothing can partake more of a truism. There are no treasures to be drawn from a country without capital, without means of *exploitation*, where every thing has to be created, harbours, roads, forts, armies, arsenals, public and private establishments, towns, farms, &c. Happy, indeed, if the mother-country could cease to be its tributary! In point of economy, Northern Africa offers to France no other advantage than an enlargement of the outlets of her commerce. Accessible throughout its whole length, no part of the country is adapted or subjected to an exclusive system of management,—in order to multiply the exchanges between the raw materials it furnishes and the products of French industry, with which its own can never come into competition, it is not necessary to exercise a rigorous or jealous authority;—by laying any restraint upon the free development of its fertility, the trade of France would be affected. Of all the countries that are washed by the Mediterranean, France is the one whose climate and productions differ most from the climate and productions of Algeria. The preponderance of her commerce upon that coast will be the natural effect of the vicinity, and of a reciprocity of resources, as well as of more extended wants.

“We do not pretend,” says the Baron Baude, “either to the right which the Romans had, of calling the Mediterranean ‘our sea,’ or to the power of making it a French lake, as Napoleon wished to do, at a time when Malta and Egypt were in our hands. But, in renouncing all idea of dominion over this sea, we cannot suffer its assumption by any other power; the destroyers of barbarian piracy, we are the original guardians of the freedom of its navigation, and herein consist our security and our glory. To covet for France exclusive maritime advantages would be to form a very false notion

of the conditions of her greatness, and to risk the converting of our most natural allies into adversaries. When, on the contrary, we open upon a coast, which till lately was the terror of the secondary marines of the Mediterranean, asylums for their vessels; when we create there a naval establishment, all of whose interests shall be bound up with theirs, and when we introduce Algeria into this maritime confederation, we strengthen at home every one of its members, and we interest in the success of our enterprise the whole civilized world. Europe is not mistaken as to the consequences of our conquests in Africa; she sees, moreover, an assurance given by France of the liberty of the seas; nor has there arisen any objection to our proceedings except in England, while Austria and Russia, who regard us more than the rest with distrust, applaud our Algerian establishment. The European cabinets, who find that with Gibraltar, Malta, and Corfu, the English are sufficiently powerful in the Mediterranean, will never take umbrage at our progress in Africa; they know that it promises to them protection and support. Algeria, in which are collected all sorts of emigrants, without distinction of origin, is, besides, for every state an open emunctory for the passions which embroil it (!!). The development of the French footing in Africa is, then, by its European character, a new element of peace introduced into the political world. If we do not abuse this possession, all that attaches to it will become the basis of one of those questions which diplomatists call *séparées*, respecting which no disagreement subsists in the midst of other the profoundest misunderstandings; and which sometimes furnish, in the combination of interests brought about by them, the occasion of bringing back into the paths of conciliation the most harrassing negotiations."

Many colonies have been eventually lost to their possessors, because the latter have persisted in governing them in direct accordance with the spirit of their own laws and institutions; while, on the other hand, the way to gain, oftentimes, the attachment of a distant province, is to leave undisturbed the chief elements of its own individual jurisdictions. England, who knows so well how to preserve what she has once obtained, leaves to most, if not all her colonial possessions, that organization which is respectively proper to each; and, to the authority there constituted, delegates only the compliment of sovereignty. The agency of government is thus strengthened, and a true responsibility realised. So far from the requisite international unity being infringed upon, the identity of political direction is the more securely obtained, as the impertinent collision of details is avoided. It is not, then, in the similitude of administrative forms, or the direct delegation of subordinate powers, that the possession

of Algeria must be made to consist: these illiberal impositions acting as fetters upon the free spirit of the country, could have no other tendency than to alienate its population.

Finally, would the French attend more to the authority of facts and experience, and yield less to their national prejudices, the former would conduct them, without much effort, to the determination of that form of local administration which is best adapted to the development of the native energies of Algeria. A little wisdom is capable of obviating any harsh or cruel measures; and one proof of it will be, a circumspect and gradual progress to a better system of government. The dangers and the weakness of the actual position of affairs are sufficiently evident; the administrations and the legislature, whose work it is, have candidly avowed its defects; but the most necessary change is to be operated only with discretion; and the more the special government, which alone can save Algeria, is in want of vigour and of extended powers, the more the bases of its establishment, the main-springs of its influence, must be carefully studied.

M. le Baron Baude, unlike some of his able predecessors, as M. Rozet* for instance, does not confine himself to any specific plan or method in treating of his subject. His work, in many respects, resembles a book of travels, particularly in the choice and succession of topics that come under discussion. He portrays Algeria as he passes over it, or from one place on its shores to another. The past, the present, and the future, are alike included in his speculations. In describing what he has seen, he frequently recals what has taken place in other times, derives his measure of hope for the future from the experience of the past, and considers as practicable now, what, *cæteris paribus*, may have happened then. And though he admits there are many defects in his work, extensive as it is, he claims credit at least for that fidelity which neither extenuates nor exaggerates. He speaks of Algeria, as well he may, as a 'mysterious country,' and hence infers the necessity of a more profound knowledge of it. He commences with the account of his journey from Paris to Algiers; and from this opening, we learn something of the object of his mission, as well as other interesting particulars. He says:

" On the 11th of March 1633, a traveller set out, like myself on

* See his " Voyage dans la Régence d'Alger, ou Description du pays occupé par l'Armée Française en Afrique. Par M. Rozet, 3 tom. Paris, 1833.

the 1st of August 1836, from Paris to Algiers. Both tardy redressers of the wrongs of fortune ;—he went to redeem Christian slaves, I to prepare an act of social justice due to subject Mussulmans ; he was in possession of the confidence of the Cardinal de Richelieu, and I was the envoy of the successors of this great minister, whose standing in Europe was not, I admit, equal to his. We both had a desire to study Barbary, especially in its relations with the interests of France. Unfortunately, here terminates the parallel that my vanity would wish to establish between the very reverend Father Dan, superior of the order of the Redemption of Captives, and myself. I shall not write a book like his, from which, after two centuries, we derive instructive documents and judicious observations, conveyed in a nervous and exact style, worthy of the studies which formed the great writers of the age of Louis XIV.*

In describing the former riches and flourishing condition of several towns of Algeria, M. Baude relies mainly on the authority of two rather remarkable travellers, and very learned men, of the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth centuries—Nicolas de Nicolai and Jean-Baptiste Gramaye ; and attributes, very justly we believe, the origin of the power and greatness of Algiers to Khairaddin, generally known by the name of Barbarossa II, who succeeded his brother, Barbarossa I, in 1518. According to the latter† of the two travellers above-named, who had the very best means of information, Algiers, at the commencement of the 17th century, was one of the most powerful cities on the shores of the Mediterranean. It contained about 13,000 houses, each of which lodged several families, some as many as thirty ; and more than a hundred mosques and eighty-six public

* “*Historie de Barbarie, et de ses Corsaires, divisée en six livres, par le R. P. Fr. Pierre Dan, ministre et supérieur du couvent de la Sainte Trinité et Rédemption des Captifs, fondé au chateau de Fontainebleau ; 4to., Paris, 1637 ; et fol., Paris, 1649.*”

† Jean Baptiste Gramaye, one of the most learned men of his age, was born at Antwerp about the year 1580. He had already made himself known by some important historical works, and attained his fortieth year, when, having embarked for Spain, he was taken by the Barbary corsairs, and brought as a slave to Algiers: to this circumstance is owing the composition of his work on Africa, entitled, “*Africa illustrata libri decem, in quibus Barbaria et gentes ejus ut olim et nunc describuntur ; historia ecclesiastica, Gothica, Vandalica, Turcica, Maurica, Numidica, Carthageniensis et insularum, ab ultima antiquitate ad nostra usque tempora deducitur ; et denique regna Argelæ, Tuncti, Tripolis, Marocci, Fessæ, aliaque geographicè depinguntur, cum adjecto speculo miserarum barbaricarum et mediis reducendi illuc religionem et debellandi piratas et Africa ejiciendi.*” In 4to. Tornaci Nerviorum, 1622. At the present day this work is extremely rare ; and the other production of its author, “*Diarium Argelense,*” which is a journal of his captivity, it is almost impossible to procure.

baths. Independently of the higher schools, where the law of the Koran was interpreted, there were eighty-six where children learnt to read and write. The number of gardens in the precincts of the city was between ten and fifteen thousand, each employing one or more Christian slaves; of whom at this time there existed 35,000 within the town and its environs. Some writers, indeed, reckon the number still larger. From these data we may infer the population inhabiting Algiers at this period; and De Brèves, the ambassador of Henry the Fourth at the Sublime Porte, in the relation of his mission to this town, states the number of inhabitants at 100,000. This computation was confirmed by Father Dan and subsequent travellers. At the time of the French conquest, in 1830, the number was diminished to about 40,000. In their present estimate of the inhabitants, M. Baude and the Bishop of Algiers pretty nearly coincide; the latter observes, that on the 1st of January 1840, the European population of Algiers amounted to 14,434 souls; the native population, to 18,387, of whom 12,322 are Mahommedans, and 6,065 are Jews; to which number are to be added 5,243 Kabyles, Mosabites, Biskris, &c. &c.; in all, 38,064 inhabitants, not counting the military.

The Baron visits Bougia, Gigelly, Colle, Stora, Philippeville, and enters the Gulph of Bona. While sailing along the coast, on a calm summer's evening, his imagination naturally fell into meditation on the vicissitudes which affect the works of men :

“ During the last forty-eight hours,” says he, “ we had passed in sight of many once flourishing cities,—Rusgunium, Rusucurrium, Bougia, Iggilis, Cullu, Russcada : some moments more, and we should tread on the ruins of Hippo. All are covered with herbage and sand, or reduced to the state of miserable villages. The Romans and the Goths have disappeared from the memory even of their successors here ; and jackals inhabit the abodes of prætors and of bishops ! Why these long and deep destructions ? Why this torpor in a land so fertile, bathed by so fine a sea, lighted by so fair a sun ? or rather, why should we behold in the prosperity from which it has declined, aught else than that measure of it which it depends on us to restore ? I began then to reconstruct the future with the history of the past. I represented to myself our soldiers re-gathering the stones shaped by the legions of Metellus, and installing themselves in the restored Roman mansions ; the churches of Africa rising from their dust, the chants whereof they have been deprived for fourteen centuries ; the chair of St. Augustine raised again in the schools of Tegaste and of Madaura ; the har-

bours of the coast re-dug by modern art ; the vessels of Europe affording there a rendezvous for the caravans of the desert ; the exploits and the benefactions of the Gauls of Cæsar, of St. Louis, of Joinville, of Beaufort, of Duquesne, of Bonaparte, of Kleber, of Desaix, of our contemporaries themselves, serving as sponsors for us (*parrains*) on this shore ; in fine, the echoes of antique Mauritania resounding with the accents of Frenchmen, and responding, with a fraternal sympathy, to all the signals given from the coast of Provence. Since, in proportion as I have penetrated more deeply into the study of the interests of my country, and the resources of Africa, I have felt the conviction fortifying itself within me, that what has been done in former times has not ceased to be possible, and that France has not in vain promised a conquest to civilization."

The town, port, and environs of Bona are faithfully and amply described, as well as the coral fishery on its coast. Near it are the ruins of the ancient Hippo. Cities decay and disappear ; but their memory is not effaced when it goes down to posterity recommended by that of the great men who once flourished within their walls, or of the distinguished actions of which they have been the theatre. The glory of Hippo is its having been the residence of St. Augustine during forty years of his life. In 390, at the age of thirty-six, and four years from his recantation of the Manichæan errors of his youth, he was here ordained priest, amid the acclamations of the people, by the bishop Valerius. In 394 he founded at Hippo a monastic community, whence sprung the most learned and illustrious of the African bishops ; among whom may be noticed Alipius of Tagaste, Possidius of Calama, Profecturus and Fortunatus of Cirta, and Urban of Sicca. He became the coadjutor of Valerius in 395, who caused him to be ordained bishop of Hippo. St. Augustine here wrote his *Confessions*, in 397 ; his *City of God*, from 413 to 426 ; and this same year he commenced his book of the *Retractions*. Meanwhile the Vandals, under Genseric, brought massacre and conflagration over the surface of Numidia ; the terrified inhabitants fled ; and as Hippo, Carthage, and Cirta, were the three strongest towns of the country, they came from all parts to seek refuge there. It was then that Augustine wrote, on the duty of pastors whose towns became the prey of the enemy, that letter to the bishop Honoratus,* in which the saint and the patriot appear so conspicuous for courage and devotedness.

* Aug. epist. 228, ad Honoratum, t. ii.

It soon fell to his lot to set the example which he had recommended. The Vandals laid siege to Hippo in 429, by land and sea; the city held out for fourteen months, and Augustine had not to undergo the grief of witnessing his town fall into the power of the barbarians: it was taken in December, 430, and he died on the 28th of August preceding. The Vandals reduced the greatest part of it to ashes, but they respected the bishop's house and the library,—the only earthly possessions of Augustine, and which, in dying, he had bequeathed to his church.*

The later portion of this work is devoted to the agriculture of Algeria, the past and present state of its commerce, its marine, the native and European population, the constitution of property, and financial resources. The author confines himself to the exposition of some general facts which go to indicate the specific relations that should be formed and maintained between European cultivators of the African soil and the original proprietors, in order to insure the continuance of the pacification of the country; without which, indeed, it is palpably evident that no improved system of culture can ever be developed in these districts;—but with it, M. Baude is of opinion, the grain of Northern Africa would, in a short period, come into competition with that of the most fertile European regions. Under proper cultivation it would not only be superior, as it now is in quality, but also in quantity, to the corn of Odessa and the Russian provinces of the Black Sea; besides having the advantage of being less remote from the great markets of the world. What has been, may be again: in the time of the Romans this country bore pretty much the same aspect, in point of fertility and production, which our author is doubtless anxious to see realized once more: “The long and narrow tract of the African coast,” says Gibbon, “was filled with frequent monuments of Roman art and magnificence; and the respective degrees of improvement might be accurately measured by the distance from Carthage and the Mediterranean. A simple reflection will impress every thinking mind with the clearest idea of fertility and cultivation: the country was extremely populous, the inhabitants reserved a liberal subsistence for their own use, and the annual exportation, particularly of wheat, was so regular and plentiful, that Africa deserved the name of the common granary of Rome and of mankind.”†

* Possidius, *De vitâ Augustini*.

† Gibbon's “*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*,” chap. xxxiii.

There is another department of agricultural pursuit, to which, as well as to the growth of corn, the most appropriate encouragement and direction might here be given, and that is, wool. This commodity, so precious to Europeans, is that which the Arabs are enabled to produce with the greatest advantage and facility. It is the principal, or rather the only riches of the meridional tribes who inhabit the frontiers of the desert. They preserve the nomadic life of their ancestors: the nature of their soil is adapted for no other product. In this day, as in the time of Virgil, their shepherds with their flocks retire into illimitable and shelterless solitudes: days and nights and months are passed in pasturage; nor would any thing be changed with them, had not the musket, powder, and ball, superseded the bow, arrows and quiver.*

There are many different breeds of sheep in Algeria. Those bordering on the sea produce in general a coarse kind of wool: in approaching Constantina, the fleece becomes thicker and finer, and will bear comparison, without disadvantage, with the best kinds of the eastern Pyrenees. "Without going out of the salons of Paris," says M. Baude, "we can judge of the beauty of the wools by the fineness of the African bournous, with which the most elegant women adorn themselves. The Vandal tribes who dwell to the south and south-west of Bougia possess also breeds of sheep that are not inferior to those of Spain, and are probably their types. It was with the Arabs that the Merinos entered the Peninsula, and our species of the Rousillon are perhaps a vestige of the sovereignty which the Saracens exercised in that part of France."

According to our author, who has taken his account from the statements† of the minister of war, the value of the whole traffic in merchandise carried on by the French possessions in Africa, since the Conquest, is estimated up to the year 1839 as follows: respecting which it may be as well to observe, that these estimates include the amount of exportations and importations to and from France:—

* "Quid tibi pastores Libyæ, quid pascua versu
Prosequar, et raris habitata Mapalia tectis?
Sæpe diem noctemque et totum ex ordine mensem
Pascitur, itque pecus longa in deserta sine ullis
Hospitiis: tantum campi jacet. Omnia secum
Armentarius Afer agit tectumque, laremque,
Armaque, Amyclæumque canem, crassamque pharetram."

Virg. Georgicon, lib. iii.

† "Situation des établissemens français dans le nord de l'Afrique," publiée par le Ministre de la guerre.

Year.	Importations.	Exportations.
1831 . . .	6,504,000	1,479,600 francs.
1832 . . .	6,856,920	850,659
1833 . . .	7,599,158	1,028,410
1834 . . .	8,560,236	2,376,662
1835 . . .	16,778,737	2,597,866
1836 . . .	22,402,758	3,435,821
1837 . . .	33,055,246	2,946,691
1838 . . .	32,454,509	4,203,213
1839 . . .	36,454,509	5,281,372

From the above it will be seen that the average yearly amount of the whole importation and exportation for the first eight years is 16,776,445 francs and 2,364,865 respectively : and the yearly average value of the imports and exports *from and to France* in the same eight years (for the estimates up to 1838 only are given in this latter case) is respectively 9,293,443, and 1,330,955 francs. We learn, on the authority of M. Blanqui, that in 1833 the consumption of French wine in Algiers alone, was valued at 1,200,000 francs ; in 1836, at 3,000,000 ; in 1837, at nearly 4,000,000 ; in 1838 at 5,320,000 ; and for 1839, at more than 6,500,000 francs. In 1838 the exports of wax amounted to 122,715 francs ; whereas the first six months of 1839 gave an increase of 100,000 francs in that article alone. In 1838 leather was exported for 746,000 francs ; but during the first half of 1839, this article was increased to 1,396,427 francs. The trade in wool had become *eight* times as great as the year before ; and during 1839 (the first half-year) the export of leeches amounted to more than 3,000,000 francs. This was all previous to the breaking out of the Arab war, which has of course diminished the trade very considerably, and in some cases reduced it to nothing. The general aspect of the town of Algiers, is one of extreme bustle and activity, more so than any place south of Naples.

The European population in Africa is yet, as it were, in a state of encampment, as proved in the proportion of men to women. The census taken of the colonists since 1833 (inclusive) furnishes the following classification by sex and age : we give three years only, each at an interval of three years :

	Men.	Women.	Children.	Total.
1833 . . .	4,596	1,545	1,671	7,812
1836 . . .	7,736	3,089	3,736	14,561
1839 . . .	11,948	4,655	6,420	23,023

The proportion of births to deaths in the same period among the same class, may be seen from the following :

	Births.	Deaths.
In 1833 . . .	214	221
1836 . . .	437	737
1839 . . .	949	1,388

The relative inferiority of the number of females, although the chief cause of the paucity of births compared with the deaths, is by no means the only cause. The general insalubrity of the climate to Europeans, the undrained, marshy condition of the soil in some parts, and the imprudence and immorality of the colonists themselves, constitute very powerful causes of this disproportion. Intemperance is one most active agent of destruction. On the first of January 1840, there were in Algiers alone 627 licensed liquor-vendors, besides 444 coffee-house and ale-house keepers, *traiteurs*, butchers, bakers, and traders in all kinds of eatables.

Since 1833, the natives of France have formed in Algeria but a relative majority; they have not always exceeded two-fifths of the whole number of the colonists. They constitute at the present time nearly the half of the European population of Algiers,—the third of that of Bona, where the advantage is on the side of the Maltese,—and a little more than the fourth of that of Oran, where the Spaniards are nearly double in number. The Italians form a quarter of the European population of Moustaganem, the sixth of that of Bona and of Oran, the fifteenth of that of Algiers; and at Bougia they are scarcely found, though in the middle ages its commerce was in their hands. There are but very few Spaniards at Bona; at Bougia and Algiers they constitute the third; at Moustaganem, two-fifths; and at Oran, the half of the European population. The least numerous immigration comes from that part of Europe which, after Great Britain, sends the most colonists to North America: hence the number of Germans found in the regency is comparatively small. The English subjects that figure in the statistics of Algeria are almost entirely Maltese, who are spread over the whole coast, and form a large proportion of the immigrant population; as for the “natives of the British Isles,” says our author, “they are so few, as not to be worth the trouble of reckoning.”

From the table of expenditure and receipts since 1830, made out for the treasury-account in the north of Africa, according to the reports rendered by the Ministers of War, of Marine, of Finance, and the votes of the Chambers, we perceive that while the charges have been progressively in-

creasing to a considerable amount, the receipts have been almost stationary. We have space to extract only some of the statements, as given by M. Baude :

Year.	Expenses.	Receipts.
1831 . .	18,285,424 francs.	1,098,697 francs.
1834 . .	26,968,471	2,038,341
1836 . .	29,154,161	1,436,240
1838 . .	42,325,381	2,054,596
1840 . .	61,664,909	1,494,838

The *total* expenditure for the ten years, amounts to 341,221,400 francs, and the *total* revenue to 16,595,088 francs.

From the commencement of 1831 to the end of 1839, 22,495 men had died in the hospitals,* and 1,412 on the field of battle; and the current year is even more disastrous in these respects than any preceding one. "And what are the fruits of so many sacrifices?" indignantly asks M. Baude; and answers the question: "The country is without commerce; the circulation of the caravans is suspended; the indigenous marine is declining; the plough is forsaking the fields in our vicinage; the Arabs, bent on deeds of blood and decapitation, approach even the gates of Algiers!"

We have thus endeavoured to draw attention to some of the more striking and practical parts of this valuable work, inasmuch as our space will not allow us to give anything like an analysis of it. Throughout, the author exhibits proofs of the most profound research into the capabilities, under a judicious governmental administration, of the North African territories, as manifested in the experience of ancient and mediæval times. Much statistical investigation, and the fruits of extensive labour in the fields of antiquarian lore, have been brought to bear upon this point. Though, as M. Baude candidly confesses, in the study of the basis of an European establishment in Algeria he has always given the preference to those considerations which attach themselves to the interests of France, he is yet evidently resolved to state his propositions and deductions in a free and fearless manner, and "blame where he must," regardless of the taunts to which such resolution may possibly expose him from certain coteries of his countrymen. Not seldom does he charge the

* In this number are not included those who have died in the regimental infirmaries, in the fields, in the passage to and fro, and in the hospitals of France, in consequence of maladies contracted in Africa.

government at home with too great precipitation and preposterousness in *their* schemes of colonization, especially in reference to the agricultural settlements. He is not insensible to the fact that, of modern nations, that which has established the greatest number of colonies, and whose colonies have attained the highest degree of prosperity, is England; that it is not with a view to conquest or immediate aggrandizement that she has founded infant empires;—her motive was commerce, the most fostering principle by which colonization can be directed. To say that he does not display at times a considerable degree of national vanity, would be tantamount to saying that he is no Frenchman: still, there are not a few speculations scattered about the work which indicate the true cosmopolite. Nor can it be denied that he is equally led oftentimes by the ardour of his feelings, and the love of what he is pleased to call the cause of modern civilization, into anticipations hardly justified by the nature of things, or the actual prospects of France eventually being able to settle herself in undisputed and tranquil possession of the North African regions. Recent events indeed tend to throw a doubt over the mind as to the adequate fulfilment of the prophecy which he is so anxious to find couched in the language of Horace:

“*Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere.*”

For ourselves, we have again and again been reminded, in perusing his pages, of the prescription said to be contained in certain cookery books,—where we are gravely told, “first catch your hare,” &c. Now, the spirit of that precept is eminently applicable here; and indeed, though the *penchant* for speculation sometimes carries the author away into utter forgetfulness of it, it would be unjust not to state that convictions of the practical truth and of the real state of things do ever and anon force him back to an honest implied confession of its applicability. Altogether, this is the fairest, most searching, elaborate, and philanthropic work the French press has produced on the subject which it treats: we shall wait with some impatience for the appearance of the report of M. De Toqueville, who, we hear, is engaged, or likely to be so, in the same field of useful disquisition.

ART. II.—*The Literature of Art.* [Second Article.]

IN a former article, entitled "The Literature of Art," we laid before our readers, a few general considerations upon the relations which subsist between the *belles lettres* and the fine arts; inasmuch, as each may be considered, in its respective sphere, as the various expression of one and the same idea.

Upon that occasion, we remarked that every object, in the present order of things, being susceptible of a separate examination either as *useful* or as *beautiful*, independently of its necessary relations with certain fundamental principles of eternal truth, Esthetics are not less a legitimate object of scientific research than either physics or metaphysics; although, perhaps, they may have hitherto been less generally an object of attention. We purposely abstained from all attempts to lay down anything like a general theory, although the principles which we advocate rendered it necessary to establish certain preliminaries, inasmuch as that style of art, which has been very properly termed the Christian style, was concerned.

The very limited space we then had at our disposal, made it impossible to have recourse to those examples which would have rendered our views more intelligible; and we are, therefore, obliged to trespass upon the indulgence of our readers by a second article, which will be more specially devoted to the examination of those instances in which plastic art has proved that the sublime privileges of the poet are not confined to tropes and to figures, and that neither the charms of rhyme nor of rhythm are necessary conditions of the *beautiful*, although we are far from denying their influence when properly employed. But as there are myriads of poets who never have attempted to express the unutterable feelings which agitate them, there are also others, who having experienced the complete inefficiency of *words*, address themselves to the more appropriate resources of *lines* and *colours*.

It is by no means our intention to examine the respective claims of poetry and of art, and much less to establish the superiority of the one over the other. Each, as might naturally have been expected in the present imperfect state of things, has its imperfections and its advantages; but if, on the one hand we admit that lines and colours are wholly inadequate to produce a poem like the *Divina Commedia*, or even, in certain respects, the equivalent of a sonnet such as Pe-

trarch has written many, we avow that, without at the present moment alluding to the superior departments of graphic art, of which we shall have ample opportunity of speaking hereafter, no words, as it appears to us, can render the magnificent sunsets of Claude, nor the no less admirable scenes which have inspired the pencils of Wynants, of Ruisdael, of Hobbema, and a countless variety of painters of the Dutch school, each of whom appears to have adopted some special page in the universal book of nature.

The principle, therefore, upon which the following pages will be written, is this: not only that Poesy and Art are twin sisters,—which grave dictum has, we believe, been constantly repeated by every one who has thought proper to take up his pen upon the matter,—but that the one is the necessary complement of the other; and that hitherto great injustice has been done to the graphic poet, who has perhaps put in circulation as many ideas, and ideas equally sublime, and equally beautiful, as those which have justly established the reputation of many of the most popular authors.

There are obvious reasons why graphic literature must ever remain less popular than the productions of that literature, both ancient and modern, which forms the basis of every liberal education. In the first place, books are in everybody's hand; we can carry them with us into the delicious retirement of solitude, and there, far from the haunts of men and from the demoralizing importunities of the world, meditate upon their contents and impregnate ourselves, as it were, with the very spirit of the author. The influence of surrounding circumstances in our appreciation of the works of art (in which general designation we intend to include all the productions of the imagination) is really incalculable. The finest passages of Milton, or Shakespeare, read for the first time in a steam-packet, would have an effect totally different from that which would have been produced by the very same passages, in the calm retirement of the cabinet. Without, then, particularly insisting upon another important difficulty, namely, the necessity of the education of the eye, in order to appreciate the productions of the great painters,—a fact, however, which no one will pretend to deny,—we merely desire to direct the attention of the reader to the two fatal circumstances above alluded to—that good pictures are very rarely to be seen, and still more rarely to be seen under favorable circumstances. Let each unfortunate wight appeal to the remembrance of his own individual misfortunes. How

many magnificent galleries have we hurried through, knowing that we should never see them again, completely worn out with fatigue, after the first hour, and sometimes even learning with dismay that there was another room full of *chefs-d'œuvre*! What have the most persevering of us seen in the Campo Santo, in the Sistine chapel, or in the chambers of the Vatican—there, in a word, where the sublimest efforts of genius are to be found? for here a new difficulty presents itself, the destructive influence of time, which gradually effaces, day by day, the choicest productions of art. Fresco painting, which is, perhaps, the grandest form of art, is particularly perishable, by the very nature of its materials; and if the magnificent fresco paintings of the great artists of the sixteenth century had not been engraved, we should have been tempted to regard them as inferior to their easel paintings, which is the very reverse of truth; for there can be no doubt that both Raphael and Michael Angelo, as well as Correggio and Leonardo da Vinci, considered their fresco paintings as the most important productions of their skill, and as those upon which the judgment of future ages would principally rest.

These reasons are in themselves alone sufficient to account for the otherwise astonishing fact, that in appreciating the influences of human genius, what we have taken the liberty of terming the *Literature of Art*, has been wholly overlooked. Not but that every individual painter may perhaps have had his due share of praise; what we complain of is, that he has had it exclusively as *a painter*, and not as *a poet*; and the principal reason of this act of injustice appears to us to be this: that the persons who have hitherto written upon graphic art have been painters, or have written under the influence of painters, and have restrained themselves too much within the limits of the technical peculiarities of the art; whereas, those men who were fully capable of doing justice to a more elevated conception of the subject, were not sufficiently acquainted with the various productions of the most celebrated painters, to enable them to enter into anything like a general appreciation of each.

In common with many, we express our regret at this important omission in the general history of the human mind, but we avow, most frankly, we have but small hope of seeing it appropriately supplied. In the mean time, we shall take the liberty of stating our own views on the subject, in that summary manner which the nature of a periodical journal renders unavoidable.

Every succeeding form of civilization has had its corresponding literature ; and the same thing may be said of art ; for both literature and art are nothing more than the expression of certain feelings, which the social, the political and the religious institutions of the age necessarily modify and direct. Thus, the infancy of certain nations, whose origin has been wholly warlike, has given rise to a class of poets, of whom Homer may be considered as the prototype ; and had these nations at that time possessed a particular form of art, no doubt it would have exactly corresponded with that adopted by its poets. At a later period, when security has given a certain development to the domestic arts, the pastoral poets celebrate the charms of that peaceful course of life, in which even kings' daughters were proud to follow through the most enchanting scenes, the snow-white flocks committed to their care. Pastoral poetry, however insipid it may appear to us, whose literary palates are vitiated by *strong waters*, offers resources almost inexhaustible ; for the great book of nature is its common text book ; nor are the deepest sympathies of the human heart beyond its domain. But to continue : after the martial and the pastoral poets, we have the dramatists and the satirists ; that is to say, as soon as men have amassed a sufficient stock of vice and folly to furnish them with materials.

As far as regards that particular form of civilization under which we live, its distinguishing characteristic is that it is *Christian*. Thus, Christendom, a very significant, but now obsolete word, since the religious troubles of the sixteenth century, comprises all the various nations and different races of men which the regenerating principles of the Christian religion have cemented in one common union. In all the various periods of the history of the human race, we find some one favoured people standing forth pre-eminent, charged with the high mission of executing the eternal decrees of Divine Providence ; sometimes by cultivating the arts of peace ; sometimes by sweeping from the earth those nations the measure of whose perversity was full, in order to make room for some new race, who were to be submitted to the same probation. Thus, the Persian empire, having swallowed up the power and magnificence of Babylon, in its turn falls an easy prey to a people few in numbers, and possessed of a territory insignificant, when compared to the smallest of its own vast provinces. But the days of Greece were also numbered ; and not all her past glory in arms, in science, and

in art, could preserve her from the domination of that rude, uncivilized people, whose special mission it was to prepare the present state of things by the advent of the long promised Messiah, the great Legislator, who was to found a new and permanent form of social polity, by the revelation of certain unknown principles, without which stability is impossible. We are far from asserting that every succeeding form of society must necessarily have a corresponding form in literature and in art; we merely say, that in case they possess such things at all, they must be in harmony with their institutions, religious, political, and social.

Now, without entering more at length into these preliminary considerations, we have a form of art which is neither that of Egypt nor that of Greece; but is it, as it ought to be, essentially *Christian*? The question is one of extreme delicacy; and one which, from its complex nature, it is impossible to answer either by a simple affirmative or by a simple negative. In the first place, with regard to the question of art in the present day, we must not lose sight of that marked analogy which the history of literature offers to us; the imaginative efforts of the human race appear at the present moment absorbed by an universal desire of extending man's dominion over the physical agents of the material world. Nor do we desire to be numbered amongst those who affect to undervalue the immense results which have been already obtained. Every age has its special mission, and thereby takes part in the general plan. With regard then to both literature and art, as far as the question of original types is concerned, we live upon the past; and the lover of the fine arts has at least this species of negative consolation, that if the present age furnishes neither Raphaels, Titians, nor Correggios, there is an equal dearth of Dantes and of Shakespeares. Considering, therefore, the question of modern art as involved to a certain degree in those vicissitudes which have marked its progress since its last revival in the fifteenth century, we shall postpone the remarks which we have to make on that subject until we have indulged in a few reflections upon its general history.

The art of painting may be regarded as one of the most important forms of written language, and as such it was considered in the very earliest ages of its revival; for even before Christianity had emerged from the dark recesses of the catacombs, its aid was called in to propagate the new doctrines. In these first rude efforts of art, the idea is everything, the

form being extremely rude and incomplete; it would not, however, be fair to judge of the effect which the paintings in the catacombs produced upon those for whom they were intended, by that which they have upon ourselves, inasmuch as the more perfect forms with which we are familiar were to them unknown; and it is quite possible that those rude representations of the great mysteries of our holy religion then excited in the breast of the pious beholder sentiments of the sublimest emotion, the mind passing rapidly from the imperfect representation to the thing represented. In this first period of Christian art, which may be considered as extending to the conversion of Constantine, the technical resources of the art were extremely limited, being confined to the imperfect traditions which the Romans had inherited from their more celebrated predecessors.

We shall pass over the second period, which extends from the reign of Constantine to the overthrowing of the Roman empire by the invasion of the barbarians, because the specimens of this period are too few in number, and too ill-authenticated, to deserve our serious attention.

More interesting vestiges of the early efforts of Christian art are to be found in the ancient mosaics, some of which date as far back as Adrian I and Leo III (the beginning of the ninth century); but a much more important progress was the establishment of the Florentine school under the direction of artists brought from Constantinople for the purpose. This new school, under the fostering care of Cimabue and Giotto, soon furnished all the Italian cities with artists of superior merit. Sixtus IV employed several in ornamenting that magnificent chapel in the Vatican, in which, at a later period, Michael Angelo painted his celebrated fresco of *The Last Judgment*. A summary description of the works of these artists, at Florence, at Rome, and in the Campo Santo at Pisa, would fill a volume, and we cannot do better than recommend to such of our readers as desire to appreciate this period, the eloquent work of M. Rio, "*De la Poésie Chrétienne*," of which we rendered an account in one of our early numbers.* This work particularly distinguishes itself by the manner in which it enters into the poetical conception of the artist, and in that respect completely realizes our idea of a compendious history of the literature of art for the period of which it treats. Unfortunately, it only conducts us to the end of the fifteenth

* Dublin Review, No. 2, July 1836.

century, the very moment at which the painters' art shone forth with an increased splendour, but under certain conditions, which the author severely condemns. We beg to be excused at the present moment from examining how far a more attentive study of natural forms, and the magnificent remains of Grecian art, were favourable or unfavourable to the progress of painting as an art; we shall merely observe, that a corresponding modification having taken place in literature at the same period, they must both be attributed to some powerful cause, which forms part of a general plan, and which each of us will probably explain, according to his own particular views.

About this period, the invention of a new art, which, like many other important inventions, was the result of accident, offered an increased facility for rendering more popular the arts of design. A poor woman, having entered into the studio of the celebrated Florentine goldsmith, Maso Finiguerra, bearing in her hand a packet of wet linen, incautiously placed it upon a table, on which lay a small silver plate that the artist had just finished engraving;—in order to see the effect before it was enamelled, he had filled the lines with a composition very nearly approaching our common printing ink, being composed of lamp-black and oil;—and the good woman, upon taking up her parcel, found a very neat impression of the subject upon the wet napkin in which it was enveloped. Such is the story told by Vasari, and if not exactly true, it has at least the merit of being highly probable.

The invention of engraving corresponding with the important changes to which we have above alluded, and being shortly followed by the appearance of the great painters of the sixteenth century, may be said to open a new era of art.

It is with extreme regret that we find ourselves obliged to pass over that period which precedes the last manner of Raphael, without paying a just tribute of praise to Van Eyck and Hemmelinck, whose works are amongst the most interesting productions of the Christian or mystical school; and that, more particularly, as those works have been very rarely engraved; but, in our necessarily rapid progress, we can do little more than indicate the name and style of each celebrated artist, occasionally indulging in a hasty appreciation of some capital production of which there exists a good print. We have adopted that plan in favour of such of our readers as may not have had an opportunity of visiting the

originals, prints being the *books* of the lover of art, and within the reach of every one, at least in those great public collections which are to be found in most of the capital cities of Europe. Not that a print can wholly supply the absence of the picture from which it is taken, in an artistic point of view, but for our present purpose,—an examination of the works of art, more especially as regards the ideas which they embody,—it may be said to go a great way. Thus of the five distinct elements of which a picture is composed, the first and most important, as regards the question of the literature of art, the general conception of the subject, termed *the invention*, is completely reproduced; the same thing may be said of its composition, which consists in a judicious arrangement of the materials that the imagination has furnished. In these respects, whether we see the original picture, or even an indifferent print, it is exactly the same thing. But not so with the third element which relates to drawing,—the just delineation of each individual object, and their relations to each other, which are determined by the laws of a distinct science; yet, even in drawing and perspective, there are prints by no means inferior to the originals they represent, notwithstanding their reduced proportions. We may even go still further, and safely assert that, in more than one instance, eminent artists have been known to correct upon the engraver's proof certain defects of drawing which had escaped unnoticed in their larger productions. Many proofs of the best plates of Marc Antonio Raimondi are found in the collections of the curious, corrected by the hand of Raphael himself. The same thing may be said of the prints of Vorsterman, Pontius, and Bolswert, who engraved under the personal superintendence of Rubens, and even resided under his roof. As far then as regards invention, composition, and drawing, a good print is quite as satisfactory as the original work itself; and the same thing may be said of the *chiaro-scuro*, or the distribution of the lights and shadows, which constitutes the fourth element; for although in a picture the *chiaro-scuro* is necessarily combined with colour, the two things are in themselves distinct, as in music are melody and harmony, which also may coexist. Colour, then, which constitutes the fifth and remaining element of a picture, is alone beyond the reach of the engraver's art, and even here, such are the resources of cross-hatching, and of a judicious mixture of the dry point and of the engraving tool, that we have met with persons who were ready to assert that, to a certain extent, even the colour-

ing of a picture may be reproduced in a print. Without actually taking upon ourselves the grave responsibility of adopting this opinion, we must admit that, in many prints,—in those for instance which Pontius executed after Rubens, the touch of the master is admirably preserved.

These considerations, in treating of the *Literature of Art*, give to prints a very great importance, because, as the principal works of art have been reproduced by the graving tool, prints may be considered, as we have already observed, as the *books*, which introduce into general circulation the original conceptions of the artist, which, in many instances, without this resource, must have remained comparatively unknown. Even those persons who have had an opportunity of seeing the original paintings, are most happy to have their memories assisted by a good print; and we doubt not that the well-deserved celebrity of that magnificent poem, which Michael Angelo has traced upon the walls of the Sistine chapel, would have been considerably less, if the beautiful print of G. Mantuano had never been engraved.

It was the particular good fortune of Raphael to form a school of engraving, which excelled in that correctness of drawing, and in the general grandeur and sublimity of style, which constituted his own peculiar excellence; and in the progress of the present article we shall have more than one occasion to refer to the labours of these celebrated artists.

One of the principal difficulties which presented itself to us in reducing to a written form the reflections which we had made at different times on the *Literature of Art*, was the choice of a general plan, and we have been able to discover none more satisfactory than that of following the various celebrated schools, which not only have a certain mutual relation to each other, but in which the personal influence of the great founders of modern art may be easily traced in some particular branch of excellence.

There is nothing more barren or more tedious than a long chronological nomenclature of men or things without some visible connecting link; and as the history, both of literature and of art, offer such a continuous connexity, the only way to elevate these questions to their proper dignity, is to show the influence of certain master spirits, whose mission it is to change the course of things, and to leave some indelible trace of their passage in literature, in science, or in art.

We have already alluded to the establishment of the Florentine school; splendid as were its glories, they were com-

paratively of short duration, for two of its greatest ornaments were induced, by foreign patronage, to quit Florence at the beginning of the sixteenth century, never to return. Leonardo da Vinci retired to Milan, and his youthful rival, Michael Angelo, to Rome. They separated, never to meet again; yet not before a trial of strength, in which the glories of the day were awarded to the youthful Buonarotta, who was at that time little more than twenty years of age. It was about the year 1503 that the Florentines announced their intention of decorating their great council hall, and the principal artists of the age furnished designs. Those of Leonardo da Vinci and of Michael Angelo may be reckoned amongst the most splendid productions of art. The former, well known by Edelinck's fine print, represented four horsemen fighting for a standard. Nothing can exceed the fury of the combatants: the very horses take part in the bloody strife. This admirable composition may be regarded as a rare instance of animated expression, totally free from every species of exaggeration. It is a page of most exquisite beauty in the annals of art, and requires a long and an attentive study in order fully to appreciate its excellence. It moreover furnishes an apt illustration of the remark which we have above made, on the importance of the engraver's art as a means of preserving certain objects which would otherwise be condemned to perish; for it is now only known by the engraving to which we have alluded. The subject which Michael Angelo selected for his cartoon, was chosen from the wars waged with so much animosity between the Florentines and the Pisans. It was an imaginary episode, and represented a party of Florentine soldiers, who had been bathing in the Arno, hastening to the relief of their comrades, suddenly attacked by the Pisans. The subject offers a great variety of action and expression, and was admirably calculated for displaying the peculiar talent of the youthful artist, in portraying the complicated movements of the human form, afterwards carried to so great a length in the frescos of the Sistine chapel, and which, amongst the Florentine painters of that day, was regarded as the principal excellence of art. This unexpected triumph of his youthful rival is said to have been the cause of Leonardo's sudden departure from Florence, which city he never visited again.

The loss of the above-named celebrated artist, and the death of another, scarcely inferior in excellence (Baccio, better known by the name of Fra Bartolomeo di S. Marco)

operated a most serious revolution in the destinies of the Florentine school. Fra Bartolomeo had adopted with enthusiasm the new theories of Savonarola, with regard to art; he even carried his admiration of that extraordinary man to such a length, as himself to enter into the order of St. Dominick; and the severity of his style bears ample testimony to the seriousness of his character and the elevation of his sentiments, as to the legitimate mission of art. His works are not very numerous, but are all of the highest excellence; they have been seldom engraved, and we are unable to cite a single good print after this artist.

Nor must we omit to take into consideration the moral and political causes which at this period operated a displacement of the principal centre of art; the violent commotions which disturbed the republic of Florence, and the liberal patronage of Julius II and of Leo X were not without their influence in making Rome the principal rendezvous of science and of art; and although, for many years, the Florentine school offers a succession of artists whose works are still highly esteemed, such as those of Perin del Vago, Bigio, Pontormo, Salviati, and Vasari, which latter employed not only the pencil but the pen, it by no means maintained that high reputation which its first efforts had established; nor could the later success of the Alloris, and of Cigoli and Carlo Dolce, whose beautiful heads of St. Francis, and of our blessed Saviour, are so justly admired, redeem its past glory.

The age of Leo X, and its influence upon letters and upon art, are subjects too familiar to the reader to render it necessary for us to enter into any elaborate reflections upon that point. It is true that both Raphael and Michael Angelo had been summoned to Rome by his predecessor; but if the glory of laying the foundation of the splendour of the Roman school cannot be wholly attributed to Leo X, no one can deny that he carried into execution the vast plans conceived by his predecessor, in such a way as to attach his name for ever to those great works completed during his pontificate, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty.

The age of Leo X may then justly be regarded as the Augustan age in the history of the literature of art. However the change of style which characterizes the latter works of Raphael may be regretted, as far as the representation of subjects purely religious is concerned, it is completely ridiculous to affect to undervalue those sublime productions, which ornament the walls of the Vatican, and which will ever excite

the admiration and the astonishment of the real admirers of art. There is, no doubt, in the works of the early masters—in those of the blessed Giovanni di Fiesole, for instance,—a simplicity and *naïveté* of expression, which captivates the attention and appeals to the best feelings of the soul; yet, when we attentively study the magnificent cartoons of Raphael, or those other more astonishing productions to which we have already alluded, we cannot but feel that Raphael is separated from all his predecessors, by a series of obstacles which the irresistible efforts of genius alone could surmount.

It appears to us, that in appreciating this important change in the style of art, we should do well to bear in mind, that in historical painting there is a vast variety of subjects which lie wholly beyond the domain of religious sentiment, and that concentration of feeling which appears to constitute the essence of Christian art; and that for all such, this change may be regarded as a real progress. In fact we are by no means convinced that even this revolution ought to have been fatal to Christian art, for the *mystical element* is to be found co-existing with every variety of style; and all the great masters, not even excepting Rubens, offer examples of the triumph of the conception, not only over all the material obstacles which are opposed to its realization, but, what is still more difficult, over those peculiarities of execution which constitute what may be termed the *mannerism* of the master himself.

In admitting, therefore, this difference,—which is to be found also in literature, where no one would apply the same rules of criticism to a hymn and to an epic poem,—we are forced to admit that, as far as the original conception is concerned, there is as much difference between a picture of the *Holy Family* and the great fresco of the *Battle of Constantine and Maxentius*, as between this latter and a landscape of Berghem; and although we are quite prepared to admit that, as far as Raphael is concerned, after the change in his style not any of his religious subjects can be compared to his beautiful picture of the Spousalizio (engraved by Longlei,) we see no reason why they might not have been equally sublime, had the man himself been other than he was.

In the vicissitudes of art, as in those of literature, the influence of eminent individuals is to be traced, not only in their own age, but through a long succession of future generations; the impulsion, good or evil, once given, con-

tinues, although with a decreasing impetus, till some new power modifies its course. Both Raphael and Michael Angelo exercised an immense influence upon the destiny of art; the latter, by adopting a style which, in the hands of his imitators, degenerated into the most ridiculous bombast; the former, by establishing, as it were, a new tradition of art, in which the religious and the profane were confounded. Had Raphael remained the man he was when he quitted the studio of his master, we doubt not that the important change operated in his *manner* would not have had any unfavourable effect upon his *style*, when treating subjects of that elevated character which furnished the occupation of his early years. And if the faith and the religious fervour of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had been perpetuated in the sixteenth, the painters' art would have remained what it was first intended to be, a powerful engine for the propagation of the noblest sentiments and of the most elevated ideas.

The Roman school being once firmly established, continued with various success; but no one was found to rival the glory of its illustrious founders. To give anything like a critical analysis of the principal works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, would lead us far beyond the limits which circumstances impose upon us; but we may safely say, that the men who conceived and executed *The Last Judgment*, the *Dispute on the Blessed Sacrament*, and *The School of Athens*, have shown themselves poets of the highest order. We select these three subjects, amongst many others, because they have been most admirably engraved by an artist of the sixteenth century (Giorgio Gleisi, commonly known by the name of Il Mantuano), and because they happen to lie open before us. Mantuano's print of the *Last Judgment*, which is become rare from the circumstance of its being composed of eleven distinct plates, gives a very excellent idea of the original; in fact it is only in this print, and in those which he executed after the same painter, representing the sybils and the principal prophets of the Old Testament, that a correct idea can now be formed of the stupendous genius of this extraordinary man, who was the first painter, the first sculptor, and the first architect of his day.

His awful representation of the horrors of *Doomsday*, notwithstanding a certain pedantry of drawing, which is perhaps excusable when allied to great talent, will ever remain as one of the most astonishing realizations of art. In studying this composition in the print to which we have above

alluded, we find that it contains ten distinct groups, each of which forms the subject of a separate plate. The two first represent the upper part of the picture, which reaches to the vaulted roof; they are of course semi-circular, and this space is most cleverly occupied by two charming groups, bearing the instruments of our Saviour's passion. This conception is highly poetical, as applied to that moment when the most rigorous justice is about to be administered to those who have refused to take advantage of the dispensation of mercy. In the principal group, which is immediately under the keystone of the vault, is the Judge of the living and the dead, upon a cloud, and surrounded by a blaze of glory, within the limits of which one single figure is placed, namely, that of the spiritual Eve, who now assists at the final triumph of her race, and the permanent re-establishment of order, by the eternal separation of good and evil. The remaining figures in this group, as in those on the right and on the left of it, represent the principal saints, who, according to the promise, are to accompany the Lord's coming. The whole picture is divided into three separate zones, heaven, earth, and the middle regions. In the latter there are also three distinct groups; that in the centre is occupied by the angels who summon the living and the dead to judgment, and by those who bear the books of death and of life; on their right are the blessed, who are borne triumphant through the air to the regions of eternal rest; and on the left, those whom the ministers of God's justice precipitate into the eternal abyss. Of the two remaining groups into which the lower part of the picture is divided, that on the left of the spectator represents the earth with its opening graves, and that on his right, the entrance to the city of eternal sorrow, of which Dante sung,

Per me si va nella città dolente,
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore ;

and over the gates of which he read that terrible inscription, by which hope is for ever banished. The introduction of Charon and his boat is a curious proof of the confusion of ideas which had been caused by the late irruption of paganism, both in literature and in art.

But after all, the principal merit of this composition is the merit of its details; each figure is a study, and the spectator, particularly the artist, remains astonished at the science and resources of the painter. Other eminent painters have fur-

nished designs for this sublime subject, but none of them were executed in painting upon a grand scale, like Michael Angelo's. As, however, the first conception reveals the real poet, examples might perhaps be found, in which, if we consider the painter's art principally as a vehicle of grand and poetical ideas, he has been, in that respect, surpassed.

In our former article, we mentioned a print by Martin Rola, after a design of Titian, which offers several proofs of the profound attention with which the artist had studied his subject. The first thing that strikes us is the countless myriads of angels and of saints which surround the judgment-seat. This idea of multitude, which appears to us essential to the circumstance, is wholly wanting in the composition of Michael Angelo. Conspicuously distinguished from the rest, are those mysterious and exceptional personages Elijah and Enoch, who, together with St. John the Baptist and the Blessed Virgin, form the principal group, as being variously excepted from the ordinary laws of sin and death. Another element, highly poetical, by which this composition distinguishes itself, is the number of blessed souls which float lightly upwards through the mid-way air, some of whom are accompanied by their guardian angels. Angels with *wings*, in an allegorical painting, appear to us not only admissible, but even necessary, to give that unearthly character which constitutes its principal poetical merit. Michael Angelo appears to have had a most classical horror of such things, for the only wings he has admitted into his picture are the wings of Charon's bark. His angels are all men of athletic form, but certainly of noble bearing. Titian's composition, like that of his great predecessor, is divided into three zones, in the lower of which, representing earth and hell, he has introduced the apocalyptic figures of Death and Time, hastening the awful consummation. In fact, when we compare this rich composition with that which ornaments the walls of the Vatican, or with the picture of the same subject executed by Tintoretto, in the church of the Madonna dell' Orto, at Venice, we are forced to admit that, as far as the beauty of the conception is concerned, the work of the great founder of the Venetian school stands pre-eminent. By way of completing the parallel between certain eminent painters, by examining the manner in which they treat the same subject, we may observe that Rubens, who invented and composed with the most astonishing facility, has not been successful in treating this: his predilection for the representation of the

human form in all its exuberance, leaves no room for the celestial element. Cornelius Visscher executed a large print of the *Last Judgment* by Rubens, upon two plates, which, in point of conception, is by no means remarkable. It resembles too exactly those astonishing compositions of the *Fall of the Damned* of which he painted several, and in which masses of human beings, in every possible attitude, are tumbled down headlong into the dark abyss. Sugderhoef's print after one of them, is a very fine production, and an admirable specimen of the peculiar style of the master, who was a great man, whatever his enemies may have said to the contrary.

Before we take leave of the subject of the Last Judgment, which is one of the most interesting in the range of Christian poesy, we must beg to point out to the attention of the reader, a very elaborate composition executed by Jean Cousin, from which Peter de Tode engraved a large print on six plates. It is particularly remarkable in this respect, that Cousin was the first native artist, in France, whose name has passed down to posterity; and the picture itself shows that he possessed a great fertility of imagination, although it is evident that he was inspired by an attentive study of the poem of Dante, many of the sombre details of which he has reproduced.

But to return to the general history of art, and the destiny of that celebrated school which had been established by Raphael and his illustrious contemporary; after the death of the former, whose dissipation brought him to an untimely end at the early age of thirty-seven, no one was found to perpetuate its glory, if we except Giulio Romano, who as a draughtsman was scarcely inferior to his master. Giulio worked a great deal upon the frescos of Raphael, but independently of that, he executed several original works, amongst which the most celebrated is the *Fall of the Titans*, commonly called the War of the Giants, which is at Mantua, in the Palazzo Té.

Venice now asserted her claim to distinction, and under the auspices of Titian and his contemporaries, a new element of art, namely that of colour, was called into existence. In fact all the great painters of the various schools of Italy seem to have taken rendezvous at the beginning of the sixteenth century. It therefore becomes, as it were, necessary to continue the history of art simultaneously, upon three parallel lines, corresponding with the three principal schools, of Rome, Venice, and Lombardy.

The principal characteristics of the Venetian school are splendour of colouring, and an elaborate richness of composition, the best examples of which latter quality are to be found in the pictures of Paul Veronese, as those of the former are in the works of Titian. Both these painters, considered as poets, have furnished many magnificent pages for the literature of art. We have already spoken of Titian's *Last Judgment*, to which we might add several *Holy Families*, and other Scripture compositions, painted before his intimacy with the infamous Aretino had corrupted his imagination, and thrown him into that voluptuous manner in which he produced so many *chefs-d'œuvre*. In these pictures the mystical element shines forth with unmitigated splendour; and in more cases than one, in representing the virgin mother of the Redeemer of mankind, he has realised a type of unearthly beauty which has rarely been surpassed. His heads of Christ and of the apostles are frequently remarkable for the dignity and beauty of their expression, and in this respect we consider him as decidedly superior to Raphael in his last manner.

But in the whole range of the painter's art we know nothing (in its kind) which can equal the marriage feasts and splendid festivals of Paul Veronese; each one of them may be considered as a separate poem, rich in its details, and charming us by its endless variety. Let any one attempt a minute description of such a scene as Paul Veronese has realised, in his large picture at the Louvre, representing the marriage at which Christ wrought his first miracle, and it will be found that words alone are wholly insufficient to embody all the variety of expression, all the richness of costume, and all the magnificence of architecture, which the painter has here thrown together. Paul Veronese and Poussin are the two painters whose back-grounds offer the richest architectural details, and we must avow, that we have ever admired the fertility of those imaginations, which could afford to lavish so much labour upon what others treat with comparative neglect. Saenredam, a pupil of Goltzius, has engraved one of these magnificent paintings of Paul Veronese, in a style worthy of the master. It represents Christ at the table of the publican, and was painted for one of the principal churches of Venice, where we believe it still remains.

Contemporary with Titian and Paul Veronese, was an artist, who may be considered as having exercised great influence over the destinies of the Venetian school, by the number and importance of his works, and by the innovation

of style which he attempted to introduce. The ambition of Tintoretto was to unite the bold drawing of Michael Angelo with the colouring of Titian; and to that end he inscribed in large characters on the walls of his studio "*Il disegno di Michel' Angelo e il colorito di Tiziano.*" Tintoretto furnished many sublime pages for the literature of art; but his imagination being seconded by a great facility of execution, hurried him occasionally into a culpable neglect of the most important rules of art. A remarkable instance of this extraordinary facility is related by Vasari. The sodality of S. Rocco having determined to decorate their church with a picture representing the apotheosis of their patron saint, and being desirous of having the choice of several designs, requested the most eminent artists of the day, Tintoretto amongst the rest, to furnish a sketch. Upon the day appointed, Paul Veronese, Schiavone, Salviati, and Zuccherò, sent in their sketches, but, to the astonishment of the whole city, Tintoretto had executed a large finished picture, which he even contrived to get placed in the church, upon the very altar destined to receive it. This off-hand way of settling the controversy in his own favour, was not accepted without a certain degree of remonstrance from his employers, and even from his brother artists; to which Tintoretto replied very cavalierly, by saying, that he thought that the best way of showing what he could do; and that for his part, as he never wasted his time in making sketches, he proposed putting an end to all dispute by making them a present of the picture. It was upon this occasion that his comrades, who looked upon the thing as a very good joke, gave him the soubriquet of *Il furioso*, and by consent of all parties, the picture was allowed to keep possession of its assumed honours. The history of the painter's art affords nothing equal to this as regards rapidity of execution, unless we admit the truth of an anecdote related of Luca Giordano, surnamed *Il fa presto*, which we are obliged to admit belongs rather to the Baron Munchausen school. It is related that Luca Giordano being one day summoned to dinner whilst engaged upon a large painting of the Last Supper, gave orders to dish up, saying, that he had only the Christ and two of the apostles to paint in, and that he should be down before it was ready.

Amongst the capital productions of Tintoretto must be reckoned the large picture formerly at Paris, but now restored to its original place in the Scuolo di S. Marco, which represents a miraculous apparition of St. Mark, for the purpose of

releasing a slave, condemned to death by the Turks. It is a most magnificent picture, and may be said to combine all the beauties and all the defects of the master. The colour and the chiaro-scuro are admirable; one of the great peculiarities of this master is the extraordinary effect which he produces by the distribution of light and shade. We should perhaps appear to be running after far-fetched allusions, were we to say, that chiaro-scuro in painting, nearly corresponds to perspicacity and energy of style in writing. The art with which Tintoretto draws the attention of the spectator to the principal groups of his composition, by the artificial distribution of his broad masses of light, is perfectly original; but the extreme facility of his execution betrays him into frequent negligences, particularly when he attempts uncommon positions of the human body, which require a profound knowledge of anatomy and of drawing. In this respect his decided admiration of the works of Michael Angelo was most pernicious to him, as his natural character, and the numerous applications which were made to him for the productions of his pencil, rendered impossible that painful and elaborate study, which was the only condition of success.

To this period belongs another name eminent in art, not only as the founder of a new school, but also as having produced a series of *chefs-d'œuvre*, which may be regarded as so many eloquent pages in the history of its literature. Correggio, unaided by the examples or by the instructions of any of those illustrious predecessors or contemporaries of whom we have spoken, struck out for himself a new path, in which, we may almost say, he has had no followers. For, although without doubt his indirect influence upon the school of Lombardy is very remarkable, yet Correggio, as he had no master, neither had he any pupil, properly so called. He was one of those extraordinary geniuses who appear destined to live and to move alone. After having acquired the first rudiments of art from his uncle, he occupied himself in modelling under the direction of Francesco Bianchi, a celebrated Modenese artist; and it appears that he formed a close friendship with Antonio Begarelli, whose admirable works in that way had even attracted the attention of Michael Angelo. His visit to Rome to study the works of Raphael is an invention, no more worthy of credit than Vasari's wonderful story of his poverty and untimely death, which he attributed to having carried a heavy bag of copper money, that he had received for one of his paintings, and which he bore in haste through the

burning heat of a noon-tide Italian sun, to relieve the wants of his starving family. All this is very pathetic, but unfortunately not a word of it is true. Correggio, although perhaps less magnificently paid than some of his contemporaries, was always beyond the reach of want. His family was highly respectable, and possessed considerable property; and the sums which he received for some of his capital works are upon record. For the cupola and tribuna of the church of St. Giovanni, he received four hundred and seventy-two sequins, no despicable sum at that period; whereas for that capital picture which the British Institution purchased for so large a sum, he had only forty-seven, and his board during the six months which he employed in painting it.

Correggio, besides his great works at St. Giovanni, and the Duomo of Parma, (which latter represents the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, surrounded by angels and saints), painted a great variety of easel pictures, many of which have been engraved; but no master loses so much as Correggio by engraving. We must avow, that we never saw a print after this master which gave the least idea of the original painting, if perhaps we except Bartolozzi's print of the celebrated Magdalen in the Dresden Gallery,—that gem of inestimable value, which has been so frequently copied. Even this print, which is not a line engraving, but in that style commonly used in the imitation of chalk drawings, called stippling, is far from rendering the inimitable grace and charm of the original. In fact, the peculiar characteristics of Correggio's style appear to be such, as to refuse every species of translation, either by prints or by verbal description. In the first place, there is a sort of indescribable charm in his outline, which resides not principally in its correctness, as in the case of Raphael, the Carracci, and other great painters of the Italian school, but rather in a certain gracefulness, which has never been imitated. Correggio was the painter of childhood and of youth, and a style of female beauty, of which we dare not say he was the inventor, but, at least, which he alone discovered. To say exactly what new element he introduced into art would be difficult; but if we were obliged to describe his influence by a single word, we should say that *gracefulness* is the only one that could serve the purpose. Correggio, with all his merit, does not appear to us to have had very elevated views in his conceptions of religious subjects. In what degree the fault is to be attributed to himself or to the age in which he lived, we pretend not to deter-

mine. Already the two distinct styles, the religious and the profane, had been confounded by all his most illustrious contemporaries; and although Correggio moved in a sphere of his own, and of which he may justly be regarded as the centre, yet no man can completely escape the influence of the age in which he lives. Scepticism had long since blossomed forth into voluptuousness, and the *beauty* of Correggio, like that of Titian, was the beauty of the flesh and not that of the spirit. His colouring, and his very touch, gave fresh power to his pencil in this respect, and a new term was invented to immortalize his progress. Henceforth the charm of the *morbidezza* becomes a distinct element of art, and establishes a fresh subject of antagonism between the religious style and the profane.

A period of several years separates the regular establishment of the Bolognese school from the epoch of which we are now treating; yet as Correggio is allowed by all competent judges to have exercised a capital influence over its destiny, we shall proceed to notice the operations of that celebrated academy, of the institution and regulations of which we spoke at some length in a former article.

The establishment of the Academy of Bologna constitutes an epoch in the history of art, in this respect, that thenceforth all that regards its technical resources may be considered as reduced to a science. The fundamental laws of criticism (true or false) are promulgated and publicly taught. The study of the antique and the living model are considered as the necessary rudiments of the artist's education, after which comes that of the great masters whom we have already passed in review. That the system is not necessarily sterile, is proved by its productions; for certainly no one will refuse to recognise the talent of the Carracci, of Domenichino, of Guido Reni, of Guercino, and a host of artists less celebrated but not devoid of merit, amongst whom were Albano and Lanfranco.

The Carracci, particularly Annibal, occasionally offer instances of deep pathos in treating religious subjects, which must, one would think, have taken rise in something more noble than the cold calculations of criticism. In the beautiful picture of the Blessed Virgin weeping over the dead body of her divine Son, engraved by Roulet, Annibal has concentrated an intensity of feeling, which, although not exactly belonging to the more legitimate efforts of the mystical school, is wanting neither in dignity nor in eloquence,

and forcibly seizes upon the imagination of the spectator; and in another composition of great beauty, known in Italy under the name of *La Pietà d'Annibale*, representing the Blessed Virgin fainting under the weight of her sorrows, the dead body of her Son reposing on her knees, he has realised a scene of unutterable woe. In the back-ground are two angels of great beauty, who, with intense grief, contemplate the moving scene. This picture, it appears, at one time formed part of the gallery of the Austrian archdukes at Brussels, which accounts for its being engraved by Van Caukercken. A circumstance relating to this print will render it interesting to the Catholic reader; Antonius Triest, bishop of Ghent, has attached to it an indulgence of thirty days, to be gained as the inscription informs us, in its pious and simple language, "by meditating devoutly, on our knees, and with *gratitude*, on the sorrows which the holy mother of God felt at the death of her blessed Son."

But to return to the question of art; in both these pictures the type adopted for the heads of the principal figures is too round and full: this is a defect common to most of the eminent painters of this school, particularly Domenichino and Guido Reni. The draperies are of a grand character, and the extremities, as well as the general outline of the human figure, drawn with the greatest correctness.

A large proportion of the works of Annibal Carracci, in compliance with the taste of the day, are subjects chosen from the pagan mythology. The reader is of course acquainted with his capital performance in the Farnese Palace, which has been engraved by Cesius, with an explanation of each subject in Latin; although we cannot give it our unqualified admiration, we are obliged to admit, that he has thereby entitled himself to be numbered amongst the most eminent painters of his time. The very moderate retribution that he received for this elaborate work, which occupied him for eight years, is said to have wounded his feelings to such a degree that he fell into a profound melancholy, which terminated his life at the age of forty-nine years.

But we must not suppose that Annibal devoted his pencil in general to profane subjects. In the very numerous engravings executed after this master, one-half, perhaps two-thirds, are Scripture subjects, or subjects of devotion. In the splendid collection of Monsieur Winchler, which was sold at Leipzig at the beginning of the present century, there were no less than thirty-three subjects of the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Family.

One of the most remarkable innovations of this artist was the introduction of magnificent landscape backgrounds into historical paintings. We should perhaps have spoken more correctly had we said the invention of a new style of landscape, which may be termed the heroic or historical style; and that not only on account of the historical and mythological subjects with which they were enriched, but from the very manner in which the landscape itself is treated; there being a sort of grandeur and magnificence which natural objects rarely offer. One of the most splendid specimens of this style is the large landscape at the Palazzo Borghese by Domenichino, into which he has introduced the fable of Diana and her nymphs surprised by Acteon. Nicholas Poussin, and even Gaspar and Claude, in a less degree, adopted this artificial and poetical view of nature, which renders their landscapes perfectly distinct from those of the Dutch school, which always appear faithful portraits of reality.

One of the most distinguished pupils of the Carracci, and at the same time one of the greatest ornaments of the Bolognese school was Guido Reni; who, together with Domenichino and Guercino, carried its reputation throughout Italy. Guido, besides the pencil, frequently employed the etching needle, and was the founder of a school, of which Cantarini, Sirani and his sister Elizabeth, together with Laurentius Loli, are the principal pupils. These artists etched almost exclusively from drawings of Guido, who himself engraved about sixty plates, which are much admired by connoisseurs.

Even in the seventeenth century, Rome still remained the great centre of art; for most of the principal works of the above-named painters are to be found in that city. There Domenichino executed his magnificent picture of the Communion of St. Jerome, which is justly regarded as one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of art; and there also Guercino painted his large picture of the Death of St. Petronilla, which still ornaments the walls of the pontifical museum. The former has been frequently engraved. We are acquainted with the prints of John Cæsar Testa, of Farjat, and of Jacobus Frey; they are all very masterly performances, but that of Frey has the advantage of giving the most correct notion of the general effect: the same artist has also engraved a very fine plate after Guercino's large picture to which we have just alluded.

Were we writing a history of the literature of art, the painters of the Bolognese school would furnish us with many interesting pages; as it is, we are obliged to depend upon the memory of the reader, who must have met with most of their capital works reproduced by the graving tool. Raphael Morghen, whose highly finished prints form so elegant an ornament in many modern apartments, has chosen several of the compositions of Guido, Domenichino, and Guercino, which he has most admirably engraved; and some of the best engravers of the eighteenth century have particularly devoted themselves to this school.

Already, in the more northern parts of Europe, particularly in Flanders, the painter's art had been cultivated with success, and although, in order to preserve a sort of chronological correctness, it would now be necessary to follow its various vicissitudes both in that country and in France, we prefer completing our hasty notice of the destinies of the Italian school, because down to the beginning of the seventeenth century all the most celebrated Flemish and French painters agreed in regarding Italy, particularly Rome, as the grand centre of art.

The works which the Bolognese artists executed at Rome, were well calculated to maintain that high standard of excellence which had been adopted as the general rule of art, at least as far as regards its inferior or technical conditions. But unfortunately the latter end of the sixteenth century gave birth to two painters, whose astonishing facility of execution, and whose brilliant colouring, introduced a sort of conventional style, which was founded neither upon the study of nature nor the study of the antique, and still less upon that of those simple and touching forms which the early tradition of Christian art had handed down to their time. It is however but just to remark, that neither Lanfranco nor Berrottini, who is better known as Pietro da Cortona, put forth any pretensions as belonging to the mystical school; it is true that both of them executed many religious subjects, but they executed them as pageants, according to the taste of the age in which they lived, and according to their own individual conceptions. Christian art, as a distinct form, was long dead and forgotten; and we should perhaps have been tempted to fear that its very spirit was irretrievably lost, had not the recent works of Overbeck, Cornelius, Weith, Schadong, and other modern artists, most of whom belong to the schools of Dusseldorf and Munich, proved that the mystical element,

the essence of Christian art, is not identified with any particular style of drawing; for these artists, although they have attentively studied the works of the great painters of the fifteenth century, have completely avoided that stiffness which is one of their principal characteristics.

The great success of Lanfranco and of Pietro da Cortona, the numerous and important works which they executed at Rome and in the other principal cities of Italy, in fresco and in oil, their riches and their honours (both having been knighted by the pope), all contributed to give a new but false impulsion to art. Facility and mannerism were now the order of the day; and the young artist no longer gave himself the trouble of profoundly studying the more difficult parts of his profession, as there now existed a short cut to reputation, and what was still more tempting to many, to riches and to honour. Carlo Marratti was the last painter of the Roman school whose works we meet with in museums and other general collections. Although not free from the defects of his immediate predecessors, the works of this artist have a certain charm, which proves that, had he lived in more favourable times, he would have been an honour to the profession he embraced. As it is, his is the melancholy privilege of closing a long line of eminent artists, in whose hands the sacred fire of the poesy of art seems to have been gradually extinguished. Carlo Marratti, by the subjects which he generally selected, ought almost to be considered as belonging to the religious school. No man has more delighted in retracing the history of the Holy Family; and his numerous pictures of the Blessed Virgin are to be found in all parts of Italy. There is an extreme sweetness in the expression, but it is not of an elevated character; and the draperies are fluttering, and wanting in that severity which is the first requisite of the Christian style. But to these paintings no one can refuse the merit of being highly pleasing; to describe their character in a single word, we should say that they are very pretty, but by no means beautiful. We are not therefore surprised that his works have occupied the graving tool of the most eminent engravers of that day. Independently of Robert Van Andenaerd, who was his pupil, and engraved almost exclusively from his paintings, Jacobus Frey, Andran T. B. de Poilly, Picart le Romain, and others, have frequently chosen the subjects of their prints from the works of this master. In this country, amongst the number of his admirers must be mentioned Winstanley, Smith, Boydell,

and Bartolozzi. The latter, amongst other plates, executed a charming composition of the Holy Family, which has also been engraved by Frey, by Valet, and by Edelinck, a circumstance which proves that it must have enjoyed considerable celebrity.

In the foregoing rapid sketch of the history of art, we have attempted as much as possible to keep in view those great moral causes, social, political and religious, which necessarily affected its destiny. The deplorable religious dissensions of the sixteenth century, and the important changes in church and in state which were their necessary results, had a marked influence on the literature of the succeeding age; and the same thing may be said of art. Church patronage was nearly at an end; and those princely families, which in Italy had ever been the great encouragers of both letters and art, were most of them comparatively ruined. This alone might account for the languishing state of art in Italy, from the beginning of the seventeenth century until its final extinction in the person of Carlo Marratti.

This period, however unfortunate, was not wholly sterile; for the seventeenth century is remarkable for the establishment of a new school of painting, which, with all its imperfections, has produced a considerable number of celebrated painters.

Rubens, the founder of the Flemish school, was intimately connected with the traditions of Italian art, having attentively studied most of its *chefs-d'œuvre*. Nor does the influence of the Italian school on that of Flanders begin here; for Otto Venius, the master of Rubens, and before him Van Orley, had both visited Italy; and in the best works of the former the style of drawing, and even of colour, then prevalent in Italy, is remarkable. It is then of the highest importance to bear in view the influence of the Italian school upon that of Flanders, as we thereby establish the unity of the history of art. To us it appears a capital question in appreciating a work of art, whether its author had or had not an opportunity of studying those great models which are generally allowed to be the universal standard of excellence; as the first question we should ask in reading an epic poem, would be, whether or no its author was acquainted with the writings of Homer and of Virgil. Not that it is possible to calculate exactly the influence of one school upon another, for that would suppose the means of measuring the value of each individual genius; it is sufficient to know that that in-

fluence really exists; and when we see a man, like Rubens, rising superior to it, and striking out a new path for himself, we are obliged to admit his claims to genius and originality.

It is rather the fashion of the day to judge Rubens by his defects,—a very unfair and unsatisfactory method. Every body knows that his women are coarse, and that in his foreshortenings he is occasionally betrayed into an exaggeration of outline, which becomes almost ridiculous. It is certainly a very grave matter in art, to have adopted a defective type of female beauty: but it must be remembered that Rubens has no pretensions to the character of a painter of expression. His pictures are generally large, and intended to be seen at a considerable distance; this coarseness is then softened down, and becomes, not infrequently, an element of grandeur. But even with regard to female beauty and nobleness of expression, many instances are to be found in the works of Rubens, particularly if we judge him after those excellent prints which were many of them executed under his own personal superintendence. In some of his Holy Families, without departing from the type which he appears universally to have adopted, the figure of the Blessed Virgin is frequently beautiful, and even not wholly devoid of that mystical expression which constitutes the great charm of the early masters. We are unable to cite many examples at the present moment, but we perfectly well remember one in which not only the Virgin, but all the heads are truly beautiful, both in form and in expression. The subject represents the Holy Family with St. Anne; the infant Saviour is standing upon the lap of his blessed mother, and regards her with feelings of intense affection; behind them is St. Anne, whose placid smile reveals the holy joy which transports her. The head of St. Joseph, who is leaning on the back of the chair, is no less perfect in its kind. This fine print, which is engraved by S. à Bolswert, bears the No. 55 in Bassan's Catalogue of the engraved works of Rubens, under the article *Sujets de Vierges*. No less beautiful, but of another order of beauty, is the Head of Judith, engraved by A. Voet. (Bassan, No. 28, Ancien Testament.) This magnificent realization of the ideal beauty of an inspired heroine, who avenges the wrongs of her people upon the person of their oppressor, is full of the most touching poesy, and is every way superior to the same head in the large print of Cornelius Galle, commonly known as the *Great Judith*. (Bassan, No. 27.) Even the muscular power which Rubens so much delighted in,

mitigated as it here is, is an appropriate circumstance; for such a deed of blood required not only a stout heart, but a firm hand. It may perhaps be an illusion, but it appears to us that until we had seen this print we never had a complete conception of the character and mission of Judith. This realization of a particular type of female beauty is the privilege of the poet, and of him alone who is truly inspired.

But, putting aside the question of expression, the great founder of the Flemish School has shown himself a poet by the magnificence of his colouring, by the richness of his composition, and by the grandeur of his outline. Without attempting to render Rubens less the painter of *matter* than he really was, we may safely assert that no painter, not even Michael Angelo himself, has given more dignity to the human form, by the richness and severity of his draperies. Rubens, like Michael Angelo, is the poet of the *sublime*, rather than of the *beautiful*. His magnificent works at Antwerp, at Mechlin, and in other cities of Belgium, would alone suffice to place him upon the very first line of excellence. His Descent from the Cross, his Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, his Communion of St. Francis, and a host of other capital performances, all of which have been admirably engraved by contemporary artists, formed in his own school, are too familiar to our readers to render any particular comment necessary. Rubens, not only by his superior talent, but by his elevated social position, and by his frequent visits to foreign countries, exercised an incalculable influence upon the destinies of art.

In speaking of the influence of Rubens, we must be understood as including generally that of the school of which he was the founder; for his particular views of art, notwithstanding the eminent genius of some of his pupils, amongst whom was Vandyk, seem to have been accepted without appeal. No doubt that Vandyk, in his best pictures, adopted an outline more elegant, and materially improved even the colour of Rubens in many instances; yet there always remains something which recalls to the memory his great master; and the same thing may be said of the works of all the pupils of Rubens, most of whom rendered him very considerable assistance in painting many of the celebrated pictures that bear his name. In fact, without considerable assistance, it would have been impossible to have painted so many large and capital compositions in the course of a life not particularly long, and which was much taken up with

other important occupations. This was so well known in his own day, that it became the fashion to demand a written receipt, stating that the picture was wholly by his own hand. Such a one has been carefully preserved in the sacristy of the church of St. John, at Mechlin, for which church he painted the altar-piece.

It is a curious coincidence, that both Rubens and Vandyk died in the same year (1641); the former aged sixty-three, and the latter only forty-two. The loss of these two admirable painters was irreparable; and, notwithstanding the patronage of Louis XIV, the sun of art was rapidly sinking below the horizon.

The decadency of art in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, must be attributed as much to the want of talent as to the want of patronage; for, in speaking of the French school, we shall have an opportunity of seeing that the false taste of that day was not able to prevent the development of such artists as Poussin and Le Sueur, the two greatest, and, according to our views, the only two great painters that France has produced,

In France, as also in this country, at various periods great efforts had been made to introduce a general love of art, but in both cases without success. Francis I was the first prince who, by a liberal patronage of both artists and men of letters, attempted to place the country over which he reigned upon a level with the more favoured nations of the south. Independently of the introduction into France of the works of the most eminent painters, he resolved to have executed, in several of his own royal residences, some capital work which might distinguish his reign, and at the same time promote a more general taste for art. For this purpose he invited from Italy, Rosso and Primaticcio, who were long employed in embellishing the chateau of Fontainebleau, where many of their works still exist. At a later period, the powerful talent of Rubens was called in, who painted a series of large pictures for the palace of Marie de Medicis. At these different periods we find no native artist who distinguishes himself in the same art, if we except Jean Cousin, to whom we have already made allusion, but who can hardly be considered as a painter, his principal works being executed upon glass.

The intimate connexion which subsists between literature and art and the national character and social habits of a people, has never been more clearly exemplified, than in the various vicissitudes of the painter's art in France. In the

age of Louis XIV, which has justly reflected so much honour upon that country, by the celebrated men which it produced, we find art existing under the same conditions as the literature of that period; that is to say, completely devoid of anything like originality of conception, being, both of them in fact, a revival of certain pagan forms, upon which were engrafted the laboured magnificence which forms the distinguishing characteristic of that period. The personal influence of the monarch himself may be regarded as one of the principal determining motives; and there can be no doubt that the series of large compositions representing the battles of Alexander, and by which Le Brun established his reputation, were neither more nor less than a piece of adroit flattery, addressed to the insatiable vanity of the *grand monarque*. Le Brun was an artist something in the style of Pietro da Cortona, whose works he had an opportunity of studying, during the six years which he passed at Rome under the direction of the celebrated Poussin. Like the Italian artist, he managed with considerable skill the *grande machine*, but in the more elevated departments of art he is wholly deficient. In his religious subjects, by the heaviness of his outline, and by the total absence of that particular expression which these subjects require, he has placed himself below mediocrity. Edelinck has engraved his famous picture of the Penitent Magdalen, which is said to be the portrait of the duchess De la Vallière; be this as it may, the personage itself is much more like a fat lady just returned from a masquerade, than her who washed the Saviour's feet with her tears. The same eminent artist has engraved a Crucifixion, generally known by the name of *Le Christ aux anges*, on account of the heads of cherubim which are there introduced. The Christ is a square heavy figure, wholly devoid of beauty and of expression.

Whilst Le Brun gave the tone to public taste, it is not to be wondered at that such men as Poussin and Le Sueur should remain unnoticed. It is true that the former resided exclusively at Rome, if we except one short visit to his native country, which was, however, long enough to convince him that his views of art were wholly foreign to the taste of the day. Nicholas Poussin was one of those laborious and conscientious artists who are completely absorbed by the love of their profession, and the long and painful studies which it requires. The old basso-relievos with which Rome abounds, were the books in which he studied, and no man has so

perfectly succeeded in reproducing, under a new form, the style and spirit of ancient art. Even in his Christian subjects, although we cannot compliment him either upon the beauty of the types or the eloquence of the expression, there is a certain charm in the general outline, and particularly in the magnificent folds of his elegant draperies, which delights us, and claims our indulgence. Raphael Morghen has engraved, after this master, a repose of the holy family, which is certainly very beautiful; and the series of large plates by Claudio Stella, representing the principal scenes of the Passion, are well worthy of the attention of the admirer of the Christian style.

That Poussin was a poet, no one will care to deny; it would be sufficient to cast a glance upon those magnificent landscapes in which he has idealized to the highest degree the most ordinary forms, to establish his claim to that distinction. His buildings, his trees, his very roads, have something in them which is particularly grand and imposing; and although they can never be taken for real scenes, they are supereminently *true* in art. But Poussin is an artist who requires to be attentively studied, and none but the educated will ever appreciate his works, which are wholly devoid of the charm of colour. He, as well as Le Brun, has however had the good fortune to be reproduced by the graving tool of the best engravers of the French school; and if Andran and Edelinck have frequently corrected the defective outline of the one, the former, together with Claudia Stella and Pesne, have communicated to the vapid, colourless compositions of the other all the charms of a vigorous chiaro-scuro.

Eustache Le Sueur, who died the same year as Poussin, but at the very early age of thirty-eight, has proved that his conception of art was elevated far above the ordinary standard of the times in which he lived. His capital work of the Life of St. Bruno, shows that he penetrated profoundly into the spirit of the subject which occupied his pencil. Like Poussin and Le Brun, he was a pupil of Simon Vouet, who, by a sort of general convention, is regarded as the founder of the French School, although it is evident that Vouet never exercised the slightest influence upon the age in which he lived, nor upon any other: as a proof of which it is sufficient to examine the works of the three last-named painters, which bear no more resemblance to those of their common master than to each other. The French school, if indeed we may venture to use a term which is every way calculated to

give a false view of known facts, is nothing more or less than an offset of that of Italy, whose more degenerate traditions have ever constituted its most important resource, modified, it is true, by the habits and institutions of the age and country in which it flourished; and although Le Sueur never quitted his own country, he is far from having escaped this influence, for it is evident that he had attentively studied the works of Raphael, in the various prints which have been executed after that master; and Le Sueur in that respect appears to us to offer the solution of a problem, which has frequently occupied writers upon art, namely, how far the last manner of that master is calculated to be used advantageously in subjects exclusively religious? Le Sueur, in the above-named work, which has been very respectably engraved by Chauveau, has proved that this style, in proper hands, is susceptible of the most elevated mystical expression. We confidently submit to our readers, amongst others, the fourth picture of the series, which represents St. Bruno kneeling before his crucifix, with his arms folded upon his breast; the posture of the body, the style of the drapery, the elegant and simple background, are all in the strictest harmony and in the very best taste; the countenance of the saint, absorbed in mental prayer, is of exquisite beauty and full of expression,—it reveals the workings of a soul big with some grave purpose.

We could with pleasure have followed the painter through the whole series, which forms a magnificent poem, and in which the original legend is set forth in all its beauty and all its touching *naïveté*. What is particularly striking is the pious and meek expression of St. Bruno and his companions, which almost transports us back to the style of the fifteenth century. The details of the artist's life are but little known; but certainly, to have painted a work of this character in the very outset of life, he must have been deeply impressed with the spirit of that holy religion of which this moving history forms an important episode.

Le Sueur, however, exercised no influence upon the age in which he lived; for at the period of which we are writing, the grand traditions of art, which had raised it to so great a height of splendour, had given way before a sort of conventional style, in which both correctness of outline and harmony of colour were sacrificed to that facility of execution which enabled men to cover large surfaces in a short space of time, and without any preparative labour. In France, Le

Brun may be said to have reigned without a rival; for Poussin was absent, Le Sueur was almost unnoticed, and even Philip de Champagne, who was rector of the Academy of Painting, seems to have been completely thrown into the background by the showy talent of the young artist, whose easy address and agreeable manners were powerful auxiliaries at court, where he obtained the much desired title of first painter to the king. Towards the close of his life the rising fame of Mignard seems to have given him much uneasiness, for Le Brun was not free from jealousy, as his conduct to Le Sueur proves. But both Mignard and Philip de Champagne were very much engaged in portrait-painting; the well-known vanity of the king, who had great pretensions to personal beauty, and that of his courtiers, having brought portrait-painting into great repute, and we are bound to add, to high perfection. The engraver's art felt also the influence of this change, for in this age flourished the three most admirable engravers of portrait which the annals of the art afford,—Nanteuil, Drevet, and Masson, to whom perhaps we ought to add, the father of Drevet, Edelinck, and Van Schuppen, all of whom were established in Paris, and carried the engraving of portrait to a degree of excellence which has never since been equalled.

The seeds of social decomposition which the long and extravagant reign of Louis XIV had sown in France, began to germinate in the succeeding reign, and blossoming forth into heedless prodigality and uncontrolled licentiousness, prepared the way for the orgies of the regency and the horrors of the great revolution. The vicissitudes of art were governed by those of the society of which it was the expression. In the reign of Louis XV, Boucher and Carle Van Loo brought the painter's art to the lowest ebb: their wanton goddesses, and their simpering shepherdesses, prove the depraved state of public taste, which could admire such contemptible productions.

The outrageous admiration of the innocence and simplicity of the pastoral life, which manifests itself not only in the literature and in the arts at this most corrupt period, but even in the habits of the higher classes, offers a subject of profound meditation to the philosopher and the moralist. It is one amongst the many sad instances which the history of humanity affords, where men, completely losing sight of the grave symptoms of the times, seek to deaden the apprehension of approaching danger by the maddening influence of frivolous pleasure. In degenerate Rome, when the enemy was at

her gates, the citizens rushed in such crowds to the public games, that all the seats for the ensuing day were occupied before midnight; and only a short time before she was brought to the scaffold, the unfortunate and thoughtless Marie Antoinette, with the principal ladies of her court, most of whom fell victims in the same bloody conflict, were wandering about the picturesque gardens of Trianon, dressed as shepherdesses and crowned with flowers.

But after that great moral whirlwind which swept over the surface of this devoted country, had torn up by the roots all the institutions founded by the wisdom and by the labour of past ages, enveloping in one common ruin both Church and State, a moment of calm, the fruit perhaps of lassitude and exhaustion, gave birth to a new form of art. The iron hand of military despotism had re-established the reign of external order, and restrained the few uneasy spirits who still survived those fearful successions of party strife, where each planted itself upon the ruin and extermination of its predecessors. It is not to be wondered at that the general admiration of the republican institutions of Greece and Rome, which forms one of the distinguishing characteristics of the French Revolution, should have been accompanied by a corresponding change in art. In fact, according to the principles which we have laid down, it was an unavoidable necessity. This reaction, at the head of which was David, had at least one advantage, it brought back the young artist to a more attentive study of drawing, and in the place of that flowing and effeminate outline which had been universally adopted, was substituted the severe and purer forms of the antique. David drew with correctness, and even with elegance; yet his works excite but little admiration, on account of the total absence of aerial perspective, which gives them the appearance of coloured basso-relievos. With regard to chiaroscuro and colour, there are parts of admirable effect, but as a whole they are completely ineffective. The laborious efforts of David, prepared the way for the present success of the French school; Paris being certainly, at the present moment, one of the principal centres of art.

Although England has but little distinguished herself in the painter's art, there is at least one name that it would be unjust to pass over in silence. Sir Joshua Reynolds, if not a great artist in the severest sense of the word, was at least a poet in his conceptions of art. No man has better seized and idealized that particular type of female beauty for which

his native country is justly celebrated. It was perhaps to this quality that he was indebted for his great success as a portrait painter. A vast quantity of these beautiful faces, which belonged principally to the female aristocracy of his time, have been engraved in mezzotinto by Green, Earlom, Smith, Watson, and other eminent engravers, towards the end of the preceding century, and are now highly esteemed by the curious.

After having given a rapid sketch of the history of the principal form of the painter's art, and after having attempted to point out some of the principal moral causes which have effected its vicissitudes, we intended to have examined at some length, how far in the inferior departments of portrait, landscape, and animals, the plastic art had entitled its professors to take rank in the intellectual world as poets and *writers*, if we may be allowed to use that word in a new but legitimate sense: for written language is certainly not confined to any set of arbitrary signs; and he who succeeds in permanently describing an object, whether he employs words or lines and colours, is, we think, fairly entitled to that qualification. But we are sorry that the very limited space which remains at our disposal will render it absolutely impossible to do justice to that part of our subject.

The passion which some men have felt for collecting portraits is notorious, and we think very easily understood. One of the most remarkable instances is the celebrated French bookseller, De Bure; who at the present moment is in possession of above *seventy thousand!* They are all carefully arranged in chronological order, and the classification of this immense collection has been the sole amusement of its possessor for the last fifty years. Every evening after the labours of the day, the scissors and the paste are introduced; and, surrounded by his family and his friends, the eminent bibliophile, forgetting his Aldes and his Elzivirs, abandons himself to his favourite hobby.

The portrait in art exactly corresponds with biography in literature. The same intense interest with which we follow the minutest details in the lives of eminent men, attaches itself to their portraits; and as in biography there are two distinct elements—namely, the individual described, and what may be termed the subjective colour, communicated by the author—there can be no doubt that the same distinction must be admitted in art. The same man painted by Rubens and by Vandyk would be easily recognized as one and the

same individual; yet each painter will have followed his own particular conception, and will probably have communicated something unnoticed by the other. This renders it particularly interesting to have several portraits of the same person by different hands, and at various periods of his life. But even then our knowledge of him is but imperfect, for they are but so many points in a circle which is almost infinite.

The length to which the present article has already run, will oblige us to pass very rapidly over what remains. Most of the eminent painters of whom we have already spoken, have occupied their talent in portrait painting. Magnificent specimens by the hand of Raphael, of Titian, of Tintoretto, and most of the other great painters to whom we have alluded in the preceding pages, are to be found in well-formed collections in different parts of Europe. The originals, or at least the fine prints which have been executed from most of them, are familiar to the reader. Vandyk, in his own time and at his own expense, caused a collection of one hundred and twenty portraits of the most eminent personages of the times who had sat to him, to be engraved in the line manner, by the best artists of the day, under his own special superintendance; he even etched for this interesting collection fourteen plates with his own hand, one of which represents his own portrait. This collection, by the nobleness and variety of the expression, by the significancy of what the French call the *pose*, will give the reader a very good idea of the principle upon which we claim for the portrait painter those honours which have been hitherto exclusively awarded to the man of letters. In this collection there are several plates, on beholding which we are obliged to admit that it reveals to us some new quality in the individual, which words would scarcely have described;—be it a certain simple sweetness, as in the case of Maria Ruten, his wife, who belonged to one of the first families in Scotland; or the high intellectual expression of original genius, as in that of Inigo Jones and others. Whilst on the subject of Vandyk's portraits, we cannot resist the temptation of relating the vicissitudes of a certain well-known print, early impressions of which are extremely rare. Vandyk, during his stay in England, executed several portraits of the unfortunate Charles I. One of them had just been engraved by Peter Lombart, a French artist, at that time residing in England, precisely at the moment when the republican party put an end to the dispute by cutting off the king's head. The portrait of course was no

longer a saleable commodity; and the ingenious engraver scraped out the face, and substituted the large, heavy features of the Protector. But the Puritans were no admirers of the fine arts, so that the plate was laid aside; and at the period of the restoration, Peter Lombart, with the vicar of Bray's graver, as Lord Orford wittily observes, restored that of the king. These three prints quietly reposing together in the portfolio of the connoisseur, may be considered as a grave comment on the uncertainty of human affairs.

We have already alluded to the portrait engravers of the time of Louis XIV. No portfolio will, we think, afford a greater treat to the admirer of portraits, than that of Nanteuil. This artist, who always worked from nature, has succeeded in giving to each head, not only its appropriate expression, and that generally allied with beauty, but a certain *individuality* which obliges one to pronounce it a strong likeness, without ever having seen the person represented.

Portrait engraving has been carried to a very high pitch of excellence in this country, both by native and foreign artists, the catalogue of engraved British portraits forming a very considerable volume.

If we have already regretted the want of space whilst speaking of portrait, what shall we say when we pass on to the subject of landscape? In opening the great book of nature, it is there more particularly that the painter's claim to the title of poet becomes more evident and uncontested. Where shall we find pages of more exquisite beauty than those which have been filled by Claude, by Ruisdael, by Berghem, and by Wynants,—by the side of whom figures a name unequalled in art, as regards the powerful charm of *chiaro-scuro* and colour. If we have hitherto remained silent as to the just claims of the great Dutch painter, it has not been for want of a due appreciation of his merit, but rather from a feeling of the extreme difficulty of classing this *lusus naturæ* of art in any general and comprehensive views of its history.

As a painter of history, Rembrandt, with regard to the very important details of invention, composition, and drawing, is generally below mediocrity. But such is the irresistible charm of his *chiaro-scuro* and colour, that we accept at his hand, and even admire, the most incongruous forms and the most grotesque conceptions. But in portrait, and even in landscape, his works stand forth without a rival. Many of these, etched with his own hand, have opened a new era in

art,—Rembrandt, his scholars and imitators, forming an important division in every great collection of prints.

But to return to the more immediate subject of landscape painting, we may observe that, as an accessory detail, it was largely made use of by the early painters; and many of the elegant and simple compositions of Hemmelinck and Van Eyck acquire a new charm by the beauty of their backgrounds, which generally represent a rich assemblage of trees, buildings, and green fields, interspersed with water, and lighted by the pale mysterious rays of daybreak. This latter circumstance, which is supposed to have a symbolical allusion to that mystical *day-spring from on high* which is the substance, the object, and the end of the Christian religion, is, we may say, universal;—we never remember having seen a landscape background, in a picture of the fifteenth century, in which it was omitted.

But landscape painting, gradually detaching itself from the trammels of history, became in its own turn the legitimate and principal object of a particular branch of art. We have already seen the most eminent Italian painters—such as Titian, Domenichino, and the Carracci—painting landscape compositions in which the figures became only a secondary object. It was, however, reserved for the Dutch painters, simultaneously with Claude, to carry this branch of art to the high point of excellence to which it was destined to attain. Paul Brie, Roland Savery, and Momper, devoted themselves exclusively to this style of painting; but their compositions, although extremely rich in detail, and not unfrequently taken from nature, are rendered uninteresting by the total absence of aerial perspective and a proper system of colouring. Of the three Breughels, neither the father nor the sons were more natural. Ruisdael and Berghem, and their illustrious contemporaries, Wynants, Wouvermans, Cuyp, J. Both, and a variety of others scarcely less celebrated, adopted a perfectly new style, in which nature was taken as the sole basis. By them we are introduced into the mysterious solitude of the forest, and rendered familiar with all those various phenomena upon which poets love to dwell; the grey light of morning, as contrasted with that flood of liquid gold which the setting sun pours forth on every surrounding object; or the long protracted shadows and pale lights of autumn upon the changing scene, rich with the foliage of the yellow beech.

For those who live in intimate communion with nature,

scenes such as these have an indescribable charm, various, like the endless combinations of musical sounds; and to such the works of the Dutch masters are a source of inexhaustible enjoyment. The engraver's art has been most successfully employed on these subjects; and when we examine the prints of Le Bas, and some of his pupils, as also those of our own celebrated engraver, Woollet, we are really astonished at the resources of that art.

To this class belong also the sea-pieces of Van de Velde, Bakhuisen, Zeeman, and other painters of less celebrity, who have also shown themselves attentive and successful observers of nature.

Almost all these eminent artists have handled the etching needle, and have left us a variety of specimens of their talent in this art. In a well-directed collection of prints, the etchings of the Dutch masters form one of the most important divisions; and certainly many of them,—such as Ruisdael, Both, Berghem, Karl Du Jardin, Bakhuisen, and Zeeman,—had they never taken up a pallet, would still be at the very head of their profession. In the above short nomenclature we are far from the pretension of having named all the most eminent landscape painters, for while the name of Waterloo is wanting there exists a capital omission. Waterloo painted little, but his etchings are of extraordinary beauty, both as regards the conception and the execution. But even the addition of this name is far from completing the list; Roland Roghman, Breemberg, Smees, Vander Cabel, and a variety of other excellent artists, executed different series, an acquaintance with which is absolutely necessary to enable us to form a just estimate of this department of art.

Amongst the great landscape painters, many excelled in the painting of animals: at the head of these are Berghem, Cuyp, and Paul Potter. Cuyp, of whom we have said little, as we reserved our praise for the present moment, is no less admirable as a landscape painter than as a painter of animals, although, evidently, in his pictures the landscape is only an accessory detail; yet his management of light has in it a magic which has never been surpassed by the greatest masters of the *chiaro-scuro*. His subjects are frequently very simple;—a horseman or two, generally on the foreground, or a few cows strolling upon the dyke of a Flemish canal, with no other background than a brilliant evening sky. None but a master-hand would dare to attempt such an association. Karl

du Jardin followed the footsteps of Berghem, of whom he was the pupil; his colour is pale and heavy, but as an engraver he stands on the first line of excellence; his etchings, which are numerous, being executed with great taste and effect.

Sneyders, the contemporary of Rubens, confined himself exclusively to animals, employing other painters to paint his backgrounds when landscape was necessary. He was a painter of great power, and animated by the spirit of the school to which he belonged. He it was who drew the wild and ferocious animals in Rubens' large hunting pieces, and his pictures are admitted into the best collections. There are several other esteemed painters who have particularly devoted themselves to this branch of art; amongst whom Feyt, Hondius, and Hondekoter, are perhaps the most remarkable. But animal painting, however pleasing to the connoisseur, has but a smaller charm for the poet in comparison with those more noble subjects which have constituted the principal object of our attention. Yet assuredly, if a shell or a flower may legitimately furnish the subject of an elegy or a sonnet, why may not the painter reproduce, in the same order of things, those particular beauties which words cannot describe? No page of the vast book of nature is indifferent to the real poet; and he who meditates with pain on man, his short-lived joys and many sorrows, finds frequently in the beauty of nature the promise of future joy; the magnificence which Providence has lavished upon all that surrounds us, is the sign of our origin and of our destiny; and there is an eloquence in inanimate nature, which few can describe but which all must have felt.

We take leave of the subject before us with a feeling of deep regret, at having so very imperfectly realized the idea which we have attempted to embody in the present article. We have, however, we flatter ourselves, adduced ample proof that the painter is entitled to a distinguished place in that intellectual aristocracy which is the birthright of genius; and our purpose will have been more than attained, if the preceding imperfect sketch succeeds in turning the attention of the reader to the inexhaustible treasures of that much neglected literature—the *Literature of Art*.

ART. III.—1. *Journals of Two Expeditions of Discovery in North-West and Western Australia, during the years 1837, 1838, and 1839, under the Authority of Her Majesty's Government.* By George Grey, Esq., Governor of South Australia, late Captain of the Eighty-third Regiment. London: 1841.

2. *Evidences of an Inland Sea, collected from the Natives of the Swan River Settlement.* By the Hon. George F. Moore, Advocate-General of Western Australia. Dublin: 1837.

WHEN Commodore Dumont D'Urville visited Sydney, in his voyage to discover the relics of La Pérouse, the Australians asked him, what had struck him the most among the things he had remarked in their adopted country? and his answer was, "That you have been here so long, and know so little about it!" Discovery was indeed an infant in Australia then. The eastern coast of New South Wales was tolerably known, but its southern coast had been so little visited, that even so late as the year 1835, the capabilities of Port Philip, as an agricultural and pastoral settlement, were news indeed to the authorities. Mr. Oxley's and Major Mitchell's expeditions into the interior, followed up by Capt. Sturt, and again resumed by Major Mitchell, have at last, we suppose, given the public all the requisite information, as to the nature and character of the western boundary of that colony. But Major Mitchell's book has been published little more than two years. As to Swan River, South Australia, and Portland Bay, on the western and south-western coasts of New Holland—settlements that are but infants in comparison with New South Wales—what we now know of them is due to the enterprises of very modern explorers indeed. The northern coast is the least known. At this day its bays and inlets are still to be explored; and the questioned existence of a mighty navigable river, or salt water loch, is still to be satisfactorily ascertained. Culpable in the extreme has been the ignorance of our government. A few years ago Melville Island, on that coast, was indolently, and without any previous examination of the propriety of its selection, fixed upon as a new British colony. The design was very laudable in itself. It always has been a desirable thing to have an entrepôt of our manufactures and wares in some spot washed by the Indian and Malayan seas, and lying in the track of the fleets of light prows and heavy junks by which they are navigated. It was most desirable that the Dutch

should no longer monopolise the European commerce in the Archipelago; and it was certain that, with free ports and revenue duties, we should speedily drive the Batavians, with their selfish trading-laws and prohibitions of imports and exports, completely out of the market. And, in short, the administration of Sir Stamford Raffles had made our name so popular in the eastern seas, that it was clear we should not have to wait very long before our new settlement would be as much frequented by their merchants, as the factories of Java had ever been in their palmyest days. Therefore, we repeat, it was well and wisely purposed, to found a maritime settlement on the north coast of New Holland. But the first step which ought to have been taken was, to explore that coast, with one eye to the sea-board, and another landwards;—to choose a safe port, easy of access at all seasons, and not too remote from the ordinary resorts of the Asiatic mariners;—and at the same time to secure, if possible, a vicinity to the most available districts for cultivation, and the most extensive that were to be discovered along that coast. This was not done, nor probably thought of; and the lazy selection of Melville Island was the first consequence. Into the enumeration of its incapacities we shall not enter. Suffice it that it had not an acre of good land within its vicinity; that it was not advantageously situated in respect to the track of traders; and that a vessel was scarcely ever known to have entered its intricate channels without grounding at least once. The next consequence of so improvident a choice was the final abandonment of the colony, and the indefinite postponement of all plans for establishing any other one upon the inter-tropical coasts of New Holland. The accidental publication of a very able book by Mr. Earle, on *The Eastern Seas*, advocating strongly the step, led the late ministry, about three years since, to undertake it; but the same inertness and disinclination to enterprise characterised their movements. Mr. Earle had happened to mention Port Essington: it was an illustration of his plan, which would do as well perhaps as any other, and he used it as such. He never meant to say that a survey of other portions of the northern coast, and an inland expedition were not highly requisite to a successful issue of the trial. However, those to whom his book had suggested the measure jumped at once to a conclusion; and without any comparison of its advantages with those of other Australian ports in the same latitude, Port Essington has been selected, and is now in fact a British colony. It is un-

necessary to criticise its disadvantages, and, at this early period, it is perhaps unfair to do so. Certainly letters received from the officers of H. M. S. *Britomart*, from its commencement until long afterwards at anchor in its port, and those which appeared in the Sydney newspapers a few months since, professing to come from residents, give the gloomiest picture of its destinies. Scarce an inch of soil is to be found above the naked rock, that extends for miles on every side towards the interior. The port can scarcely be pronounced a safe one at any time; and it should be a very safe one, to protect the vessels that visit it from the hurricanes to which it is liable by its intertropical position. It is also said that, except in certain seasons of the monsoon, it will be almost if not quite impossible for vessels to beat up the inlet, at the head of which Port Essington is situated. But these are minor considerations. What we wished to impress upon our readers was the circumstance of this selection, like that former one of Melville Island, having been made without a preliminary enquiry taking place, as to whether a better one might not be found. The cruize of H. M. S. *Beagle*, under the command of Capt. Wickham, R.N., and the inland expedition of Capt. Grey, were nearly contemporaneous with the colonisation of Port Essington. Though the discoveries simultaneously made by Mr. Stokes of the *Beagle*, and the author of the work before us, have by no means exhausted the great field of their enterprise, the fruits they have won from it are of immense value to them and all of us. And perhaps the immediate step that our government will see reason to take in consequence of their discoveries, will be the removal of the settlement from Port Essington to Camden Sound, or the mouth of the still unknown noble river Glenelg, which Grey discovered and named. Only we trust that, before this step be taken,—before any new colony be founded in North Australia, whether in lieu of the existing one or in addition to it,—the discoveries which our author reluctantly left unfinished may be completed; the Glenelg traced to its mouth; and the whole coast surveyed in detail, that so the emporium of British commerce in the eastern seas may be established on not merely an advantageous site, but on the most advantageous one to be found within the territorial limits of our empire in those seas. Otherwise we may still become liable to the shrewd taunt of the foreign navigator, that we have held sway within them so long, and yet know so little about them!

But what shall be said of the interior of New Holland?

what can be said to excuse our utter ignorance of everything worth knowing about the soil, waters, productions, nations, of that wholly-unexplored tract of country? That the adventurous explorers who have now and then essayed it in good earnest have been baffled by physical obstructions until their slender stock of food and water failed them, and they were compelled to return into the settled districts, is a fact very little creditable to the government. With the means at its disposal, it was surely possible to have formed depôts of sufficient magnitude at the farthest points beyond the frontiers of civilization, that were accessible to beasts of burthen. Months might have been occupied, if need there were, in accumulating the necessary stores, and lodging them at these depôts. Wells, too, might be sunk in the proper places, and of such depth as to insure supplies long after the droughts had dried up the pools and upper springs, and even the wells scooped out by native labour in their deepest hollows, like that one which Captain Grey discovered in a dry pool of the Smith River, "dug to the depth of about seven feet." (Vol. ii. p.67.) That none of these most essential preliminaries to expeditions of discovery have been ever prepared under the auspices of government, argues great blindness or narrow-mindedness somewhere. But so it is; and the overland excursions from neighbouring points of the eastern and southern coasts, are all that explorers have as yet been able to accomplish in the way of inland discovery. The vexed question of an inland sea, or large mediterranean lake, with or without an open or underground channel to discharge its waters into the ocean, which was first mooted by Capt. King, the attentive observer of phenomena not easily reconcilable with other causes, and which afterwards received such considerable support from the evidences collected by the laborious Advocate-General Moore, on his inland excursion from the Swan River,—still remains a vexed question after all. Scarcely any endeavour is made to ascertain the fact of its existence. Whenever any one is made, it is sure to fail as soon as the slender provision of food and water for the weary journey is expended,—a misfortune that has hitherto invariably occurred within a few days' march from the settled country. The government should take it up on a befittingly large scale. It is not just to leave to private men the cost as well as burthen of the enterprise. All considerations of the expensiveness and uncertain advantage of the undertaking are wholly secondary to those of a great national and scientific character, and should sink before them and be forgotten.

The question can never be settled by any progress of discovery coastwise. Large mouths of rivers may be met with, but the rivers themselves may be insignificant a little higher up. Or there may be large rivers flowing into the ocean from one direction, and there may be an inland sea in an altogether different one. Nor does it follow that because this sea or large lake exists, that it must be connected in some way with the ocean; nor that, if so connected, its channel may not be a subterranean one. Hidden channels of considerable extent are, we know, exceedingly common in intertropical climates. To go no farther than New Holland, there is an instance mentioned by Captain Grey of a certain chain of lakes, lying northward from Perth, distant from each other respectively, three, four, six, and ten miles. "The natives insisted on it that these lakes were all one and the same water; and when, to prove the contrary, I pointed to a hill running across the valley, they took me to a spot in it, called Yun-de-lup, where there was a limestone cave, on entering which I saw, about ten feet below the level of the bottom of the valley, a stream of water running strong from south to north, in a channel worn through the limestone." (vol. i. p. 308.) Mr. Moore, too, found a river running from the northward in the direction of the western coast, which seemed to him suddenly to lose itself under a hill, and to reappear in greater strength than ever on the other side. "There the river runs," said his native guide, "runs till it runs head-foremost under a hill; by and by it rises again, and goes past Garbanup out to the sea." (pp. 18-36.) In fine, until the interior of New Holland has been completely traversed in two bisecting lines, running east and west, north and south, the great question of its supposed mediterranean sea will never be set at rest. And, on the one hand, this would be an enterprise worthy of any government that should have the spirit to undertake it; while, on the other, it certainly is beyond the reach of any private individual, however ambitious. Yet Mr. Moore, the advocate-general of Western Australia, made two attempts in the year 1836, with very encouraging success. He set out from the Swan River in the month of May, proceeding in a north-north-east direction, and so continued to advance until he had probably made one hundred miles in a straight line. In the following month he made another excursion, steering nearly due east, but the distance travelled is not given; it was certainly not greater than on the former occasion. The necessity he was under of

returning to the settlement in time for the commencement of Term, compelled him to abandon for the time all further prosecution of his interesting expedition. However, he ascertained enough from his guides, and other natives whom he found upon his path, to confirm his faith in the inland sea, and to induce him to look forward with impatient expectation to the recurrence of an occasion for renewing his personal enquiries into its correctness, and, if possible, verifying their result by ocular observations. Whether such an occasion has in fact recurred or not, or whether the learned tourist retains or has abandoned his first faith, we cannot say; our enquiries have not been successful enough to elicit further evidence on the one side or on the other, beyond the two passages in Captain Grey's book, slightly confirmatory of the reports which Mr. Moore received from the aborigines, at the farthest point he was able to reach. That gentleman's version of them is so evidently genuine, and so graphic a specimen of aboriginal intelligence, that we prefer a quotation from his pamphlet to any condensation of it that we can give.

“Tomgin had proceeded to a considerable distance, principally northward. On his return he told me, that he had seen a man called Maunar, who said he had gone a long way to the north-east till he had gone to Moleyea,* that it was very far away,—‘moons would be dead’ (meaning more than a month), before you would arrive at it,—that you walked over a great space where there were no trees,—that the ground scorched your feet, and the sun burned your head,—that you came to very high hills,—that standing upon them, you would look down upon the sun rising out of the water beyond them,—that the inhabitants were of large stature, and that the women had fair hair, and long as white women's hair,—that all the people's eyes were sick,—that they contracted the eyelids, and shook their heads as they looked at youIn this state the subject rested, until I made [the excursion of May 1836], when, on the bank of a river-course at a spot distant about one hundred miles from Perth, in a N.N.E. line, in answer to my enquiry, ‘where the waters to the east of that river went to?’ a native of that district gave this striking answer:—‘The waters there go to the east, and out at Moleyea’ ..It appeared utterly improbable either that the waters should run from this to the eastern side of Australia, or that the natives could have any idea of a place so distant. I came at once to the conclusion that there must exist, at no very great distance, a body of water so broad, that they could

* “The literal meaning of which word,” says Mr. Moore, “is *the other side.*”
—p. 11.

not see across it, and so they spoke of its western margin as the other side of the island...In a short time Mr. Drummond's sons were informed of an immense salt-water lake lying to the eastward. About this time, a native of large stature appeared at York, as a visitor from a country which he described as being seven days' journey to the east. He said there was water plenty in his country; that York was but a little good in comparison with it. This man's name was Bellung, and the name of his country Cabba. On our recent excursion we fell in with five natives at a place perhaps twenty-five or thirty miles to the east of Northam. They all spoke familiarly of Moleyan; all had seen it; yet one of them was but a youth. They pointed eastward to it. Dyat said it was ten days' journey from Mr. Clarkson's [about twenty-five miles to the westward]. He mentioned the different stages or steeps where water was to be had at this time (the very driest)...Biargading, a spring; Gwenaging, a pool in the rock; Candaning, a spring; Gnaling, ditto; Yoondaing, ditto; Yeneling, ditto; Borralingy, ditto; Mordoling, ditto; Cabba, ditto; then Moleyeen. Here we have Cabba, the country of Belung, on the ninth day's journey...The best average I can make of their day's journey is about fifteen miles; this would make one hundred and fifty miles from Mr. Clarkson's;...it may probably be less...This water is in all probability connected with the sea at Shark's Bay, or, more probably still, at North-West Cape....In speaking to the eastern natives, I had Tomgin beside me as a sort of interpreter, when I felt at a loss..... I said to Tomgin, 'you know what a ship is,—ask him if a ship could go to the north by Moleyeen, and round that way by the gaibby wotan (the sea) to Freemantle.' He asked several questions of Dyat, which I did not thoroughly comprehend, except that he spoke of a boat or ship (woand abery), going north. He then turned and said, 'yes, it is a truth; (boondobuc); a ship may go to the north, then round to the south to Freemantle (still turning and pointing), and east to King George's Sound, where Migo has been, and then north to Sydney—all, all, all;' said he, completing a circle with his hand..... The answer strikes me as being very material, to show what was his impression, as gleaned from the natives, and that he considers Moleyeen to bound the eastern side of the island; which, if it be true, would amount to this,—that it is a strait running from north to south, and insulating a large portion of Western Australia."—pp. 53 62.

What adds to the interest of this question, what must add to the value of this water communication, if it do exist, is the fact that ever as he advanced towards it, Mr. Moore found the pasturage better, the soil richer, and springs and pools more abundant.

It was in the hope of contributing to the solution of this

interesting geographical problem, that Captain Grey and his friend Captain Lushington volunteered to conduct an exploration of the north-west coast. They hoped to be able to intersect and examine such waters of magnitude as might happen to connect that coast with the interior. They proposed also certain secondary objects, such as the gaining information as to the state, resources, rivers, and mountains of North-western Australia, its natural history, its capabilities for colonization or the reverse, &c. &c. After what we have said of the immense difficulty of the main enterprise to any explorers, and its almost impracticability to any but explorers of the interior of New Holland, no one will understand us as depreciating in the smallest degree the services, zeal, and abilities of the hardy band or the gallant Grey that headed it, when we intimate our conviction that this main enterprise of their's has resulted in nothing. But their secondary enterprise has succeeded so well, so unexpectedly well, and the discoveries it has elicited are so valuable to their countrymen of every rank and every order of interest, that all whose fortune it is to have shared in it,—and above all, the leader, and living soul of all of them,—have indeed ensured for themselves a lasting fame among discoverers, an immortality in Australia at least, most probably a world-wide one. Captain Grey in short has realised those main objects he proposed to himself when he set out. The minute information (so minute that our readers must not expect justice to be done to it by any of our quotations from the charming work before us), which he has collected upon North-west Australia, its mountains and floods, and the real state of its resources, bear directly upon its capabilities for colonization, and show withal that it is in our power even now to plant upon that soil of promise the germ of a great colony, perchance a future empire. This may well console us for the failure of our traveller to accomplish the satisfactory solution of the problem of the inland sea, a solution not to be hoped for, as we have already intimated, at the hands of coastwise explorers. Yet before we pass on to a rapid review of the merited successes of the noble-minded man who has done so much for the fame of our name in those hitherto unknown wilds, let us do Mr. Moore the justice of citing the only two passages in Captain Grey's work we have been able to extract, tending in any way to the illustration of his mediterranean theory. As far as they go, they are tolerably confirmatory of its truth: certainly no one can interpret them in a hostile sense.

1. His 'Farthest' was about $16^{\circ} 1'$ south, and $125^{\circ} 11'$ east. His diary of the 3rd of April, written at this point, says:—

"The only remarkable circumstances about the spot we were encamped in, were the great coldness of the nights and mornings; and moreover, that exactly at nine o'clock every morning, a cold breeze, in character precisely resembling a sea-breeze, set in from the south-east, and lasted until about half-past three in the afternoon."—vol. i, p. 224.

2. On Grey's second expedition which was to Shark's Bay, he was visited by a most deceitful mirage, if the vapours of a muddy beach deserve the name, and it was not till after travelling knee-deep for fifteen miles on a north-east course, that he discovered that the clear calm, unruffled lake, studded with beautiful little islands was as far off as ever. This was in $24^{\circ} 20'$ south, and 114° east. When, faint and weary with fatigue and disappointment, he gave over the endeavour to penetrate into the dry country which he and we may reasonably suppose to exist somewhere beyond this immense sea-swamp, our author could still see no limit to its wide plains in a north-eastward direction. What is equally remarkable, for about two miles between these plains and the sea-beach, we have Lyell's Range, an enormous barrier of sand, arid, and of great height, and no visible channel whatever to connect them with the sea.

"The only mode of accounting for their being flooded, is to suppose that the sea at times pours in over the low land which lies to the north of the Gascoyne [about thirty miles off], and flows northward through channels which will be seen in the chart of this part of the country; but I then believed, and still consider that there is hereabouts a communication with some large internal water."—vol. i. p. 373.

We think not. The communication most probably does exist, but not thereabouts. It must, in our opinion, lie much farther to the eastward than Shark's Bay or any part of the coast which our travellers have seen as yet. With which parting observation we must reluctantly conclude our notices on this most interesting topic, which we bequeath to the next explorer, whose merits may be such as to qualify him to follow Captain Grey in the endeavour to settle the inland geography of New Holland. Meanwhile we must proceed to do what humble justice we may to the important discoveries of our countryman on the shores of the Glenelg, and elsewhere, and his views on the aborigines, so deserving of attention and respect, whether we regard the Christian charity

that has prompted them, or the highly practical character in which they present themselves.

Hanover Bay, in $15^{\circ} 20'$ south, and $124^{\circ} 45'$ east, was the first spot visited by Captains Grey and Lushington, and here the disembarkation of stores, &c. took place. The inconveniences of the port, and the laborious and persevering endeavours of our countrymen to surmount them, as detailed by Grey himself, are beyond all praise. During their stay here, their vessel was dispatched to Timor for a cargo of ponies, so likely to be of service in the long overland journey the adventurers had in contemplation. They did indeed prove of considerable service to the explorers, notwithstanding the many losses they suffered by falls and sickness before the party was able to emerge into a more open and less inclement region. Hanover Bay will not be the starting point of future travellers. Captain Grey's experience in this instance, as in so many others, will spare them the toils and privations it cost him to gain it. Nearly the whole of the seventh chapter of the first volume of his book is taken up with the thousand and one annoyances which beset them in the ravines that encircled their first encampment to a great distance upon every side, the trouble they had to land these horses, and to secure them when landed, the loss the dry season occasioned by inevitable delay, and the mortality it caused among their Timor ponies and other stock, and, above all, the almost incredible narrative of the extraordinary passage that Captain Grey's energy and perseverance effected for them at last out of these wearisome and dispiriting trials. Let us take only one ravine as an example. It was their first.

“ Mr. Walker's pathway was completed, by means of a number of circuitous and sharp turnings : it led directly up the face of cliffs which were almost precipitous, and one hundred and eighty feet in height. The first horse was led up by the stock keeper in safety, with its saddle and load on it ; I followed with the second, but was not so fortunate. I had accomplished about three-fourths of the ascent, when, turning one of the sharp corners round a rock, the load struck against it, and knocked the horse over on its side. There it lay on a flat rock, four or five feet wide,—a precipice of one hundred and fifty feet on one side of it, and the projecting rock against which it had struck on the other.—Whilst I sat upon its head to prevent it from moving, its long tail streamed in the wind over the precipice ; its wild and fiery eye gleamed from its shaggy mane and forelock ; and, ignorant of its impending danger, it kicked and struggled violently, whilst it appeared to hang in mid air

over the gloomy depth of this tropical ravine. I cut the girths of the saddle, which then with its load rolled over the precipice, and pitched with a heavy crash on a rock far down. Even then, if the brute had not been a denizen of a wild and mountainous country, it must have been lost; but now, it no sooner felt itself freed from its incumbrance, than looking sagaciously around, and then raising itself cautiously up, it stood trembling by my side upon the narrow terrace."—vol. i. p. 129.

Elsewhere new difficulties of a more serious kind began to show themselves. The aborigines were evidently as hostile as they were formidable from their numbers and warlike address. On more than one occasion, Captain Grey noticed the presence of chiefs among their tribes of a fairer hue than those who formed the body of the nation. The Papuans here as almost everywhere throughout the Polynesian and Oceanical Archipelagoes, had submitted themselves to the natural ascendancy of the more nimble and dexterous Malays. They had two rencontres with the aborigines: the second alone was a bloody one; our author was sorely wounded, and his assailant bit the dust. But for his cool gallantry, neither himself nor his two companions on that occasion could have escaped destruction. The ambushade was perfect, the onslaught of the savages well planned and accomplished. Of the three whites, one was paralysed by the most abject cowardice; the second, embarrassed by an unsuccessful attempt to extricate his rifle from its entangled waterproof case; the third, Captain Grey, had to think and act for himself and his two comrades in that hour of peril. His humanity and his courage both displayed themselves at his first shot: it was directed over the head of a tall chief who was pressing upon the recreant we have mentioned. In return, his spear whistled past Grey's head. Before he could discharge his other spear, the ball from Grey's second barrel fractured his arm, and he retired. Others pressed on in his stead, headed by one of the light-coloured race, who seemed to direct the general movement. Their spears whistled round on every side. The light-coloured savage, from behind a rock thirty yards off, threw one with such deadly force and aim, that but for Grey's utmost agility, it must have gone through his body. Another from a different quarter, splintered the stock of the gun he carried. All this while the one comrade was trying to tear off the lock-cover from the rifle, and the other one could do nothing but cry out "Oh, God! sir, look at them! look at them!" And still the natives were crowd-

ing round rapidly, so as to cut off all hope of retreat. Grey seized the other rifle, tore off its entangled cover, and advanced upon his light-coloured foe. Three spears struck him at the same moment; one pierced his right arm, another his haversack, deeply indenting the powder-horn within; and the third wounded him deeply upon the hip; the last was the only one of the exact position of which he was then conscious. Falling with giddiness and faintness he heard the savage yell of triumph, but his indignation roused him up. In a moment he was on his legs,—wrenched the spear from his wound,—and with a presence of mind altogether admirable at such a moment, he stopped to draw his haversack closely over it, so that neither the savages should be encouraged by the knowledge of their success, nor his men dispirited by the sight of their misfortune. He then advanced steadily to the rock.

“The man became alarmed, and threatened me with his club, yelling most furiously; but, as I neared the rock, behind which all but his head and arm was covered, he fled towards an adjoining one, dodging dexterously, according to the native manner of confusing an assailant, and avoiding the cast of his spear. But he was scarcely uncovered in his flight, when my rifle-ball pierced him through the back, between the shoulders, and he fell heavily on his face with a deep groan. The effect was electrical. The tumult of the combat had ceased: not another spear was thrown, not another yell was uttered. Native after native dropped away, and noiselessly disappeared.”—p. 150.

Presently, however, they returned without their spears, and with tenderness and solicitude passed their arms round their dying countryman and carried him off. Captain Grey, with commendable feeling, refused to fire upon them. Up to this moment his men knew nothing of his having been wounded. They assisted him to walk homewards, after binding up his wounds; but they lost their track for two hours, and even after they had discovered their error, Grey's dizziness and weakness, from pain and loss of blood, compelled him to halt at the edge of a stream, two miles from the encampment. The recreant remained by his side to look out for natives, while the other pushed on for assistance. It came within an hour; and, by the help of a pony, he reached the tents early in the evening. His pen has beautifully and affectingly recorded the thoughts that crossed his mind in that anxious hour, while he lay helpless by the stream-side, listening for sounds that might betoken the approach of the friends that were to relieve him in his need, or the foemen, to whose

thirst for vengeance his nearly exhausted strength was but a feeble barrier; not daring to hope for a more favourable issue to so unequal a contest, than that he might yet be able to sell dearly his own life and that of his dastard follower.

“The sun shone out brightly, the dark forest was alive with birds and insects. On such scenery I had loved to meditate when a boy, but now how changed I was!—wounded, fatigued, and wandering in an unknown land. In momentary expectation of being attacked, my finger was on the trigger, my gun ready to be raised, my eyes and ears busily engaged in detecting the slightest sound, that I might defend a life which I at that moment believed was ebbing with my blood away. The loveliness of nature was around me,—the sun rejoicing in his cloudless career,—the birds were filling the woods with their songs,—and my friends far away and unapprehensive of my condition,—*whilst I felt that I was dying there!* And in this way very many explorers yearly die. One poor youth,* my own friend and companion, has thus fallen since the above circumstance took place; others have, to my knowledge, lately perished in a similar way. A strange sun shines upon their lonely graves; the foot of the wild man yet roams over them: but let us hope, when civilization has spread so far, that their graves will be sacred spots; that the future settlers will sometimes shed a tear over the remains of the first explorer, and tell their children how much they are indebted to the enthusiasm, perseverance, and courage of him who lies buried there.”—p. 154.

This is indeed the true spirit of a discoverer. Were we to endeavour to gratify, by citation of passages and illustrative anecdotes, that enthusiastic love which this truly great and good man's sentiments, no less than the actions that grew out of them, have awakened within us, to the great disarrangement of our balanced and equable judgment as impartial reviewers, we should transfer to our pages almost all of his! Captain Grey's parallel, alas! is hard to find in these modern times of utility, expediency, and other varieties of one and the same mean self-seeking spirit. A most chivalrous personage,—not a mere romantic talker of chivalry; for no mere romanticist ever possessed a particle of method, or coolness, or judgment; but all of these in a superlative degree are ever the distinguishing characteristics of our author's views and operations, while a most high-minded principle is always their groundwork. No other man—that is, no man moulded in other than the true ancient mould of chivalry—could ever have borne up as he did against the horrors of thirst and

* Mr. Frederic Smith.

famine which scowled upon him and those under him for many a day, towards the close of his second expedition. None but such a man could have maintained such wonderful discipline among the foolish and worthless men he had to deal with; and no man who was not entirely free from egotism and individualism would have endured their reckless dallyings with inevitable fate so long and so calmly as he did, nor in so marvellous a manner rescued from it, at the last, the now repentant survivors.* That, to those who have not read the work before us, all this is darkness and enigma we know very well; but the book is to be had by them no less than by ourselves, and we see no reason why they should forego the opportunity and pleasure of studying deeply so shining a character, and, alas, that we must confess it! so very rare a one. Gladly would we recapitulate all that his unconsciousness and humility have set down touching the manner of his mind, his action, his personality in short; but—we have already declared it—to do so would be no less an undertaking than the transfer to our pages of all that is delightful or remarkable in his own; that is to say, perhaps the whole of the book before us,—a thing surely not to be hoped for.

Let us now pass to a brief summary of the fruits and rewards of all his heroic toils and privations. And let us rejoice that they were rewarded; that they did bear fruit; that he did not labour on a thankless soil! The spot where Captain Grey received his wound is marked on his chart at $15^{\circ} 29'$ south and $124^{\circ} 49'$ east. The camp lay a few miles to the northward. As soon as his health permitted it, the party proceeded from thence, in a south-west direction, over a most fertile country, abounding with game. The transition from the barren sandstone ridges and ravines that lay between them and Hanover Bay, was sudden and most cheering.

“About two P.M. we reached the extremity of the sandstone ridges, and a magnificent view burst upon us. From the summit of the hills on which we stood an almost precipitous descent led into a fertile plain below; and from this part away to the southward, for thirty to forty miles, stretched a low, luxuriant country, broken by conical peaks and rounded hills, which were richly grassed to their very summits. The plains and hills were both thinly wooded, and curving lines of shady trees marked out the courses of numerous streams. Since I have visited this spot I have traversed large

* Vol. ii. chapters 3 and 4.

portions of Australia, but have seen no land, no scenery, to equal it. We were upon the confines of a great volcanic district, clothed with tropical vegetation, to which the Isle of France bears a greater resemblance than any other portion of the world which I am acquainted with."—p. 162.

They descended into these fertile plains, and they found that the distant prospect they had had of their promised land had not deceived them. Grey "painted in fancy the rapid progress that this country would ere long make in commerce and civilization, and his weakness and fatigues were all forgotten." For two days afterwards their south-western course brought them over fertile valleys, gentle grassy slopes, rich marshes, and many deep, rapid streams. Nothing was wanting that could assure Captain Grey of the magnitude of his discovery, or its importance to civilization and commerce,—not even a navigable river, for on the second day they discovered the Glenelg.

"From the top of one of these ridges there burst upon the sight a noble river, running through a beautiful country, and, where we saw it, at least three or four miles across, studded with numerous verdant islands. I have since seen many Australian rivers, but none to equal this, either in magnitude or beauty. I at once named it the Glenelg."—p. 166.

Along the valley of the Glenelg, the party continued to cross a long succession of verdant meadows and rich grassy flats, well watered with beautiful streams, or gentle rises, very thinly wooded, and covered with a bearded oat, growing from five to six feet, and in its stalk, shape, insertion of leaves, and production of seed, similar to the European oat. More than once they allayed our author's hunger in his wanderings. Let us add, that when he visited the Isle of France at a later period, he introduced these grains to the notice of the Mauritian farmers: they have multiplied and flourished.—(vol. i. p. 197.) But to return from this digression. The party found these valleys and fruitful spots sometimes so intersected with fields of swamp and mudflats, that after some further progress down the river side they were compelled to halt, first, while Grey surveyed its triple channel from the summit of a high hill of basalt, and again, while Lushington and an exploring party (for his hip-wound prevented Grey from accompanying it), examined the river from the marshes below. Grey had a good view of the valley eastward for ten or twelve miles, over a most fertile country; and after considerable difficulty Lushington pierced the marshes and a

belt of mangroves on the northern bank to one of the three channels of the river, which was upwards of four hundred yards wide, and very rapid, with a tide that rose and fell about twenty feet, and set in from the westward. They saw also a large shoal of porpoises. It was evidently navigable. Large rocky banks prevented them from judging of the character of its southern shores, but all along the northern bank the good country still extended. This was the last they were permitted to see of the Glenelg towards the west. Want of provisions, and the desire of tracing the course of this navigable river upwards to its shallows, obliged them reluctantly to turn with it to the northward and eastward. From the course already observed, our intelligent author supposed that it would reach the sea on the northern beach of Doubtful Bay, in about 16° south and $124^{\circ} 30'$ east. It is remarkable that Mr. Stokes of the *Beagle*, who at this very time was exploring the coast between Port George the Fourth and Collier's Bay, devoted the greater part of his time to the examination of the latter inlet, and most probably, as Captain Grey observes (p. 234), was compelled by want of time and supplies to curtail his examination of the coast-line intervening: the mouth of the Glenelg at all events escaped his notice. It seems very strange, however, that after hearing Captain Grey's report of his discovery, the commander of the *Beagle*, which vessel was at anchor in Port George the Fourth for some days after Captain Grey's return from the south, and was in fact visited by him there, should not have proceeded immediately to Doubtful Bay, and elsewhere if necessary, for the purpose of determining the true position of the mouth of the Glenelg. It is due to Captain Wickham to add, that Mr. Stokes questioned the hypothesis of its being in the neighbourhood of Doubtful Bay, and thought it more probable that it would be found in Stokes's Bay.

The impracticable character of the rich valley of this river, intersected as it was with large streams, rivulets, and morasses, compelled the party, in proceeding along its banks, to choose the distant high ground, and occasionally to make considerable deviations from their route. Nor were these deviations unattended with difficulty. The mountain ravines were sometimes as impassable as the mud-flats and water-courses of the plain. However, they discovered to their satisfaction that the Glenelg, which for some time had flowed from the north-east, ceased its circuitous wandering and pursued a nearly unvarying course from the south-east.

Their track lay along its northern bank. Almost at the sinus of its north-eastern bight it broke into several channels and became fresh; and here they met with rapids. Above the level of the rocks which formed there, the tide rose seven or eight feet at high water, but at low water fell as many feet below them. Large boats could proceed up it at high water, but for vessels it would cease to be navigable at this point. It is marked in the chart at $15^{\circ} 40\frac{1}{2}'$ south and $124^{\circ} 53'$ east. The character of the adjacent country continued to be most satisfactory.

From Mount Lyell, a hill 1600 feet high, which looked down upon the Glenelg beneath it, and southward and south-westward towards its mouth, and upwards towards its source, Captain Grey obtained a kind of bird's-eye view of the discoveries he had made, and their points of connexion with those of former explorers of the north-western coast. The future colony is well denoted in the following concise and sententious passages:

“To the north lay Prince Regent's River, and the good country we were now upon extended as far as the inlets which communicated with this great navigable stream. To the south and south-westward ran the Glenelg, meandering through as verdant and fertile a district as the eye of man ever rested on. The luxuriance of tropical vegetation was now seen to the greatest advantage in the height of the rainy season. The smoke of native fires rose in various directions from the country, which lay like a map at our feet. And when I recollected that all these natural riches of soil and climate lay between two navigable rivers, and that its sea-coast frontage, not much exceeding fifty miles in latitude, contained three of the finest harbours in the world,* in each of which the tide rose and fell thirty-seven and a half feet, I could not but feel we were in a land singularly favoured by nature.”—p. 180.

From this point an uninterrupted succession of rich flats, thinly wooded but luxuriantly grassed, brought the traveller to the end of the bight, where the true line of the Glenelg appeared to be almost due south-west. Here its course was five miles an hour. The frequency of its tributary streams and cascades obliged the party to proceed along the sandstone and basaltic ranges to the north-east of the river. They crossed and descended many rich valleys, and they found the vegetation luxuriant, grass abundant, and kangaroos in multitudes almost everywhere upon their track. In about thirteen

* Port George the Fourth, Hanover Bay, and Camden Sound.—Ed.

days they once more came upon the Glenelg, or a very considerable branch of it, emerging from a rocky gorge. It was in $15^{\circ} 56'$ south, $125^{\circ} 8'$ east. It flows nearly from the westward, was nearly two hundred and fifty yards wide, and formed a series of rapids, just above which they crossed it for the first time, by a good ford three feet deep. From this point to Captain Grey's farthest, which was $16^{\circ} 0' 45''$ south, and $125^{\circ} 11'$ east; they did not again see the river, nor anything worthy of additional observation. Prudential motives obliged him to desist from all further prosecution of his enterprise, and to return to the depôt he had left at Hanover Bay. Here they again embarked on board of their schooner for the Isle of France. The eleven Timor ponies that were the only survivors of so many painful journies and vicissitudes, were left free in the Australian bush.—Tolerably acclimated by that time, it is to be believed that the two good mares which were among them may be the means of benefiting the future settlement by a native breed of hardy horses. Nor were these the only boons conferred upon the soil by its reflecting discoverer. He enumerates the young cocoanut plants, the breadfruit trees, and other useful trees and plants that were thriving at Hanover Bay when he left it.

“ I would very gladly have passed a year or two of my life in watching over them, and seeing them attain to a useful maturity. One large pumpkin plant, in particular, claimed my notice. The tropical warmth and rains, and the virgin soil in which it grew, had imparted to it a rich luxuriance; it did not creep along the ground, but its long shoots were spreading upwards amongst the trees. The young cocoanuts grew humbly amidst the wild plants and reeds,—their worth unknown. Most of these plants I had placed in the ground myself, and had watched their early progress; now they must be left to their fate.”—p. 237.

From the sterile character of its soil, Captain Grey does not think that any part of Prince Regent's River excepting always the creek trending south, in about $125^{\circ} 3'$ east, is so well fitted for the formation of a settlement as Camden Sound, Port George the Fourth, or even, in spite of the inland ravines behind it, Hanover Bay. However, with three such fine harbours as these last, lying so close to one another, to the river last named, and to the undiscovered mouth of the Glenelg; and with so much fine country in their immediate neighbourhoods—it will not be difficult to make choice of one of them;—but it were better far to found agricultural and maritime settlements at each of them. Our author enters at great

length into the grounds of his and our belief as to the importance of founding settlements of this nature upon the north coast of New Holland. His reasons, for which we must refer our commercial and colonial readers to the book itself, are too conclusive to be resisted even by Mr. Chief Clerk Gairdner, the presiding genius in Downing-street, for all our Australasian colonies. A wild kind of cotton plant already grows there;—why not the true plant? Sugar, indigo, and that staple growth of intertropical marshes, rice, are also certain to succeed in that country and climate. Pine, and other valuable timber, and mimosas bearing the bark so prized of tanners, are most plentiful and good. Off the north-west Cape is good whaling ground, already visited by British and American whalers. But those of the latter nation are almost the only carriers of the trade of the Indian Seas, besides the king of Holland and the Malays. “Their cargo eventually consists of sperm oil, gum copal and other gums, ebony, tortoise-shell, gold-dust, sealskins, shells, and curiosities; yet they originally started upon a whaling voyage.”—p. 280.

Captain Grey subjoins some very valuable information on the state of trade in the Archipelago, the imports most in demand, the current value of foreign specie, and the various products of the islands. It is too long to extract, and too valuable to abridge. We must refer our readers to pp. 276 to 286 of the first volume of his book, that they may gather it for themselves.

Two other enterprises of a minor cast were subsequently undertaken by our gallant author. The one was due to that humanity which so much distinguishes him; it was an expedition from Swan River to William’s River and the Leschenault, in search of a brother explorer who was missing, but who happily got all right at last. The other was the exploring expedition in two whale boats from Shark’s Bay towards Freemantle. We have several times alluded to, and we again must commend, the noble patience and scarcely less noble skill, which brought him and so many of his shipwrecked party safely home at last. Space is wanting to our desire of interesting our readers by means of extracts from this portion of his book. Passing by therefore the delightful narrative of the details of discoveries made in this second expedition, we shall confine ourselves to the plain summary of its important results as given by our author.

“The country examined during this expedition, lies between

Cape Cuvier and Swan River, having for its longitudinal limits the parallel of 24° and that of 32° south... ..Ten rivers which are, when considered with reference to the other known ones of Western Australia, of considerable importance, were discovered, some of them being larger than any yet found in the southward of this continent. Many smaller streams were also found. The larger rivers I have named, the Gascoyne, the Murchison, the Hutt, the Bowes, the Buller, the Chapman, the Greenough, the Irwin, the Arrowsmith, the Smith. Two mountain ranges were discovered;—one at the northern extremity of the Darling Range, and about thirty miles to the eastward of it.....I have taken the liberty of naming this northern range, after her most gracious Majesty, ‘The Victoria Range;’ and the extensive district of fertile country, extending from its base to the sea, and having a length of more than fifty miles in a north and south direction, I have also named ‘The Province of Victoria’.....The other range is thrown off in a westerly direction from the Darling Range; it is about forty miles in length from north to south, of a bare, sterile, and barren nature, and terminates seaward in Mount Perron and Mount Lesueur. To this range I have given the name of ‘Gairdner’s Range.’” (!)

“Three extensive districts of good country were also found in the course of this expedition, the ‘Province of Victoria,’ the district of ‘Babbage,’ and another adjacent to Perth. The district of Babbage is situated on and near the river Gascoyne, which stream discharges itself in the central part of the main that fronts Shark’s Bay; thus at once occupying the most commanding position in Shark’s Bay, and one of the most interesting points on that coast. It is moreover the key to a very fine district, which is the only one in that vast inlet that appears well adapted to the purposes of colonization.....The southern mouth of the Gascoyne [lat. 24° 57’ south, long. 113° 50’ east] is completely free from shoals, and has seven feet of water on the bar at low tide. The northern mouth is more difficult of entrance. I however think that at high water it could be entered by small craft. Plains of a rich reddish loam bordered the river on both sides. These were occasionally broken by low, gently-rounded hills, composed of the same soil. Fresh-water lagoons,* frequented by wild-fowl, were found in several places, and during the course of my walks, which extended for several miles in various directions, I saw no termination to the good land, except on approaching the sea, where the salt marshes always commenced. But along the northern bank of the river to the point where its mouth actually disembogued into the open bay, the land was of a fertile description.”

* Although his visit to them took place at the close of the next season, after the driest one known since Europeans first occupied the western coasts. See p. 120.—Ed.

“ The province of Victoria is situated between the parallels of 27° 30' south. Its most considerable river is the Hutt, which dis-embogues into a large estuary.....Previously to our reaching the Hutt, our boats had all been wrecked, I had no opportunity therefore of examining whether the estuary of this river was navigable or not. From its size, however, I should be inclined to the affirmative.* The other principal streams are the Bullen and the Murchison”.....

“ The third district lies immediately to the north of Perth : it contains four rivers.....The whole of this district is fit for location, and affords a gratifying proof that the flourishing colony of the Swan is by no means deficient in good and immediately available land.....It is nearer to a market than any other open to location, and affords both water and food for cattle, in good supply.”—vol. ii. pp. 116-137.

Before we close these interesting volumes, let us disburthen our hearts of one painful subject of feeling and reflection. While we are taking our measures to follow up this noblest of our pioneers, by planting civilization in the pathways his footsteps have made, are we very sure that we know what we mean to do? To root out the savage or to tame him into the citizen,—which were the more righteous course? To bring in Mammon or Christ,—which were the wiser course? What course shall we adopt, be our opinions on such merely abstract propositions what they may? In one word, what mean we by civilization? Alas! that meaning is all too legibly written in the great godless common-place book of achievements we have been in these last pagan days compiling; the scoundrel-colonies we have planted; the needy, hungry brethren whom, after steeling our hearts against them and denying them bread at home, we have cast forth upon the waste ocean, like the outlaws with whom we have sent them to compete; the base, lucre-loving selfishness in short, that is now become, in unpapalised England, the God of our sordid worship! And this pallid moral sense of our age and nation cannot discern this truth, rejects it rather with most pitiable scorn, and derides, as though it were the raving of the puritan or the nostrum of the quack, every attempt to restore to a corrupted people the old English and

* From the later surveys of the *Champion* and the *Beagle* it would seem otherwise. (Vol. ii. p. 133, n, and Append. B.) However, good anchorage was discovered by the master of the *Champion*, in a safe bay, and surveyed by the *Beagle*, lying in 28° 50' south. It is called indifferently Port Grey and Champion Bay. It affords direct access to the fertile country on the Hutt.—Ed.

Catholic doctrine of civilization. Our nation has long ago forgotten how that vast word was interpreted here, when the hearts of men were more religious than they ever can be while the blight of Reformation touches them; when their judgments were wiser than those of our contemporaries; for then they were the offspring of their hearts, and they disclaimed not at that time the direct teaching of the Holy Ghost, made manifest in a visible Church upon earth! And, so even now, while we silently forecast the future, our trust is not in man but in God. And our vows for the better destinies of these our future provinces, are directed not to a right honourable secretary, sitting in a bureau and representing an altogether human and perishable sovereignty, but to the Holy Father of the faithful; unto whose command a greater empire than any founded by man has been commended, descending to him unimpaired and uninterrupted from the blessed predecessor who, from the Lord of all creatures, and countries, and times, heard first those words, "Pasce oves meas!" The aged hand of Rome planted civilization in Paraguay, and is replanting it in the east and on the coasts of Africa, as it did in Europe long ago. To Rome we commend the proposed settlements in these newly-trodden regions of Australia; she alone can civilize; her revolted children, without her assistance and guidance, can never hope to succeed. Unless her intervention be presently and rigorously exerted on their behalf, the aboriginal occupiers of the coveted soil will be the first to disappear from before the face of the new comers. Let but her holy militants go forth into their camp, and the consummation must be the preservation of life, physical and moral, among the aboriginal tribes and among their invaders too. For of these and of those it is hard to say which deserve to be the most compassionate. Lord Bacon's dictamen was not without its truth; it is sometimes "better to have no opinion at all of the Deity, than one that is unworthy of Him!"

With this reserve, which no Catholic can avoid to make, it is difficult for any one to enter more warmly than ourselves into the charitable and profound views of Captain Grey towards the Australian aborigines. He has vindicated their claims upon us manfully and ably. His work has afforded him frequent occasion to display his sentiments in their regard; and he has always used it to their praise if possible; if not, at least in extenuation of their faults. And the result is, that he has shown them to be very intelligent, docile,

grateful, and even industrious. He enumerates many anecdotes illustrative of their kindlier feelings towards one another, and even to their white benefactors, if the term be not misplaced. He dwells more upon their tenderness to the chief he slew, than upon the unprovoked attempt upon his own life which led to it, or the spear-wound he received in the affray. We learn from him that the first step to agriculture, the delving of the soil for the *warran*, or yam, is already habitually practised by them; and the wells they cleared, and even dug to the depth, as in one instance, of twelve feet, have been already noticed by us. Economy, questionable enough when it appears in an old corrupted state, is still a virtue among wild men. The hidden store of *Zamia* nuts, which Kriber found in the burrow, where its owner had placed it (vol. ii. p. 63), had perhaps more kernel hidden within them than the hungry finder himself imagined as he cracked them!* Nay, the arts themselves are not unknown in the north-west wilds of New Holland! (vol. i. pp. 201-18.) The paintings of men, women, beasts, and fishes, which he saw upon the walls and ceilings of the sandstone caves, to the mouth of the Glenelg, were far from being the contemptible productions of an altogether unpractised hand. The colours employed were yellow, of two shades, brilliant red, deep red, bright blue, deep blue, black, and vivid white. One of the heads had a halo of bright rays, "like the rays proceeding from the sun," and was probably no other than the tutelary deity of these fire-souled children of the south. They were very numerous; in one cave alone there were sixty paintings, many were larger than life. On the vaulted roof of another cave, the principal painting was that of a man, ten feet six inches in length, clothed in red from the chin downwards to his ancles, and sleeved to the wrists. His face and head were swathed with a succession of circular bandages, coloured red, yellow, and white; on the upper bandage there was a line of red characters, "regularly done so as to indicate some meaning;"—the first trace of the written language of Australia! Their spoken language has been proved by Grey to be the same all over their continent, and the contrary error amply refuted. Their laws of relationship, prohibited degrees, marriage, inheritance, real and personal property, and crimes and punishments, and their religious customs, superstitions, poetry, habits, and social

* Compare also vol. ii. p. 368.

condition, which form the matter of six valuable chapters in the book before us, will be amply noticed when we have leisure to set before our readers an extended disquisition on the Polynesian races. Let them only for the present take our word for it,—these swarthy people are not wholly savage, neither are those white men wholly civilised!

The “characteristic anecdotes,” furnished by Grey, are very much to the purpose. Among them are two noticeable cases of a judicial nature, which show the readiness of the aboriginal nature to submit its rights to the decision of even an European judge, where it has reason to put faith in his impartiality. In the one, a native claimed damages for an assault committed by a Yankee sailor. Both parties concurred in the advice Grey gave them, then acting for the commandant of King George’s Sound, and had the sense to compromise it. In the other, a whole family of larcenors was yielded up by the tribe to him, after seeking them without any white escort a day’s journey into the forest, upon his pledging himself not to inflict capital punishment. The tale is well told, blending admirably the mirthful with the melting incidents. It ended with the exercise of the merciful prerogative; for justice was already satisfied as soon as the criminals had learned to know the laws and submitted themselves before them. This was the first theft that had been committed by natives during the five months he spent at the settlement; and, after all, it was but a larceny of potatoes from a retired garden, committed by a woman, a girl, and a boy.

The chief evils of the no-system now pursued towards these interesting people, and founded upon an unfair and prejudiced notion of their moral and mental inferiority, are, according to Captain Grey, 1. An uncertain demand for their labour; 2. Their very scanty wages for what work they can get; 3. Their amenability to two sets of laws upon different occasions,—to their own wild laws, as among themselves,—to British laws, as between themselves and us; 4. The hopeless inferiority to which our prejudice of caste and colour at present condemns them.

The settlers in short do not employ them regularly, though they are anxious to be so employed, and reward them with a sixpence and an insufficient ration of bread for the day’s work, by which ordinary white labourers earn at least fifteen shillings. They know the British law only in its avenging mood: it is utterly unknown to them as a protection from the violences of their own brethren; and murder is habitual

among them, because it is unpunished. Thus they have the right to conclude that the criminality of murdering a white man consists not in the act itself, but in the peculiar prejudices of the whites! By living among the whites, and conforming to strange customs, they may indeed share with them in the advantages of their well-policed community; but that were truly a melancholy life to lead! The reclaimed black savage in Australia is ever a servant, a low-caste being: our very outcasts will not treat him as their equal!—(p. 371.)

These views Captain Grey has embodied in a valuable report upon the means of promoting aboriginal civilization in Australia, addressed to Lord John Russell. It concludes the last chapter of his book, but it was already familiar to our readers before that book appeared, by the copious citations given by the *Tablet* newspaper in November last. He recommends the instant subjection of the aborigines to British laws, without any reservation whatever in favour of their own usages; the formation of a mounted police in the less settled districts, for their protection and that of the whites; the admissibility of unsworn native witnesses, with certain restrictions, in suits between natives, and on behalf of a native prisoner upon his trial; the education of native boys to act as interpreters in court; and the assignment of counsel to defend in every case where the accused is a native. He also recommends native schools and institutions of industry to be formed in some districts; in all, premiums to be given to the settlers by way of encouraging them to employ native labourers, for periods not shorter than six months to each man, and in specified descriptions of labour. He details a very simple method to prevent imposture or collusion in the obtaining of these premiums, and enters minutely into the discussion of the kind of work best suited to the present habits of the aborigines. He then proposes, that on production of a certain authentic certificate of having been constantly employed as a labourer for three years or more, each native shall be entitled to receive a small grant of land from the government, and a small sum of money from the land fund to be expended in stocking his grant; and the allotment of certain petty rewards to every native, having only one wife, who shall produce a certificate of lawful marriage, and to all natives who shall register the births of any of their children.

To these valuable suggestions much remains to add.—The lifspring of each and all of them, and of the charity which

whispered them into the convincible heart of their amiable author! It is whispered that the most reverend archbishop of those wide territories has already turned his paternal regard towards the spiritual misery of these poor people,—much sinned against, greatly sinning. What can we offer that Dr. Polding has not considered deeply long ago? How shall we presume to report to his grace in favour of the practicability of such a mission? All missions are alike impracticable, save to him who is sent,—the missionary;—not one in name alone, but rather one both in name and in truth. And so often as when these earthly Shilohs (so to call them) make their appearance in this our world, what more can we do but pray for their sanctification and success? As to such as are still to come,—our theories of missions, our expostulations, will not bring them the more speedily, nor produce others in their stead. And he who embarks upon a mission of his own choosing, is but the poor usurper of a godlike vineyard which he hath neither skill nor strength to cultivate. But, while we are yet writing, the Benedictines are in Australia. None better know how in the times that are past their saintly order replanted everywhere the destroyed civilization of old Europe. And they know how their fellow-labourers in modern times, to the greatest glory of the God by whose name they are called, planted that same civilization in virgin Paraguay. And for themselves, as we have said, they are in Australia!—What the government here can order on his behalf, what its delegates there can accomplish, the Catholic missionary in New Holland is as much entitled to require of them in the name of his mission, as the emissary of any single sect, from the Anglicans down to the Quakers. But first of all, let the missionary be;—let him appear;—and then we will talk about his earthly wants. For we are assured by infallible authority that the providence which arrays the fading grass of the field with glory, will far more marvelously clothe and feed and cherish its Thesbite,—who, for his fellow-men and the glory of their Maker, forsakes his country and his father's house, to seek the covert of the juniper in the far wilderness.

We bid our author a grateful but reluctant farewell. He has taught us much. Our readers may learn from his example to tremble,—to incur reproach for their own short weight in the scale of duty, poised by an unerring balance. When we think upon the trials he met, and met so heavily,—the patience and forbearance he displayed so unequivocally,—

the moral galaxy which illustrates every page in his book, every passage in his journal, we dare not say that we know many living men who would be fain to be measured by the standard of Captain Grey!—May his new career prosper like his past! The colony of South Australia has the good fortune to possess him now, and to salute in him her governor. And this happy chance of one praiseworthy appointment to a colonial governorship, as we read it in his title-page, was almost enough to make us look kindly for once on the countless follies daily perpetrated by the mother-country in the Colonial Department.

Since this article went to press, we have received an additional confirmation of our belief that a vast mediterranean water exists in the interior of New Holland. The *Colonial Times*, a Hobarton newspaper, states that the Eudora, Addison master, was lying at one of the ports of Western Australia, when H. M. S. *Beagle* lately visited it. The captain informed Mr. Addison that he had discovered at the head of the Gulph of Carpentaria, “a large fresh-water river, running from the southward and westward, navigable above sixty miles, and that the land was of a rich alluvial description, well watered, lightly timbered, and exceedingly level.” To this river the name of Albert has been given by the fortunate discoverers.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of the Right Hon. Henry Flood, M.P., Colonel of the Volunteers; containing Reminiscences of the Irish Commons, and an Account of the Grand National Convention of 1783.* By Warden Flood, Esq., late Captain 51st Regiment. Dublin: 1838.

THE biographical history of Ireland, during the past century, cannot be contemplated without pride and satisfaction by all who feel an interest in her glory or a sympathy for her sufferings. Reduced to a condition of slavery, such as no nation upon earth has ever endured,—her name a bye-word,—her miseries a mockery,—her constitution a jest,—herself the amphitheatre upon which the dishonest ministers of England, supported by her own unprincipled governors, exhibited their games of blood, and rioted in the very drunk-

eness of corruption,—it is nevertheless consoling to discover, that amid wretchedness and thralldom she was still not completely cursed, but that the master-spirits whom she produced may well take their stand beside the highest minds of any other nation, whether in poetry or literature, in eloquence or statesmanship, in the camp or in the court. Oppression, however it may debase the physical and mental energies of a people, cannot thoroughly destroy them : and those very periods that to ordinary observers seemed least likely to be illuminated by distinguished minds, Genius has often the most splendidly adorned. The Roman constitution lay in ruins when the spirit of Rienzi rose from its fragments, and restored for a brief space its olden glories ; the genius of freedom lived within Massaniello, reared as it were in the cradle of despotism itself, and arrested for a moment tyranny in her march ; liberty was almost extinct in England, when Hampden became the apostle of her precepts, and was martyred in her defence ; and when the very name of Irishman was little other than the synonyme of slave and dastard, then it was that Molyneux, and Swift, and Lucas, stood forth to teach the noblest principles of government, and to exalt those Irish serfs to a dignity commensurate with their importance.

The dazzling array of names by which the annals of our country have been graced, is far more extensive than ordinary bigots would suppose. Commencing with the early part of the eighteenth century, we find that in literature, an Irishman—the illustrious Swift—was almost a sovereign lord ; in Boyle and Berkeley, philosophy saw herself honorably represented ; and poetry had surely no unworthy worshippers in the elegant and classic Parnell, or the sprightly and engaging Steele. Molyneux, the correspondent of John Locke, had already propounded those celebrated constitutional doctrines, whose virtue was their condemnation with the parasite parliaments of those days, but which, when afterwards practically followed out, exalted Ireland to a station such as she had never before occupied : while by Malone the bolt of eloquence was wielded with an intrepidity, a power, and a success, that might have adorned even a Roman senate. Proceeding a little onward we find in our gallery of shining names, Goldsmith, and Burke, and Sterne, and Sheridan, and Daly, and Burgh, and Pery, and Yelverton, and Charlemont, and Grattan, and Curran, and Tighe, and Barry, and Flood, and many others, less splendidly distinguished it is true, but still not slightly creditable to our country ; and who, as re-

representatives of our people, must for ever remove from us the reproach of having been unworthy of that fair enjoyment of the British constitution which was so long and so haughtily denied to our just claims, and yielded only when it ceased to be a boon. And if we felt disposed to follow up the catalogue to our own days also, we could without any difficulty enumerate individuals, who, in the senate and at the bar, and in the still more alluring paths of the *belles lettres*, have earned a fame no way inferior to that of men with higher pretensions and far greater advantages.

In our present paper we propose to review the life and character of a truly illustrious Irishman—Henry Flood. He has long been one of our divinities, and with some slight exceptions, we think him, on the whole, one of the most faultless public characters in history. Sprung from the aristocracy, he stood by the people. His birth might have made him, not ungracefully, the minion of the court, and the defender of its corruptions, but his native honesty charmed him away from its Circean circle, and Ireland beheld him kneeling at the shrine of freedom,—the eloquent and intrepid apostle of her cause. His great abilities, had he stooped to prostitute them, might have gained for him coronets and patronage, they might have even *degraded* him to the post of prime minister of his native land; but the day he became a representative in parliament, he flung away for ever all lowly thoughts of self, and regarded only Ireland. Like the old Roman, he might have declared himself *non sibi sed patriæ natum*. His country was his devotion; he aspired to be her benefactor—his ambition was gratified: not, it is true, as fully as he would have wished, but sufficiently so to entitle him to the veneration of every lover of liberty. Few men have been more unsparingly assailed by calumny than Flood; few men have so triumphantly outlived it. He seems to have been during his whole life the object at which detraction shot its poisoned shafts. His motives suspected; his actions vilified; his designs sometimes opposed; he stood, nevertheless, firm in the ranks of freedom, undisturbed by the meanness and the jealousy of his colleagues. With the great body of the nation he was always popular; the storms of democratic fury, from which his rival, Grattan, narrowly escaped with life, seem never to have alighted on *his* head. But the petty enmity of petty men—this he did not escape. His conscientious integrity supported him throughout, and history has done justice to the purity of his patriotism; yet his life was

not the happiest, nor did he always win the laurels of the patriot, though he eminently deserved them. The greatness of his ambition excited envy, but his scorn of all low cunning, and the little mechanism of intrigue by which courts are worked, nullified that ambition, and he did not climb because he would not creep. His intellect was self-willed, and always led him, regardless of the consequences, to promote that view of a question which he deemed the honestest and wisest, so that at times he was considered impracticable by the men with whom he acted; but in no instance have events shown him to be wrong, and on the great question of 1782, in which he differed with Charlemont and Grattan, and indeed the majority of the kingdom, the act of 1800 fatally and truly proved that his wisdom came little short of prescience.

On that side of the Irish House of Commons, where liberty and the genius of the country took their stand, Mr. Flood was, for a great portion of his life, the leader. He was the great public man of the people. Their freedom stood identified with him. He was her representative; and no abler was ever found. Some may have been more successful, but Flood was inferior to no man, and Ireland's history has no more luminous name. He was perhaps less suited for a popular assembly than Grattan or Daly; but in debate he was at least their equal—many have said, immeasurably their superior. He was always armed, and no man better knew how to defend or to attack. The sarcasm of the court became wretched and feeble when matched against his giant power of invective; and he may be said not so much to have reasoned men into honesty, as to have terrified them. His enunciation, solemn and deliberate, struck the ear and claimed the notice of the habitually inattentive. His argument powerful, conclusive, irrefutable, was felt to be so, and could be opposed only by the light and fascinating syllogisms in which Hutchinson loved to indulge. But he who repelled force by force, reason by reason, argument by argument, was certain to be worsted by the superior power of his antagonist. He was at all times forcible, eloquent, and convincing, but on great occasions, and when he was roused, he bore away all before him, like some mountain torrent. The crafty sophisms of government,—the delusive patriotism of hollow courtiers,—the false and distorted representations of the truth,—all were swept along and engulfed for ever by the transcendent energies of this one man. “Upon whatever subject this

CHAMPION OF OUR LIBERTY speaks," says a writer* of that period, in a letter to Lord Townshend, "he does so with such knowledge, accuracy, and perspicuity, that one would imagine *that* subject had been the particular and chief object of his enquiry. Does he make calculations?—what mathematician more exact! Does he plead his country's cause?—what heart does not glow with patriotism! He seems nearly to approach that great original, Demosthenes, whom he so well understands. He has all his fire, brevity, and perspicuity. And we trust he will be handed down to posterity, not only as a genius and orator, but what is much more to his honour."

In confirmation of this eulogy, we may cite one or two remarkable passages which are to be found in the speeches of Flood. In spirit, in boldness, in effect, they are said to have equalled Chatham. On a certain debate, some members of the Hillsborough Club, who had been indulging rather freely in the festivities of the table, entered the house just before the termination of the discussion, to record their votes against him. Flood was speaking at the time, and seeing them arrayed in the orange and blue uniform of the club, suddenly exclaimed: "Ha! what do I behold! I hail those glorious colours auspicious to the constitution. These *honourable* men have no doubt spent the night in vigils for the glory and fortune of the commonwealth." Then extending his arms—"Come, come to this heart, with all your patriotism." The sarcasm was successful, and smote down these honourable revellers. But the acting which succeeded in so bold a digression must have been consummate. On another occasion, in the course of his speech, he saw the whipper-in of the ministry taking down the names of such patriotic members as had promised to support the castle, and gliding about from bench to bench soliciting others, and perhaps bribing a few. Directly Flood beheld him, he stopped in the middle of a sentence, and looking as with horror in his countenance, he thus broke out: "What is this that I see? Shall the temple of freedom be still haunted by the foul fiend of bribery and corruption? I see personified before me an incarnation of that evil principle which lives by the destruction of public virtue! Avaunt! thou loathsome sprite; thou pander to ministerial profligacy; and no longer pollute with thy presence this edifice, consecrated to the constitution." The effect was magical, and the

* Supposed, and with every probability, to be Sir Hercules Langrishe.

incarnate fiend of corruption suddenly vanished from his evil errand. Again, on a motion which he had brought forward in 1782, for leave to introduce heads of a bill for quieting possessions held under English acts of parliament, he was so violently opposed that he felt the opposition was not so much against the bill as himself. This system he thus nobly and haughtily denounced: "When a man brings in a bill to quiet possessions, it is hard to say that he intends to inflame. It is also hard to say that because something more is to be done, nothing shall be attempted; but the opposition is to the particular man. I am the object of these puny efforts, but they harm me not; I shake them off *as falls the dew-drop from the lion's mane.*"

Nor is his private life less deserving of our admiration than his public career. In the latter he was mighty; in the first he fascinated. His wit, graceful, fine, and easy, illuminated every subject on which it shone, and the fire of his fancy could throw brilliancy over the most abstruse speculations. Even in his ordinary discourse there was an attic polish and refinement; unlike the pompous periods in which Chatham spoke and prided; unlike the simple familiarity of Fox, or the *harlequin delivery** of Grattan. So profound was his knowledge, so studious his research, that he could without difficulty have taken the lead in whatever was the topic of discourse, but his modesty and gentleness of spirit prevented him, and he was at all times more willing to listen than to lecture. The mildness of his demeanour in private contrasted strongly with the might of him before whom a corrupt senate trembled; and few would have recognised in the gay and elegant gentleman of the *salon*, the powerful advocate of his country's wrongs. His attachment to the classics—those *amana virata* of literature—was always warm; he loved the sweet companionship of books. His temper was the most even in the world; no man ever saw it moved or even ruffled. He maintained the most perfect equanimity amid moments of the greatest trial; and did we not know to the contrary, he might have been mistaken for the possessor of a soul, cold, gloomy, and austere. Bodily suffering did not bend down his mind; it was elastic, and could rise when apparently most oppressed. At the moment that a very severe operation was to be performed on him, he endured it with a stoicism that surprised his surgeon, and was found next day by his friends, gaily

* The phrase in which Lord Byron characterised this great man's conversation.

dressed with sword and bag, apparently as unconscious of pain as if he had never borne any. And yet with all this seeming severity of character, his disposition was gay, warm, and convivial, and he at times sunk the philosopher in the sportsman. His sauvity and urbanity were such that he was a favourite with all who came in contact with him, and with younger men than himself he was always an object of affection, for he did not hesitate freely to impart to them those treasures of knowledge which he so amply possessed. To Grattan, when young, he gave considerable assistance, and used to read and discuss with him on political subjects. "They wrote, they argued, they debated together," says Mr. Henry Grattan, and by the encouragement of the elder statesman, the young orator was first induced to enter on that public career in which he afterwards shone so brilliantly. And so little in unison had he with aught that was mean or petty, that he never forgot a favour or remembered an injury.

Such was Flood in his domestic life; the picture without a shade; the disc without a material blemish. Of private vices, or even faults, the bitterest of his opponents could never accuse him; they vituperated loudly his public character, but the domestic one was beyond their reach. Those who knew him well regarded him with the utmost devotion of friendship, and they were men whose love is a demonstration of his virtues. He must have been no ordinary man who could earn the almost enthusiastic reverence of that pure being, the Earl of Charlemont, by whom he is constantly addressed in these fond and beautiful terms, "*My dearest dear Flood.*" Though never blessed with children, he lived in the most perfect happiness with his wife; on his death, her mind was so prostrated with affliction that she was unfit to attend to business for a considerable time. And that death was not without its glory; it proved that on his last bed his heart and soul was Ireland's. He bequeathed to her his whole fortune, for the purpose of elucidating her history, unveiling her antiquities, and spreading wide her fame. May his example have its imitators, and may he be eternally honoured by our people.

The right honourable Henry Flood was the eldest son of Warden Flood, lord chief justice of the King's Bench. He was born in Dublin, in 1732, and entered Trinity College at the age of sixteen. His abilities, however, did not develop themselves at this period, or else they were suffered by him to lie dormant; for his collegiate career was unmarked by

university honours,—a distinction which has been the lot of most of the men of name whom our Alma Mater has instructed. But the age at which he entered proves that if he did not pant for university renown, he at least had not passed his schoolboy days in idleness; for though matters are now changed, and babes and sucklings are Parrs and Porsons, in those days it was a type of some promise to be admitted on the books at a period of life then considered comparatively early. The only qualification on which he at that time prided himself, was the grace and elegance of his person. His figure was noble and winning; his eye bright, powerful, and full of command; and the Athenian beauty in which his soul was originally cast, seems to have imparted something of its charm to all his external deportment. “What should sickness have to do with *you*?” says Lord Charlemont to him once; “can she then extend her baneful influence over the spirit? for surely, otherwise, *you, who are all soul*, could never be liable to her attacks.” The graces of his person were soon, however, materially spoiled by the dissipation in which he freely indulged; and had he not been seasonably removed to Oxford, where he was necessitated to live more strictly, he might have squandered in idle levity and folly, those valuable energies which early application can best mature. He was transferred to Christ Church, in his nineteenth year, and placed under the preceptorship of Doctor Markham, afterwards Archbishop of York.

An ambition to shine at the conversaciones of one Tyrwhit, is said to have been the first stimulant to his exertions at Oxford. The abstruse sciences of mathematics and scholastic logic principally occupied his attention, and to his patient and continuous study of both, at this period, we must attribute that faultless perfection of reasoning, that pellucid and simple style of argument, for which all his orations are remarkable, and which he seems to us to have carried to higher excellence than any of his cotemporaries in the senate. The Greek and Roman histories also became his hand-books. To the former language he was most partial; he translated an ode of Pindar into English, and the celebrated orations of Demosthenes and Æschines on the crown; but neither have ever been published, and we confess we have been always curious about these fragments of his literary labours. In original poetical composition he was not successful. The verses on the death of Frederick, prince of Wales, published in the Oxford collection of 1751, display not even a twinkling

of genius. A critic would pronounce them beneath criticism;* but they are suited to the subject. Panegyrics on princes, though always closely allied to fiction, are invariably distantly removed from poetry. The muses were never meant to be poet-laureats.

From Oxford he removed to the Temple. The profession of the law is the only one which opens wide the vistas of ambition to minds of enterprise and genius, and it was just the pursuit in which an intellect like that of Flood was certain to attain a brilliant position. His character, and the arrangement of his mind, were at this time completely formed. Of a memory vivid and powerful, of habits student-like and simple, his faculty of argumentation highly cultivated, and the oratory in which he clothed it chaste, unpretending; and even severe, a constant attention to the subject before him, and a dignity of address that kept frivolity aloof, gave impressiveness to all he uttered, and awed down little minds,—what other than a lofty place could such a man seize in the profession of the law? He would have appeared in the courts like one of the old black-lettered men,—the Cokes, the Seldens, the Hales. But he soon abandoned the study. He aspired to be a senator; a statesman; to entwine his name with the annals of his country. He could not chain down, for the long period requisite to win legal laurels, the eagle mind which longed to soar upward *at once* to fame and glory: and after a brief sojourn in London he quitted the Temple and returned to Ireland. His father's influence, and perhaps his own acquirements, soon procured him a seat in parliament; and the county of Kilkenny had the honour of

* It may be not uninteresting to insert a specimen of these verses. We give the three first, from the *Epicedia Ozoniensia*.

“Own it at last, presumptuous man,
It 'vails not to pursue
The course of Nature's mazy plan,
That still eludes your view.
“Wherefore, in one ill-fated hour,
Were all our hopes betray'd?
Why was denied the healing power
When most we ask'd its aid?
“Oh, then, if ever it behov'd,
When gracious Fred'rick gave
That head, so honour'd and so lov'd,
A victim to the grave.”

The present biographer alludes to this composition, but seems never to have read it.

returning to the House of Commons, in his twenty-seventh year, the future advocate of Irish freedom; the uncompromising enemy to ministerial corruption.

The condition of Ireland in 1759, the year in which Mr. Flood first entered parliament, presents us with the most melancholy picture of national, moral, and physical degradation to which any country has ever been subjected. Had she been enslaved by a nation of professed despotism, where the monarch was the constitution, and liberty a dream; had she been subjugated by a people who, having no liberty themselves, could not of course be expected to bestow its inestimable blessings on the conquered; or had she been enchained by an empire such as that of old Rome, which, while it was itself the sanctuary of freedom, proudly boasted that all the people of the earth were but its bondsmen, we should feel but little surprised at her miserable state;—but when we remember that the island then perhaps the most trampled in the world, lay within a day's sail of that great kingdom whose government and whose polity have been the admiration of all ages, and whose judges had declared that a slave, the moment he set foot within her soil, became an enfranchised man; whose constitution seems to have been laid by wisdom herself, and whose laws appear as if the spoken precepts of justice;—a kingdom by which tyrants had been dethroned, and even executed, and whose children had preached right to the very farthest precincts of the earth;—when we remember all this, and consider also that the people so oppressed were members of the same Christian creed, spoke the same language, adopted the same customs, were related to her intimately by commerce and affinity, and had often battled successfully by her side, our astonishment is absorbed by our indignation, and we are driven to confess that the blackest stain upon the escutcheon of Great Britain is her domination over our unhappy land. Six centuries and more had rolled by since domestic treachery had laid her prostrate at the feet of England; six centuries and more of internal feuds, and conspiracies generated by her taskmasters, on the wicked principle of divide and conquer. Other nations were beginning to awake at length to the consideration and redress of the causes by which they had been kept down; other nations possessed, if not the reality, at least the decent semblance of a constitution, and those germs of liberty which were sure in time to expand: Ireland alone lay buried in a trance of slavery, from which it seemed scarcely possible to

arouse her;—her people, heart-broken, helpless, and divided, seemed patiently to endure their wrongs, for redress was a blessing for which they scarcely dared to hope.

The great affliction under which our country laboured was the want of a proper constitution. Her parliament was utterly powerless, and a mere name: for all statutory purposes they were not a deliberative, but a formal assembly. They met,—they voted,—perhaps they discussed; they wrangled and shook hands again after the most approved method; they listened to the viceroy's plausible addresses, and answered them with servile and humiliating replies; they seldom spoke of liberty, or their country, for to name either would sound but like a bitter jest; and if ever a faint flash of patriotism was observed in any of their enactments, it was instantly stifled by the attorney-general of England, who possessed the right of veto on all their bills. Nor was this all. England, as if to do away with the notion summarily, that Ireland had any right whatever to a constitution, or Irishmen any privileges at all similar to those of their masters, passed a law—the sixth of George I—by which the parliament of this country was rendered as completely inoperative as if it had never existed. By this statute it was declared, that Ireland should be henceforward bound by every British enactment in which she was expressly designated, as firmly as if she formed a portion of the English soil; thus annihilating at a single blow the constitution which had been granted to her by even her earliest conquerors, and rendering nugatory, and almost ridiculous, her own assembled peers and commoners.

A misconstruction of the statute of Henry VII, commonly called the law of Poynings, who was deputy in Ireland under that monarch, was the first fatal source of Ireland's ruin and disgrace. At a parliament holden in Drogheda, in the tenth year of Henry, was passed the act whereby all statutes made in England before that time were made binding in this kingdom. And in order more effectually to stifle any remnant of independence, it was enacted, "*at the request of the Commons of Ireland,*" that no parliament should be there holden—

"But at such season as the king's lieutenant and council should first certify to the king, under the great seal of that land, the causes and considerations, and all such acts as them seemeth should pass in the same parliament, and such causes, considerations, and acts affirmed by the king and his council to be good and expedient for that land, and his license thereupon, as well as

affirmation of the said causes and acts as to summon the said parliament under the great seal of England had and obtained."—10 Hen. VII, cap. iv.

Such was the law under which the constitution had for centuries groaned. No bill could possibly originate in Ireland without the permission of the deputy and privy council. To these functionaries was assigned the authority of rejecting it altogether, or of transmitting it to England for the consideration of the attorney-general and privy council there, by whom it was either at once crushed, or returned to the Irish parliament so mutilated and disfigured,—so injurious in its provisions, as they related either to the commerce or the independence of the country,—that it was either never again introduced, or if by any chance it passed into a law, it bound in chains more firmly still the people whom it had been originally designed to benefit. The Lords and Commons of the kingdom of Ireland were regarded but as a species of under-clerks of the British minister, employed in drawing out drafts of statutes which he altered or reversed according to caprice. This mockery was misnamed a constitution. The British government were not satisfied with the facilities for corruption which the parliamentary system of Ireland (by which the members returned sat for the life of the king), presented to the executive, but took every earthly precaution against leaving her even a shade of independence. To originate any measure useful to the country in a senate almost proverbially at the beck of the Castle, seems now too chimerical for even fancy to speculate upon; but when to this difficulty was added the still greater one of procuring the assent to its introduction by the knaves of state in Ireland,—and if even they allowed it to be mooted, the almost insurmountable obstacle presented by the hostility of the British minister to any bill advantageous to the country,—little wonder can we have that the Irish were so long and so miserably enslaved.

Such being the state of things, to the Irish people not only liberty but commerce also was wholly unknown. England had even then begun to monopolize the manufacture and trade of the world. Ireland, had she possessed an independent legislature, might, from her vicinity, her resources, and the energy of her people, have become a dangerous rival. But this was foreseen and prevented by the master country. Every restriction that human ingenuity directed to the worst purposes could devise was placed upon our home manufac-

tures. Commerce may be almost said to have been absolutely prohibited; and the government of England, not content with having reduced this unhappy country to the worst form of slavery, were heartless enough to add to that affliction the horrors of poverty also.

"Ireland is the only country," says Swift in his own nervous eloquence, "I ever heard or read of, either in ancient or modern history, which was denied the liberty of exporting their native commodities wherever they pleased. Yet this privilege, by the superiority of mere power, is refused to us in the most momentous part of commerce, besides an Act of Navigation, to which we never consented, pinned down upon us and rigorously executed."

The right of import and export was so limited, so cooped up, so bound by sections and statutes, and the fears also of the people themselves, that the country presented no field for the speculator in any branch of commerce. *Tantus exercitus quantus imperator*, the maxim which we remember to have read in one of Lord Strafford's dispatches from this country, was thought by England insufficient to keep us down: but starvation, as she knew, breaks the spirit of the boldest.

"We have neither foreign trade" (says a parliamentary speaker of that period, the father of Lord Clare), "nor home consumption sufficient to distribute the conveniences of life among us with a reasonable equality, nor sufficient to pay any tax proportioned to our numbers. This island is supposed to contain three millions; of these, two live like the beast of the field, upon a root picked out of the earth, almost without hovels for shelter, or clothes for covering. What must become of a nation in this situation, which at the same time is contracting a debt which must every year increase, by a very considerable excess, its expenses over its income? What method can be found to prevent the ruin of a state in which these evils not only continue, but increase? What mode of taxation can be devised? Shall we tax leather where no shoes are worn, or tallow where no candles are burned? What tax can be devised on the necessaries of life, where they consist wholly of roots and water?"—*Caldwell*.

A mind like that of Flood, imbued with the principles of freedom, which an acquaintance with the writings of the starry men of old never fails to instil, and conscious of the majestic energies which it possessed within itself for working out the regeneration of a people whom he loved, the condition of his country, however saddening it must have appeared at first sight, could not but have inflamed with a lofty and generous ambition. Liberty, as he well knew, is the daughter

of eloquence. That exalted science he had earnestly cultivated; and he must have entered the Commons' house of parliament with a thrill of satisfaction at the presentiment—for great minds have such inward prophecies of their own glories—of liberating his native land from a thralldom so destructive and debasing. In that house he was destined speedily to stand forth the single great man. Anthony Malone was sinking under years; his great spirit had towards the decline of life become tame and enfeebled. He was afraid of England: he dreaded her iron power, and was rather a strenuous adviser against bad measures than a patriotic advocate for good ones. Neither does he seem to have possessed that original grandeur in which the spirit of Henry Flood was moulded. The latter was like one of Plutarch's characters: the former, great and talented as he certainly was, approached nearer to the ordinary level, and had little of the old Roman in his soul. Flood was great genius: Malone was great ability.

Dr. Lucas was also a member of the house at this period, but he too must be considered vastly inferior to both Malone and Flood. He was illustrious from his principles, not from his genius. Sprung from the people, he had early identified himself with their cause: his honesty was unquestionable, his patriotism pure and beautiful, his sentiments noble and philosophic. The attacks of his enemies were the primary steps by which he mounted to popularity; but though his ambition was boundless, and his love of Ireland ever impelled him to strike out into new paths for her regeneration, he was never destined to occupy a brilliant or a prominent position, either in the administration or the history of his country. But his name can never be repeated, without calling forth in every Irish heart emotions of admiration at the character of the man, who, first after Swift, went boldly forth the foeman of oppression, and by his single exertions smoothed the way for the most ennobling triumphs.

Edmond Sextus Pery, afterwards speaker of the house and Lord Pery, was third in importance on the popular side. What he wanted in genius he made up in wisdom. He was perhaps the most sensible man of the day: and to his advice the success of many of the measures by which the country was advantaged and adorned, was mainly due. His character approached in some instances to the sublime. On one occasion, when government, in direct opposition to a resolution of parliament, had increased the commissioners of the revenue from seven to eleven, their conduct was brought before the

house, and it was proposed, that whoever had advised this measure had acted contrary to the wishes of the Commons. The question was put—the numbers were equal; one hundred and six on each side: the speaker was called on for his casting voice. With an eye whose glance was never forgotten, and in tones that awed the fiercest of the ministerial supporters, he thus denounced the insult which the house had received: “This is a question which involves the privileges of the Commons of Ireland. The Noes have opposed the privilege,—the Noes have been wrong: let the privileges of the Commons stand unimpeached: *therefore I say the Ayes have it.*” His mind, however, had not the innate vigorousness of Malone, or the mighty energy of Flood. He was formed to cooperate, but not to lead. He could have guided a cabinet, but he could not wield the destinies of a country. Pery was the Jupiter with his golden sceptre,—Malone was the Jove armed with thunder; Flood was a combination of the dignity of the first, and the might of the second.

The parliament of 1759, to which Mr. Flood was returned, was dissolved shortly after, by the death of George II. He was re-elected for the same county, to the new one summoned on the accession of George III, and took his seat on the opposition side of the house. But of his exertions for the country, if any were made by him, we have unfortunately no record. The earliest authentic reports of the debates in the Irish House of Commons begin in 1763;—to Sir James Caldwell we owe their preservation. It is said indeed that he distinguished himself much on his first appearance in the house, but there is little more than tradition for the story. These years form a complete blank in his biographical memoirs. The only thing with which we are informed by his present biographer is, that about this time he formed a matrimonial alliance with Lady Frances Maria Beresford, a lady of high rank and powerful family, and with whom he obtained a large fortune. He took up his residence at Farmley, in Kilkenny, and there doubtless still more splendidly matured his powers of mind. Certain it is that at this time he composed and transcribed more than perhaps at any other period of his life. He is said to have translated some books of Homer, and to have copied out, with notes and alterations, the two concluding books of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. He wrote out also the finest passages from the plays of Shakspeare, and collected them into manuscript volumes;—thus imitating the famous orator of old, who, by transcriptions from Thucy-

dides, first laid the seed of that close, overwhelming, and vehement style, in which he excelled, and became inimitable. The Theban Lyrist also—the handbook for an orator—became more constantly his study: and he devoted to poetical composition those hours which were not occupied by graver and more profound pursuits. He shared largely in some private theatricals which were established at Flood Hall, the seat of Sir Hercules Langrishe, and with that gentleman performed on the stage. It is probable that he made pleasure subservient to instruction, and thus charmed away the labour of acquiring oratorical action and delivery—*Studio fallente laborem.*

The first appearance of Flood in the house, of which we have any authentic record, was on October 12th, 1763. In those times members of parliament sat for the life of the king; and this system, the prolific parent of every kind of political corruption, had been for a long period one of the chief abuses at which the ablest men in the country had aimed their attacks. Flood took a prominent part in this debate, retorting on the supporters of the government in a vein of withering sarcasm mingled with a bold and fiery eloquence that dismayed his opponents, and gave to the country a brilliant presage of his future fame. He was then only in his thirtieth year, but whoever will take the trouble of looking at his speech will find that his genius was far more matured at this early period than might have been expected. On the 8th of November, he delivered a brilliant speech, in which he denounced the practice of indiscriminate pensioning then newly sprung up, and in the early part of the following year, took a very prominent part in a discussion connected with the liberty of the press. Mr. Wilson, the publisher of the *Dublin Magazine*, had asserted in it of Sir Arthur Brooke, member for the county of Fermanagh, that he was not the author of the *North Briton*, as every one who knew him, was aware that he had not literary abilities for such a task, and besides he had voted in the majority condemnatory of the letters as libels. This was a good sarcasm on Brooke. Nobody of course seriously expected that a booby county member was author of productions which shook the democracy from one end of the land to the other: and yet for so harmless and Irish-like a jest, it was gravely moved by the Right Hon. William Henry Fortescue, member for Monaghan, that “Peter Wilson, printer, in Dame-street, shall, for a breach of privilege against a worthy member of this house, be immediately taken into custody of the serjeant-at-arms.”

Pery, ever forward when right was to be pleaded, and the liberty of the subject advocated, said that he never could give his consent to such a motion until there was proof before the house that Wilson was either the author, printer, or vendor of the publication. To this Fortescue answered that he had a letter in Wilson's own hand-writing admitting the publication, assuring Sir Arthur that it had appeared merely through his being unable, by reason of indisposition to read over the proof, and humbly apologizing for the liberty he had taken so inadvertently. This ought to have been apparently satisfaction enough to Brooke, but the Castle party were determined to punish the poor fellow, for even in his own humble way he had done some good to Ireland. It is melancholy to find such a man as Malone taking part with so miserable a motion. He was answered by Pery, who stood up for the liberty of the press, "the great bulwark of our constitution." He said it was idle to suppose that so respectable a man as Sir Arthur Brooke could be libelled or injured by the document in question, and deprecated the cruelty of dragging the wretched printer before the house. Malone answered with more warmth than became him, and with more eloquence than such a man should have used in a cause so bad. "The honourable gentleman," said he, "sir, is a member of this house, and to insinuate that he wants understanding, is to insinuate that he is unequal to his trust: it tends to destroy the confidence placed in him by his constituents, and to expose him to every attempt that cunning and fraud may be encouraged to practice against those whom they suppose unequal to detect them."—(*Caldwell*, p. 682.) The motion was carried, and poor Wilson brought to the bar of the house. Having been asked whether he was the printer and publisher of the pamphlet now shown to him, he submissively answered that "he had too much repentance and contrition for what he had done, to add to his guilt by presuming to deny the fact to that honourable house." The speaker then asked him what he had to say in extenuation of his crime; when Wilson answered that it was owing to his own sickness and the negligence of his servants that the paragraph had appeared; that as soon as he knew it, he went to the honourable and worthy member, with a letter apologising for what had happened, in the most submissive manner, and offered to make any atonement in his power. He was then asked, with a cruelty carried to an extreme, whether he had since suffered any of the said pamphlets containing the libel on Brooke to

be sold. This question was compassionately objected to by an honourable member, but the questioner persisting in it, the unfortunate man answered that after writing the letter to Sir Arthur, the perturbation and confusion of his mind were so great that he did not think of directing his servants not to sell the pamphlet, and that he did not know but that they might sell it; though if the honourable member, or any other person had given him the least intimation to stop the sale he would undoubtedly have done it. No more questions having been put, the Right Hon. William Henry Fortescue rose, with a hypocritical affectation of regret "to move the punishment of the unfortunate man at the bar;" and in a long speech, which clearly proves the then lowly condition of that press which was yet to become the most gigantic element of liberty, of knowledge, and of wisdom, in the world, moved, that "for a libel highly and injuriously reflecting on the character of a worthy member of this house, Peter Wilson be committed a close prisoner to Newgate!" The motion was opposed by Flood first, in a short speech, on the ground of its inhumanity. Pointing to Wilson, who tottered at the bar like a helpless child, the speaker said, "I think the committing him close prisoner to Newgate in the bad state of health of which his looks are a sufficient proof, will be a punishment much more than adequate to his crime; it will affect essentially his character and constitution, and may probably in his present situation cost him his life." Malone, however, while he affected to pity the criminal, loudly deprecated the *crime* of which he stood charged, and much to his discredit endeavoured rather to clip the wings of the eaglet power, than to foster them into vigour. Having with a good deal of ingenuity twisted the paragraph into its most libellous constructions, he gave his assent that the committal of the party to Newgate should stand on the journals, and added that some other mode of punishment less severe might then be adopted. "To say" says Flood, in answer, "that Sir Arthur Brooke had not *literary* ability for a work like the *North Briton*, did not imply that he was deficient in understanding, nor is the want of *literary* ability a disgrace to gentlemen who have more important objects of their attention than *literary performances*. Supposing I should read some anonymous verses, and should say I thought them as good as Mr. Pope's, and suppose somebody should say they were written by Sir A. Brooke, would it be deemed any reflection on his understanding if I should say I did not think him capable of

writing verse so well?" This reasoning is very acute: and was just suited to meet that of Malone, who had adroitly tortured a portion of this paragraph into a signification which though it might bear it, was rather too refined, we think, for the writer to have intended. Whether the house agreed with Malone or Flood most, we do not know, but Wilson was not committed to Newgate then. He was left in the custody of the serjeant-at-arms from Saturday till Tuesday. On that day he was sent to Newgate for about an hour, but on his own petition, and the motion of Sir Arthur Brooke, he was discharged from confinement. This little episode in Irish history has not been generally noticed, but we think it important, as proving the extreme limits to which privilege then stretched her arm, when for so trivial a sentiment, so heavy a punishment was allotted.

From this period the whole history of the country presents us only with constant anarchy on the popular side, and aggravated corruption on that of the court. In December 1765, the subject of pensions was again brought forward, and negatived by a large majority. In the spring of 1766, we find Flood bringing two bills before the house,—one for limiting the duration of parliament, the other for regulating the militia. The first bill was passed, presented to the Lord Lieutenant for transmission to England, and never again heard of. The other was opposed by the whole force of the government, and thrown out. But the spirit of Flood was dauntless, and defeat did but the more strengthen his enthusiasm in the cause of his country.

About this time he went to England, and was followed thither by Lord Charlemont, whose friendship for him cannot be contemplated without pleasure. Nothing indeed could be more refined, more delicate, more beautiful, than the affection between these two noble persons. The earl loved Flood almost to enthusiasm; he was a kind of idol, to which his heart constantly turned. The following letter, written at this period, proves the fondness that subsisted between them:

“*Piccadilly, 1766.*”

“I set out with a thorough confidence that I was travelling towards you. Arrived in London, my first care was to send to the St. James’s Coffee House. The answer was that you were gone to Paris, but were expected back in a very few days; and the next morning I received your billet, with an account of your having been obliged to set out for Ireland. I had expected the utmost pleasure in meeting you here. * * * *The unexpected absence of a beloved mistress could scarcely have affected me more.*”

The same sentiments recur after the lapse of years :

“ June 15, 1775.

“ You tell me that you wish I should pay you a visit at Farmley. So do I, most sincerely ; nothing could give me more pleasure. Is there upon earth a man I love more than you, or in whose company I find more delight ? My affection for you must be proof against everything, since even an interval of deviation (it is, thank fate, no more) in the *idem sentire de republica* has not been able to affect it.”

“ Jan. 1, 1782.

“ Well, but my dearest Harry, I can write no more ; my eyes begin to fail me, and I must conclude. My spirits are very low, and that circumstance may perhaps make me see matters in an unfavourable light ; but I do not like the present progress of affairs. There is, to be sure, *one luminous spot at which I love to gaze*, and which administers comfort under all my oppressions. You may guess what that spot is, when I assure you that I am, my dearest, dear Flood, your faithful and more than affectionate friend.”

On the 14th of October, a new viceroy, Lord Townshend, was sent over. The nomination of this nobleman to the viceroyalty of Ireland was a state joke. With no talents but for drinking, with no pursuits higher than those of low humour, jesting, and debauchery, he was thought well adapted to govern a people whom their conquerors regarded as not the soberest in the world, and who had ever been remarkable for a cordial sympathy with wit and festive accomplishments, in whomsoever they were found. They had been heretofore menaced out of freedom ; Lord Townshend was sent over to laugh them out of liberty. It was scarcely possible, argued his employers, to suspect a man of so humorous a countenance of dishonesty or intrigue. His administration accordingly presents a motley mixture of statesmanship and buffoonery,—of legal enactments and Fescennine fun. Ministers revelled in a state-saturnalia ; and the most solemn acts of the constitution were thought fit and proper subjects for derision. The viceroy was a droll fellow ; his government was a farce, only less ludicrous than the imaginary rule of Sancho Panza, because attended with the worst consequences, and exercised on the most important matters in the world,—the laws and constitution of a people. In early life the companion in arms of the gallant Wolfe, he attempted, on the death of that general, to snatch the glory which he had died in achieving from the hands of the deceased, and was obliged to apologize in writing to his superior officer for his unblushing

effrontery on the occasion. His after-years were on a par with this act of poltroonery, and his rule in Ireland justified the anticipations of all honest men, it being as profligate, as disgraceful, as debasing and intemperate, as any since the odious days of Strafford. He did not, as we said before, throw even the mantle of dignity over his proceedings. By the aristocracy he was pitied as a blot upon their order; by the common people he was despised and laughed at. He made no secret of the state of slavishness to Lord North, to which he had consented to submit; and it has been credibly said that this representative of royalty did with his own vice-regal hand design and sketch a caricature representing himself with *hands and feet tied* (a symbol of his inability to do anything but at the beck of the English minister), which caricature he not only exhibited to his friends in private, but had even the impudence to have published and publicly sold. By the few respectable supporters of the government he was thoroughly contemned; but those who, like Provost Andrews, had their own ends to attain, did not disdain to be the associates of his drunken frolics, and the applauders of his indecent wit.* By the English ministry who sent him he was treated with an indignity to which no man but one in whom all high sentiments of honour were completely stifled, would have submitted. The abuses of the law courts in Ireland had been long a popular subject of reform. The judges, who then held their seats at the pleasure of administration, were subservient, unjust, and corrupt. The elegant periphrasis in which Lord Mansfield clothed a certain maxim of English law,—viz. *Justice must be drawn from pure fountains*,—would not apply to the ermined sycophants of those days. Lord Townshend, in his first speech from the viceregal throne, directed the attention of parliament to this point; and both houses soon passed the heads of a bill, ordaining that judges should in future hold their seats, not during pleasure, but during good behaviour. The bill was sent over to England for approval,—there deprived of its best provisions,—returned to this country, and thrown out by parliament as an insulting mockery. The Lord Townshend, who may be said to have introduced the bill, nevertheless retained office. But the

* "The lord-lieutenant says more good things in one night than are perhaps uttered in this house during a whole session." This I heard Provost Andrews say, on some charge against Lord Townshend for extending too far the influence of the crown. No doubt it might have been strictly true, but what a speech for the House of Commons.—*Hardy's Life of Charlemont*, p. 158.

rejection of this measure was speedily compensated by the passing of another measure,—that great one to which Ireland's greatest and best men had so long devoted themselves. This was a bill for limiting the duration of parliament. It was introduced by Lucas in November 1767, and passed into a law on the 12th of February in the following year.

The motives were not the purest which caused this act of grace. The parliament had more than once passed a bill of nearly similar provisions,—not because they sincerely wished it to become the law of the land (for it had been cunningly arranged that it was to be quashed by the Irish privy council) but because they wished to gull the people into a belief that they were not entirely dishonest, and thereby often made themselves popular for short periods. The odium of rejection lay, therefore, on the privy council. But that upright body having long borne public execration on this account, became at length desirous to shift the burthen from their own shoulders, and transfer it to their brethren of the privy council in England. With this design, they refused to reject the bill of 1768, but sent it to England, hoping that the same game would be played there, and the bill thrown into the fire, or perhaps amended by the attorney-general's errand-boy. The English council resolved to disappoint them: to the dismay of the Irish borough-buyers, they returned the bill with the alteration of octennial for septennial, put an end to the session, and declared the parliament was dissolved. To the House of Lords the bill was an extremely seasonable boon. Their boroughs became at once sources of octennial revenue; and their exultation at the moment was open and indecent. They read the bill thrice on the same day, and passed it with only three dissentient voices;—the chancellor, Lord Lifford; Lord Annaley; and Hutchinson, bishop of Kilala;—honourable senators, who had perhaps no boroughs to let out for sale. This was a great stride to independence, and it was achieved principally by the labours of Flood. It tended much to diminish the evils of which we have spoken in a previous part.

It was in this year that Mr. Flood first thought of procuring a seat in the parliament of Great Britain, and even commissioned his friend Lord Charlemont to enter into a negotiation with one of the Pitt family relating to it. What first turned his thoughts into that channel, can now only be surmised. That he looked for a nobler stage and more extensive topics than he could expect ever to find in the then

wretched senate of his own country, is the first and most plausible conjecture: that he was thoroughly disgusted with the working of Irish politics, and the faithlessness of those even on his own side of public questions, we have also reason to believe. We have seen the hapless condition to which the country was reduced, and we have traced, one by one, the measures supported by Flood, all of which would have materially assisted, if passed, to render her prosperous and happy. But venal majorities rendered useless the most strenuous efforts; and the very men in whom Flood most warmly confided, were by his own account frequently the most ready to thwart, to oppose, and to betray him. "When Mr. Flood was in London," says Hardy,* "he more than once declared to Mr. Forbes, 'that he had been betrayed oftener when taking an active part in the House of Commons in Ireland, than he thought it necessary to state. Except some particular persons,' continued he, 'men indeed of the most unscrupulous and delicate honour, everyone whom I entrusted a parliamentary motion to, or plan of conduct for the session, almost uniformly betrayed me.'" His veneration of Lord Chat-ham had always been great; and seeing all labours useless in Ireland, he might have hoped, by maintaining her cause in the councils of Great Britain, if not to awaken sympathy and procure redress, to arouse at least enquiry into her condition. The negotiation commenced with Mr. John Pitt on the subject, was not concluded. Flood had always been anxious to enter parliament unshackled by pledges to patrons. He had no objection to buy their constituencies, but he would not sell his conscience. This rigid independence may have proved an obstacle to his views of obtaining an English seat at that time; and the better state of things which on the passing of the octennial bill appeared to be springing up in Ireland, may have been another inducement not to press too eagerly for a representation in that country. He therefore sat down once more in the Irish parliament; and had become so popular, that in 1769 he was returned as representative by two constituencies. In the Journals of the Commons,† we find the following: "Henry Flood, Esq. being chosen a burgess for the borough of Callan in the county of Kilkenny, and also a burgess for the borough of Longford in the county of Longford, made his election to serve for the borough of Callan;"

* Life of Charlemont, p. 184.

† 8, p. 343, 14th December, 1769.

and the speaker was ordered to issue a new writ for Longford in his place.

A melancholy episode in Mr. Flood's life occurred this year. It must have been consoling to him, however, that it was forced on him, and that with an earnestness that almost demonstrates how eagerly his challenger thirsted for his blood. Mr. Agar, a gentleman of large property in Callan, had for a long period contested the representation with the family of Flood. In those days, duelling was a fashionable accomplishment, and every public man resorted to it for redress on the most trivial circumstance. Agar challenged Flood. They met. The former was a first-rate shot; but he was hit by his opponent, and slightly wounded. Exasperated at the result, he again challenged him on a most unfair and foolish pretext. The result of the fight is detailed in a letter which we transcribe from *Grattan's Life*, lately published by his son :

Mr. Bushe to Mr. Grattan.

“September 1769.

“My dear Harry,—I must postpone every other topic to inform you that on Friday last a duel was fought between Harry Flood and Mr. Agar the elder, in Dunmore Park, near Kilkenny, in which Mr. Agar was unfortunately killed. As Mr. Flood was not the challenger, and as it was out of his power to avoid it, he has nothing to reproach himself with. The cause was a case of pistols belonging to Mr. Agar, which Mr. Keogh lost at Burnchurch in the riots about ten months ago. I hear that the unfortunate gentleman had often asked Mr. Flood about them, who always said that ‘he had them not, and was not accountable for them.’ But on Friday they produced a challenge, to my great surprise; for if there were any offence it was as much an offence any day these ten months as it was on that day. They stood at about fourteen yards asunder. Before they fired, Mr. Agar questioned Mr. Flood about the pistols in a threatening and offensive manner. Mr. Flood answered very deliberately, ‘You know I will not answer you while you ask me in that manner.’ Mr. G. Bushe, who was Mr. Flood's friend, said something to Agar to induce him to ask in another manner, and not bring such an affair on himself so needlessly, but without effect. He laid down one pistol and rested the other on his arm to take his aim. Both Mr. G. B. and Mr. Roth his own friend called to him to fire fairly—(N.B. besides the unfairness of using a rest, it was particularly unfair at that time, for Mr. A. had proposed they should stand alongside a quick-set hedge, but Mr. Roth declared ‘there should be no levelling!’)—upon their calling out he desisted and took another posture, and fired first and missed. He then took

up another pistol and said to Mr. Flood, 'Fire, you scoundrel!' Mr. Flood thereupon presented his pistol, which he held all this while with the muzzle turned upwards, and shot Mr. A. through the heart. Mr. A.'s left breast was towards him, Mr. A. being left-handed. He expired in a few minutes without saying anything articulate. The coroners have found the verdict specially, 'That he came by his death by a pistol bullet,'—as appears more fully by the examinations of Mr. Roth and Mr. Bushe,—without ever mentioning Mr. Flood's name. Mr. Flood is fortunate that a man was present of so much honour as Mr. Roth, who does the fullest justice to his character. I hear that Mr. Agar of Gowran has heard the matter properly related, and that he disclaimed any ungenerous malice; and indeed the matter is so wonderfully clear, that Mr. Flood has nothing to apprehend from prosecution or from calumny. Nothing ever was superior to his temper or his steady courage. I will not sign my name, for obvious reasons. Mr. Flood does not abscond, nor is there any occasion.—G. P. B."

The domestic feuds then prevalent among gentlemen whose interest divided parliamentary constituencies, ran to greater lengths than ever was witnessed in England; and the individual whose fate it was to fall by Mr. Flood's hand, had been one of the most violent enemies in that respect that any public man ever encountered. Against Flood he seems to have entertained some deadly hatred, for which none of that gentleman's biographers have given any reason. Flood had two years before narrowly escaped with life from a party set on to attack him at the instigation of Agar;—the details of which appear in the Commons' Journal. A special commission was issued for the trial of Flood on this occasion, but the provocation was so gross that the jury acquitted him unhesitatingly. The government attempted for a long while to hold the commission suspended *in terrorem* over his head, and were with great difficulty at length induced, by the repeated remonstrances of Lord Charlemont, to bring him to trial:—a singular fact, which shows the lengths to which power was prostituted in those days.

A short account of Mr. Flood's literary labours at this time may not be devoid of interest. The influence of popular journals was always extensive in Ireland, since that great day when Swift's first *Drapier's Letter* appeared, and roused the people to an ardent sense of a grievous though unsuspected injustice. No paper of the kind had however been published in Ireland for a long while, until, immediately after the accession of George III, the *Freeman's Journal*, an honourable repository of patriotism and sound judgment, was

established by Lucas. To this paper Flood, Burgh, and Yelverton were the chief contributors; and during the Townshend administration these gentlemen kept up a constant attack on the principles of the Castle, and were incessantly sounding on the people to independence. From the celebrated volume called *Baratariana* we insert one of these papers, truly descriptive of the character of the viceroy Townshend.

“SANCHO, OUR CHIEF GOVERNOR.

“January 16, 1768.

“A plump man, with a merry, round, unstudious-looking countenance; a jovial companion of great festive mirth, preferring even the latter-end of a feast to any part of a fray. A person who cannot arrive at the heroic virtues should always affect the social ones. It is said indeed that he is apt to quarrel in his liquor; but that is easily corrected. One perfectly regardless of pomp, dignity, or parade, going about scattering his proverbs to common passengers as he walks the streets. It has been whispered indeed that he is a person of great *design*; but then I have been told that his execution is rather with the pencil than the pen. What merry duke or duchess made him a governor in a frolic, I cannot say: for I hear it was not at first seriously intended. If Charles II, of facetious memory, was now monarch of these realms, it might perhaps be accounted for more ways than one, as Sancho's attachment to the Stuart line is sufficiently well known; but his present Majesty, God bless him! I hear is no joker.

“He was forced abroad once as squire to a certain Don Quixote in arms, who led him often into so much trouble and peril, in quest of fame, conquest, honour, and such other romantic notions, that it is generally believed, had that same knight-errant but lived to the end of his last glorious campaign, the squire would have begged his discharge and have quitted the service. And this appears to be pretty plain, from his conduct immediately after the knight's death; for his experience in chivalry had given our poor Sancho so cordial an affection for peace, that he heartily concurred and assisted in every measure requisite to bring one about, thinking it not too dearly purchased at the expense of fame, conquest, honour, and such other romantic notions.”—*Baratariana*, p. 4.

The government of the kingdom was thus faithfully represented under the fanciful light of an imaginary realm; and the rulers were depicted in colours that were so true to nature, they could not be mistaken. To the elegant imagination of Sir Hercules Langrishe we believe was first owing the merit of this idea; and to his happy pen some of the finest sketches of satire and the most playful ebullitions of wit have been attributed by subsequent commentators on *Baratariana*.

The great master of the *Junian* style was Flood; and his letters, under the signatures of *Syndercombe* and *Anonymous*, attracted most attention, provoked most replies, and were more dreaded by administration, than those of any other contributor. In the *Life of Mr. Grattan*, lately published, we find them noticed.

Grattan to Mr. Broome.

“The anonymous letter was much liked: I think it is the best of any.” February 8, 1770.

“You will see in the *Freeman* next Saturday a letter to Lord Townshend equal to any of *Junius’s* performances. I have seen it in manuscript: it is by some attributed to Flood, but denied so strenuously that I almost doubt his being the author. I shall send you the paper as soon as it comes out.” February 22, 1770.

“Notwithstanding this pretended disclaimer,” says Mr. Henry Grattan, “the letter here alluded to was written by Mr. Flood.” It bore his usual signature, *Syndercombe*. Grattan appears to have taken a strong interest in these letters. In a third letter to Mr. Broome he again alludes to them.

“Let me know what you think of the last *Syndercombe*. I believe you will think with me it was unequal; in the first part strong, and precise in the conclusion: in that part he had relaxed the rigour of imitation, and relapsed into his own nervous argumentation.” April, 19, 1770.

They are extremely fine specimens of political invective, but will not bear comparison with the more brilliant and polished epistles of *Junius*. They have much of his severity,—but the terseness that barbed his satire and renders it immortal, they do not possess. Yet there is a palpable similarity between them: the minds of the two men seem to have been cast in the same mould; and this was probably the reason that among the many illustrious individuals to whom their authorship was attributed Flood was one. One fact however mentioned by Mr. Henry Grattan disproves the supposition:

“One of the letters of *Junius* to Sir William Draper was written on the 21st of February 1769, and appeared but a few days after the publication of Sir William’s letter dated the 17th, and to which it was a reply: at that time Mr. Flood was in Ireland, and it would not have been possible for a reply to have been made by him, and published in London, in the short space within which that letter of *Junius* appeared.” *Life of Grattan*, vol. i, 159.

Sir Lawrence Parsons was always of opinion that they were written by Flood; but the weight of evidence preponderates

above all others in favour of another Irishman, Sir Philip Francis.

On the 17th of October, 1769, the lord lieutenant met the new parliament. The interval of sixteen months which had passed since the dissolution of the old, and the summoning together of the new house of commons, had been well employed by his excellency in procuring adherents to the side of government; but the very earliest possible opportunity was seized by the patriotic members, to bring at once to issue a matter which vitally affected the Commons. Accordingly, on the 21st of November,* a motion having been made that a bill, granting his majesty certain taxes therein expressed, should be read a second time, it was rejected by a majority of ninety-four against seventy-one; and it was resolved, that "the said bill was rejected, because it did not take its rise in the house." This act of spirit so greatly disgusted Lord North, that he ordered Lord Townshend to prorogue the parliament at once; but some inkling of the matter having reached the ears of the Commons, they carried, by a majority of one hundred and six against seventy-three, an address, in which they requested to know whether his excellency had either instructions or an intention to prorogue the parliament sooner than usual. His excellency refused to give them any information, but in accordance with his orders put an end to the session on the 26th of December. On the 12th of March, 1770, he issued a proclamation proroguing it to the 1st of May following; on the 20th of April he further prorogued them to the 28th of August; on the 21st of August he prorogued them to the 16th of October; on the 11th of October he further prorogued them to the 18th of December; on the 10th of December he further prorogued them to the 15th of January, 1771; and on the 9th of January he further prorogued them to the 26th of February, 1771, then to sit for the dispatch of business. So violent a proceeding attracted the attention of the whole kingdom, and was even the subject of a motion in the British parliament; but Lord North was then omnipotent, and all enquiry into it was negatived. The lord lieutenant having met the house, and addressed them, a vote of thanks to his majesty for continuing his lordship in the government, was carried by one hundred and thirty-two against one hundred and seven, whereupon Pensonby resigned his seat as speaker of the house, deeming

* 8, Comm. Journ. 323.

the address inconsistent with their honour and dignity. Mr. Pery, who had received the promise of a peerage, was elected to the chair on a division of one hundred and eighteen against one hundred and fourteen: the honest men fell off by degrees by the artifices of the ministry, and the new parliament soon became almost as degraded as any of its predecessors. During this session Dr. Lucas died; and Ireland had only Flood to look to and confide in. On the 18th of May the parliament was prorogued, and did not meet again until the 8th of October. During the whole period of its continuance we find the name of Flood marshalled in every one of the popular divisions in the house, but no other record of his services has been yet given to the world, except the enumeration of his votes preserved in the Journals of the Commons. The only man of genius who stood by his side was Hussey Burgh—a noble name, and a noble individual, of the purest integrity, and of the most brilliant abilities. These two fought side by side the battle of the constitution during the brief session from October to December. The government of Lord Townshend had never received so many, and such disastrous defeats, as during this period; and we find its history thus briefly summed up in a letter of Mr. Grattan to Mr. Day, of the date Jan. 9, 1770.

“Ireland has been the scene of action the foregoing part of this winter. There has been no winter in which party has more fluctuated. At one time the independent men, as they call themselves, inclining to government, and threatening defeat to the speaker; at another time supporting the speaker, and casting the balance against government. The lord lieutenant received four or five defeats this winter, but was victorious often; and parties were so balanced that the measure was generally determined by its own weight..... The debates this winter were not equal to what I have formerly heard in the Irish house. Flood and Hutchinson seldom spoke. The former, on one or two occasions, was as great as any man could be who did not exert himself.”

In November 1771, Mr. Flood, in order, if possible, to put a stop to the system of pensioning and bribery, opposed the motion of the government to encrease the commissioners of the revenue from seven to twelve, and moved that the former number be sufficient. The resolution was carried by a majority of forty-six; and on the motion of Mr. Brownlow it was resolved, by a majority of one hundred and twenty-three to one hundred and one, that the entire house, with the speaker at their head, should lay the resolution before the vice-

regal throne. These were the accents of liberty, but they were too feeble to be regarded, or to strike terror. The castle, in defiance of the Commons, appointed twelve commissioners; and it was on this occasion that Pery, the speaker, gave that burst of independence which we have before cited.

Who that peruses these acts of administration will not concur in Flood's denunciation of the viceroys? Let it be a lesson to all governors, and a model for all patriots.

“I am not in anywise amazed that those who are under obligations to Lord Townshend should attempt to defend his conduct. Gratitude exacts this duty from them, and the debt, though paid at the expense of their integrity, yet the justice of this private virtue may seemingly account for: but as I am under no such compliment to that noble lord, I will speak my thoughts with freedom, and express my sentiments unawed. For my part, I have ever opposed the administration of Lord Townshend, not from personal pique or private spleen, but from a manifest, from a warranted conviction that he had acted wrong. I have, since the opening of the session, rather been silent on his conduct, because I wished those wounds which he gave my country might be healed, and that a name so hateful to the virtuous part of this house should be buried in oblivion. But when I find unmerited applause bestowed, unjust panegyric given, and that he who deserves the severest censure is adorned with laurels, I cannot patiently sit and silently listen. A gentleman (Mr. Agar) on my left hand, has called the noble lord to order because he has dared to speak against his patron. Who was it first began the theme? I appeal to the house, if from the government side the alteration did not originate? An honourable member opposite to me first mentioned Lord Townshend; I did not; nor did any of my friends; *they* brought him forward, and are answerable for what has been, or may be said of him. It was observed, in this now absent nobleman's praise, that the most salutary laws we ever experienced owed their being enacted to him. I deny it from my soul. I speak with confidence, nor am I apt to tell untruths. The Octennial Bill, which has been so loudly echoed as his deed, he derives not the slightest merit from. It was I who first gave the assisting hand to that excellent law; nor am I *ashamed* to pay myself the compliment; for honest fame is the just reward of an upright heart, and I am not averse to the gift. I followed the bill to the other side, and when it was the doubt of the minister whether it should pass, I told him the arguments that were its foundation; in this I was backed by Lord Chatham, and the minister allowed them unanswerable. I therefore do *avow*, that from this transaction Lord Townshend cannot expect the shadow of honour. I speak truly, for I am afraid of no man. I seek no favour, but the applause

which may flow from performing my duty. I am under (as I said before) no obligation to this or that viceroy ; and I believe I may say, I rejected proffered benefits. I shall now only remark, that from every observation I could make—from every observation an honest man could make—Lord Townshend acted as an enemy, a professed enemy, to our country, our constitution, and our liberties ; for which reason, instead of panegyric, he should by every real friend to Ireland be treated as a PUBLIC MALEFACTOR.”

Never did the Earl of Chatham inspire more terror into the Walpolites than these few words of Flood did into the beagles of my Lord Townshend. During the whole of the year 1772, Flood greatly distinguished himself in the house—standing by every popular measure from its cradle to its grave ; at times winning by defiance, at others by wisdom—a quality for which during his whole life he was remarked. By a cotemporary he is thus alluded to ;—the sketches are meagre, but they are outlines of Flood, and the only ones we possess :—

“ *Grattan to Mr. Broome.*

“ *Jan. 1772.*

“Parliament is not sitting. Flood’s fame is not silent, though he is not speaking. His reputation for wisdom is equal to his reputation for eloquence.....He does honour, and I hope he will do service, to his country.”

It would have been a glory on Grattan’s shield if he had always remembered these sentiments, and not forgotten all the gratitude he owed to his kind early patron. In Feb. 1772, he thus writes :

“I have attended to the debates,—they were insipid,—every one was speaking,—nobody was eloquent ; *Flood himself* (such was the spirit of the house) *was obliged to be rather notable than eloquent.*”

We pass over the remainder of Lord Townshend’s deplorable viceroyalty, and come to that of Lord Harcourt, by whom he was succeeded in October 1772. His lordship was a man of easy and affable disposition, of great kindness of soul, but no energy of any kind, either to threaten or cajole into approbation of his measures. He gave himself but little care about the administration, throwing the whole responsibility upon his secretary, and was as easy to be led as a little child ; so that there *may* be some truth in the supposition of Flood’s having accepted office in his government under the impression that he might possibly seduce his lordship by degrees into acts beneficial to the state. “Mr. Flood,” says Hardy, in his

Life of Charlemont (p. 183), "indulged himself with the prospect of an almost entire ascendancy in the cabinet of Ireland. He flattered himself that his talents could easily sway a very amiable, very well-bred, incurious old nobleman, and an active, adroit colonel of dragoons." Perhaps this was true, and if so, it casts no reflection on his memory; for had he been enabled to wield the government of Ireland as he wished, we know enough of his character to be assured that he would have wielded it only for her welfare. The character of Lord Harcourt, imbecile and unsuited for state, furnishes indeed a very plausible argument that the biographer of Charlemont was right. His excellency, although as we have before said appointed in 1772, did not meet parliament until the October of the following year. The first parliamentary measure which was sanctioned by the lord-lieutenant, promised well for his intentions, and accorded completely with the views of both Flood and Charlemont. The former had made a proposition for an absentee tax of two shillings in the pound on the net rents and profits of all persons who should not actually reside in the kingdom of Ireland for the space of six months in each year, from Christmas 1773 to Christmas 1775. This had long been a favourite object with both these true friends of the country, and its support by the viceroy made him extremely popular. But the dread of a tax on land, which it was thought would certainly follow the passing of the measure, aroused the interests of all proprietors of estates against it; and it was rejected on a division by 122 to 102.

On the 10th of November 1773,* leave was given to bring in the heads of a bill to secure the repayment of money that should be lent by papists. On the preceding day leave had been granted to bring in heads of a bill to enable papists to take leases for lives, of lands, tenements, and hereditaments. But here they stopped. The Irish Protestants were not yet ripe for measures of an enlarged policy to their Catholic brethren. The session passed off without any measure having been enacted worthy of remark, and was prorogued on the 2d of June 1774. Mr. Flood's attendance in parliament was unfrequent during this meeting; the opposition, of which he had been the leader, gradually fell away, and his resistance to government became every day less and less

* 9 Comm. Journ. 28.

decided. His friends became alarmed, and Lord Charlemont remonstrated with him.

In October 1775, Mr. Flood was gazetted to the office of vice-treasurer of Ireland, and at the same time was made a privy-counsellor in both kingdoms. He had long observed the uselessness of opposition; fifteen years of incessant labour in the cause of Ireland had shown him that nothing was to be achieved for her by resistance to the cabinet, and from the liberal professions of the new government he had formed great expectations. The manner too in which he was supported by those who professed patriotic principles was not satisfactory. "Undoubtedly he had too much reason to be out of humour with some of his associates," says Mr. Hardy; "he began to consider himself as deserted,"* and had also apparently some certainty of being enabled "to serve the public by the adoption of beneficial measures during Lord Harcourt's administration." The same authority also says that "some rays of patriot ambition might have played on his mind when he contemplated such a place as bestowed on *him*, and by his acceptance rendered more approachable to Irish gentlemen, and parliamentary exertions in Ireland. The vice-treasurership had hitherto been given only to men † eminent in parliament or of great connexions, and almost invariably to absentees." Whatever were his motives, they produced a temporary secession of Lord Charlemont from his side; and though they have not been without suspicion on the part of his enemies, his own exposition of them some years afterwards, and the indignity with which his dismissal from office was accompanied (that of striking his name off the privy-council list), are to our minds full and satisfactory evidence that he was a patriot when in power.

On the 10th of October 1775, parliament met. The war of independence was then raging in America, and Lord North was driven to solicit Ireland for troops. Accordingly, on the 23d of November, ‡ Sir John Blaquiere presented a message from his excellency the lord-lieutenant, asking the concurrence of the house to sending out four thousand of the forces to support the American war. The message was referred to a committee, whose report was brought up by

* Life of Charlemont, pp. 182-9.

† His two immediate predecessors had been Lord Hawkesbury and the Earl of Chatham.

‡ Comm. Journ. 219.

Malone, on the 28th, agreeing to the vice-regal request; and on the same day leave was given to Flood to bring in the heads of his patriotic project of a militia bill, for the better defence of this kingdom. In a few days after, the sincerity of motive that induced him to accept the vice-treasurership was put to the test. Mr. Grattan, in his recent life of his father, thus alludes to it :

“ The first speech he made was on the 15th [of December, 1775], and had reference to that celebrated individual, Mr. Flood, his early friend, his future competitor. It was on the petition of the vice-treasurers of Ireland, Messrs. Craggs Clare and Welbore Ellis, who sought compensation for the loss of official fees. In justice to Mr. Flood,* who had just accepted the office, it must be said that he declined to sign the petition ; he always contended that these offices should be brought home, and the evils of absenteeism so far remedied. His idea was that no good could be done to Ireland without taking office ; that the influence of the crown was so great that it was not possible to oppose it ; and that the only way to serve the country was by serving her when in power.”—*Grattan's Life*, vol. i. p. 282.

Parliament was prorogued on the 4th of April, dissolved on the 5th, and met again on the 18th of June, on which day they re-elected Pery to the speaker's chair. On the 20th they were again prorogued, and by several prorogations went over to the 14th of October 1777. The weakness of Lord Harcourt, and the tone of patriotism which he allowed even the members of his government to assume, was not pleasing to the British minister. His lordship was therefore recalled, and in his place Lord Buckinghamshire was sent as viceroy. The country every day plunged deeper and more inextricably into debt ; and even England, after the disastrous defeat and capture of Burgoyne, was scarcely in a condition to relieve herself, much less in a state to confer advantages on Ireland. Some of the continental powers had recognized the right of America to rebel ; had negotiated with her ministers : and, in effect, set Great Britain at defiance. Ireland was threatened with invasion ; she had neither troops nor money ; Belfast applied in vain to the castle for protection against an enemy,—but protection the castle was unable to afford ; and the people universally seeing their governors unable to defend them,

* *In justice to Mr. Flood.* This is but a poor way of stating so praiseworthy a fact.

resolved to defend themselves, and began to organize an armed national guard throughout the kingdom. This was the origin of the volunteers.

On the 12th of October 1779, the lord-lieutenant met the parliament. He alluded to the miserable state of the country, and informed them that there were considerable arrears to be provided for. The address was moved by Sir Robert Deane; and opposed by Grattan, who moved an amendment to the effect that the only method of relieving the country from its unparalleled distress was "to open a free export trade, and let the Irish people enjoy their natural birthright." Flood, *then in office*, opposed the address, and was seconded by the provost in his opposition. He entered largely into a justification of his political conduct, which he said had been much misrepresented. "The office he held was the unsolicited gift of his sovereign, which he had received with gratitude and held with honour: and when the time came when he could no longer so hold it, *he would gladly throw the bracelet into the common cauldron.*" The uncommon beauty of this allusion drew down thunders of applause, in the midst of which Hussey Burgh rose to move the amendment. Flood was at this time seated in the vice-treasurer's place, and exclaimed audibly to the whole house, as a suggestion to the prime-sergeant, "*Why not a free trade?*" The amendment electrified the house; the words were adopted by Burgh, and the motion was carried unanimously. This independence of Flood drew down upon him the censures of the castle; and in the vice-regal dispatches his patriotic conduct is bitterly alluded to. The secretary does not fail to record all his votes against the ministry.

During the remainder of this year, and in the entire of the next, we find the vice-treasurer still in opposition to the government, and voting with the patriots' party. His independence is frequently and bitterly alluded to in the castle dispatches: and on more than one occasion he refused to hold any intercourse with the secretary, Sir Robert Heron. He took every opportunity to liberalize the spirit of his coadjutors,—but where his persuasion failed he had recourse to opposition. Who, then, that considers all this, can with justice asperse the purity of his conduct, or seek to throw suspicion on his character? Certainly no honest man.

In April 1780, the lord-lieutenant thus writes to Lord Hillsborough:—

“The motion respecting Poyning’s law, which I mentioned to your lordship in my letter of the 14th instant, was to have been brought on upon Monday last, having been put off on account of the attorney-general’s illness. Mr. Yelverton moved yesterday in the House of Commons for leave to bring in heads of a bill to regulate the transmission of bills to Great Britain. * * * The gentlemen in opposition who most distinguished themselves in the debate, were Mr. Ogle, Mr. Hussey Burgh, Mr. Forbes, Mr. Bushe, *Mr. Flood*, and Mr. Grattan.”

The motion was lost by a majority of 25; there being for it 105, against it 130.

On the 9th of October 1781, parliament met, and was opened by Lord Carlisle, the new viceroy, with a speech from the throne, in which he congratulated them on the liberal spirit lately manifested by the British senate. The address was passed without a dissenting voice. On the 7th of November Flood gave notice that, in consequence of demands which he had heard proceeding from the administration, and “which if persisted in would demonstrate that the destruction of the nation was resolved upon,” he would bring before the House the state of the kingdom on the following day. This promise he kept; and in an able speech showed the accumulation of taxes and debts to an extent which certainly demanded severe investigation. He was congratulated by Ponsonby, the son of that independent speaker before alluded to, on bursting forth in such a blaze of eloquence, “and particularly in the present case, where nothing but public spirit could induce him to risk the loss of one of the best appointments government could bestow.” His motion was not supported by those who generally advocated Ireland: he was opposed by all parties. The ministerial one, stung by his desertion and attack; the opposition, filled with jealousy and terror lest he might bear away the laurels on which they had set their hearts. He was personally alluded to by Daly in severe language,—and his motion was lost. But he was not put down. Armed as he was with the ægis of truth, and convinced—as indeed all must now be who read his financial statement—that the country was in a sad state, he brought the subject a second time before the House on the 10th. “My ambition has been,” said he, “when out of office not to be factious, and when in office not to be venal.” He alluded in touching terms to the language which Daly had used to him “after twenty years’ service;” and appealed to the House as to the uniformity of his conduct during his whole

life. Daly apologized; and the altercation which promised to turn out disagreeably was amicably ended. Between the 7th and 10th he was dismissed from office, and deprived of his seat at the board of privy-council.

On the 13th of November Grattan brought forward a motion for leave to bring in *Heads of a Mutiny Bill*. This he knew to have been, during the entire of Flood's life, one of the grand objects of his ambition. The records of parliament prove it: his own speech declares it. It appeared therefore ungenerous in Grattan thus to snatch from him his own well-earned fame at the very moment that he was about to shed on it new lustre; for a bill, exactly similar to that specified in the speech of Mr. Grattan, Flood had actually determined to introduce. "He had determined in his own mind, and had even promised to bring it on himself, but finding it now in such able hands, he would relinquish the honour of being its mover, and content himself with the second place of being the supporter of the bill."—(*Par. Debates*, 53.) This was magnanimous,—more so indeed than Grattan expected, and perhaps deserved; but the promise was kept to the letter by Flood, who, in a speech to which Grattan's cannot be compared, whether we take into account the learning, the argument, or the sentiments, seconded the motion. "I would," said he, "speak upon this subject till I fell prostrate upon your floor, had I any hope of being successful!"* The motion was rejected on a division: 133 to 77. On the 22d of November he used the following Chatham-like threat to the slaves of the ministry:—

"Ireland is an independent kingdom; she has a completely free and supreme legislature of her own, and has accordingly a full right to enter into commerce, and conclude treaties with every nation upon the globe. Here I set my foot; can any man deny,—can any man controvert this position? I call upon the host of crown lawyers. Can even the representative of administration deny it? He dares not; and his silence I interpret into acquiescence. If any man will attempt to refute this position by proofs, I will listen to him; but if any shall adduce mere arguments and opinions, I am ready to lacerate and explode them."—*Parliamentary Debates*, i. 84.

Neither the Minister nor the lawyers of the Crown thought it expedient to take up the gage thus offered to them.

On the 18th of December, Yelverton brought on a motion,

* Plowden, i. 542.

that leave be given to bring in a bill for the better certifying of bills to be sent to Great Britain. This was a direct blow at the power of the privy-council, and the bill was intended to be based upon a construction of some English statutes, totally different from that which Flood gave them. It produced a debate, in which Flood shone with great splendour, opposing all the lawyers, and maintaining his views of the statutes with a wonderful boldness. It was not without reason that he complained that this subject also had been wrested from his hands, in the same way as that of the Mutiny Bill. "He had made it his study for twenty years. The honourable gentleman was erecting a temple to Liberty: he hoped therefore, at least, he should be allowed a niche in the fane." The answer given by the latter was pointed; and in verity it forms the sole excuse for an act which would otherwise have been base enough. He said, "The right honourable gentleman had considered himself as having espoused this question; he hoped therefore, though the right honourable gentleman did not allow him to have any knowledge in the constitutional law, he would allow him to know something of criminal law,—that if any man marries a wife and lives with her in constancy, it was a crime to take her away from him; but if a man shall separate from his wife, desert and abandon her for seven years, another might then take her up and give her his protection." The answer was witty, but cannot be deemed satisfactory. True it is, that it could not be said that any man shall or ought to possess a property in any public question; but the sudden broaching of these points at the very time that Flood flashed forth like lightning from the cloud that had so long obscured him, and not till then,—the determination which the leaders of opposition, who had not before so pertinaciously taken up these questions, and perhaps never might have done so, only that Flood expressed everywhere his intentions on the matter, seems so like design, and that design founded on petty rivalry and hatred of another man's glory, that Yelverton, and those who acted like him, cannot be excused. And even though they had turned their attention to them at length, to Flood the great merit was due of having first started them effectually; and it would have been more noble to have supported the veteran patriot when it was known that he *did* intend to come forward, than to rush with schoolboy-haste beforehand to anticipate him in the prize. In his answer to Yelverton (who was much stung by Flood's success over him in a point of constitutional law,

as manifested in the construction of Poynings' act), the latter said, "that he neglected no opportunity of bringing forward the present question; and that when being in office, he had been told that supporting it would be considered as hostile, he had rejected the measure with contempt." Flood would not have ventured to say this if it were not true; had it been false, there were men in the house who would have been delighted to convict him. On the 11th of December, 1782, Mr. Flood entered upon the important subject of Poynings' law; and proved by the clearest, most succinct, and eloquent reasoning, that the interpretation usually given to it was erroneous. He traced its history to the earliest period, and showed that it was never intended by it to take away the right of the parliament, but merely to prevent the governors of Ireland from giving the royal assent to laws that might be injurious to the king's authority. He produced a number of precedents which clearly demonstrated that the clause compelling the submitting of the enactments to the king before they were to receive the viceroy's assent, was merely intended as a restriction on the deputy—not on the parliament. He said that Lord Bacon, who wrote the *History of Henry VII*, and who particularly mentions Poynings, would not have let so great a matter as a total inversion of our constitution escape the accuracy of his penetrating genius. He mentions the law of Poynings indeed, but not this law. Speaking of Poynings, he says: "But in parliament he did endeavour to make amends for the meagreness of his service in the war, for there was made that memorable act called *Poynings' Act*" (not the act we are debating on), but that "whereby all the statutes of England were made to be of force in Ireland; for before (says Lord Bacon) they were not." "NEITHER ARE ANY NOW," exclaimed Flood,—and the reporter has printed the sentiment in full capitals,—THAT WERE MADE IN ENGLAND SINCE." He then moved that a committee be appointed "to examine the precedents and records this day produced, and such others as may be necessary to explain the law of Poynings." If this was granted, he said, he would follow it with another—"To declare from the report of that committee, what the law of Poynings and what the constitution of the country actually were." The motion produced a great debate—a debate which for eloquence and learning may take its stand beside any ever held. The argument preponderated in favour of the view of the law which Flood had promulgated, but power was on the opposing side. The ques-

tion on being put was negatived; Ayes sixty-seven, Noes one hundred and thirty-nine. In the debate an instance occurred of the readiness, yet apparent simplicity, with which Flood silenced personal attacks. Scott, the attorney-general, who bullied every man in the house indiscriminately, had prepared an attack on Flood, which he thus commenced: "I will not give this kind of conduct a name, I will not call it——" Flood exclaimed, "Go on,—I ask no mercy." This sudden interruption threw Scott completely out of his track, and diverging from his intended assault, he could only reply as follows: "Nor do I ask for any mercy but the mercy of good manners, and parliamentary order. I only ask that I may be treated as I treat other gentlemen; but I ask the right honourable gentleman himself, whether it be parliamentary to break in upon a man's discourse every minute, sometimes with a whiff of satire, sometimes one way, sometimes another?" (*Par. Debates*, 174.) It was not usual for Scott to be so foiled. On the same night Flood thus expressed his opinion of the Lord Strafford: "Our liberties were first infringed by the detestable Strafford, but the cries of this oppressed country had pursued and overtaken him; and he earnestly prayed that a like vengeance might light upon every future tyrant who should attack the constitution with the high hand of prerogative, or the slower sap of corruption." (*1 Par. Debates*, 184.) If we bear in imagination the fine appearance of Flood, the soul that sparkled in all his features when he spoke, and animated his gestures, and the uncommon energy with which he gave expression to his sentiments, we shall not be surprised at the thrilling effect which such exclamations had upon his hearers.

Some time about this period it was that the Duke of Chandos informed a correspondent—whose name has not been given—of a resolution adopted by Flood, provided his efforts on this bill should be successful:

"I have heard from good authority that if the English ministry would consent to the darling measure of the volunteers,—an Irish bill of rights,—a proposition would be made in the Irish parliament of the greatest advantage to England. The proposition is, that the Commons of Ireland should vote four ships, of an hundred guns each, to be called after the four provinces of this kingdom, to be presented to the king and parliament of Great Britain, as an earnest of what Ireland would do for her sister kingdom, when by free trade her means shall have been increased. I understand that Mr. Flood is the person who intends to make this motion, and that he

will meet with support from all parts of the house. I wish that persons in power may not stand in the way of so noble a grant."—*Life*, p. 177.

On the 28th of December 1781, the Ulster 1st regiment of Volunteers, commanded by Lord Charlemont, had adopted resolutions severely censuring the corruption of members of parliament, and inviting the other associated volunteers of the country to send delegates to some one provincial town, for the purpose of deliberating on the condition of the country. Dungannon was chosen, and the day named the 15th of February 1782. This was the convention afterwards so celebrated. To obviate any dangerous motions being proposed, Lord Charlemont had a meeting of Mr. Flood and Mr. Grattan at his house, to whom he consigned the task of drawing up the resolutions. The first was proposed by Grattan, and was as follows: "That the claim of any body of men, other than the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind this kingdom, is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance." Flood drew up the second, based on the favourite project of his whole life—the abolition of Poyning's statute: "That the powers exercised by the privy-council of both kingdoms, under, or under colour or pretence of the law of Poyning's, are unconstitutional and a grievance." To these two was afterwards added a third, highly honourable to the memory of Grattan; and the more so, as it was done spontaneously, and without the knowledge of either Charlemont or Flood, both of whom were adverse to Catholic emancipation: "That we hold the right of private judgment in matters of religion to be equally sacred in others as in ourselves; that we rejoice in the relaxation of the penal laws against our Roman Catholic fellow subjects; and that we conceive the measure to be fraught with the happiest consequences to the union and prosperity of the inhabitants of Ireland."

These resolutions were unanimously adopted by the volunteers, the freeholders, the grand juries, the country. They ran with electrical effect through the length and breadth of the land. Protestant, Catholic, Dissenter,—all united, and merged their religious differences in the grand question of INDEPENDENCE. The whole nation was as one man. They were determined to win their rights,—if by law, well; if not, by the sword. Eighty thousand volunteers, animated by one divine spirit, enthusiastic, almost fanatical in the holy cause of freedom, with arms in their hands, and the support of the people to impel them and to sustain, were found to be

irresistible; and accordingly Mr. Grattan moved, on the 22nd of February 1782, in the house of Commons, an address to the throne, declaratory of the rights of Ireland: "That the people of Ireland were free, that Ireland was a distinct kingdom, and that no other power but the King, Lords, and Commons, had any right to make laws for Ireland; that this privilege was the very essence of their liberty, and that they tendered it as they did their lives." This motion was ably supported by Flood, who conjured the house not to remain for one day robbed of their rights, nor to allow the nation to remain an hour subject to foreign legislature.

The English ministry was now changed, and Fox and the Marquis of Rockingham were in power. Lord Carlisle resigned, and the Duke of Portland came over as viceroy on the 14th of April. On the 27th of May he met the parliament, and informed them that measures were in progress to gratify their wishes on the subject of independence. In moving the answer to the speech, Mr. Grattan had inserted a paragraph which was declared by Flood to be highly injudicious. It was as follows: "That gratified in these particulars, we do assure his majesty that no constitutional question between the two nations will any longer exist, which can interrupt their harmony." On this Flood well observed, that the present renunciation of the claims by the ministry of England did not prevent them from resuming it at any future time; that the house of Commons in England had asserted the right to external legislation; and that their present act was founded on "convenience and compact." Even Mr. Fox had maintained this right. He thought the paragraph dangerous, and begged to have it withdrawn. The recorder of Dublin declared himself "alarmed" by it; and Mr. Martin proposed that the words, "all constitutional disputes which existed before this address were done away," would be a more proper one. Mr. Walshe, an eminent lawyer of that period, said that the repeal of the 6th of George I (that subject to which Mr. Grattan had particularly confined himself), was inefficient, was a stopping short. He appealed to the new attorney-general (Yelverton), to declare whether he was not correct in this view of the law. He called upon the legislature of England at once to declare that she had no right whatever to make laws for Ireland.

"With respect," said he, "to the fine-spun distinction of the English minister between internal and external legislation, it seems to me to be the most absurd position, and at this time the most

ridiculous one, that could possibly be laid down, when applied to an independent people. It would be downright tyranny to make laws for the internal government of a people who were not represented in that parliament by which such laws were made. But with respect to external legislation, this right of prerogative or supremacy is clearly annexed to the British legislature. See then how pregnant this doctrine of Mr. Fox's is with mischief,—nay, with absolute destruction to the country. The parliament of Ireland may make laws for their internal regulations,—that is, he gives us leave to tax ourselves. But as to *external* legislation, there Great Britain presides. In any thing that relates to commerce, to exportation, there Great Britain can make laws to bind Ireland. The fair construction of which is this: Ireland, you shall not enjoy your natural and constitutional rights,—that of making the most of the produce of the land; you shall not send your goods to the best and most profitable markets. No, says Mr. Fox, that may interfere with the interests of England,—that may touch the pride of the British legislature. So that by this doctrine England may shut or open our ports at pleasure. See then the absurdity of our situation. Ireland is said to have a free trade; but the key of it is in Mr. Fox's pocket. Ireland is independent, or she is not; if she is independent, no power on earth can make laws to bind her internally or externally, save the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland."—*Parliamentary Debates*, i. 360.

The argument is as clear as light; and we know not why it did not produce an instantaneous effect. The appeal to Yelverton produced no reply. He had been appointed attorney-general by Mr. Fox, in order to *stifle* his bill on the freedom of Ireland and her parliament. The whole thing was a delusion. The address was put and carried, there being only two against it; and instantaneously Mr. Bagenal—we may suppose, of his own free-will, and with no previous communication with the leaders of the English ministry—proposed a grant to Mr. Grattan, the mover of the address which did *not* claim independence for ever. The motion was agreed to.

The duplicity of this entire proceeding renders the memory of Fox ever infamous in Ireland. While he affected to renounce supremacy, will it be believed that his own lord-lieutenant, on the 6th of June following, wrote to Lord Shelburne a dispatch informing him that he hoped in a short time to transmit him "the outlines of an act of parliament by which the superintending power and supremacy of Great Britain in all matters of state and general commerce, will be virtually and effectually acknowledged;" and informing him "that he was flattered with the most positive assurances from

—— and from —— of their support in carrying such a bill through both houses of parliament.”* And all this after the royal message promising “a final adjustment,”—after the fine words of the leaders of the people, and the specious assurances of freedom ratified for ever. We can only say that if this despatch exists, and that the name of Grattan fills up one of the blanks (we have a very strong surmise as to the other), it casts an imputation upon him which all the waters of the ocean cannot wash away. With sorrow we write this melancholy sentence; but until it be satisfactorily cleared up, and those who love Mr. Grattan’s memory should examine the despatch at once, and publish his innocence to the world, we shall be almost inclined to believe the misanthropical aphorism of Walpole, “Every man has his price.” On the 30th of May, Mr. Montgomery of Donegal called the attention of the house to an honourable gentleman—*the best, the most able, the most indefatigable, the most sincere*,† that had ever sacrificed private interest to the advantage of his country. After such a description, he said, he need not name Mr. Flood, who had relinquished the most lucrative office of the state, rather than desert the constitution of Ireland; and as he knew the general administration intended to raise its glory by acting on the most liberal principles of freedom, he gave notice that he did intend to move for an address to his Majesty, that he would be graciously pleased to restore the Right Hon. Henry Flood to the office he lately held; and in this he hoped for the concurrence of the minister. He would not, he said, move for any pecuniary reward, as he knew the right honourable gentleman in question was above receiving an alms from his country. The Right Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick said that he did not intend to give the shadow of opposition to the present motion. It would ill become him to panegyrize a character so highly esteemed in the country, and known to all the countries of Europe. He suggested, however, that the better and more regular way to proceed would be to pray for the removal of the present occupant (a contemptible character named Yonge). The merit of the honourable gentleman was universally confessed; but great as it was, he thought the rewarding of it should be the act of majesty alone. Mr. Walshe thought it would be highly proper in the house by address to pray that every mark of favour might be

* Plowden, vol. i. 381.

† So printed in the Parliamentary Debates, vol. i. 611.

bestowed upon Mr. Flood. Sir Frederic Flood said, that though he was convinced that his honourable relation never would solicit, and he believed never would accept, any employment, yet he knew that a mark of approbation from that parliament who rendered themselves so eminently honourable by restoring the constitution of their country, would be highly acceptable to him. On the 1st of June the subject was resumed, and glowing encomiums pronounced upon Flood's patriotic sacrifice of so valuable an office at the shrine of his country. On the 6th and 7th of June, the bill for a modification of Poyning's law was discussed in committee, and strenuously opposed by Flood. His peroration on the latter of these days—of whom is it not worthy? *

“And now, Mr. Speaker, if I have a feeling in the inmost pulse of my heart, it is that which tells me that this is a great and awful day: it is that which tells me that if after twenty years' service I should pass this question by neglectingly, I should be a base betrayer of my country: it is that which tells me that the whole earth does not contain a bribe* sufficient to make me trifle with the liberties of this land. I do therefore wish to subscribe my name to what I now propose, and to have them handed down together to posterity, that posterity may know there was at least *one man* who disapproved of the temporising bill now before the house,—a bill that future parliaments, if they have power, will REFORM,—if they have not, with tears will DEPLORE.” — *Parliamentary Debates*, i. 395.

The words were fatally prophetic. Alluding to the half-measures with which the parliament seemed then satisfied, he said:

“What is the use of a charter but to defend the rights of the people against arbitrary power?—a half-assertion of your rights will never do. I would not leave an atom of power in an arbitrary council, either English or Irish;—legislation does not belong to them; nor can you ever have a safe constitution, while they interfere. You cannot raise a structure of adamant on a foundation of sand.” — *Ibid.*

And that the Irish constitution was thus, by the folly or the corruption of its managers, laid on sand, whoever has heard of Lord Castlereagh's statute, commonly called the Act of Union, must sorrowfully admit. To that fatal folly we must attribute the subsequent deep-laid plot for the prostration of Ireland, and the bloody horrors of a rebellion,

* This was generally thought to be a sneer at Grattan.

superinduced in order to destroy the constitution. This matter, we repeat, must be cleared up by biographers before they claim for their heroes immaculate laurels. Some have said that the Irish were too magnanimous to have insisted on a full recognition of their right. This is in other words accusing them of being a nation of fools; for to admit magnanimity into treaties of this kind, and to reject common prudence, which must urge both parties to stipulate and bind as firmly as possible, cannot surely be a wise or a safe course. Among the number who ran counter to Flood on this question was Lord Charlemont. From this time until the prorogation of parliament, on the 27th of July, Flood repeatedly brought forward the most convincing arguments in favour of his views on the inutility of simple repeal. To give even an outline of his grand and enlarged views, and to enter into a consideration of the arguments in a manner worthy of their weight, would encroach too much on a space which we have, we fear, already overstepped. We reserve them for a future paper,—probably for our review of Mr. Grattan's life. But those who feel anxious on this subject will find in his speeches all that eloquence demands, and all that the divinest patriotism loves. So angry were government with his opposition, that they turned a deaf ear to the restoration of the vice-treasurership, and the subject was never revived.

In April 1783, was formed the coalition ministry. They succeeded that of Lord Shelburne, which had been formed on the death of the Marquis of Rockingham. The great object of Mr. Fox was to get back to power once more,—and this accomplished, he resolved, by means of his East India bill, to fortify himself there so firmly as to be secure for life, independent of the crown, independent of the people. The Earl of Northington was sent over to Ireland as viceroy. Previous to his arrival, overtures of the most flattering kind were made to Flood to accept office under the new government; and all that could satisfy the highest ambition was unhesitatingly laid at his feet. These overtures, though not official, cannot be suspected of wanting authority. One came from Mr. Malone, who had an intimate connexion with the ministry; the other from his old tutor, Markham archbishop of York. Flood did not accede to either.

In the October of this year occurred his dispute with Mr. Grattan. Flood's exertions for demanding some surer basis of liberty than the simple repeal of a declaratory act, did by no means tend to make him a favourite with

Mr. Grattan; nor did the honours paid to the latter, and which not only to Flood but to a great body of the nation appeared inordinate to the occasion, raise Mr. Grattan much in the favour of his old patron and friend. To Grattan the unlucky fate was assigned of first commencing the quarrel: we regret to say the transaction was little to his glory. When Flood first broached his doctrines as to the inutility of simple repeal, Grattan, in order to stifle them at once, proposed at midnight in the house of Commons, that *any person* who should say the country was not independent, was an enemy to both England and Ireland. This unfair motion was levelled directly at Flood, and the parliament so deeming it, refused to sanction by their vote a personal insult. This was the first overt act of hostility; on the 23rd of Oct. it was more fully developed. Sir Henry Cavendish on this night moved, "That the condition of this country demands that every practicable retrenchment consistent with the safety thereof, and the honourable support of his majesty's government, should be made in its expenses." This motion to lessen the taxation of the people was supported by Flood, and *opposed by Grattan*, who, without any provocation whatever, launched into a phillippic against the bodily ills and political character of Flood. Flood replied with dignity; and without perceiving the drift of his opponent's aim, which was to provoke him into a conflict, calmly reiterated his arguments in favour of retrenchment, but concluded by assuring the hon. gentleman that if he persisted in this mode of opposition, he would not have much to boast of at the end of the session. Grattan then rejoined, not on the spur of the instant, but in a calm premeditated speech, the bitterness of which appeared to most people utterly indefensible. Had it been a sudden burst, born of the irritation of the moment, at taunts which were felt because they may have had foundation, our cooler judgments might be inclined to characterize it as not marked by rancour and malignity; but when we consider that it had been evidently smouldering for a long period, until at length it shot forth like a volcanic eruption, we are disposed to regard it with feelings of another kind. Moderate men were disgusted by it; Mr. Grattan himself is reported to have been afterwards ashamed of it; and such men as the Duke of Chandos gave it even a worse colouring than we think it deserved. His grace writing to Flood immediately after the attack, thus expresses his own opinion, and those of a great and respectable party in England:

“ *Avington, Nov. 9, 1783.*

“ We are most thoroughly convinced that you have been most grossly, maliciously, and enviously attacked and insulted by Mr. Grattan, which nothing can justify, and whose conduct must be reprobated by every one breathing possessed either of good sense or honour. You have acted like a man of honour and feeling, in consequence of his ill-usage ; and to take any further steps, particularly after what had passed in the House of Commons afterwards, would draw down the censure of rashness on yourself. You are amply possessed of the sentiments of the House, by their not suffering him to reply to you ;—that alone was a most full and honourable justification of you, and the severest upon him. * * * *His conduct has been that of an assassin,—an assassin for government, who I suppose is to pay him.* Unprovoked as he was, there is but one way to answer for his conduct. *There is but one opinion here relative to the shameful business*; and whatever glosses hireling writers may put upon his outrage, no man of honour or common sense can have any other than what I have imputed to him above. * * * Be assured Mr. Grattan must lose himself in the eyes of all men and parties ; even his own must abhor him.”—*Life*, p. 221.

In another letter, dated from London, the 12th of November, the writer expresses the same opinions,—that it was not the unprompted act of Grattan, but of the ministry.

“ To corroborate the opinion I took the liberty of giving you in my last, I have the satisfaction of finding every body in the same way of thinking ; *and this morning at the levee it was much talked of, and his majesty expressed his astonishment at the violence.* Every body exclaims at the speaker’s suffering members to run such lengths. Believe me, as an honest man, your honour and character stand perfectly clear in this country ; the attack appears malicious, unprovoked, and unjust, as it is untrue : I do flatter myself that you will see the business in the light I wish, and in which all others behold it. * * * *Yesterday I had much conversation with Lord Temple, who mentioned you in the kindest manner, and expressed the highest indignation at the treatment you met with the other day.*”

When Flood rose to repel the attack, he was interrupted by the speaker, who said that he had listened with great pain to what had occurred between the two hon. members, but could not permit any further discussion on the subject. Mr. Flood then left the house, and instantly forwarded a challenge to Mr. Grattan. On their way to the ground they were arrested by the authorities, and bound over to keep the peace in their own recognizances of twenty thousand pounds each.

But every friend of Flood felt that the matter could not rest here, and that some opportunity should be afforded to him to refute the accusations which had been urged against him. On the 1st of November accordingly he was permitted to continue the masterly vindication of his life, which he had commenced on the night of the assault,—a vindication which triumphantly refutes for ever the voice of slander against this illustrious man, and is one of the most complete, dignified, beautiful, and convincing defences of a character, that has ever been offered to the world. During the entire speech the house is said to have listened with breathless attention: every sentence that he delivered showed his character in some newer and finer light than it had before appeared in. He concluded with this dignified appeal; “Sir, you have heard the accusation of the right honourable member: I appeal to you if I am that suppositious character he has drawn, if I am that character *in any degree*,—I do not deprecate your justice, but I demand it,—I exhort you for the honour of this house, I exhort you for the honour of your country, to rid yourselves of a member who would be unworthy to sit among you.” This speech carried a conviction of his perfect innocence to the mind of every hearer. Immediately after he sat down; Grattan rose to reply, but the house was now satisfied. Sufficient obloquy had been thrown upon the tried patriot, and they were determined to hearken to no more. On the motion of Mr. Edward Newenham they instantly adjourned,—thus virtually giving their sanction to all that Flood had said in his defence. The combatants never again met as friends. Mr. Flood sometime after bowed to Mr. Grattan, and appeared willing to forget all that had passed, but his salute was not returned, and they were parted for ever. On the 29th, Flood moved for leave to bring in a bill for the more equal representation of the people in parliament. He was beaten on a division; one hundred and fifty-eight to forty-nine. Mr. Fox’s East India measure had been for a considerable time previous agitating the English senate, and the Duke of Chandos was anxious that Flood, who had been returned for the borough of Winchester, should take part in the debate. He wrote to him frequently, and importuned him to come to London before it was decided. The Duchess of Chandos also wrote to him, pressing his attendance on the debate. He was expected to do great things; but the star of greatness which had so long conducted him onward in brilliancy now began to wane. In obedience to their invitations he left Ireland, and

having used great expedition, arrived in London on the night of December 3, at the close of the debate on Mr. Fox's bill; and without any intention of making a speech, entered the house simply to vote against it. It was a subject which had already occupied for a considerable period the minds of the greatest men of the day, and to shed any new rays upon it was utterly impossible for human wit. Besides, the reports which had been laid on the table referring to the details of the bill were so complex, multitudinous, and voluminous, that to master even their outlines required no slight application. Flood's determination therefore not to address the house was well and wisely taken: had he adhered to it, and given a silent vote, he might have been a leading man in the new ministry; but the attention of the members flattered his vanity, and unluckily seduced him into the act of delivering an oration. The boldness also with which at the very outset he announced himself as "an independent member," attracted notice while it deprived him of the sympathy of either side. He had purchased his borough from the Duke of Chandos for four thousand pounds; and it was characteristic of the man thus proudly to declare himself free to think and act in the senate of Great Britain. The speech and the reply of Courtenay, so famous, so fatal, are interesting, not in themselves, but in their consequences; and we would willingly insert both but that want of space forbids us to do so. Mr. Wraxall's account of the transaction is as follows:

"Mr. Henry Flood, one of the most celebrated orators in the Irish parliament (who had just been brought in for Winchester), rising for the first time, proposed to speak in the British House of Commons. His appearance produced an instant calm, and he was heard with universal curiosity, while he delivered his sentiments, which were strongly inimical to the East India Bill. Though possessing little local or accurate information on the immediate subject of debate, he spoke with great ability and good sense; but the slow, measured, and sententious style of enunciation which characterized his eloquence, however calculated to excite admiration it might be in the senate of the sister kingdom, appeared to English ears cold, stiff, and deficient in some of the best recommendations to attention. Unfortunately, too, for Flood, one of his own countrymen, Courtenay, instantly opened on him such a battery of ridicule and wit, seasoned with allusions or reflexions of the most personal and painful kind, which seemed to overwhelm the new member."

The baseness of Courtenay's motives in making the attack has been confessed and justified by himself, in a conversation

with Lord Byron; but why the poet should have distinguished by the title of "the orator" a man who never rose, and never sought to rise to a more ennobled position in the House of Commons than that of *primo buffo*, or chief buffoon, is a circumstance which has often excited our amazement.

"When I met old Courtenay the orator at Rogers', the poet's, in 1811-12, I was much taken with the portly remains of his fine figure, and the still acute quickness of his conversation. It was he who silenced Flood in the English house by a crushing reply to a hasty debut of the rival of Grattan in Ireland.

"I asked Courtenay—for I like to trace motives—if he had not some personal provocation; for the acrimony of his answer seemed to me to involve it. Courtenay said, *he had*;—that when in Ireland (being an Irishman), at the bar of the Irish House of Commons, Flood had made a personal and unfair attack on himself, who, not being a member of that House, could not defend himself; and that some years afterwards the opportunity of retort offering in the English parliament, he could not resist it."—*Moore's Life of Byron*.

This story may be true, or it may not; and those who know what Courtenay was, will know how much credence they ought to afford to it. Flood was not the man to attack any individual unfairly, however personally severe several of his castigations may have been; and we have an indistinct recollection of having read some anecdotes of Courtenay, which go to show that the whole career of that excellent toper, poetaster, and clown, would not bear the strictest examination. That Flood attacked him we have no doubt; that he attacked him justly we believe; and that Courtenay never forgave it we know. Shafts of this kind seldom pierce unless they are winged with truth.

But his declaration of independence was destined to injure him in another character also—that of the representation of the Chandos borough of Winchester. Mr. Flood had purchased the borough for 4000*l*. This took place in October 1783; but the parliament was dissolved on the 25th of March, 1784, and Mr. Flood of course had a reasonable expectation of being returned again for the same constituency—as it could not be supposed that for so short a period the Duke of Chandos would have the effrontery to pocket such a large sum as that which had been paid. The duke, however, having found that Mr. Flood would not condescend to be his nominee, and to vote through good and evil according to his grace's intentions, resolved to put an end to their connexion, while he retained the money, and procured the return

of a more compliant member, with the appropriate name of Gamon. This proceeding greatly offended Flood. He felt that he had been cheated of his money and his seat, and he accordingly addressed a remonstrance to his grace on this matter. The duke stated that some conduct of Mr. Flood, relative to the Winchester address, had been complained of by the electors, and that thereby his return would have been rendered absolutely impossible. Mr. Flood, on the contrary, asserted and said he firmly believed that the people of Winchester agreed with his conduct on the address, and inquired how could it be otherwise when his colleague in the representation had acted similarly and was yet member for the place? The duke referred to the recollection of his law agent, for an explanation of the terms on which Mr. Flood had entered on Winchester. This, however, called down the reprobation of the latter, and he spoke in no measured terms of the knavishness of his grace, who had once expressed a wish that Mr. Flood might represent Winchester for life. In vain did Mr. Flood appeal to those principles of honour which he fancifully imagined to have a place in the bosom of the Duke of Chandos. His grace was to be recalled from his purpose by neither honour nor justice; and once the money was safely secured in his breeches pocket, he clapped his noble hand upon the prize, and put his character under his boot-heel.

Only one other mode of redress suggested itself, and to this Mr. Flood was unhappily induced to appeal. Through Mr. Parsons (afterwards Sir Lawrence and Earl of Rosse), he conveyed a communication to the duke, sufficiently explicit to signify what his intentions were, but still affording his grace an opportunity of retracting from the gross conduct which he had committed. The communication having been read, the duke answered that he could give no other reply than that contained in his various letters, and expressed a wish that Mr. Flood should wait for the fourteen days subsequent to the opening of parliament, as some opportunity might happen in the interim to provide him with a seat. Mr. Parsons very reasonably asked whether, if Mr. Flood consented to wait until the opening of next session, his grace would pledge himself to procure his return for Winchester or elsewhere. To this the duke answered in the negative, and Mr. Parsons retired. This interview occurred on the 19th of May, and on the 12th of June, Mr. Parsons again waited on the duke with the same letter indorsed with a message no

longer mistakeable. Mr. Flood had directed Mr. Parsons to read both to the duke, and on the duke's desiring personal satisfaction, to appoint the shortest day for it. The message indorsed was as follows:—

“The within letter signified that as matters then stood, Mr. Flood, if he were to deliver his sentiments, must declare that the Duke of Chandos had acted DISHONOURABLY by him. It is with great pain that he feels this declaration is at length extorted from him.—*June 12, 1784.*”

This was significant enough. But dishonesty unnerves even a brave man: what does it not do with such people as the Duke of Chandos? We copy Mr. Parsons' language.

“To this the Duke answered, that he could only repeat what he had already said so often—that he was ready to give Mr. Flood every assistance in his power to procure him a seat in parliament. Mr. Parsons asked the duke, was that the answer he should take back to Mr. Flood? *The Duke said, he could give no other.* Mr. Parsons then said, he thought it necessary to inform the Duke, as he might have something further to add, that Mr. Flood would be obliged to leave the kingdom in a few days. The Duke's answer to this was, that if Mr. Flood would furnish any friend here with powers to conclude for a seat in his absence, he would do what he could to obtain one for him.—*June 12, 1784.* L. PARSONS.”

—*Life*, p. 307.

The matter ended thus. The pages of biography furnish no similar instance of ducal cowardice, perfidy, and craft.

In 1785 Mr. Flood, after considerable vexation, and having been twice rejected, was returned for the borough of Seaford. In this transaction a spirit of jealousy on the part of Fox was prominently displayed. A proposition having been made on the part of Mr. Flood to Mr. Erskine, then a young lawyer, to canvas the borough with him, the latter assented, provided he could obtain the permission of Fox. The coadjutor of Lord North however refused to listen to such an arrangement, and peremptorily forbade Erskine from having any communication with Flood. He even sent down a candidate against him, and, in common with Pitt, used every exertion to keep him out of parliament. We cannot explain this joint opposition, except on the hypothesis that both Fox and Pitt were influenced by dislike towards a man, who, with abilities equal to their own, had the magnanimity to be independent.

Mr. Flood made his motion for reform in 1790, in the British senate, but was not returned to the next parliament. We have ventured on a surmise as to the cause of his re-

jection by both parties—a surmise which, if well founded, makes one blush for the characters of statesmen. We must not, however, forget his unsuccessful débüt. True it is that many passages of splendid oratory, many great, and profound, and philosophical, and golden truths, are to be found in his subsequent orations; an iron irresistibility of argument, a majestic conception of his subject, maxims of polity, with the wisdom of Machiavelli and the grandeur of Chat-ham. But what did they—how *could* they avail, when both parties united to humble him, and to enjoy his defeat? Even the people, his own countrymen—those for whom he had lived, had laboured, had sacrificed power and worldly honour—neglected him, and sought not his return. Newer men, adventurers, with not half his talents, with no spark of his sturdy honesty, who sold the country and its constitution for the gold of the stranger, these were preferred to Henry Flood. His great spirit drooped under neglect; and though he did not complain of the ingratitude of men who owed in a great measure to his fostering influence the position which they then held in public, though he was too high-minded ever to accuse his countrymen of services forgotten, he must have felt it keenly. It must have embittered his declining years; and he must have often reflected with bitterness of soul on that melancholy aphorism by which the father of Themistocles typified the fruitlessness of labour directed for the benefit of the people: “Look there,” said the old man, pointing to some rotten galleys that lay neglected on the beach; “thus do the people treat their governors when they can do them no further service.” He retired to his estate at Farnley, to brood over shattered dreams of ambition: but his life was not long protracted, for he died on the 2d December, 1791, of a pleurisy, brought on by a severe cold which he had caught in extinguishing a fire in part of his premises.

The prominent features in the character of Flood do not require any deep penetration to discover and delineate them. He was the man who, above all others of his more immediate contemporaries on the Irish stage, possessed the largest, the most capacious, the grandest, and most beautiful soul. The prevailing attribute of his mind was a magnanimity of that ethereal order which we are accustomed to assign to the olden men of Rome and Sparta: a sublime cast of thought that exalted him far above the ordinary range of grovelling humanity: an Olympian fire and majesty of idea which, too

mighty to be wielded by the arm of another, was always its own director, and, disdaining to be led, was ever foremost and most efficient to lead; and this quality, the distinctive attribute of genius, we can discern shining forth in all the phases of his life; so that, take him in whatever point of view we do, we are sure to find him in every one, filling some great part, shedding on it great thoughts, and utterly discarding from his conceptions views, little, narrow, and circumscribed. The boldness, originality, and vigour of his sentiments, and the comprehensive wisdom in which he clothed them,—the enchanting beauty of his understanding,—its subtilty, its refinement, its universality, and its candour,—the style of his oratory, which derives its power and attraction, not from pomp of diction, not from magnificence of imagery, not from the polished antithesis or the laboured brilliancy of wit, but from the condensed energy of argument and nobleness of spirit which it displays,—all mark him out as one of the greatest luminaries the country ever saw; while the unsullied and unsulliable honesty which he maintained to the last in the centre of corruption, must shower upon his name garlands even still brighter than any which mere genius can confer. He was in truth a man who did honour to Ireland; and had he acted on a more extensive amphitheatre, he would have filled the world with his glory, and history with his achievements. This is high praise, and to some it will appear perhaps overstrained; but no man who has contemplated the genius and character of Flood, as both ought to be contemplated, with a sympathy for the cause in which he stood, and the position which he occupied, will deny that it is more than his merits are entitled to. The pride of England will not allow him to stand in so lofty a niche as that of Chatham, nor would France probably accord to him a fame equal to that Mirabeau; but he who is unprejudiced, and studies the man, his actions, and his mind, will not fail to convince himself that, with an equal field for his powers, Flood would have played a part equally influential, but with greater benefits to mankind. Well do we remember the feelings with which, many years ago, when our heart beat more youthfully than now, and our hairs were perhaps of a darker tinge, we paced the painted halls in our own Trinity College, and gazed upon the pictured lineaments of the many fine lights who have adorned our country's annals; and often have we stood before the portrait of Flood, tracing over, in fancy, all that we had thought, and heard, and read of his singular

career. The figure is before us now as vividly as then,—tall, majestic, beautiful, and grave: a fitting impersonation for qualities sublime as his. And though many were around,—many and great and glorious spirits,—yet none rivetted our eye so firmly as that slight, impressive figure, which the artist has depicted as if sternly reproving the enemies of freedom; and by none certainly was our mind more ardently attracted, none were we so warmly disposed to venerate. Nor have maturer years sobered down the enthusiasm which we then felt for Henry Flood. On the contrary, it has been strengthened, not effaced, by time; and there is no character in history to whom we would more readily point as a model for all who aspire to the high ambition of labouring for their country. His dying bequest, consecrated as it was to the honour, the glory, and the benefit of Ireland, must for ever endear his memory in the hearts of a people proverbially grateful for services; but his life was far more glorious, more honourable, more beneficial; for it furnishes a truly splendid lesson of virtue and patriotism to her children in every age: and even now his Spirit beckons from the tomb and points out the shining path-way to all whose heart is in their country, and whose day-dream is her freedom.

ART. V.—“*Why is Ireland exempted from the Income-tax?*”—
English Newspapers, Public Speakers, &c. *passim*.

THE above is a question that has been repeated times innumerable since the first announcement by Sir Robert Peel, in the early part of the recent session of parliament, of his intention not to include Irish incomes,—at least those spent at home,—in the schedules of his then proposed bill, and now *law*, for taxing incomes in Great Britain. As the reference in our text indicates, this question has been asked by English newspapers—newspapers of all parties, and by English public speakers and writers—also of all parties and shades of politics, over and over again; and indeed has by no means ceased to be so at the present time. Neither is it likely that we shall not hear of it again and again. The contrary will rather be the case. As yet the income-tax imposed on Great Britain has not, although duly passed through both houses and sometime since assented to by the queen, been brought into active operation. But when it shall be-

come a substantial reality, as it very soon will; when its grievances and vexations begin to be practically and continually felt, we may expect to hear, with even tenfold iteration, the cry, at present almost parrot-like in its repetitions, of "Why, oh why is Ireland exempted from the Income-tax?"

We shall endeavour to supply an answer;—and it may be a saving of time to state at once that that answer is to the effect, that Ireland is not only rightly exempted from the income-tax, but that the proposed increase of her stamp duties is unjust; and, in short, that any addition to her present taxation will be not only an injustice in itself, but an injustice upon an injustice, viz., upon what we trust to prove to be the crying injustice of her present high scale of taxation.

These are bold assertions, especially in the present temper and state of opinion of the British public. But we trust fully to justify them. It may be remarked that we do not here seek to fortify any part of our position with the defences that Sir Robert Peel has set up against the general attack upon the Irish portion of his financial plan. He has declared that his main reason for not applying the income-tax to Ireland was, his fear that it would be unproductive in that country; or, what is equivalent, that it would not produce more than enough to cover the expense of the creation of "*a staff*" for its collection,—no such staff existing there at present. We throw away also the advantage we might take of his declaration, that he expected to derive from the duty he has imposed on Irish spirits, and the equalization he proposes of the Irish stamp duties with those of Great Britain, an additional revenue in Ireland fully equal to her due proportion of the additional revenue sought to be derived by the whole of his plans from the entire of the United Kingdom.

We do not avail ourselves of answers such as these to the question in the text of this paper. We go direct to the broad principle, that it is unfair and unjust to increase the taxation of Ireland; and upon that issue we address ourselves to do battle.

A very little reflection will convince our readers, especially our English readers, from whom particularly we are anxious to obtain attention, that it is fitting that this subject should be now debated. Like everything that has been left long in doubt and dispute, its unsettled condition has produced, and, if left so, must continue to produce, irritation and heartburnings between the two countries. In both countries convictions are strong upon it, and convictions of the most opposite nature.

In Ireland the position we have taken up is stoutly maintained; and there are bitter complaints of the unfairness of our existing imposts. In England, on the other hand, perhaps the most popular subject that can be broached is that of increasing the taxation of Ireland. "Ireland is, and has been a burthen to us. She is, and has been treated with over-favour, while we have had to pay for her as well as for ourselves. Tax her therefore! and tax her again, until her burthens are equal to ours, as reason and justice alike demand!" So crieth with one voice whig, tory, and radical, in England;—differing wide as the poles from each other on all other points, on this alone they meet and agree; and thus for once agreeing, "their unanimity is wonderful!"

There can be nothing more natural than this outcry, however little consistent it may upon examination be found to be with the principles of reason and justice, to which it so confidently makes appeal. At first view nothing can appear fairer than the proposal to equalize taxation throughout the empire; and the perception of its fairness is much sharpened by the constant goadings of the imposts which the people of Great Britain conceive they exclusively endure. And if anything were wanting to strengthen the impression against the supposed existing exemptions of Ireland, it is furnished by the declarations of more than one writer or speaker, from the latter country itself, to the effect that Ireland is too lightly taxed, and that she has truly been a burthen to Great Britain.

What degree of belief the Irishmen who have made these declarations did themselves attach to their own words, or with what motive or motives they gave utterance to them, is a question that, although much canvassed in Ireland, cannot rightfully be considered germane to our present subject, even were it worth a discussion. The real question at issue is simply this: Is there justice in the project of adding to the taxation of Ireland, or is there not?

It must be evident that the sooner this question is set at rest the better. It is all-important in the case of Ireland, as, if her plea of rightful exemption be sound, its establishment may lead to the remedying of the injustice which in that case the present taxing scheme would be shown and proved to be inflicting upon her; and she would likewise be saved from the future taxation that Sir Robert Peel, in his speech on the Budget, did in no ambiguous terms forewarn her of, in the event of any considerable increase of expenditure upon the Chinese and Affghan expeditions. It is also unquestionably

of importance to the other branches of the empire, and would be so, even were there no financial discussion at present before parliament. As we have before remarked, much mutual ill-blood is generated by the conflicting assertions on both sides of the Channel upon this ill-understood question—ill-understood, as it evidently is, from the general absence of facts and references to support the assertions respecting it. Under these circumstances every person must agree in considering it advisable that whatever facts and references can be given upon either side, ought, once for all, to be produced; and so the means be supplied of coming to a well-considered and final decision and agreement upon the whole matter in dispute.

To do our part towards this most desirable end is the object of the present paper. But previously to entering upon the argument, one embarrassment must be removed, that is caused by an injudicious and inconsiderate mixing up of this question with that of the repeal of the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland. The latter question, whether argued by supporters or opposers, is of far too great magnitude, of much too high and vast constitutional interest and importance, to be treated as an affair of pounds, shillings, and pence; and although undoubtedly in the details of the discussion upon it, the subject of financial relations cannot be omitted, yet neither can those relations be considered as forming more than a part, and by no means the most important part of the extensive whole that will then be under debate. The advocates of repeal hold that complete justice cannot be done to Ireland without the accomplishment of their favourite measure: but they do not hold that minor and collateral grievances are not remediable in the interim. On the other hand, those who are for the permanence of the legislative union will not be found to deny that there may be some defects in the international arrangements between the two countries, under the provisions of the Act of Union; and that, without at all affecting the validity of the act just mentioned, there may be remedies and improvements introduced into those arrangements. It is in this point of view that the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland may be fairly brought under consideration at present; and it is in this point of view accordingly that we proceed to investigate them.

The first step to be taken for this purpose is an obvious one. It is to ascertain the exact nature of those legislative provisions upon which the present system of international arrangements in matters of finance is declared to be founded.

The subsequent part of the inquiry will be comprised in an examination into the justice or injustice of those provisions, and the manner in which they have been carried into effect.

To begin then with the beginning. The existing system of financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland is founded upon the act 56, Geo. 3, c. 98, commonly called the Consolidation Act; being that by which the exchequers of the two countries,—their respective debts, liabilities, &c.—previously kept separate and distinct,—were declared to be consolidated and rendered joint, from and after the 5th day of January 1817. Thenceforth both countries were to contribute indiscriminately to the indiscriminate expenditure, with no measure but that of their ability, as indicated by the productiveness, or otherwise, of the same taxes imposed upon each. Now, as this indiscriminate expenditure involved of course the annual payments on account of the debt of Great Britain, which greatly exceeded in amount that of Ireland, it becomes necessary to examine into the reasons assigned for thus so much increasing the liabilities of the latter country. To do this properly, we must take a short review of the state of things existing previously to the Consolidation Act.

Among other promises held out to Ireland at the period of the legislative union, she was assured, that when united to Great Britain, she would be considerably less taxed than if she remained separate. A very distinct and indeed grossly obvious violation of this engagement, would have been the calling upon her to contribute thenceforward to the payment of the national debt of Great Britain, which enormously exceeded that of Ireland. The former, upon the 5th of January 1801, when the Act of Union came into operation, amounted to 446,386,000*l.*, being the aggregate of both species of debt, unfunded as well as funded. The debt of Ireland at the same period was no more, including both kinds, than 28,545,000*l.* The more convenient way of dealing with the subject of the debts, in our further progress, will be to take them as represented by the annual charge or interest to which either country is and has been liable upon their account. In this way the amount of British debt given above was represented by the sum of 16,600,000*l.* annual charge, while that of Ireland bore a charge of 1,194,000*l.* Lest we should be at all considered to mix up our present subject with the merits or demerits of the measure of the Union, we abstain here from the proofs we could otherwise abundantly adduce, that even this amount of Irish debt, small as it was compared with that

of Great Britain, was not all rightfully due by Ireland,—a portion of it having, during the preceding seven or eight years, been run up in a manner perfectly unjustifiable.

The above statements of the respective debts of both kinds, in either country, are taken from an official paper, printed by order of the House of Commons in the year 1824, and bearing the sessional number 256.

Dealing, then, with these amounts as the just and established liabilities of either country at the period of the Union, let us see what were the arrangements then made respecting them.

The prime agent and mover in the financial, as well as in the other parts of the transaction, was Lord Castlereagh. He it was who led on the assault against the liberties of his country,—but this is trenching upon ground we have excluded ourselves from. Avoiding, then, any view of his deeds or misdeeds, save the financial, we shall simply say, that he it was who proposed, defended, and ultimately carried, in the Irish Parliament, the regulations as to the revenues, debts, and future expenditure of the two countries; and we shall accordingly take his own words, where they are available, to assist in explaining these regulations.

On the 5th of February 1800, in dilating upon them, he spoke as follows:—

“In respect to past expenses, Ireland was to have *no concern whatever with the debt of Great Britain*, but the two countries were to unite as to future expenses, *on a strict measure of relative ability.*’ He should have considered it a most valuable circumstance in this arrangement, if the countries could have been so completely incorporated as not to have had distinct revenues,—a part of the system of the Scots’ Union which had been felt to be of such importance, that a great effort was made to equalize the circumstances of the two countries for that purpose. England had a large debt—Scotland had none charged upon her revenues; an accurate calculation was made of the sum to be paid to Scotland, to justify her in accepting her share of the debt, and the sum was paid accordingly by England. The taxation of the two countries was accordingly fixed at the same proportion, except in the instance of the land tax, which was fixed at a different ratio, because the land tax in England was imposed so unequally, that had Scotland paid in the same rate as the nominal land tax of England, she would really have been taxed much higher than her just proportion. He mentioned this to show the pains which had been taken to incorporate the two countries, as well in point of finance as other circumstances; but in the present situation of these countries this part of

the system could not be adopted. Great Britain now paid in taxes for interest on her debt, ten millions annually : [it was nearly 17,000,000*l.* for funded and unfunded debt in the January of the next year, according to the parliamentary paper ordered to be printed 15th April 1824 ;] for any proportion of this she could not call upon Ireland, nor could she offer, as in the case of Scotland, any equivalent ; *it was therefore absolutely necessary that the respective debts of the countries should remain distinct*, and, of course, that their taxation should continue separate."

To carry out this view of matters, the following were the provisions of the Act of Union. Article VII of that act, which was the article immediately relating to our present subject, provides in its first clause, that the debts of the two countries contracted before the union, shall remain separate charges upon each, save as thereafter provided. Clause 2 enacts, that for twenty years after the Union, the respective contributions to the common expenditure of Great Britain and Ireland should be defrayed in the proportion of fifteen parts for Great Britain and two for Ireland : that at the expiration of the said twenty years, if the proper time for consolidation of the exchequers, revenues, debts, &c., had not arrived, the foregoing proportions of contributions to the common expenditure should be revised ; and that further and other revisions might take place from time to time, at periods from seven to twenty years, until the consolidation should be found practicable ; after which event there should no longer be any separate payments of any kind, but the two countries should contribute indiscriminately. Four clauses of minor and collateral provisions then follow, and then comes the clause which announces the contingencies, under which it was declared the consolidation might and should take place. To this clause we beg to draw the especial attention of our readers. It provided :—

"That if, at any future day, the separate debt of each country respectively should be liquidated, or if the values of their respective debts should be to each other in the same proportion with their respective contribution (*viz.*, fifteen parts for Great Britain and two for Ireland), and if it shall appear that the respective circumstances of the two countries will thenceforth admit of their contributing indiscriminately, by equal taxes imposed upon the same articles in each, to the future expenditure of the united kingdom, it shall be competent to the parliament of the united kingdom to declare that all future expense, together with the interest and charges of all joint debts contracted previous to such declaration, shall be so defrayed indiscriminately, by equal taxes on the same

articles in each country, subject only to such particular abatements in Ireland or Scotland as circumstances may appear to require."

We pass over the not very explicable specification of the proviso for the future common payments on account of "all joint debts incurred previous" to the contemplated contingency. A law-point might be raised, that this specification itself, of a particular species of debt, implied by its very particularity, that other species of debts, for instance, the separate debts incurred previously to the Union, not being mentioned in the clause in question, were not to be included in the consolidation. But passing mere points of verbal construction, we come to points of sense and meaning.

The first thing that must strike the mind on perusal of the above legislative provisions, is the absence of any assignable reason why,—even on the occurrence of the *casus fœderis* in question, viz. the coming of the two debts into the relative proportion of fifteen to two,—it was, or would be just to consolidate debts, contributions, &c., and so to make the less-encumbered country subject to equal liabilities with the country whose debt would still so far exceed her own. Reason there has not been, and there cannot be, assigned for this; but undoubtedly there was a pretext, or, to use a word more significant in common parlance, a pretence. This was set forth as follows in the speech of Lord Castlereagh, to which we have already referred:—

"Ireland, under the Union, will be considerably less taxed than if she remained separate.....The proposed Union will give her in aid of her peace establishment, half a million, and in aid of her war establishment, a million annually..... Great Britain raised a great proportion of her war expenses within the year; Ireland had not ability to do so: the consequence of which was, that Ireland must, if she remained separate, get into debt much faster in proportion than Great Britain."

To strengthen this latter assertion, he alluded to the great increase of the Irish debt from 1792 up to the time at which he was speaking: stating that in the former period it was, to the British debt, only as one to twenty-six, whereas then it was as one to thirteen. He, however, totally omitted to say that this increase was mainly caused by the expenses on account of the Rebellion; which history has long ago established to have been fostered by the British government (or, at least, not crushed as soon as it might have been), with the view of creating a state of things which should give a colour for carrying the measure of legislative union. The whole

cost of putting down that rebellion was saddled upon Ireland, when certainly the empire should have borne a part; and the expenses of it were needlessly exaggerated by the enormous military force poured into Ireland, and maintained there, after all shadow of necessity for their presence had ceased. But this is again trenching upon the general discussion of the Union, so with the foregoing single and unavoidable remark, we shall pass the subject of the nature of Ireland's *ante-Union* debt.

The extract we have just now given from Lord Castlereagh's speech, shows the pretence that was put forward to justify the prospective subjection of Ireland to all the liabilities of the heavily-embarrassed sister-countries. We shall see as we go on how far it has been verified. In the mean time, such being the justification advanced for what otherwise should be confessed to be most unfair, even though only in prospect, we shall proceed to examine how this important relative proportion of the two debts was proposed to be attained. To speak of its being attained by the *increase of Irish debt up to the required point*, would have been directly contradicting the specious statements just made, of the great financial advantages Ireland was to derive from the Union. How then was it proposed to be attained? Why, in the only proper, and rational, and justifiable way;—that is, by the *reduction* of the British debt down to the required proportion. The following were Lord Castlereagh's words upon this point; in the same speech from which we have already quoted:—

“.....It was not impossible that at some period not very remote, Great Britain should liquidate so much of her debt as to descend in point of debt to nearly her proportion, with respect to Ireland” (*viz.*, as 15 to 2), “and SHOULD THIS EVER OCCUR, *it would be right to leave to the united parliament a power of fixing the same scale of reduced taxation for the united kingdoms*”!

Can words be stronger than these, to intimate that it was the *reduction of British debt*, and not the *increase of Irish debt*, that was to bring on the *casus* of the consolidation? Reason, justice, and the distinct words of the proposer of the measure, thus unite to establish this conclusion.

The fact appears scarcely credible, though unfortunately not to be for a moment controverted, that the consolidation was brought about by those very means which at the Union were considered too monstrous to be even spoken of, and which must ever be considered monstrous: namely, by the

enormous increase of the debt of Ireland. History can scarcely record anything more flagitious than this proceeding. It was flagitious in its origin; inasmuch as the exorbitant increase of the debt of Ireland was in consequence of her inability to meet the rate of contribution imposed upon her at the Union, to the common expenditure. That rate,—viz. two parts for Ireland to fifteen for Great Britain, or two-seventeenths of the united contribution,—was admitted by Lord Castlereagh, at the time of the Union, to have been rather arbitrarily fixed, and was most strongly and indignantly denounced in both houses of the Irish parliament. We need not go into any proofs of our own to show its injustice, as we shall presently have to record the confessions to that effect, made in the imperial parliament by members of the government. But the flagitiousness of this tyrannical exaction was as nothing compared with the iniquity of making the effects of that exaction the excuse for perverting the provisions of the Union Act, and imposing upon Ireland liabilities, which it was declared in 1800, that it would have been unjust to put upon her, without the compensation of advantages which had never accrued.

We proceed to detail the history of this shameful transaction. Between the Union and the consolidation, various committees of the imperial parliament sat upon the subject of the financial relations between the two countries. It is impossible to peruse the records of their proceedings without being struck by the evidences of one design, one intent, pervading them all: viz. the design and the intent of hastening on the consolidation, without much regard to that part of the contingency that was expected to be in favour of Ireland. “Rem, rem, quocumque modo, rem!” seems to have been their motto. This animus is distinctly visible in the proceedings of the committees of 1811, 12, and 13, preparatory, as it were, to its full and entire and final development in the report of the committee of 1815. The committee of the year 1811 actively assisted the increase of Irish debt, by recommending that “the payments since the Union, made to corporate bodies, or individuals, in Ireland, in respect of any city or borough, which may have ceased to send members to parliament in consequence of the Union, should *not* be considered as a *joint* charge;” thereby throwing upon Ireland, directly and openly, the last remaining item of the extravagant purchase-money of her parliament; the other enormous item, viz. the million and nearly a half expended in personal

bribery, as well as the millions wasted in military expenses, having been quietly saddled upon her before. This last charge thus openly put down to her account, and unjustly too,—for surely the rest of the empire ought to have borne some share of the cost of a measure which was asserted to be an advantage to the whole,—amounted to nearly 1,300,000*l*.

The other committees chiefly busied themselves with calculations as to the proportions the debts of the two countries bore to each other, and a good deal of argument is wasted in their reports upon what they affected to consider a great constitutional question, namely, whether the terms of the union act would allow of the consolidation being affected, if the actual moment of *projection*—the very instant when the debts came to bear to each other the required proportion of fifteen to two—were not seized upon for the purpose. They affected great anxiety lest a question should be raised upon the practicability, legally speaking, of effecting the consolidation *after* the proportion had been obtained, should that proportion chance to be *more* than obtained, viz. should the Irish debt come to bear a higher proportion to the British than two to fifteen. This earnestness was put on and assumed, to blind the public mind to their total neglect of examining into the real causes of the monstrous increase of Irish debt, and their total omission of considering the second provision, without the existence of which the consolidation could not be legal, according to the act of union. We allude to the provision—“And if it shall appear, that the respective circumstances of the two counties will thenceforth admit of their contributing *indiscriminately* to the general expenditure, &c. &c. . . . This was not taken into consideration at all, until the meeting of the committee of 1815; and yet it is as important a proviso as any one contained in the act of union, and is, to use a legal phrase, a “*condition cumulative*,” that is, a condition additional, upon the first condition, that the debts should be to each other as fifteen to two. The committee of 1815 did indeed allude to this second condition; but, as it would seem, only to outrage it. They pursued the same mock perquisition into the self-suggested quibble of the other committees; and while they thus assumed, with regard to one point (at best quite beside the real question), such nicety of discrimination, they slurred over a consideration of the most vital importance,—that which was contained in the second condition of which we speak. The following was their method of dealing with it:—

“It remained then for your committee to consider, whether or not ‘the respective circumstances of the two countries would henceforth admit of their contributing indiscriminately, by equal taxes, to the future common expenditure, subject only to such particular abatements, in Ireland and Scotland, as circumstances may appear to require.’ It is well known that parliament has not hitherto extended to Ireland the most productive of the British taxes. In other respects, the taxes of Ireland are not fully equalized with those of Great Britain, particularly in the excise, where some important branches are protected from any increase before the year 1820, by the act of union;—and in stamps. But on the other great heads of revenue—customs and assessed taxes—they have found a very near approximation. And your committee cannot but remark, that, for several years, Ireland has advanced in permanent taxation more rapidly than Great Britain itself, notwithstanding the great exertion of the latter country, and including the extraordinary and war taxes. Under these circumstances, it is manifest, no practical benefit can result from maintaining a fixed proportion of expenditure, when that proportion has rapidly carried the debt of Ireland, from a state of great relative inferiority, into a growing excess.”—p. 12, committee of 1815.

They proceed to recommend, on these accounts, the measure of consolidation.

The manner in which our readers understand the meaning of words, must decide what their opinions upon the foregoing may be. The meaning we attach to the proviso, as to the “respective circumstances” appearing such as to justify an approach to equal taxation, is, that their ability to bear it was equal, or nearly so. Yet, in the foregoing extract, there is not a word about ability. All that is spoken of is, the approximation of *rates* of taxation; not, be it remarked, of *produce* of taxation, even relatively speaking. How far the promoters of the consolidation themselves were from considering that this relative ability existed, can be gathered from the admission of no less a personage than Lord Castlereagh himself, when he and his colleagues, in the Month of May 1816, were proposing that measure. His words were:—

“Ireland had increased in debt more rapidly than England, owing to the great local advantages of the latter country, and the facility she had for raising loans *from the taxes she was able to bear*. *Had Ireland been capable of similar exertions*, she would not have run so rapidly in debt.”—*Hansard*, vol. for May, 1816.

Neither do the opinions of others upon the same occasion savour much of a belief in this ability. In quoting those opinions now, we beg to direct attention, amongst other

things, to the remarks they contain upon the rate of contribution imposed upon Ireland at the union, and the consequences of it.

Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, now Lord Fitzgerald and Vesey, and president of the Board of Control, then chancellor of the Irish Exchequer (an office that existed up to 1817), was the member of the government charged with the introduction of the measure of consolidation. In performing that duty, he remarked:—

“I hope it will not be said to-night, that Ireland throws a great burthen on the rest of the empire to save herself. Oh, no! believe me, she has not been backward in her exertions. The necessity of reviewing the act of union has been produced *by the sacrifices she has made, doing her best to keep pace with you.* You contracted with her for an expenditure *that she could not meet.* She had been led to hope, that her expenditure would be less when united to you than before. In the fifteen years preceding the union, it amounted to forty-one millions, but in fifteen years after the union, it swelled to the enormous amount of one hundred and forty-eight millions! The increase of her revenue would have more than discharged, without the aid of loans—an expenditure greater than that of the fifteen years preceding 1801.....The contribution imposed upon Ireland was greater than she ought to bear.....She has absolutely paid more in taxes than seventy-eight millions; being forty-seven more than her revenue in the fifteen years on which her contribution was calculated.”—Vide *Hansard's Debates*, May 1816.

Mr. Leslie Foster, the late Baron Foster, of the Irish bench, a member connected with government, followed Mr. Fitzgerald, and imitated him in ascribing the bankrupt condition of Ireland to the oppressiveness of her rate of contribution. He thus described her increase of taxation, in her vain efforts to meet that rate: “The taxation of Ireland at the union was £2,440,000; in 1810 it had risen to £4,280,000; in 1816 it was 5,760,000. *In fact, taxation in that country had been carried almost to its ne plus ultra.*”

Let us, before going further, anticipate here a possible, but, as will be found upon examination, a very untenable objection, that may be made to the inference we consider plainly deducible from the foregoing, that inference being, that Ireland had shown her want of ability to bear taxation at all in proportion with England. To this it may be said, that, in the extract we have given from the committee of 1815, there is a clear allusion to the absence in Ireland of taxes the most *likely to be productive*; and that the intention of the movers of the consolidation was, by that measure, to

annul, legally, the restrictions which the union act placed upon the imposition or increase in Ireland of rates upon some "important branches of taxation;" and when that was done, that their further *intention* was, to compensate Ireland by the repeal of certain *more oppressive* and *less productive* taxes at that time existing. To ascertain if this were done, or if the materials existed for doing it, it requires only to examine the general state of the imposts of Ireland then and afterwards. Taxes upon the following productive articles were the same in both countries, viz. tea, sugar, tobacco, wine, coffee, foreign spirits, cotton, yarn, and wool, raw and organzine silk, foreign bar-iron, timber, besides a multitude of others. The committee of 1815 confess, as will be seen in the extract before given, that the customs' duties were very nearly the same,—and certainly the rates on all articles of importance were the same. While the committee were sitting, the Irish malt duties were assimilated to the British. The items we have enumerated, included those which in the second clause of the seventh article of the act of union are provided to be, in their respective quotas of production in the two countries, the elements of a comparison on which any contemplated future revision of the rates of contribution to the general expenditure should be founded. We are therefore justified in considering them as the branches of revenue rightfully to be taken as the most productive. In all these, then, there was equality of rates. In assessed taxes, the committee confess, that the same was altogether or nearly the case. What, then, were the exemptions of Ireland? Stamps; the small value of which, as articles of revenue to be had from Ireland, may be estimated from the fact, that, in the present day, when Ireland (if we are to believe some theorists) is so much advanced in prosperity, the whole present amount of produce from stamp duties, though rates have been increased since 1816, is only (as by the finance accounts) £447,500 for Ireland, while Great Britain's payments are £7,295,900; and that all that the chancellor of the exchequer expects to get from the assimilation of the Irish to the British rates, is, according to the budget, but £160,000 in addition; thus making, not one-eleventh part of the British receipts. But there were "important branches of the excise" unequal up to 1816. The chief articles of these were—hops, glass, paper, bricks, and soap. We got our hops, and we continue to get them, from England, and the English grower has the duty remitted to

him, by drawback on exportation to Ireland:—so that to have put duties on hops in Ireland would not have lightened the English burthens, while the hop growers of that country would have suffered from our diminished consumption. The same as to soap, with the exception of a circumstance unfavourable to Ireland, viz. that not only had the English maker the benefit of the drawback of duty, but that he absolutely got a *premium*, inasmuch as in originally paying the duty he was remitted one-tenth of it for waste; while the drawback given him on exportation was of the *full and unabated amount* of the duty. In bricks, glass, and paper, as well as in several minor branches of excise, either the same system of drawback had been allowed upon the quantities exported to Ireland (quantities which, in most cases, comprised the whole of the Irish consumption of those articles); or where no drawback existed, the result did not essentially differ, as the English exporter, lacking the reimbursement of the drawback, included the duty in his price to the Irish consumer, who, therefore, was and is the person who really paid and pays the duty upon the articles in question! The apparent exemption of Ireland, was and is, therefore, a nullity, and even worse; for the money thus coming out of Irish pockets, goes to the credit of the English revenue of excise, and helps to swell that excess of British general revenue over Irish, which is sometimes cast in our teeth as a proof of the indulgence it is asserted we have been treated with.

We have lost some time in anticipating this shallow objection; but we have to deal with crafty opponents, who, not being able to storm the main points of our position, seek everywhere about for crannies where to creep in and turn it. With fair antagonists, it would have been enough to have taken stand upon Lord Castlereagh's open declaration of our inability, as compared with Great Britain.

As to the idea of "*compensation*" to Ireland, by the remission of "unproductive" but oppressive taxes, it is sufficient to say, that, not only has Great Britain had, as we shall show hereafter, by far the greater proportion of relief of taxation, but the fact is, that the only important remission to Ireland was that of the assessed taxes, which were given up because they failed to be productive. That failure, however was not merely on articles on which the humbler classes and the body of the people paid,—such as hearths and windows,—but, as we shall also show hereafter, upon objects of luxury,—such as carriages,

servants, and down even to *packs of hounds*. The disuse of these was in itself a strong proof of the poverty of Ireland.

We have, therefore, as we trust, established the inability and weakness of Ireland in 1816. We have also brought forward unimpeachable evidence of the injustice of the rates of contribution imposed at the union. On this latter point, we may add one short testimony more,—that of the present chancellor of the exchequer, the Right Hon. Henry Goulburn. In 1822, when speaking on a motion of Sir John Newport's, relative to the financial grievances of Ireland, Mr. Goulburn used these words:—"The union-contribution of two-seventenths for Ireland, to the expenditure of the empire, is *now allowed on all hands* to have been *more than she* was able for."

Nothing more assuredly need be said as to the injustice with which Ireland was treated on this point when the countries were legislatively united. Neither can stronger testimony be required to the effects of that injustice. It caused the monstrous increase of the Irish debt in the interval between the imposition of the oppressive rate and the year 1817. That our readers may see what that increase was, we will give here the respective amounts of the debts of each country in 1801 and on the 5th of January 1817, together with the annual charge,—premising that the amounts in each case include unfunded as well as funded debt, and the statements of annual charge include the charge on both kinds.

GREAT BRITAIN.			IRELAND.	
	Debt.	An. Charge.	Debt.	An. Charge.
5th Jan. 1801.	446,380,000	£ 16,600,000	£ 28,545,134	£ 1,194,000
5th Jan. 1817.	733,470,000	27,750,000	112,685,150	3,927,227

—*Par. Paper*, 256 of 1824.

Thus the British debt did not double in the interval, while that of Ireland increased nearly four-fold.

It is no straining of an argument, but an inevitable conclusion from the premises laid down by the quotations we have given, that as the means by which this excessive increase of Irish debt was created were unjust, that excess itself is

unjust, and should by no means be considered as part of the rightful liabilities of Ireland.

The progress made in our subject up to this may be summed up as follows:—

1. That in 1800 a union in financial matters, between Great Britain and Ireland, was declared to be impossible, owing to the great excess of British debt over Irish.

2. That such financial union was provided for at a future time, upon the occurrence of two contingencies,—first, that the debts should come to bear to each other the proportion of fifteen for Great Britain to two parts for Ireland; the second contingency, equally necessary with the first, was, that the respective circumstances of the two countries should admit of uniform taxation, or taxation as nearly so as possible; a state of things which could only rightly occur by a great increase of ability on the part of Ireland.

3. That the first of these contingencies was to be attained by the reduction of British debt.

4. That this first contingency was wrongfully declared to have occurred in 1816,—as, although the required proportions of the debt had been attained, they were so not by the promised reduction of British debt, but by the unjust and exorbitant increase of Irish debt.

5. That the second contingency was not taken into consideration at all, and plainly did not exist.

6. And finally: It follows from all this that the Consolidation was an unjust measure, proposed and carried in direct violation of most important provisions of the Act of Union.

In this summary we have not included the point as to the violation of Lord Castlereagh's Union-promise, that we should be less taxed, &c.—as that point will come better into the general summary we purpose giving at the end of our examen of the Consolidation Act and its consequences.

What was done being thus unjust, it remains to be seen what ought to have been done in 1816. Our answer is, that the proportions of contribution thus unanimously condemned ought to have been altered, and a lower rate exacted from Ireland; giving her at the same time relief from the unjust excess of increase of her debt. There was a difficulty indeed in the way of revision, inasmuch as the Union Act ordained that twenty years should pass without revision, or any alteration, unless the contingencies under which the consolidation of the exchequers, &c. was to be effected should occur in the

interval. But when a greater difficulty, viz., that of carrying the Consolidation against the spirit and meaning of the Act of Union, was so little thought of, a less degree of boldness would have sufficed to get over that which we have mentioned. It was a plain and, only too probably, a wilful defect in the Union arrangements, that an earlier period for revision had not been provided. However, if this difficulty were insurmountable, very little additional mischief to the empire would have resulted from letting matters go on as they were until the regularly fixed period of revision had arrived, viz., the year 1820. The war with France was over, and the general expenditure had, even in the year 1815, diminished. The general expenditure for 1814 was 132,748,000*l.* In 1815 it fell to 122,604,000*l.*, being a diminution of 10,144,000*l.* In 1816 it again fell and was only 94,798,000*l.*, being 27,806,000*l.* less than the preceding year; and in 1817 there was a further decrease of 26,000,000*l.*, the expenditure that year being only 68,710,000*l.* After that year up to 1820, the expenditure remained about the same amount. From 1814, therefore, there was an aggregate decrease of 64,000,000*l.*; and from the period when the Consolidation of the Exchequers was debated, namely, just after the finance amounts for the year ending 5th January 1816 had been presented, there was a net decrease of 53,000,000*l.* This would of course have lessened the amount of exactions from Ireland, although they still would have been most oppressive. But the fact is, a Revision ought to have been specially enacted, under the extraordinary circumstances of the case.

We now come to the consequences of the Consolidation. It was professed to be a measure of relief to Ireland, then groaning under grievous burthens. Let us see how far the facts have borne out the professions.

By the provisions of this Act, not only were the exchequers consolidated, but all arrangements as to proportionate contributions were done away with; and both countries were in future to contribute simply as much as they could, by equal taxes, so far as that equality was possible. Ireland therefore was at least nominally to be relieved of the rate which had been confessed oppressive. A further benefit to her was to be the taking from off her shoulders of the whole amount of increase of her debt between 1800 and 1817, viz., 2,733,000*l.* This was to be consolidated with the debt of Great Britain: a matter rendered the easier as all the borrow-

ings of Ireland, since the Union, had been in England. These two provisions comprised the benefits that Ireland was considered to receive from the consolidation of the exchequers; and were and have been loudly vaunted at the time and subsequently, down to the moment at which we are writing.

If however we can show that, although relieved from the pressure of an unjust increase of her original debt, she has been made responsible for, and to the utmost of her ability compelled to contribute to, the greatly superior original British debt; and if we further shew that, under a strict interpretation of this boasted relief of Ireland by the assumption of her post-Union debt by Great Britain, the latter will yet be found to have in fact indemnified herself by exacting from Ireland two-twelfths of the general expenditure, instead of the condemned two-seventeenths; and again, that even supposing that post-Union debt was not all taken off the shoulders of Ireland, but shared between the two countries in what might be called a fair proportion, that under even such an arrangement, the payments exacted from Ireland to the general expenditure will be found to have been, on an average, equal to the said condemned proportion of two-seventeenths,—then, in the case of establishing those facts, we shall leave little pretence of benefit to Ireland from the measure of the consolidation of the exchequers. All that then can remain for the advocates of the latter measure, will be to show, if they can, that the unfairness of those proceedings has been compensated for to Ireland by remission of taxation greater than what was conceded to Great Britain, and by lavish grants and loans of public money, also much exceeding what was similarly spent on the sister country. On these points, too, we shall endeavour to meet, and trust utterly to rout them.

To see if fact and reason justify us in our first position, viz. that Ireland is made responsible for the British debt,—that is the British original, as we have called it, or ante-Union debt,—let the reader peruse the following statement:—

Annual Charge of the British Debt contracted } before the Union,.....	£16,600,000
Ditto ditto of the Irish Debt, similarly contracted,...	1,194,000
<hr/>	
Excess of British liability,	£15,406,000

Apparent Exclusive Taxation of Great Britain as per finance accounts, year ending 5th Jan. 1842.		Drawbacks, Repayments Allowances, &c.
“ <i>Excise</i> ” on hops, bricks, soap, sugar, post-horse duty, and licences,.....	£1,700,000	£188,000
Excess of duty on home spi- rits from higher rates than in Ireland,.....	2,200,000	
“ <i>Stamps</i> ” on Newspaper Supplements, Medicine, cards, dice, stage & hack- ney coaches, &c. &c.....	560,000	} About 70,000
Excess of receipt from higher rates on other items of stamps,	500,000	
Land and assessed taxes, ...	4,700,000	
	<hr/>	
Total,.....	£9,660,000	£258,000
Deduct drawbacks, &c.....	260,000	
	<hr/>	
Remain net apparent exclu- sive taxation of Great Britain,	£9,400,000	

We have used the word “apparent” in stating this “exclusive” taxation, because it is not all really exclusive. Ireland pays under some of the above heads. Money is sent by Irishmen to effect marine insurances in Great Britain; and cards, dice, and other small articles subject to stamp-duties, are imported from thence into Ireland. We take a very low calculation indeed of what these indirect payments by Ireland may be when we put them down at about 40,000*l.* In addition to this, we may take at the least 100,000*l.* as the per-centage benefit which the British exchequer receives from the expenditure of the millions of the Irish absentee rents annually spent in England. There is no regular return of the amount nor indeed any means, approaching to accuracy, to enable us to form a judgment as to these absentee rents; but the opinion of all men of intelligence and statistical research in Ireland concurs, that at least 3,500,000*l.* is thus drained from Ireland,—a sum equal to more than three-fourths of her annual revenue; and this exclusive of the money taken out by those who are only occasional absentees, such as the Irish members of parliament, &c. It will be seen that 100,000*l.* is a very moderate per-centage to take for the benefit the British exchequer must receive from the expenditure of these

millions. This sum, with the 40,000*l.* before stated, are, *pro tanto*, uncredited contributions of Ireland, and not by any means the only uncredited payments by her, as we shall hereafter make appear. We take these now separate from other uncredited payments, because these are payments under heads on which Ireland is not supposed to pay anything at all, whereas the other uncredited payments are upon articles on which her rates of duty are equal to the British. Deducting therefore, as we have a right to do, this 140,000*l.* from the before-stated amount of "apparent exclusive taxation" of Great Britain, we have the net and real amount of the latter, viz., 9,260,000*l.* Deducting this, in its turn, from the before-given amount of exclusive British liabilities, over and above similar liabilities for Ireland, we have the sum of 6,146,000*l.* which Great Britain ought still to provide separately for, but which, by the Act of 1816-17, she has acquired the power, *and uses it*, of compelling Ireland to assist her in paying.

What now becomes of the ten thousand times repeated taunt, that every Irishman, who has been much in England, or given attention to English writings and speeches, must have continually encountered—to the effect that Great Britain bore a vast burthen of exclusive taxation, to the undue exemption of Ireland?

We have now to show that however the arrangements in 1816 may be taken, Ireland will be found on the average to have been compelled to pay at the least according to the condemned and denounced union-rate of contribution, which it was pretended that the consolidation would relieve her from. Before laying this branch of our subject open to the reader, it is necessary to explain the grounds on which in the calculations which follow, we claim an amount additional upon the annual stated revenues of Ireland, under the title of uncredited taxation. In the preceding account we have alluded to this subject, on which we now enter in more detail.

Ireland has, for many years, received a large proportion of her consumption of foreign articles through English ports, instead of directly into her own ports. The consequence has been, as in the case of the articles of excise that we have before mentioned, that the amount of duty being paid in England, is there of course credited to the British revenue; while it is in fact an Irish contribution to the taxes of the state. To enter into very accurate details upon this point would be of no advantage to compensate for the difficulty, arising from the shifting regulations that have affected those receipts. One

instance of the variations may be given in the case of the article of *tea*, which after having had the duties paid upon it in Irish ports for a while, was for some years charged with the payment of them in English ports; but has now been restored to the old practice again. The regulations affecting other articles have varied in the same manner; some more and some less. To pursue each therefore through its various windings, would be a task of great toil and of little or no useful or needed result; when we have other means of forming an estimate of this uncredited taxation. The late Lord Congleton, whose work on Financial Reform, although containing several misstatements and delusions on the subject of Irish finance, &c., is considered a book of reference, confessed that the amount uncredited to Ireland of her contributions to the general taxes was at least 300,000*l.* per annum. He made however a gross error in this calculation, as at the time he wrote the foregoing, Irish tea-duties, to the amount of between 400,000*l.* and 500,000*l.* were paid in British ports; and ought therefore to have been added to the sum he mentioned; making it 700,000*l.* instead of 300,000*l.* There was, further, the benefit to the British exchequer from the expenditure of the absentee rents—say at the least, 80,000*l.* per annum,—and further an average sum of about 65,000*l.* quit and crown rents (see Par. Papers 266 of session 1834, and 222 of 1842), making in all, nearly 900,000*l.* annually: for which Ireland got no more credit than did the island of Japan. Nay, as we have before remarked, these very payments went to increase the apparently enormous disparity between the revenue of Great Britain and her own; and thereby to subject her to an insulting and unjust comparison; to a pitiless increase of taxation, whensoever it might please Great Britain to put it on; and finally, to a denial of her fair share of the remission of taxes.

We do not mean to say that this was the average amount of her uncredited payments since 1817. Our case would be injured by exaggeration. When tea was allowed to pay duty in Irish ports, the 400,000*l.* or 500,000*l.* upon it ceased to be an uncredited payment, and went directly to swell the Irish Revenue. But we contend that Lord Congleton understated the amount exclusive of the tea-duties. A writer who wrote in his spirit, viz: that of endeavouring to show that Ireland had rather been treated with indulgence than with injustice in financial matters, Mr. William Stanley, in his *Facts for Ireland*,—a work composed directly to win a prize

promised some years ago by Lord Cloncurry, to any person who should make out the best case against the assertions of those terrible fellows, the advocates of the Repeal of the Union, found himself compelled to admit that this uncredited taxation of Ireland was 340,000*l.* annually—thus exceeding the estimate of Lord Congleton by one-eighth. And he, like the nobleman just named, omitted the tea-tax, then paid in British ports, the per centage of benefit on absentee expenditure, and the quit and crown rents. But we would give the reader means of his own to form some opinion of the real amount of the unacknowledged payments of Ireland. Let him simply turn to the finance accounts of the year, and look to the pages which give the details of receipts of Customs' Revenue, in Great Britain and Ireland respectively during the year just past, viz., the year 1841. We will give specimens of the comparison that can be instituted between them.

CUSTOMS RECEIPTS, YEAR 1841.

Articles.	Great Britain.	Ireland.
Cheese	£136,029 ...	£24
Cotton manufactures.....	8,000 ...	1
Cotton Wool.....	529,772 ...	19
Indigo	37,272 ...	16
Medicines, Drugs, and Spices	117,500 ...	3,900
Gums of all kinds	15,919 ...	1
Foreign Books	8,425 ...	88
Artificial Flowers, Furs, &c.	33,500 ...	5
Madder and Madder Root.....	13,500 ...	32
Iron	27,000 ...	700
Various Foreign Fruits.....	48,300 ...	800
Foreign Spirits of all kinds	2,380,000 ...	25,000
Turpentine	77,100 ...	0
Molasses	193,175 ...	371
Rice	36,000 ...	1
Leather Gloves	26,197 ...	1
Silks—Raw, Waste, Thrown, East India } manufacture, and otherwise	303,825 ...	136
Oils, exclusive of Castor	83,000 ...	260
Dye and hard woods, as Logwood, Maho- } gany, &c.	54,000 ...	1,400
Hides—tanned and untanned	58,500 ...	1,650
Articles under the head of "All other } articles imported"	90,142 ...	1,455
Total.....	4,167,000 ...	34,000

The comparison might be pushed further; but the articles we have enumerated are enough for our purpose. It can scarcely be contended that the stated amount of Irish payments upon them marks accurately the Irish consumption. If this be held, then a triumphant argument for not taxing Ireland must follow, as it will then appear how ridiculously small her ability is: almost all the above articles being articles whose consumption strongly indicates, according to its degree, the greater or less prosperity of a country. With regard to foreign spirits, the small amount for Ireland cannot be attributed to the spread of temperance, as that admirable movement has made no way among the classes who in Ireland consume foreign spirits. Taking, then, the consumption of Ireland, under all the heads we have enumerated, to be, not as one to one hundred and twenty-two—which is the proportion of the respective values in the statement—but as even no higher than as *one to fourteen*, Ireland will be found to contribute 297,000*l.*, from which, if we deduct her acknowledged and stated payments, viz. 34,000*l.*, we have 263,000*l.* remaining, as the amount of her uncredited taxation on articles of customs. If to this we add the 140,000*l.* which we spoke of in a former calculation as uncredited on Irish payments on items of stamp duties in Great Britain, and on the per centage benefit to the exchequer of the latter by Irish absentee-expenditure, and further add the crown rents, we shall have the following sum to transfer from the credit of the British revenue to that of the Irish, viz. :

Customs.—Uncredited payments by Ireland.....	£263,000
Stamp.—Ditto, and per centage on absentees	140,000
Crown Rents, last year, as by parliamentary paper of this session	} 72,000
<hr/>	
Total uncredited Irish payments.....	£475,000

It is our belief that the uncredited payments by Ireland have been much higher during a long series of years; and, on looking over the old finance accounts, it will at once be seen that they certainly never were lower during the twenty-five years since 1816. Their amount, as we said before, was for several years swelled by an average 450,000*l.* upon tea, and by payments upon sugar; a portion of which latter payments are still made in Great Britain, as we import from thence all the refined sugar that we consume, and some of the raw sugar. There are no means of ascertaining this amount at present. However, in the *Irish Railway Report*, a much and

deservedly lauded compilation, our import of refined sugar was calculated to be, in 1835, about 49,000 cwts. This, at the 24s. duty on raw sugar, must have produced 58,000*l.*—say 60,000*l.*, throwing in the raw sugar also imported. If we take this amount to represent our consumption at the present day, it will be a serious addition to the amount we have set down above. We come to our deduction. Under all the circumstances of this weary detail, will it, or can it be considered extravagant in us, to demand for Ireland credit for an average annual sum of 400,000*l.*, in addition to the actual credited revenue of that country during the twenty-five years since the year 1816?

To those who will take the trouble of following us, and in their progress will examine the documents to which we make reference, it must become apparent, that in all cases we state within the mark, as we have done, for instance, in the point we have been just reviewing. Our idea and purpose have been to take the case as strongly against Ireland as possible, and proving, as we hope we do, that even so taken the injustices done her are undeniable,—thereby to establish them beyond all power of cavil.

Having now cleared away the necessarily preliminary matter, we proceed to show what Ireland has paid since 1816.

“Average of the respective Revenues of the United Expenditure, and of the annual charge of the United Debts of Great Britain and Ireland, from 1816 to 1842.

British Average Income.	Irish Average Income.	United Expenditure.	Charge of United Debts.
£50,071,330	£4,580,473	£53,198,413	£29,363,422

From this amount of *British* income there is to be deducted the sum of 400,000*l.* for the uncredited payments of Ireland, and this sum is *to be added* to the *Irish* income. The account will then stand thus :

British Income.	Irish Income.	United Expenditure.	Charge of Debts.
£49,671,330	£4,930,473	£53,198,413	£29,363,422

Now, if the boast of the defenders of England's policy, who assert that she, at the consolidation of the exchequers, did *bonâ fide*, take on her shoulders the unjust increase of the Irish debt, be allowed, it will follow that Ireland must have had *only* her union-amount of debt to provide for ever since: viz. an annual charge of 1,194,000*l.* This, subtracted from her average of income, will be found to leave a surplus of the latter to the amount of 3,736,473*l.* which has gone to England as the Irish contribution to the common expenditure. The amount of that common expenditure can be found by subtracting the average united charge of debts from the average united total expenditure, and to the sum so found, viz. 23,834,931*l.* the Irish contribution does not indeed bear the condemned proportion of two-seventeenths; but it does bear the far higher and more grievous proportion of two-twelfths. Thus in this first case, Ireland has had no real relief; as, although no longer called upon to pay to an amount of debt confessed to be unjust, her rate of contribution in other ways has been increased and forced up to the very uttermost point that it could possibly be raised to. We take the second case now, viz., that of an arrangement and apportionment between the two countries of the increase of the Irish debt. It is here necessary to compare the increase in both countries, taking their debts as we said before to be most conveniently represented by the annual charge in each case.

The annual charge on the British debt in 1801, was 16,600,000*l.* And on 5th January, 1817, when the consolidation took place, it was 27,750,000*l.*, which was an increase of 67 per cent.

The annual charge on the Irish debt, in 1801, was 1,194,000*l.* And at the consolidation it was 3,930,000*l.*, being 229 per cent increase.

This disproportionate increase was on all hands confessed to have been caused by the unfair rate of contribution imposed on Ireland by the Union, and therefore was an unfair increase. Had her debt increased only in the same ratio as that of Great Britain, it would not have been more than 1,993,980*l.*, leaving an excess of 1,936,020*l.*, which is the amount of the *totally* unjustifiable increase of Irish debt. If, instead of consolidation in 1817, the Union-rates had been continued, and the above unjust increase of the Irish debt had been put on the two countries in the proportion of those rates, the result would have been as follows:—

From the twenty-five years' average of United Expenditure, viz. : 53,198,413*l.*, subtract the same average of the joint annual charge 29,363,422*l.*, and remains the expenditure common to both, 23,834,991*l.*

Debt charge, Ireland, at Union was	1,194,000
Added 67 per cent increase up to 1817	799,980
Further additions 2-17ths of the unfair excess of increase	227,766

Total debt charge, Ireland..... £2,221,746

But the Imperial debt charge in 1817 was	£31,680,000
And is now no more than	29,450,144

Therefore there has been a reduction of 2,229,856

Of which Ireland ought to have 2-17ths to her credit; viz. £262,336: which sum subtracted from her charge as stated above, reduces the latter to	£1,959,410
To which add 2-17ths of the common expenditure	2,804,116

Total average expenditure of Ireland	£4,763,526
Which sum, deducted from her income before stated, leaves a surplus of the latter	£166,947

The total surplus of the average united income, over the average united expenditure, for the twenty-five years, was 1,403,390*l.*; therefore the surplus just stated in the case of Ireland, has borne the high proportion to that of Great Britain of one to seven.

We trust we have shown what we proposed to do in this branch of our subject; and demonstrated, beyond the power of cavil, that in whatever light we view the financial arrangements at the consolidation, their result has not been to diminish the exactions from Ireland. The power that measure gave of drawing indiscriminate contributions from Ireland has caused every shilling of her revenues, after payment of her debt-charge, to be drawn away to England without count or measure. And the same power would equally cause the abstraction from Ireland of every farthing of additional revenue that could at any time accrue, Ireland being, by the consolidation, pledged in all her resources present and future, and mortgaged in every acre for the enormous amount of the English national debt. Until the latter be paid off in full, not one penny can Ireland expend upon purposes of her own,

no matter though her revenues were to become ten-fold or twenty-fold more fruitful than they are at present. Not one tax can she take off, or reduce, by means of a surplus, in any year;—all must go to England there to be applied, after due provision for the imperial expenditure, to the liquidation of the British debt.

Where then are the advantages to her by the change of arrangements in 1817? It is said that one good result has been the complete opening of the British market to the Irish cattle and provision trade. This market was however accessible to a considerable extent previously; and even had it not so been, its opening was a benefit to the mass of consumers in England to quite as great a degree as it was to the exporters in Ireland. And in so far as the latter have had benefit from it, the whole of Ireland has been made to pay for it, by the annihilation of the Irish manufacturing industry, in consequence of its not being able to bear competition with the immense capital and long established skill and experience of the British manufacturers.

We may appear to have in the calculations just stated, established a point against ourselves, by showing that Ireland has since 1817 paid at least the 2-17ths proportion, whereas previously she was unable so to do. It may be said that we thus prove an increase of ability on the part of Ireland to bear taxation. But this ability is only apparent. It has not been caused by improvement in the resources of Ireland; but has been the simple consequence of the immense reduction of expenditure since the war. We have alluded to this reduction before; and therefore need now only add, that the calculations which were put forward at the time of the consolidation to show the inability of Ireland, were made upon an expenditure which, though somewhat reduced from that of preceding years, was still (according to the finance accounts just then presented, for the year in which that measure passed, viz. the year 1816), 122,604,986*l.*; an amount that in the succeeding year was found to have fallen nearly twenty-eight millions; and the year after to have further fallen twenty-six millions. And even the exaggerated expenditure of the year 1841, has been no higher than fifty-four millions; thus showing a total reduction of expenditure since the year 1815, of no less than sixty-seven millions. Had the proposers of the consolidation been really disposed to act fairly towards Ireland, they ought, at the least, to have given her one year's

trial under the system of extensive reduction of expenditure. But the plain fact and truth would seem to be, that they were afraid to give Ireland any opportunity of escaping the tremendous liabilities, with which they were about to saddle her. And this feeling and motive of theirs, were rendered the more active just then, as the united clamour of the people of England and Scotland, compelled ministers to give up in that year the income tax, which produced in 1815 a sum of sixteen millions. An additional reason was thus supplied to get by one means or the other, the security of the resources of Ireland to the public creditor of Great Britain; and the perfect and uncontrolled command over those resources; so as not only to drain them to the fullest extent of their then capacity; but to ensure the power of doing so to the fullest extent of any future increase of that capacity. These powers and the doing away of the necessity for Great Britain to tax herself separately to the amount of 16,600,000*l.* for her ANTE-union debt,—(a necessity which we have before shown to be most certainly obviated; Great Britain paying but nine millions of separate taxation), constitute the chief and prominent advantages—and most truly important advantages they are,—which Great Britain has reaped from the act of 1816.

There can be no doubt that Ireland ought unanimously to have protested against these injustices before now. There have been desultory and unsupported attempts at an attack upon them at different times—but no general well-concerted attack and exposition has been made by any number of the Irish members acting in concert. Undoubtedly there were many sufficient causes for this inertness. The country was first palsied by the terrorism that prevailed at and for some years after the union. Then came the exciting and all absorbing question of religious freedom, which for nearly twenty years was hotly and unremittingly debated. Since the passing of the emancipation act, there has been a tendency to return to questions of national importance—but party politics and private interests have much impeded it. As to the question of finance, an additional difficulty has existed in its intricacy. But the time is come now when it imperatively requires to be grappled with. England is beginning again to increase her expenditure; and the complete control which the illegal consolidation act has given her over our Irish resources, has enabled her this year most unjustly and most unfairly to increase our taxation, and will enable her in the next, and in

succeeding years, to put the screw on tighter and tighter, till the overstrain shall defeat its own purposes, and we be plunged into a second national bankruptcy. The manner in which the first, viz., that in 1816, was brought about, we have already partly exposed, from the statements of the government of the time. There is additional testimony to be brought forward, which should not be without its weight now, when we have to dread a similar event.

The great efforts of Ireland to keep pace with Great Britain, were thus spoken of by the finance committee of 1815:—

“Your committee cannot but remark, that for several years Ireland has advanced in permanent taxation more rapidly than Great Britain herself, notwithstanding the immense exertions of the latter country, and including the extraordinary and war taxes. The permanent revenue of Great Britain increased from 1801, when the amounts of both countries were first made to correspond, in the proportion of $16\frac{1}{2}$ to 10. The whole revenue of Britain (including war taxes), as $21\frac{1}{4}$ to 10, and the revenues of Ireland as 23 to 10.”

Notwithstanding these efforts, the Irish debt kept rapidly increasing. In the year in which the committee made this report, 1815, the Irish debt increased 16,600,000*l.*; and the next year the Consolidation Act was passed, professedly to save Ireland from total bankruptcy. The late Lord Sydenham, when moving, on the 26th of March 1830, for a committee for a revision of taxes, spoke thus of the taxation imposed upon Ireland:—

“A case is established in the instance of Ireland which is written in characters too legible not to serve as a guide to future financiers, —one which ought to bring shame on the memory of its authors. The revenue of Ireland in 1807 was 4,378,000*l.* Between that year and the conclusion of the war, taxes were successively imposed, which, according to the calculations of Chancellors of the Exchequer, were to produce 3,400,000*l.*, or to augment the revenue to 7,700,000*l.* The result was, that in 1821, when that sum,—less about 400,000*l.* for taxes repealed,—ought to have been paid into the exchequer, the whole revenue of Ireland amounted to only 3,844,000*l.*, being 533,000*l.* less than in 1807, previous to one farthing of these additional taxes having been imposed. Here is an example to prove that an increase of taxation does not tend to produce a corresponding increase of revenue, but, on the contrary, an actual diminution.”—*Hansard's Debates.*

The assessed taxes were given up in Ireland because they

were failing of production. The last receipt on them was under 300,000*l.* And notices to discontinue objects of this taxation were yearly increasing. From 1816 to 1820 these notices were (by parliamentary papers 258 of 1816, and 142 of 1819), as follows:—

Carriages.	Horses.	Servants.	Hearths & Windows.	Dogs.	Packs of Hounds.
5,584	4,031	1,806	66,440	2,038	4

From all this, it is plain that Ireland made, or rather, was compelled to make, great efforts, and that the result was that those efforts proved too much for her, and failed of their object. It is a great hardship that men will not consider that what is but a trifling exertion for a rich country, may be a most serious and exhausting one for a country that is poor. It is an especial and most crying grievance that a comparison should be instituted at all between this country and Great Britain, when that comparison is limited to the amounts of income, or lists of taxes, and does not include any statement of the resources, or details which explain the respective abilities of the two countries. The late Mr. Ricardo, whose writings upon political economy are so well known, stated in 1819 that enormous as has been the increase of burthens in England, consequent upon the expensive and protracted contest then recently terminated, yet the ability of England had outgone them,—that her resources had even multiplied under them,—and her capital increased. He instanced the roads, canals, harbours, &c. daily constructed or in progress of construction, and the new and bold commercial enterprises every day entered upon, as proofs of the life and activity of her industry, and the great and increasing amount of capital which gave it that life. Since then, commercial enterprise has certainly not receded; nor can the increase of capital be doubted, when we reflect on the enormous expenditure upon railroads. Where are the signs of a similar activity in Ireland? What are her public works?—matters executed through the grudging charity of Parliament. Where are her railroads?—Two short lines, with difficulty kept open. Where are her canals?—Two in all, and neither of them making returns beyond their expenses, and both constructed BEFORE the Union. In what state her people?—In appalling destitution. Her middle classes?—Breaking down every day into the class beneath them and disappearing. Her commerce?—A mockery: harbours fit to receive and shelter the largest navies may be seen tenanted by a few colliers, or coasting

sloops laden with potatoes, and here and there an emigrant ship to bear away those of her starving peasantry who hope to find in a foreign country that opening for their industry which the exhausted condition of their native land cannot afford them at home. As to the manufactures of Ireland, they are scarcely a name. We shall have occasion presently to allude again to them, and therefore shall not dwell on the subject now. In one word, where is the *capital* of Ireland?—Four millions of it, a sum equal to her net acknowledged revenue, are drained away by absenteeism. Two millions more may be said to go away by the uncredited payments of Ireland which we have already noticed,—by the expenditure out of Ireland of salaries of offices and of pensions on the Irish list, and above all, by the annual sweeping off to England of every shilling of surplus revenue. But we scarce need go on multiplying proofs of the drained condition of Ireland. We might have contented ourselves simply by quoting Sir Robert Peel's own declaration, that a main reason with him for not imposing the income-tax in Ireland was, that its produce would do little more than pay the expenses of collection! A summary argument and proof is also afforded us by the fact, that although Ireland pays equal taxes with Great Britain upon articles that produced forty-four millions out of the fifty-three millions of the imperial revenue, the produce of those taxes in Ireland has been only four millions: that is to say, a poor one-eleventh of their produce in the wealthier country.

Before leaving altogether the subject of the taxation of the two countries, we must refer—and indeed should have done so earlier—to the indulgencies which our antagonists in the present argument so confidently state to have been conferred upon Ireland, in a manner and to an extent quite beyond what England has enjoyed, and far more than enough to compensate her, it is said, for any matter of complaint she may pretend to have. These indulgencies are,—1. In the remission of taxation; 2. In the quantity of public money spent upon her; and 3. In her exemption from assessed taxes. The latter we have already shown to have been taken off simply because they were ceasing to be productive: but in order utterly to destroy all argument upon them, we shall compare the amounts of relief respectively that Great Britain and Ireland have had under their head. We begin with the remission of taxation:—

RELIEF OF TAXATION FROM 1815 TO 1842.

Great Britain	£42,000,000
Ireland.....	2,300,000
	<hr/>
Excess of British Relief	£40,700,000

TAXES IMPOSED SINCE 1815.

Taxes imposed in Great Britain	£6,900,000
Ditto in Ireland	900,000

Thus the relief given to Ireland was only one-nineteenth part of the whole relief of taxation, while her share of the taxes imposed was one-eighth.

Assessed Taxes, Ireland, reduced 1818 ...	£240,090
Ditto Ditto, repealed 1816 to 1823 ...	296,000
	<hr/>
Total Relief to Ireland,	£536,000

ASSESSED TAXES, GREAT BRITAIN.

Reduction in Amounts since 1816	£2,584,514
Repeal of various Taxes since 1823	2,594,688
	<hr/>
Total relief to Great Britain	£5,179,202

—*Sessional paper, 305 of 1842.*

The account of grants and loans to the two countries stands as follows: parliamentary paper, No. 540 of 1839, gives—

“Returns of all sums from whatever source and under whatever description, voted or applied either by way of grant or loan, in aid of public works in Ireland since the Union, including the expense of all commissions and surveys, and all sums advanced for roads and for employment of the poor.”

Total amount in 1839	£8,828,141
Additions up to 1842, as per finance accounts	285,866
	<hr/>
Total Ireland	£9,114,007

A return similarly worded, No. 305 of the present }
year, gives for Great Britain..... } £15,661,405

The Irish return includes 900,000*l.* in grants to public institutions, as to which there is no corresponding statement in the British return. The Irish return further includes a sum of 500,000*l.* granted by the Irish parliament, of course previous to the Union. The advances to Ireland were generally at 5 per cent. although government got the money at

3½ per cent. The British advances were generally at 4 per cent., and the following British advances bore no interest:—highland roads and bridges, 60,000*l.*, other purposes, 32,000*l.*, Thames tunnel, 234,000*l.*

Repayments of public money by Great Britain (see finance accounts)	£3,560,886
Ditto ditto, by Ireland	5,526,822

But somebody will say, “Oh, this is all very well; but however you may turn it and twist it, the fact is, we in England have had to pay money for you several times, and, doubtless, in quantities far more than sufficient to balance all that you have now stated.” Anticipating this remark (which, by the way, is one that too frequently closes discussions between individuals of the two countries on the subject of their financial relations), we have looked into the most recent of the parliamentary documents just referred to, and we find the following statement:—

REMITTANCES OF PUBLIC MONEY TO AND FROM THE IRISH AND BRITISH EXCHEQUERS, FROM 1800 UP TO 1842.

From the Irish to the British Exchequer	£25,995,453
From the British to the Irish Exchequer	7,495,862
Excess of Irish remittances	£18,949,591

—*Sessional paper* 305 of 1842.

There are writers who put forward statements of the exports and imports of Ireland, with a view of thereby showing her prosperity, and of course her increase of ability. It is not, however, a mode of arguing that will be found, on examination, to be fraught with much conviction. The exports and imports of any country afford a very doubtful test of her wealth and resources, unless it can be shown that an active home-market is co-existent with them. Unfortunately, this cannot be shown to be the case in Ireland. Her home-market can scarcely be said to have any existence. And this grand deficiency is not made up by the character of her exports, as compared with imported articles. She sends out corn, cattle, and provisions: articles of trade whose value bears a very inadequate proportion to their bulk, and the producing of which requires the least amount of human labour. On the contrary, the imports of Ireland are all of articles upon which much labour and skill have been expended, and which are proportionately valuable, as—articles of dress, the more artificial articles of food, and objects of luxury.

The free access to the Irish markets has enabled the British exporters of these articles to meet the Irish merchant and manufacturer at home, and, by their superior capital, to drive the Irishman nearly altogether out of trade. The ruin of the Irish master-manufacturer involves, of course, that of the Irish artizan, and this operates again upon the agricultural labourer in Ireland: as so many more are driven to seek employment on the land, the sources of employment being dried up that existed formerly in the manufactories. Hence proceeded the ruinous and desperate competition for land,—high and exorbitant rents,—ruin to the tenant,—expulsion of him by his landlord,—despair,—and, only too often the last terrible result, agrarian outrage and murder, in the “wild justice of revenge;” and the dismal scene closes with the atoning sacrifice of the life of the wretched murderer,—who never might have known crime or shame, had his country not been deprived of the means of affording adequate opportunities to the honest industry of her children.

Even taking the comparison of mere exports and imports, without any enquiry as to home market, or relative value of articles sent out or brought in, there is not much to show the most moderate degree of prosperity. The last semi-official statements on this subject are in the second Report on Irish Railways,—a compilation made with the very utmost care, labour, and attention, by the late deeply-lamented Mr. Drummond. In seeking materials for the statements in question, he found most abundant reason to deplore at least one effect and consequence of an act of parliament, passed about seventeen years ago, by which the commercial intercourse between Great Britain and Ireland was put on the footing of a coasting trade, and consequently, or, we should say concomitantly, all keeping of records at the custom-houses, on either shore, of the commodities mutually interchanged, was given up. Whatever be the merits or demerits of the principle of this measure is not now a necessary subject of our discussion; but undoubtedly the attendant circumstance, namely, the ceasing to keep records of the cross-channel trade, has been a great injury and impediment to statistical enquiry, and to anything approaching to accurate knowledge of the state of mutual trade between the countries. In default of these records, Mr. Drummond had to address himself to individual merchants, who certainly furnished him with the means of making the statements he desired. But he declares himself, what cannot be denied to be the fact, that much suspicion must attach to

statements so procured, as of course the interest of the merchants would incline them to overstate their dealings. There is, however, a fair qualification of this opinion to be made in the case where those statements shall be found to show a *decrease* of trade. The same feelings of interest that would prompt to exaggerations as to success of mercantile transactions, would of course inspire an equally strong objection to confessing a diminution of those transactions, beyond what could be concealed. Accordingly we shall be justified in taking the accounts of diminution as valid and faithworthy. The principal items will be found in the following schedule :

EXPORTS—IRELAND.

Articles.	1825.	1835.	Decrease.
Provisions, viz. Beef and } Pork (cwts.)	604,253 ...	370,172 ...	234,801
Spirits (gallons)	622,529 ...	459,473 ...	170,056
Cotton Manufactures (yds.)	10,500,000 ...	1,000,000 ...	9,500,000
	1783.	1796.	1835.
Linen (value) ...	£1,069,313 ...	£3,113,687 ...	£3,725,064
Increase in the 1st period, viz. 13 years			£2,044,374
Ditto 2d ditto, 39 years			611,267

IMPORTS—IRELAND.

Articles.	1825.	1835.	Decrease.
Woollen Yarn (lbs.)	579,051 ...	65,118 ...	513,933
Cotton Yarn (lbs.)	2,702,523 ...	582,914 ...	2,119,609
Wines (gallons)	968,940 ...	304,031 ...	664,909
Flax Seed (bushels)	535,331 ...	246,458 ...	288,873
Foreign Sugar (cwts.)	280,634 ...	189,080 ...	91,554
British Refined Sugar (cwts.)	66,392 ...	48,987 ...	17,405

and no sugar refineries in Ireland.

General Statement of the Import of Sugar.—Ireland.

Sugar imported and retained for home consumption :

In 1800. 240,000 cwts., of which 8,000 cwts. refined

In 1826. 406,000 cwts., of which 60,000 cwts. refined

Thus the import of refined sugar was only 3 per cent. on the whole import in 1800, there being refining works in Ireland. But in 1826, the Irish refineries had ceased to work, and accordingly Ireland imported all the refined sugar she consumed, being 15 per cent. upon the whole import. The average consumption of sugar in 1826, in Ireland, per head of the population, was only about a quarter of an ounce per day, or six pounds in the year.

	1825.	1835.	Decrease.
Various other articles of imports (value)... }	£2,021,973 ...	£1,379,783 ...	£650,000

From the same source from which we have taken the chief part of the preceding statement, viz. from the second Report on Railways for Ireland, we extract the following remarks on the cotton and woollen manufactures of Ireland. We accompany them with extracts from other documents,—all tending to show the miserable condition, nay, the almost utter annihilation of manufactures in this country.

“The only town in Ireland in which the cotton trade has been established to any extent, is Belfast; and it is represented as declining even there. With regard to the woollen trade, a considerable diminution appears to have taken place since 1822..... Mr. W. Willans of Dublin, the most extensive woollen manufacturer in Ireland, states that then there were forty-five manufacturers in and about Dublin; and the value of the cloth annually produced by them would, at the present prices, be 200,000*l.* The value now manufactured may be about 90,000*l.* The manufacture has also declined in Cork, Kilkenny, Moate, Carrick-on-Suir: the value produced now in those districts being supposed not to amount to 20,000*l.* The flannel trade of Wicklow and Wexford may now be considered as extinct..... Mr. Willans calculates that the consumption of woollens in Ireland does not exceed in annual value 1,400,000*l.*, being about 3*s.* 3*d.* per head on the population; whereas the total consumption of England cannot be less in value than from 18,000,000*l.* to 20,000,000*l.*, which would amount to 20*s.* per head.”—*Cotton Trade, Railway Report. Ireland.*

“The silk trade is now confined to one fabric—the tabinets. There can be no doubt the trade in weaving whole silk is extinct; and that the manufactures of velvets, handkerchiefs, and ribbons, are reduced to a few looms.”—*Mr. Otway's Report, Hand-Loom Enquiry.*

Linen Exports, Ireland.—In 1796, 47,000,000 yards; 1821, 43,000,000 yards.

“In common with all who have attempted the investigation before me, I can give only secondary evidence, indeed but mere opinions of the comparative increase or decrease of the linen manufacture since 1824. The opinions given in the Report by the most experienced members of the linen trade, show the varieties of opinion among them, and the total absence of anything like correct data.”—*Report of Mr. Muggerridge, Irish Hand-Loom Weavers' Enquiry.*

The directors of the Provincial Bank, Ireland, in their report, May 1842, state that although the culture of flax is on

the increase, owing to the efforts of a few spirited persons in the North of Ireland, "the linen manufacture cannot be said to be flourishing."

Mr. Muggeridge states that the decrease in cotton manufactures has been great, from the comparatively cheaper production of England and Scotland; and that, with the exception of half a dozen mills still engaged in spinning cotton yarn, employing less than a thousand hands, the cotton trade of Belfast (by far the chief, and nearly the only seat of that trade), may be said to be now confined to fabrics produced by hand-loom labour.—A principal witness, Mr. Moncrief, says, "that if all the capital of all the manufacturers of Belfast was combined, it would not equal the capital of one large establishment in England."

The recent French ordinances excluding British and Irish linens and linen-yarn from the market of France, where previously they were in great demand, will, it is to be feared, prove the total ruin of the northern linen trade. A preceding partial increase of the duty on those articles entering France and Belgium, gave serious alarm to all those connected with that trade, as will be seen by the subjoined extract from a Belfast paper.

At a meeting in Belfast, October 1840, of persons concerned in the linen trade,

"Mr. Herdman read a memorial: That memorialists having for some years found a market for their produce in France, had been enabled to keep their mills, bleach works, &c. in full work; but the French government having in the course of the past year increased the duty on Irish yarns 20 per cent., amounting in some cases to a prohibition, the trade with that country had been seriously injured, and threatened to be annihilated. That the adoption of the French tariff by Belgium, had entirely put a stop to the export trade in linens from Ireland to that country: and that the additional 20 per cent. on linen imported to America must decrease the consumption in that country. That we have heard with regret and surprise of the intention of the French government to conclude a treaty with Belgium, admitting her linens considerably lower than Great Britain. That from these circumstances, memorialists are suffering in extreme depression of trade: and that those of their number who were flax spinners were still keeping their works employed, but they found they would be compelled to stop them,—a measure of great hardship to thousands." Mr. Herdman added: "that by the depression in the home trade, and the depreciation in linens and yarns, amounting to 10 or 15 per cent., Ulster lost last year from 250,000*l.* to 300,000*l.*"

The disastrous accounts we have given of the state of Irish manufactures are, as the reader will see, all taken from authentic sources, the chief of them from parliamentary reports, and reports too that bear strong internal evidence of the anxiety of their compilers to take as far as they could the "prosperity" side of the question; and thus to give as little advantage as possible to those who advocate the repeal of the union, because of the effects of that union upon Ireland. The last extract, viz. that from the proceedings of the Belfast linen merchants, is decisive as to the non-existence of the great "prosperity and activity" in the linen trade, which has become a parrot-cry with the prosperity-mongers. And when such, as that extract describes, were the effects of a partial prohibition, what may not be feared to be the effects of the recent ordinances totally closing France against our linens? But even though the trade in question were in the most flourishing state in its main seat, the town of Belfast, the prosperity of one trade and one town would form very slender grounds whereon to base the bold assertion of the increasing wealth and ability of Ireland.

Let us now recapitulate all the points we have laboured to prove, including the former partial recapitulation which we made after the discussion on the legality or illegality of the manner in which the consolidation of the exchequers was effected. A slight change as to the numbering of those former points is necessary, as we now shall begin with the promise held out to Ireland at the union, on the subject of future financial arrangements. The following then are our positions:

1. That Ireland was promised at the time of the legislative union, that one effect of that measure would be, to cause her to be "considerably less taxed than if she remained separate," and that "the union would give her in aid of her war-expenditure the sum of one million a year, and half a million in aid of her peace-expenditure."—*Lord Castlereagh's speech, February 1800.*

2. That this could not be expected to occur, had Ireland, at the union, been made responsible, equally with Great Britain, for the enormous amount of British debt, so much exceeding the amount at the same period of the debt of Ireland.

3. That consequently, in 1800, an union in financial matters was declared to be impossible.

4. That such financial union was provided for at a future time, upon the occurrence of two contingencies—one, that the

debts of the two countries should come to bear to each other the proportion of fifteen for Great Britain, to two parts for Ireland. The second contingency, equally necessary with the first, was, that the respective circumstances of the two countries should admit of uniform taxation, or taxation as nearly so as possible—a state of things which could be rightly brought about only by a great increase of ability on the part of Ireland.

5. That the first of these contingencies was to be attained, according to Lord Castlereagh's declaration, by the *reduction of the British debt*.

6. That this first contingency was wrongfully declared in 1816, to have occurred—as, although the required proportions of the debts had been attained, they were so, not by the promised *reduction of the British debt*, but by the unjust and exorbitant *increase of that of Ireland*.

7. That the second contingency, although by the wording of the act of union, required as imperatively as the first *and in addition to the first, was not taken into consideration at all*; and plainly did not exist.

8. That therefore the consolidation of the exchequers was an unjust measure, and was effected in direct violation of most important provisions of the act of union.

9. That it has been of indisputable benefit to Great Britain at the expense and loss of Ireland, and must continue, and is continuing so to be.

10. That the pretended benefits to Ireland, which were promised to be its results, have not occurred; inasmuch as the relief she then got from the unjust increase of her debt from 1800, up to 1816, was a relief to which she was entitled under any circumstances; such increase of her debt having been by the government and by the parliament, declared to have been most unjust.

11. That as to the second pretended benefit; namely, her release from the unanimously condemned union-rates of contribution, the direct contrary has since occurred—inasmuch as that upon an average of the twenty-five years since that benefit was promised, she will be found to have been compelled to pay, and to have paid a sum, which under a view of the debt arrangements the least favourable to her, amounted to a proportion of the average expenditure, fully equal to that very condemned union-rate of contribution; while under any more lenient arrangements as to debt, her payments greatly exceeded that union-rate.

12. That her having thus paid equivalent to that rate since 1816, whereas previously she was unable so to do, is no proof of increased ability on her part, but resulted from the immense reduction since then of the amount of the imperial expenditure :—and that she has thus been saved only by accident, from a monstrous increase of her existing burthens ; but that her immunity has already begun to diminish, and is likely soon to vanish totally away, now that Great Britain is once more increasing the said imperial expenditure.

13. That it is time for us to protest loudly against these injustices ; lest we be a second time rendered bankrupt, as we were in 1816.

14. That these injustices have not been compensated for, —even if compensation were sufficient without a removal of them—by any peculiar advantages to Ireland from expenditure of public monies in Ireland, or remission of taxation ; but that directly the contrary has taken place : inasmuch as we have had but the 1-19th part of the whole amount of remission of taxes since the union ; while, of taxes imposed, our share has been as high as 1-8th :—and inasmuch as we have had but nine millions of public money from the beneficence and charity of the imperial parliament, while Great Britain, upon an imperfect account, has had nearly sixteen millions ; we meantime suffering from the drain of our own capital in the shape of absentee rents, and from the loss of the expenditure of public offices removed to England, while the latter country is a gainer on both those accounts—and we further having had to pay back five millions and a half out of the above nine millions, while Great Britain has repaid but three and a half millions.

15. That we have not the ability to bear further taxation, even if it were fair according to the union arrangements that it should be put upon us. That it is ridiculous to institute any comparison between two countries so essentially different in circumstances and ability as Great Britain and Ireland—that we are poor and exhausted—our capital gone—our manufacturers ruined ; and our people in wretchedness and starvation.

16. That instead of our taxes having been less than before the union, they are and have been much increased since that measure, and have been constantly kept up to the highest point possible—being lowered only when found to be unproductive from our exhaustion, and having been once screwed up so high as to make us bankrupt—than which nothing

worse at any rate would have resulted had we remained separate. And that Lord Castlereagh's other promise, to the effect that the union would give us annually a sum not less than half a million at the least, in aid of our expenditure, has never been realized; but that on the contrary, on a comparison of remittances from the British exchequer to the Irish, and from the Irish to the British exchequer, it will be found, and is by official documents established, that out of a sum of 33,491,315*l.*, which constitutes the whole amount of these international remittances, Ireland sent over to Great Britain, *eighteen millions and a half more than she received* from that country.

From all this we deduce that Ireland is rightfully exempted from the income tax, so far as that exemption goes. We also deduce that it is wrong now to increase her taxes at all. The spirit tax, indeed, will be no great burthen to the people of Ireland, thanks to the blessed exertions of Father Mathew: but to a class in Ireland, the unfortunate distillers, a most respectable class of men, who embarked their capital in the spirit trade, as in a fair and legitimate channel of enterprise, it will be an additional blow, now when they have been, and are, suffering so severely from the miraculous spread of the blessed principles of total abstinence. But the stamp tax increase will be a most grievous and general burthen. But we do not halt our deductions at this point; we deduce further that instead of increasing the burthens of Ireland, the existing burthens ought to be lightened, as most unfair and unjust; that there is no such great emergency of the empire, as could warrant the delay of rendering us justice now at length; or that if there really did exist such an emergency, our taxes should not be at any rate *increased*, until Great Britain should first raise her particular scale of taxation high enough to include separate provision by her for the seven millions, on account of her *ante-union* debt, which we have shown that she most unjustly compels Ireland to contribute to.

But this exemption, on the part of Ireland, from the income-tax, is not quite so great as people imagine. The Irish absentees have to pay it. At least three millions of our absentee-rents are spent in England; and three per cent on that amount will give 90,000*l.*; which, upon any comparison of the payments to the general expenditure, out of the resources of the two countries, must be taken into account for Ireland, and deducted from the English payments. And

there are also a multitude of small payments by poor clerks in the Irish post-office, who are held to be subject to the income-tax, as the Irish post-office department is now but a branch of the British. The half-pay of officers, and pensions of widows residing in Ireland, is also taxed, because issuing out of the consolidated fund. And lest we should too much rejoice, that we have for the greater part escaped this odious and vexatious tax, Sir Robert Peel, at the beginning of the session intimated, in no very ambiguous terms, that he did not altogether give up the idea of imposing it upon us next year.

As to the proposed increase of our stamp duties, we shall give our readers an opportunity of judging what are the opinions in Ireland upon the subject, held by practical men, well acquainted with the matters on which they were writing. Our first quotation is from the *Morning Register*, a Dublin paper of long-established reputation.

“ It is time the Irish public should be raised as one man against the crying injustice about to be perpetrated on the country by means of the new Stamp Act, and which, forsooth, was promulgated by Sir Robert Peel as a kindness, a mercy, to Ireland—for, the Right Hon. Baronet took credit to himself for not putting the Income Tax for the present on Ireland. ‘ I shall not visit Ireland, for the present at least, with the Income Tax.’ This is his kindness; but it is carried out immediately in the way in which kindness has always come from England to Ireland, by the announcement that, however, they are not to imagine Ireland is to escape scot-free. Far otherwise—her distillers are to be destroyed, by an increased duty of one shilling on the gallon of spirits, which renders them unable to compete in the English market; and through means of the assimilation of the Irish Stamp Duties to those of England, 166,000*l.*, annually is the amount of additional drain to be taken out of this country, to be expended as the minister of England may think fit. And this is to be a perpetual annual drain, taken in mercy and kindness as an equivalent for a tax which it is announced is *only* to last for three years !

“ An immense annual sum to be taken in *perpetuity* (for no one ever dreams of repealing the Stamp Acts), as an equivalent for a tax which is only to last for three years ! Is it, however true that no Income Tax is drawn, or to be drawn, from Ireland ? Nothing more untrue : has not Peel the plausible, under the humbug name of an Absentee Tax, taken from this country three-per cent on the rental of all lands which belong to non-resident proprietors—that is, on at least three-fourths of the cultivated lands of Ireland ?

“ But, then, it may be alleged that was already taken out of the country. Yes—those who know nothing of the tenure of land in Ireland—those who know nothing of the Irish landlord and the

Irish agent—those who have never inquired into the facts, and who imagine that the tenants have the benefit of the several acts, to put certain charges on the landlord, and to take them off the shoulders of the tenant—and who think those acts have been fairly carried out;—such unthinking men may imagine that the Income Tax, payable by non-resident proprietors of Ireland, does not come out of the pockets of the people of this country. But we who know that the great portion of the tenantry of Ireland hold, as tenants from year to year—that, although under the tithe composition and tithe rent-charge acts, such tenants have been nominally relieved from the payment of tithes—yet, that it has been invariably added to their rents, and they have been obliged to pay it—we who know that even the strongest language that can be used has been used in the poor-law act, to protect the tenant, and yet that the rate payable by the landlord has notwithstanding been added to the tenant's rent in many places—for, how dare he complain?—there is the driver, the notice to quit, the civil bills ejectment, and the road ready for him, or pay; we who know these things, know full well that the *absentee tax* (so named by plausible Peel, in derision surely), will come, not out of the pockets of these non-residents and absentees, but out of the very marrow of the half-starved people of Ireland!

“ Well, then, this being the case, let us see the kindness of Peel, He taxes the property of the poor through the plausible pretext of putting on an absentee tax, and he takes—as an equivalent for not taxing the moonshine property of our merchants and traders for three years—166,000*l.* as an annual charge, not for three years, but in perpetuity. If he be permitted to pass the bill for assimilating the stamp duties, such is the case—and the measure is brought in when the Irish members are scattered through the country. We trust, however, each and every liberal member will at once repair to London, and oppose, by every constitutional means, this contemplated injustice on their country. How kind and considerate of Sir Robert Peel not to put an income tax on the property of the broken traders of Ireland, which was to last for three years, when he could almost without a murmur—nay, without a murmur—not so, but with some gratitude expressed to him for his kind consideration—get such an equivalent! There is scarcely, however, a line of the schedule of the proposed stamp act, in reference to Ireland, that does not require to be canvassed most scrupulously, and we shall conclude this article by giving an instance in support of this view. Under the English act—as it at present stands—indentures of apprenticeship, where there is no apprentice fee, or an apprentice fee not amounting to thirty pounds, are chargeable with a stamp duty of one pound, and so on at a progressive rate.

“ The present Irish stamp act—which was framed when we had

an Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer, who knew something of the country—provided that in Ireland there should not be any stamp duty where the apprentice fee should not amount to ten pounds; and then, from ten to thirty, the duty was merely five shillings. Are apprentices in Ireland to pay in future one pound stamp duty, where there is no apprentice fee? Where will they get it? And if they cannot, is there to be no mode of binding them?—are they to be excluded from learning trades? What is to become of the law of apprentice and master? How is it to be enforced?

“We have referred to this solitary instance to point out the caution, the attention, that should be paid to the details of this bill, and to gravely ask the parliament can the details of such a measure be considered, at this period of the session, with anything like justice to Ireland?”

In the *Dublin Evening Post*, a journal the character of which we trust we need not say stands equally high, there has appeared the following:—

“THE NEW STAMP ACT.

“We call on the Irish members to see the *merciful equivalent* Sir Robert wishes to take from Ireland. To produce £150 in the funds, a person should have between £4000 and £5000 government stock. Let then the Irish people read the English stamp act. Let the Irish members place the schedule of the English stamp act before them. They will find it in detail in the *London Directory*. Let them open the Irish stamp act schedule, 56th George III, chapter 56, and read what will be the additional sum to be taken from the property of the man who would have paid only £13 10s. under the income tax, supposing he pays the debt of nature. By hard labour and industry, by toil late and early, in a land of poverty and wretchedness, he has secured for an infant family, from £4,000 to £5,000—he makes his will—read:—

Present probate or administration duty, where the value of property shall be £3,000, and shall be under £5,000, according to Irish schedule.....	}	£60 0 0
Legacy duty payable by children of deceased, 10s. per cent. on £4,500		
		£82 10 0

ENGLISH SCHEDULE.

Probate duty, and duty on administration, with the will annexed: under £4,000, £60—under £5,000.....	}	£80 0 0
Legacy duty to children of deceased, 20s. per cent on £4,500.....		
		£125 0 0

“ Thus, it appears that when the greatest possible calamity arrives on a family, the death of a parent, in comes the merciful Sir Robert Peel, and takes, not from the father while living, by the income tax 13*l.* 10*s.* in three years, but from the orphan children, in lieu thereof, 42*l.* 10*s.* Yes, forty-two pounds and ten shillings, instead of 13*l.* 10*s.*—and this is mercy to Ireland! But that is not all: if the father dies without a will, the law has made a most just one for him, known as the Statute of Distributions. A person would imagine, that probate duty and administration duty, with the will annexed, of eighty pounds, was sufficient. No such thing. In that event—that is, a man having what would produce 150*l.* a year in chattel property, dying without a will, from this fact alone pays forty pounds duty more than he would in Ireland, and it is mercy to Ireland, forsooth, to have this added to it! The account then, under the assimilation act, will stand thus, in relation to the increase on a man’s children, for whom he toiled all his life:—

ENGLISH SCHEDULE.

Administration duty under 5,000 <i>l.</i>	£120 0 0
Legacy duty payable by children at 20 <i>s.</i> per cent. on } 4,500 <i>l.</i>	45 0 0
	<hr/>
	£165 0 0
Deduct amount payable at present in Ireland.....	82 10 0
	<hr/>
Sir Robert’s merciful addition.....	82 10 0

“ Exactly double. Yes, in almost all cases the English schedule is double the Irish—and this is the merciful boon of Sir Robert Peel to Ireland—82*l.* 10*s.* in one haul, payable out of Irish property—instead of 13*l.* 10*s.* in three annual payments.

“ We have thrown this opening view of the assimilation project before the people and the Irish members, and we now ask them, will they permit this grievous infliction on the property of Ireland to become law this session? They should rally at once, and divide on every section and every clause of the bill. Nay, sooner than submit, they should detain the sittings of the house until next February!”

It is our misfortune to have mislaid an extract from the *Dublin Freeman’s Journal*—another most able, influential, and patriotic public organ—upon the same subject, and strongly to the same effect. We have no means at hand to supply the loss; and we regret it deeply: as the three papers together represent an immense amount of opinion in Ireland. It is unnecessary to add any thing of our own upon this subject. The instances can be multiplied where the proposed addition of duty will be from fifty to one hundred per cent.

and upwards. The evasions of duty, which at present are only too common, even with the present comparatively low duties, will be manifold and constantly increasing. At present, the stamps on leases are sometimes dispensed with, by private agreement between landlord and tenant, for the sake of economy; and it has only too often happened, that the landlord or his agent has not scrupled afterwards to take advantage of the circumstance, and either oust the poor man altogether, or render him a miserable dependant upon his will and mercy. Is the frequency of occurrences like these likely to be at all diminished by an increase of the burthensome stamp duty; or, on the contrary, is it not only too probably likely to be much increased, and the sphere of such occurrences much extended?

It is important to remind our Irish readers, that this assimilation of our stamp duties with the English was before attempted; but thanks to the united opposition of all parties in this country, it had to be given up. Now, however, in the present state of political parties, we cannot get this junction and common action. The Irish Tories know, none better, the full weight of the burthen that has been recently imposed; and the danger of fresh burthens in ensuing sessions,—they know how ruinous to Ireland these burthens may be; but they have sold themselves to Peel, and are ready to accept, meekly, whatever he may choose to impose.

“Still they are in love and pleased with ruin!”

Or, in plain prose, and plain truth, they are hoping to compensate themselves for the injury they must individually suffer from increased taxation, by the domination which Peel is beginning to restore to them over the great bulk of the Irish nation. The old system of “*Divide et impera*,” is receiving a fresh illustration: and its consequence,—oppression to Ireland,—must inevitably result. As to the Irish liberal members, too many of them, unfortunately, had left London with pairs for the session,—compelled, after several months’ useless attendance, and waiting in vain for the announced Irish measures, to come over to their neglected private affairs. It is truly a source of most just, and justly bitter, complaint, that the fag-end of a session should thus be taken for the discussion of affairs of importance to Ireland. It is rather too sudden and too shameless a return to the “good old” Tory practice,—when one or two o’clock in the morning, with perhaps some score of members present, was considered the fitting time to pass the most stringent acts for

Ireland,—and it is a practice that will be carried out and persevered in, if the people of Ireland do not bestir themselves in strong remonstrance, and in a bold demand, that they shall be henceforward treated with at least an outward show of decency and courtesy, so that injury may not be aggravated by insult.

Without wishing to create prejudices against individuals, or to make any unfair attack upon a particular minister,—one of a body whom we believe to be collectively hostile to Ireland,—it is our duty to express an old and deeply-seated conviction, that the present government includes one man, in very high office, who has given several indications of a strong and unrelenting desire and inclination to treat Ireland with harshness in financial matters. The same may be our opinion with regard to his disposition in other matters; but we are not called upon to discuss them now. The individual to whom we allude, is the Right Honourable Henry Goulburn, chancellor of the exchequer. The records of proceedings in parliament contain many evidences of his tendency to what he doubtless may consider a most proper degree of strictness and severity, in his fiscal dealings with Ireland. The admission (quoted in a former page of this article) that he made in 1822, of the injustice to us of the union-rate of contribution, would seem to have been a piece of unguardedness on his part. It is, however, the solitary act with which he has to reproach himself of favourable leaning towards this country. And he atoned for it in a very few years after, viz. in the year 1828, when suddenly and without any warning he reduced the annual grant of 20,000*l.* to the Irish linen trade to 10,000*l.*; and in the succeeding year totally withdrew it: notwithstanding that a parliamentary committee, so recently as the year 1825, reported strongly in favour of its continuance; on account, as they said, of “the claims, undoubtedly strong, that Ireland had upon the parliament of the United Kingdom, for every aid and encouragement to her linen manufacture.” Our limits will not permit us to go into the history of each of his several acts of disfavour towards us, but we may sum up all by saying, that the former proposition for increasing our stamp duties originated with him, and that the present is also his offspring. Whether he will stop there, or proceed to burthen and crush us further, will greatly depend upon the degree of resistance that Ireland may prepare during the parliamentary recess. He has the will to go further; but we have the power to stop him, if we will only use it.

We must not forget to notice one very recent act of the government, which bears strongly the mark of Mr. Goulburn's hand, impelled by the unfavourable disposition we attribute to him towards Ireland. The Irish public has lately been surprised by the issue of a royal commission of enquiry into the charitable institutions of Dublin. The letter of the lord lieutenant, constituting the commission, assigns as a reason for its appointment, that institutions receiving grants from government are to be found in no part of the united kingdom but Dublin, and that therefore the government desires to be informed of any particular circumstances which there may be to justify this exclusive favour. The report of the commissioners,—Conservative gentlemen of great respectability, and, most undoubtedly no Repealers,—is an admirable rebuff to the petty, prying jealousy that instigated such an enquiry. It would have been more dignified for a government to have sought information on the subject privately, ere committing itself by an overt act, betraying malice prepense; and malice too that is now defeated of its object. The following is the main part of the commissioners' answer, and we give it, though at some length, because of the valuable information it contains as to the state of Dublin:—

“ Report of the Commissioners appointed to enquire into the Charitable Institutions of Dublin.

“Immediately after the Union, Dublin, it may be said, ceased to be a metropolis as regards the wealthy, while it continued a metropolis as regards the poor; and in no inconsiderable degree it has remained so since. The causes, therefore, which induced those who framed the articles of Union to introduce stipulations into that measure as regards Dublin, appears to us to be still in extensive operation. Other causes likewise (not, however, having effect on Dublin alone)—the increase of population, without a corresponding increase in wealth, the want of capital, the decay of manufactures in Ireland, operating to increase the proportion of poor—have operated likewise to increase rather than diminish the cogency of those reasons which led to the stipulations in the articles of Union.

“In evidence of this we beg leave to notice the increased accommodation which the governors at different periods, and with the sanction of government, have been compelled to supply in most of these institutions, and the increased grants, notwithstanding the financial difficulties of the empire, which various governments have deemed it necessary to make for their support.

“In further evidence of this disproportionate increase of the poorer classes in Dublin, we have to observe that, notwithstanding the support thus rendered by government to certain institutions,

others of a similar character, arising principally out of the exigencies of the lower classes, have been established and are supported, some by private means alone, and some partly from private means and partly from local assessment.

“ We therefore submit that the necessity which was found to exist previous to and at the time of the Union for extraneous support as regards Dublin, in aid of its principal charitable institutions (arising, in our opinion, from the disproportion between the wealthy and the poor classes of the community), has, as was anticipated, increased since that period, and still continues, although, we trust and believe, it may be now gradually diminishing.

“ Dublin, therefore, with its population of upwards of 250,000, is, in our opinion, an exception to all other cities in the empire; and we respectfully urge that, because in London and the other large towns in England private charity may have been found amply sufficient for the support of their public charitable institutions, it by no means follows that in Dublin, where the poor are so numerous and the rich comparatively are so few, it would be reasonable or just to expect from her citizens an extent of liberality which neither their numbers nor circumstances could fairly warrant.

“ It is right we should add that, even if the claims of the institutions supported by government were paramount, private charity in Dublin having been directed into other channels, there would be much hardship, and some injustice, in the withdrawal of that charity from its present objects; that the amount subscribed in Dublin for charitable purposes has gradually been diminishing since the introduction of the poor law system; that we have examined gentlemen of the greatest experience with respect to the means and sentiments of the inhabitants of Dublin, and that it is their unanimous opinion, that if the parliamentary aid should be withdrawn at the present time, means would not be found from private sources to continue all or any of the institutions on the present footing of efficiency and usefulness, even regarding them merely as charitable institutions of a local character.

“ We have, however, next to remark that most of these institutions should be considered not so much in the capacity of local as of national establishments, designed either as schools of instruction for the medical profession generally, or as institutions for the maintenance of public health and safety; and that in most of them patients are received without reference to their birth place. Such institutions are the necessary appendages of a metropolis, and should be regarded, we submit, as public establishments of general utility.

“ With the view of fully ascertaining how far, in our opinion, it might be right to suggest that the support of these institutions should henceforth be derived either from grand jury assessment or from

the poor rate, in lieu of the present aid from parliament, we addressed circulars to the managers of every institution for pious and charitable purposes, connected with every denomination in Dublin, requesting a return of the amount received from persons resident in Dublin, for the purposes of such institutions, during the last three years. We have also obtained a similar return with respect to the assessments for all local objects. Our circulars were addressed to the managers of two hundred institutions, supported principally or entirely by voluntary subscriptions. Of these, ninety-two have sent answers, giving no less a result than an annual average, for these ninety-two institutions, of 37,120*l.* received from the inhabitants of Dublin; which average, we make no doubt, is scarcely more than one-half of the amount which would have appeared if the governors of the remaining institutions had favoured us with the information we requested; and it is altogether exclusive of the large sums annually given in private charity, of which no estimate could be made.

“With respect to the local assessments, assuming the annual value of rateable property in Dublin (which we have to observe comprises warehouses, factories, and other kinds of property, as well as houses), at 800,000*l.*, the valuation by the police being 857,849*l.*, and by the poor law guardians, 776,794*l.*, we find the citizens of Dublin have contributed, during the last three years respectively, as follows, according to the best information we have been able to arrive at :—

Assessments and Subscriptions.	1839.	1840.	1840.	Total.
	£	£	£	£
Compulsory ..	155,320	179,550	169,880	504,750
Voluntary ...	45,743	33,533	32,101	111,377
Totals	201,063	213,083	201,981	616,127

“The return of voluntary subscriptions being the ascertained amount from but ninety-two out of two hundred institutions.

“We trust your Excellency, taking the above statement into consideration, will concur with us in opinion, that however the inhabitants of Dublin may be, as compared with the inhabitants of other cities, behind hand in wealth, they are not so in the amount which they contribute according to their means and in proportion to their rateable property, either as voluntary subscriptions for the poor, or as compulsory contributions for charitable and local purposes; and that a larger amount than what they already pay ought not to be expected from them in either way, in aid of charitable institutions, especially at a period when, in support of a new experiment, a heavy impost has been recently added, the future extent of which it may be difficult to calculate.

“We have thus stated to your Excellency the grounds of our opinion, that the institutions to which our enquiry has been directed could not be sustained, if left, as elsewhere, to private charity, and that an additional compulsory assessment should not be imposed upon the inhabitants of Dublin for their support, either in the shape of grand jury cess or poor rate.”

Any comment of ours must be unnecessary after perusal of the foregoing. We shall therefore merely state a fact,—that the whole amount of these terrible grants which appear to have so frightened the government from their propriety, is no more, in the aggregate since 1800, than a sum of 120,000*l*.

We have so long trespassed upon our readers, that we shall not presume to delay them by any lengthened remarks in conclusion. To the English portion of them, and we trust they are many, we would respectfully submit the case we have made, and entreat them coolly and dispassionately to consider it; and then to say, candidly, whether we have not much ground for our complaints of taxation,—or at any rate, for demanding, previous to additional imposition, a searching enquiry to see if our statements can be at all controverted. We would call upon our Irish readers to study these matters attentively, and thereby to prepare themselves to meet and resist successfully—as was once done before—the ruinous exactions with which Ireland is threatened; and ultimately to procure an alleviation of the most unjust burthens under which she is groaning at the present moment. All parties in the kingdom should combine in this effort, because it interests every party alike. For it is self-evident that the prosperity of Ireland can be rendered permanent and secure in proportion only as injustice after injustice, when pointed out, shall be removed. Whatever conceivable view may be taken of our great international questions, no man in his senses can deny that the financial arrangements between the two countries ought to be made fully known and intelligible to each; and that there should be an end to the taunts and bickerings which are continually occasioned by the uncertain and extravagant ideas which the general ignorance on the subject has occasioned in both the countries.

ART. VI.—1. *Comedias del Ecsmo. Sr. Don Francisco Martinez de la Rosa.*

2. *Comedias del Ecsmo. Sr. Don Javier de Burgos.*

3. *Comedias del Ecsmo. Sr. Don Eduardo de Gorostiza.*

4. *Comedias del Ecsmo. Sr. Duque de Ribas.*

5. *Comedias de Don Manuel Breton de los Herreros.*

6. *Comedias de Don Jose Zorrilla.*

7. *Comedias de Don Antonio Garcia Gutierrez.*

8. *Comedias de Don Antonio Gil y Zarate.*

Madrid: 1820-40.

THROUGHOUT literary Europe we find opinions hardly divided as to the superior riches of the Spanish theatre over that of most other nations; but while they admit this fact, few foreigners of the present day are at the pains to acquaint themselves with the works of the Spanish dramatists, ancient or modern: they have never been produced on the English stage; and such small and scattered portions as we have borrowed here and there, are anything but fair specimens of their merit. The Germans, it is true, are better acquainted with them; and the national drama of the French hardly deserved the name until they received and imitated the superior excellences of the Spanish writers. Voltaire, in his preface to the commentary on the *Cid*, tells us that, "When Corneille wrote the *Cid*, the Spaniards held the same influence over every theatre in Europe that they had in public affairs; that their taste prevailed to the same extent as their policy." And again, in the preface to the commentary on the *Menteur*: "We must admit that we are indebted to Spain for the first moving tragedy, and the first genteel comedy, that have done honour to France."

To three distinct causes we may attribute the total neglect into which the old Spanish dramatists have fallen, and the comparative ignorance of foreigners with regard to the modern writers. In the first place, the Spanish language has never been much studied by other nations; secondly, for more than a century dramatic genius has been everywhere in a state of torpor; lastly, the frequent wars and dissensions in the Peninsula have absorbed all the curiosity which otherwise would have been directed to other pursuits.

Under these circumstances we propose to take a general view of this portion of Spanish literature; and without assuming to write a history of the stage, or a profound and critical enquiry into the merits of every individual author,

our slight sketches may suffice to give a tolerably just idea of the national drama of Spain, which may be properly divided into two distinct epochs,—the first commencing in the thirteenth century, and ending in the middle of the seventeenth; the second beginning at the expiration of the first, and continuing down to our own time.

Before Lope de Vega, the drama was yet in a state of infancy; it reached its prime and highest glory in the days of that great author, of Moreto and Calderon de la Basca; and the coming on of its gradual decay may be traced from the disappearance of these shining lights, to Solis, the last writer of the old school. To the second epoch belong only two periods: first, the decline of the art from Solis to Moratin; second, its restoration from the days of Moratin to the present time. But before we proceed to describe some of the vicissitudes which the Spanish theatre has undergone, we shall do well to observe that, after long serving as a model to the French writers, it chiefly owed its decay to imitating its imitators; and that it showed no signs of renewed vitality until native genius again burst forth to recreate the long degraded national taste.

Although in our researches for the first origin of the drama in Spain we cannot get beyond the time when the Castilian language began gradually to purify itself, we may discover by the discourses and sermons directed against such amusements, by various preachers, that from the first invasion of the Peninsula by the northern tribes, who borrowed their spectacles from the Romans, down to the reign of Roderick, theatrical exhibitions had been continually presented to the people. All such diversions were doubtless suspended at that unhappy period; for, reduced to the necessity of flying to the security of their mountains, the Spaniards maintained a precarious freedom only by living in a state of perpetual warfare with their invaders; but as soon as the Moors became firmly established in the conquered provinces, and the native princes saw their new-formed states acquiring strength and independence, relations of amity or convenience were exchanged between the two races, and by gradual steps the Castilian language cast off many original imperfections, and enriched itself with many words and phrases from the Arabic.

This improvement went on; and as the Spaniards advanced in power and dominion, wresting province after province from the grasp of their Moorish enemies, in the same proportion did their language become the medium through

which their laws were explained, and their history unravelled; while their poets began to sing the noble deeds of their warriors, and the piety and zeal of their martyrs.

It was Alfonso X, justly surnamed the Wise, who, by the protection he granted to letters, and by his own example in cultivating them at his royal abode of Sevilla, did much for the encouragement of poetry among his subjects: and from his reign we may fairly date the commencement of the Spanish drama, if that name can be properly applied to the strange compositions, which were almost exclusively devoted to sacred subjects. In the time of Pedro of Castile, besides these religious medleys, other pieces more purely theatrical made their appearance,—that one, for example, called *The general dance in which all ranks of people take part*, which was represented in 1356.

In 1414, Don Enrique of Arragon, Marquess de Villena, the grandson of Enrique II of Castile, wrote an allegorical comedy, which was represented at the fêtes given at the coronation of Ferdinand. Juan II was also a poet; and his favourite Alvaro de Luna, Lopez de Mendoza, the Marquess de Santillana, and all the court cavaliers, in imitation of him, vied with each other in their strivings after poetical fame. They were soon followed by Juan de Mena, to whom Spanish literature is greatly indebted. The dialogues of Rodrigo de Cota, written in 1470, and the eclogues of Juan de la Encina, in 1492, lay claims to more taste and regularity than any of the theatrical pieces previously represented.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, authors of higher merit courted public favour. Manuel de Urrea wrote the tragi-comedy of *Calisto y Melibea* in 1513; and two years after, Francisco de Villalobos, physician to Ferdinand V and the emperor Charles, translated the *Amphytrion* of Plautus. They were followed by Bartolome de Torres Naharro, who wrote eight comedies, which show great knowledge of the power of his own language, and much facility of versifying and dramatic talent. Departing from the usual manner in which his predecessors had arranged similar works, he divided his plays into five days, increased the number of actors, studied the art of composition more carefully, and introduced into some a certain unity of action, place, and time. He distinguished comedies, as *Comedias à Noticia*, of which the subject was always historical; and *Comedias à Fantasia*, or works of imagination. The comedies of Naharro were received with great applause in the age of Leo X, which

they might owe in part to their freedom from the gross immorality to which Sismondi alludes, when he says, that at that time in Italy such shameful licentiousness was exhibited on the stage, that he cannot venture to give any analysis of their comedies. One extract from the *Soldadesca* of Naharro will give a good idea of his general style.

Por probar
 Hora os quiero preguntar :
 ¿Quien duerme mas satisfecho,
 Yo de noche en un pajar,
 O el Papa en su rico lecho ?
 Yo diria,
 Que el no duerme todavia,
 Con mil cuydados y enojos ;
 Yo recuerdo a mediodia,
 Y aun no puedo abrir los ojos.
 Mas verán,
 Que den al Papa un faisán
 Y no come del dos granos ;
 Yo tras los ajos y el pan
 Me quiero engollir las manos.
 Todo cabe :
 Mas aunque el Papa me alabe
 Los vinos de gran natio,
 Menos questa y mejor sabe
 El agua del dulce rio.
 Yo villano,
 Vivo mas tiempo y mas sano
 Y alegre todos mis dias,
 Y vivo como Cristiano
 Por aquestas manos mias ;
 Vos Señores,
 Vivis en muchos dolores,
 Y sois ricos de mas penas
 Y comeis de los sudores
 De pobres manos ajenas, &c.

As a proof
 Let me now this question ask :
 Which sleeps the most contentedly
 I, whose nightly couch is straw,
 Or the Pope on his bed of luxury ?
 I should say
 Sleep would flee from one, so full
 Of care and deep anxieties ;
 I, at noon awaking, find
 My eyes unclose reluctantly.
 Furthermore,
 Give the Pope a pheasant, he
 Will taste a morsel sparingly ;
 After bread and garlick, I
 Could always eat most heartily
 Both my hands.
 Let the Pope extol to me
 The wines of famous vintages,
 Sweeter far and cheaper is
 The water from the rivulet.
 A peasant I
 Health and longer life enjoy ;
 My days pass onward cheerfully,
 And my strong arm's daily toil
 Supports me free and righteously.
 You Señors,
 Live beset with many cares,
 Are rich in various miseries,
 And feed upon the hard-earned fruits
 Of the poor man's honest industry, &c.

The cotemporaries of Naharro were Vasco Diaz Tanco, the first tragic writer that had appeared ; Cristobal de Castillejo, the author of some of the best comedies belonging to this period ; and Fernan Perez de Oliva, who translated the *Electra* of Sophocles, the *Hecuba* of Euripides, and the *Amphytrion* of Plautus.

In 1544 appeared the works of Lope de Rueda, an actor as well as an author, and considered the father of the Spanish stage. Juan de Timoneda and Alonzo de la Vega were his cotemporaries ; but, in point of talent, must be ranked far below him. In 1570, Lope Naharro first introduced on the stage the use of machinery, decorations, and painted scenes, imitated storms, &c., and set down rules for the costumes of the players ; and the same year Simon Abril published his ver-

sion of the *Plutus* of Aristophanes, the *Medea* of Euripides, and the plays of Terence.

To Juan de Malvea, and Juan de la Cueva, who wrote various tragedies as well as comedies, succeeded the renowned author of *Don Quixote*, who, far from improving the state of dramatic literature, fell into the errors too common among the race of unhappy authors who write for bread, and conformed to all the vicious errors he found existing in it. At this time there were no less than seven theatres in Madrid, viz. La Valdivieso, that of the Puerta del Sol, another in la Calle del Lobo, the theatre of Barquillos, that of la Pacheco, another called de la Pasion, in the Calle de la Cruz, and la Soledad in the Calle del Principe; the last two still exist under the names of the Theatres del Principe and de la Cruz. So rapidly, too, had the taste for theatrical amusements increased, that there was scarcely a provincial town but had its company of comedians, while the number of writers increased in the same proportion. Catina, Virués, Guevara, Lupercio de Argensola, Artieda, Saldaña, Cozar, Fuentio, Ortiz, Berrio, Loyola, Mejia, Vega, Cisneros Morales; all these were smaller stars, whose brightness was soon eclipsed by the appearance of the great Lope de Vega. Rarely has a living author been so favoured by fortune. While we read of the persecutions suffered by Quevedo, and of the misery in which lived Cervantes, we find Lope de Vega in high favour at court, loaded with honours and rewards, the object of popular acclamations, gazed on in the streets as a prodigy, courted by foreigners, and flattered by monarchs, nay even by the pope himself. Intoxicated with all this incense offered to his celebrity, he despised all, even the soundest criticism, silenced the murmurs of jealousy, and in the plenitude of triumphs acknowledged neither rival nor equal.

The posthumous fame of Lope has not been so tenderly handled, especially by foreign critics, who charge him with having not only preserved, but added to, the faults of style observable in the old dramatists. This accusation is in fact too well founded, and Lope, as conscious of it as were his critics and detractors, exculpates himself thus in his *Art of Writing Comedies* :

No porque yo ignorase los preceptos,
Gracias a Dios. . . .
Mas porque al fine hallé que las co-
medias
Estaban en España en aquel tiempo,

Not that the precepts were unknown
to me,
Thanks be to God. . . .
But that at last I found that comedies
No longer were in Spain such as the
first

No como sus primeros inventores
Pensaron que en el mundo se escri-
bieran;

Mas como las trataron muchos bárbaros
Que enseñaron el vulgo á sus rudezas,
Y así se introdujeron de tal modo,
Que quien con arte ahora las escriba.
Muere sin fama y galardón. . . .
Verdad es que yo he escrito varias
veces

Siguiendo el arte, que conocen pocos;
Mas luego que salí por otra parte
Veo los monstruos de apariencias llenos
Adonde acude el vulgo y las mugeres,
Que este triste ejercicio canonizan,
A aquel habito bárbaro me vuelvo;
Y cuando he de escribir una comedia,
Encierro los preceptos con seis llaves,
Saco à Terencio y Plauto de mi estudio,
Para que no me den voces, que suele
Dar gritos la verdad en libros mudos,
Y escribo por el arte que inventaron
Los que del vulgo aplausos merecieron;
Porque como las paga el vulgo es justo,
Hablar en nesis para darle gusto.

Inventors made them, for the world's
instruction.

They had been handled by barbarians,
Who taught the vulgar to admire their
grossness;

And thus had made themselves so pop-
ular,

That he who now would write them
with propriety

Must die without renown or recom-
pense.

True is it that I have not seldom taken
The rules of art, so little known, as
guides,

But when I, following the prevailing
fashion,

Beheld the monsters I had conjured up
Bepraised by all the vulgar and the
women

Who thronged to see them, worthless
as they were,—

Then I resolved to adopt this bar-
barous custom,

And now when'er I write a comedy,
I put all precepts under lock and key,
Terence and Plautus banish from my
study,

That they may not reproach me, (for
the truth

Will speak to us, e'en from these silent
volumes),

And then begin to write, taking as
models

Those who have gained the approval
of the world.

For as the vulgar pay for them, 'tis
proper

To make oneself a fool for their amuse-
ment.

Whatever the faults of Lope may be, other writers have availed themselves abundantly of his rich imagination, and a very long catalogue might be made of translations, imitations, and plagiarisms, from the works of this prolific author. It is more especially in his dramas that we are delighted with a fertility of invention, which indeed is the principal charm of the Spanish dramatists; and though severe criticism would find much to object to in some of the works of Lope, most of them are full of interest and original beauties, and in many the subject is portrayed so vividly, that the whole attention of the reader is riveted on the scene, from which he finds it impossible to withdraw his mind until it is concluded. Much of this is owing to the style of composition invented by him, and adopted by his

successors in dramatic writing; it was he who gave more life and animation to his plays by offering a quicker succession of scenes, a greater variety of incidents, and situations more unexpected and interesting; and these are such essential improvements, that they counterbalance many defects; but we are bound to admit that in many of his works these defects are very conspicuous, and it is only our knowledge of the fact, that from four to six hours was the average time he allowed himself for the composition of a play,—a time which most of his critics would have found insufficient for the weaving of a plot,—that can make us overlook his manifold transgressions against probabilities, and his repeated violations of the most important laws of the drama.

We judge Lope de Vega the more strictly, because we are apt to compare him with the dramatists who succeeded him in his own country, and with foreign writers, such as Molière, Goldoni, and Sheridan; but this is hardly fair; we should rather take into consideration the period at which he flourished, and the previous state of the drama throughout Europe. In Italy, for instance, before the 16th century, the theatre was in a deplorable condition; and if we grant that some improvement took place in the course of that century, it is no less true that their comedies were for the most part equally devoid of point and interest, and sinned grossly against decency and moral feeling. The French had their copious Hardy, but neither his productions, nor those of his predecessors, can be named in the same breath with the worst plays of Lope. In Portugal, no national theatre existed; their first idea of the drama being derived from the introduction of Spanish comedies in their country; and Germany had not yet turned her attention to the stage. England alone could boast of her Shakspeare, a worthy cotemporary of Lope de Vega, infinitely his superior in the mystery of tragic writing, but as a comedian not to be compared to him. Alike distinguished above others by the eminence of their talent, they both delighted in throwing aside the formalities prescribed by the strict rules of art, and giving a freer course to the wildness of their own rich inventions; and hence all the faults which abound in the works of Lope, the unequal style, the practical licences, the confused mingling of what is most sublime with what is most low, the gross jests and buffooneries; all these may be seen throughout Shakspeare's plays. But if they were equals in merit, fortune assigned to them while living a very different share

of glory; for while Lope's fame extended far beyond the limits of his own land, Shakspeare was hardly known, and certainly not at all appreciated, out of England. In fact, until Voltaire's time, the works of British dramatists were never read in France, and Germany began to study them still later.

The star of Lope did not long shine alone in the theatrical hemisphere; but as it would be tedious to cite the names, or to examine the works of all those who enriched the Spanish stage, we give the following lines of Augustin de Rojas, where he briefly introduces the names of the best known dramatic authors of the age.

El divino Miguel Sanchez
 ¿Quien no sabe lo que inventara?
 El Jurado de Toledo
 Digno de memoria eterna,
 Con callar està alabado;
 Porque yo no hé aunque quiera
 El gran Canónigo Tarranga.
 Pero de paso diré
 De algunos que se me acuerdan;
 Como el heróico Velarde,
 Famoso Micer Artieda,
 El gran Lupercio Leonardo,
 Aguilar el de Valencia,
 El licenciado Ramon,
 Justiniano, Ochoa, Cepeda,
 El licenciado Mexia,
 El buen don Diego de Vera,
 Mescena, don Guillen de Castro,
 Liñan, don Felix de Herrera,
 Valdivieso y Armendarez,
 Y entre muchos uno queda.
 Damian Salustrio del Pago,
 Que no ha compuesto comedia
 Que no mereciere estar
 Con letras de oro impresa.

Who does not know the works
 Of the divine Miguel Sanchez?
 El Jurado de Toledo
 May he never be forgotten.
 Who could praise him as he merits?
 Silence is our best encomium.
 The canon Tarragan, and others
 Whose names occur to me at hazard,
 As Velarde the heroic,
 The famous Micer Artieda,
 The great Lupercio Leonardo,
 Aguilar, he of Valencia,
 The licentiate Ramon,
 Justiniano, Ochoa, Cepeda,
 Mixion, Diego de Vera,
 Mescena, Don Guillen de Castro,
 Liñan, don Felix de Herrera,
 Valdivieso and Armendarez.
 There still remains one out of many,
 Damian Salustris del Pago,
 Who never wrote a comedy
 That does not well deserve to be
 In golden letters printed.

On the death of Philip III, in 1621, many circumstances contributed to raise the importance of the Spanish stage. His successor, Philip IV, was young and fond of learning, of the fine arts, and especially of the theatre. His palace was open to all the poets of the day, and love and gallantry were the chief objects pursued in a court where every person sought to amuse the monarch, and to divert him from attending to the interests of the people. If this state of things was favourable to the intrigues of those who had their own ends to gratify, it was no less so to men of talent, who found a wide field open for display, where the king himself passed the hours he ought to have devoted to the

country, in writing plays, under the anonymous title of "A Genius of this Court." It was at this time that Lope de Vega saw the empire of the drama departing from him, and submitting to the pretensions of Pedro Calderon de la Barca, a rival of such power that none could then compete with him.

We believe that if Calderon had lived in better times, he would have been the very first among dramatic authors. Gifted with a bright and penetrating genius, a daring and flowing imagination, powers of invention equally skilful and original, facility, richness, and purity of language, this great poet was profoundly versed in every style of writing, and was endowed with powers of reflection which enabled him to judge soundly his own works, to revise and improve them. The manners of the time, the warmth of his own imagination, the example of the other dramatists, and the taste of the public, all combined to lead him, in some measure, astray from the right path, and induced him to seek fame by a display of startling novelties introduced with skill, rather than by an adherence to truth and probability,—sure that the brilliancy and force of his colouring would conceal the faults of the design. Indeed, one of the chief qualities peculiar to Calderon, is this excellent skill in the artifices of the drama. In most plays we feel the poorness of invention, the meagreness of the plot; in Calderon's we find every where an exceeding richness; and instead of the reader following the poet closely, sometimes even anticipating the course and the end of his incidents, here he must be content to follow, and wait his time for unfolding them.

Besides these eminent qualities, Calderon possessed others as valuable; and however we, of the present day, may disapprove of some of his dramatic vagaries, none can dispute the pure language, the charming poetry, and the graceful feeling which pervade his comedies. It is not surprising, therefore, if what pleases us enchanted his contemporaries. Many of his faults were by them esteemed as beauties; and at a period when wit and gallantry were so much in fashion,—his ladies so fervent and yet so discreet, his lovers so humble and so scrupulously honourable, with devotion on their lips and the sword in their hands, were objects of deep admiration. Lope de Vega purified comedy from much of its coarseness of thought and expression, but Calderon was the poet of a court, and that court Philip the Fourth's.

Guillen de Castro was a contemporary of both, and if he had

never written more than the comedy of the *Mocedades del Cid*, it would be sufficient to perpetuate his fame, so long as readers can prize the merit of well-sustained characters, noble and generous thoughts, vigorous and just expressions, and a versification flowing and majestic; added to a felicitous art of portraying human passions. Corneille's tragedy of *The Cid* is a translation of this piece, just so far altered as to lose much of its original beauty. The adapter has also changed the place of action, and transferred the court of Ferdinand I, king of Castile and Leon, from the capital of Leon, where he resided habitually, to Sevilla, a capital of the Moorish kings,—an anachronism which betrayed his ignorance of Spanish history, an interval of two centuries having elapsed between the vengeance taken by the Cid and the conquest of Sevilla by the Christians. It is curious to see the assurance with which the French writers give their opinion on Spanish literature. Thus La Harpe, who, to judge from appearances, could not read a line of that language, and perhaps never saw a Spanish book in his life, concludes a long tirade against their drama with these words: "We borrowed many of their theatrical pieces, but we copied little else but their faults. Corneille, in taking for his subject *The Cid*, which had been already treated in Spain, first by Diamante, and afterwards by Guillen de Castro, committed not the robbery with which envy has unjustly charged him; his was one of those conquests which only genius achieves." (*Cours de Litt. Anc. et Mod.* 2d part, liv. i. c. 2.) It would be hard to prove how far the spirit of conquest may extend towards literary property, but still harder to show how Guillen de Castro could take a subject previously handled by Diamante, who did not live until long after him. Diamante's *Honrador de su Padre*, is a translation of Corneille's *Cid*, and not an original work at all. With all the self-importance of a disciple of Voltaire, La Harpe goes on: "The scene of the *Cid* is laid in Spain, during the reign of chivalry, in the fifteenth century." The information that Don Rodrigo Diaz del Vivar was a general of the Catholic monarchs is something new to us.

After celebrating the youthful exploits of the Cid, Guillen de Castro wrote *Las Hazanas del Cid*: but in this play the unities, which in the first were well observed, are somewhat neglected, and the plot is weak and confused; nevertheless, the poet has drawn a lively and interesting picture of the manners of the gallant court of Alimaynon, the Moorish king of Toledo. One of the least known among the writers

of that time is Fray Gabriel Tellez, who wrote under the name of Tirso de Molina. Neither Signorelli nor Sismondi speak of him; Schlegel mentions one Molina, without giving us any information about him; Bouterweck speaks little and ill of him; and Blaukerburg thinks him of so little importance that he doubts whether any collection of his plays ever existed. Less pure and delicate than Calderon and others, more free and unrestrained than Lope himself, he was superior to them all in drollery and humour; and though his plays are neither master-pieces of art nor good moral lessons, (for the poet was too little scrupulous in his ideas, and aimed at nothing but the display of his own powers of amusement), he succeeded so well in his object, that the intended reproof is turned aside, and we want severity to condemn him. One of his best works is *Don Gil de las Calzas verdes*; which, in spite of an undue share of perplexity throughout, is most amusing, when well represented on the stage. The episode of *Dona Aurora*, in this comedy, was borrowed by Le Sage for his *Gil Blas*. In *La beata Enamorada*, *Marta la piadosa*, he most happily ridiculed the vice of hypocrisy; and Molière borrowed freely from this comedy in the composition of his *Tartuffe*.

Agustin Moreto had not the fertile invention of Lope de Vega, but his works are more highly finished; and without the skill of Calderon, he possessed a better regulated fancy. His delineation of character was excellent, his dialogue gay and graceful, and his verses sparkling and ready. In the opinion of many, Moreto is to be preferred to all his contemporaries; some go further, and pronounce that he was never equalled. The best proof of his merit is, that his plays are still heard with delight on the Spanish theatre, and that he has been often, though not very successfully, imitated by foreign writers. Molière's *Princesse d'Elide* is a spiritless imitation of the *Desden con el Desden* of Moreto, but the incidents are coarsely exaggerated, and many of the beauties omitted. Molière appears not to have known the value of the model he chose; and by transporting his scene to the times of ancient Greece, he deprived his comedy of one of the principal charms the original possesses, viz., the vivid picture it draws of the manners and habits of chivalry in the middle ages; or rather, by preserving some part of these descriptions, he was guilty of the absurdity of putting into the mouths of the princes of Ithaca and Mycene, the sentiments uttered in conformity with their age and country by

the Counts de Foix and De Béarn. There never was a more stupid character on any stage than that of the Prince of Ithaca's tutor; and, indeed, in striking opposition to the graceful ease and playfulness of the original. Molière's copy seems to us, throughout, forced, unnatural, and constrained; and where the action of the play is limited to a few hours it can scarcely be otherwise.

Moreto himself did not hesitate to take for his works subjects which had been already treated by others, and by the skill with which he wrought out the poorest materials, he converted them into master-pieces of dramatic art.

Agustin de Rojas was one of those writers who, with many of the qualities which constitute an excellent dramatist, spoiled every thing by mistaking affectation for eloquence, and pomposity for elevation of style: by thus striving after effect, he often made himself ridiculous, whereas had he suffered his talent to range freely and naturally, the pleasing and sometimes delightful passages which come upon us in his plays, would have prevailed more generally throughout them. Some of his plays were translated by Thomas Corneille, and others, into French.

Among dramatic authors of minor pretensions, some of whom lived in the reign of Philip IV, when the theatres were the favourite resort of all classes, and every literary man thought himself bound to contribute his offering to the stage, Góngora, Quevedo, Zapata, La Hoz, Balmonte, Diamante, Mendoza, Los Figueroas, Lancer, Zalazar, Bances Candamano, and Alarcon, are known as writers of more or less talent. Corneille adapted *La Verdad Sospechosa*, of the last, to the French stage, and is reported to have declared that he would have given two of his best pieces to have been the author of that one. Gresset also produced a French version of his *El mal hombre*. Towards the end of Philip's reign, the quarrels of the court, the civil commotions, foreign wars, and the loss of distant provinces, all tended to withhold men's minds from the interests of the drama. The king died in 1665, and the queen-regent, a declared foe to all theatrical amusements, soon afterwards issued a decree prohibiting the representation of any plays until the king her son was of sufficient age to take pleasure in them. It was not her fault that this decree was not at all times rigidly enforced.

Solis, the last of the old dramatists, was a good historian and poet, but he never produced a theatrical piece of much

merit, although he strictly conformed to the ancient rules concerning the unities of the drama. If we may believe his own words, he was quite satisfied that these were the best rules. In one of his plays we read:—

“¿ Quien creeria
Sino es que se lo dijese
La esperiencia, que trajese
Tantos acasos un dia?”

In 1632, there were forty theatrical companies in Spain, and more than a thousand players; and when Charles II married, three small companies were all that could be mustered to assist at the festival. This fact speaks enough to give an idea how rapidly the theatre had fallen off; and during the war of succession, it suffered in common with all other arts, but, unlike them, it did not speedily recover. Philip IV did not patronize the native talent of his adopted country. Ferdinand VI made the Italian opera fashionable; and thus until the accession of Charles III, Spanish genius remained without encouragement or protection. It is not within our present plan to trace any of the causes which led to this decline of talent or taste; but we cannot help briefly remarking the foreign warfare which has always been waged against the Spanish stage. In England, Dryden, who was not above borrowing from it, wrote thus in his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*: “By pursuing closely one argument, which is not cloyed with many terms, the French have gained more liberty for verse, in which they write; they have leisure to dwell on a subject which deserves it, and to represent the passions, without being hurried from one thing to another, as we are in the plays of Calderon, which we have seen lately on our theatres, under the name of Spanish plots.”

In France it was quite the fashion to run down the works from which they were abstracting their own plays. Thus Boileau, in the life-time of Corneille and Molière, wrote, in his *Art Poétique*, c. iii.,—

“ Un rimeur, sans péril, de là des Pyrénées,
Sur la scène, en un jour, renferme des années :
Là souvent le héros d'un spectacle grossier,
Enfant au premier acte, est barbon au dernier.”

Boileau might be criticised in his own words:—

“ Un diner réchauffé ne valut jamais rien.”

For this reproach to the Spanish stage is at least as old as

the fifteenth century. Princiano, in his *Filosofia Antigua Poetica*, has almost the very words: "We may hence infer what sort of poems these are, when a child is born, grows and becomes an old man, where he marries and has children and grandchildren: if this is ridiculous in an epic poem, what must it be in a comedy?"

Cervantes ridiculed this custom in *Don Quixote*, and versified it in his comedy of *Pedro de Urdemalas*:—

" Y veran que no acaba en casamiento,
Cosa comun y vista cien mil veces ;
Ni que parió la dama esta jornada
Y en otro tiene el niño ya sus barbas,
Y es valiente y feroz, y mata y hiende
Y venga de sus padres cierta injuria
Y al fin viene à ser rey de cierto reyno," etc.

These authorities are enough to prove that the critics of Spain were not silent on the irregularities of the old dramatists; and we have but to refer to them, to see the bitterness and severity with which they pointed out every error and absurdity into which, misled by public applause and a fancy not always under control, these writers had fallen. Lope de Vega's example swelled the ranks of these theatrical delinquents, and yet, while most guilty of the same irregularities, his own authority condemned them. In the same work from which we have already quoted we read:—

" Mas ninguno de todos llamar puedo
Mas barbaro que yo ; pues contra el arte
Me atrevo à dar preceptos, y me dejo
Llevar de la vulgar corriente, adonde
Me llaman ignorante."

"But not one of them is more barbarous than myself; for I give precepts against the art, and suffer myself to be carried away by the stream: whence they call me ignorant." Cervantes never ceased boldly to declaim against the abuses in question, and shortly before his death he composed an adieu to the theatre, called a *Journey to Parnassus* and commencing, "Adios teatros públicos, honrados por la ignorancia." Villegas, the poet, attacked them with similar boldness, and alluded to Lope in the following:—

" Guisa como quisieres la maraña,
Transforma las doncellas en guerreros,
Que tu serás el cómico de España."

While satire was thus wholesomely applied, graver writers were exerting themselves with no less energy to banish such licenses from the stage. Lascales in 1816 published his *Fablas Poéticas*, where he says: "among others of these absurd comedies I remember to have seen one of San Amano, who took a journey to Paradise, where he remained two hundred years: on his return he found other places, and other people, and other manners. Others again take a whole chronicle: I have seen one on the loss of Spain and its re-conquest." Bartolome Leonardo de Argensola was another writer who not only censured the prevailing errors, but recommended, with judgment and excellent reasoning, the introduction of confidants into the *dramatis personæ*, to avoid the long soliloquies in which the chief characters usually declared their sentiments, &c.

However the opinions we have here cited may be unfavourable to the representation of the old dramatists, they prove at least that they neither sinned through ignorance, nor wanted among their countrymen monitors to reprove, or guides to show them a better path to fame.

Zamora and Cañizares are the only writers worthy of mention during the reign of Philip V, but we see no signs of genius in their works; and if the general dearth of talent had not raised them to more importance than their merits deserved, they would both have been forgotten long since. The stage being thus fallen from its former prosperity, immorality was introduced without disguise, and with such injurious effects on the public mind, that the attention of government was called to the subject, and a royal ordinance published in 1725, which in some measure remedied the grievance; but dramatic genius long lay prostrate, although at this time Luzan endeavoured to rouse the national taste to better things, and published a translation of the French comedy called *Le Préjugé à la mode*, to show how superior were plays written according to judgment and rules, to the unworthy compositions then offered to the public.

This blank in the theatrical history of Spain continued until the reign of Charles III, when things began to wear a brighter aspect. Every branch of literature felt the benignant influence of his favour and protection, and the theatre rapidly improved under such happy auspices. Not the least advantage it derived from this monarch was his prohibition of sacred dramatic pieces, for these absurd compositions had deeply injured the taste of the people, and had been long a

stumbling block in the way of the poets. He also encouraged translations from good French and Italian works, and caused them to be played before him; and the example of the court had its usual powerful influence: the same pieces were immediately produced on the theatres of the capital, under the inspection of the government. Old abuses and disorders were put a stop to; decency was enforced; and in everything that concerned authors and actors, the firm hand of authority was busy in improvement.

Towards the end of this reign appeared three well known dramatists,—Jovellanos, Garcia de la Huerta, and Ramon de la Cruz. *El Delincuente honrrado* of Jovellanos is the best sentimental comedy in the language. Its chief merit consists not so much in the skilfulness of the plot as in the beauties which abound in every part, and which have secured it lasting favour from the public. The thoughts are elevated and very nobly expressed; the moral is pure, the passions lively and natural, the sentiments tender, and painted with much truth, and the style elegant. Ramon de la Cruz was one of those independent minds who follow the bent of their own talent, without caring much about the opinion of others, and from whom we look for originality. With a rare wit, and talent for observation, added to much knowledge of the world beneath him, he bade defiance to dramatic dignity, and descending to low life, he chose his subjects from the humblest regions of society. In *El Manolo, tragedia para reir, ó sainete para llorar*, he satirized the tragic writers with infinite wit and point. All the unities are exactly observed. The plot turns on the return of an exile from Ceuta, for whom his mother had obtained a bride, while he already, ten years before, had promised to marry a *potagera* or female servant in a cook's shop. The first person the hero, Manolo, meets on his arrival, is one of his old companions:—

Manolo. Ya estamos en Madrid, y
en nuestro barrio,
Y aqui nos honrará con su presencia,
Mi madre, que si no es una real moza
Por lo menos vereis una real vieja.
La patria! que dulce es para aquel
hijo
Que vuelve sin camisa ni calcetas!
Sin embargo qué eran de Vizcaya
Las que sacó en el dia de su ausencia.

Sebastian. Manolo!

Man. Dame los brazos;
Y no estrañes, amigo, me sorprenda
De verte en un estado tan humilde.

Manolo. Behold me once more in my
old quarters at Madrid, and here will
my mother, a brave old dame, if not a
noble one, soon honour us with her
presence. My country! how sweetly
it sounds in the ears of a son who
comes back to her without a shirt or
stockings, although those I departed
in were from Biscay itself.

Sebastian. Manolo!

Man. Give me thy hand; and mar-
vel not at my surprise, my friend, to
see thee in this humble guise. Thou

¿Tu, manejando esparto, en vez de cuerdas

Para asaltar balcones y cortinas?
Tu que por las rendijas de las puertas
Introducías la flexible mano
La aplicas á labores tan groseras?
Que es esto?

Seb. Que ha de ser? Que se ha trocado

Tanto Madrid por dentro y por ajuera,
Que lo que por ajuera y por adentro
Antes fuè porqueria ya es limpieza.

Man. Como?

Seb. Son cuentos largos; pero, amigo,
Tu con tu gran talento considera
Como está todo, cuando yo me he puesto

A ser sastre de serones y de estera.

Man. Dime mas novedades ¿y la Pacha,

La Alifonza, la Ojazos, y la Tuerta?
Seb. En San Fernando.

Man. Si sus vocaciones
Han sido con fervor, dichosas ellas.

Seb. No apetecieron ellas la clausura
Que alli las embocaron de por fuerzas.

Man. ¿Pues qué tirano padre les da estado

Contra su voluntad à las doncellas?

Seb. Ya sabes que entre gentes conocidas

Es la razon de estado quien gobierna.

Man. Y nuestros camaradas, el Zurdillo,

El Tiñoso, Braguillas, y Pateta?

Seb. Todos fueron en tropa.

Man. Dende chicos

Fueron muy inclinados à la guerra,
Y el dia que se hallaban sin contrarios
Jugaban à romperse las cabezas.

[*Chiripa, his mother, rushes forward to embrace him.*]

Chir. !Manolillo!

Man. Señora y madre mia!

Dejad que imprima en la manaza bella
El dulce beso de mi sucia boca.

¿Y mi padre?

Chir. Murió.

Man. Sea enhorabuena!

Y mi tía la roma?

Chir. En el hospicio.

Man. Y mi hermano?

Chir. En Oran.

Man. Famosa tierra!

Y mi cuñada?

Chir. En las arrecogidas.

weaving baskets instead of ropes to scale balconies and open curtains! Thou employing the hand, so dexterous in opening doors, in such common work! How is this?

Seb. How should it be? when Madrid itself, both within and without, has exchanged so many of her former evil ways for cleaner ones.

Man. How so?

Seb. 'Tis a long tale; but with your head you may well imagine, friend, how it must have been with me ere I took to these ropes and mats.

Man. Tell me now,—what has become of la Pacha, la Alifonza, la Ojazos and la Tuerta?

Seb. In the work-house of St. Ferdinand.

Man. Happy are they if they have taken kindly to their present vocation.

Seb. But they did not by any means approve of being shut up there against their will.

Man. What tyrant father constrained the will of these fair ones?

Seb. Know you not that right is always on the side of the strongest?

Man. And our friends Zurdillo, Tiñoso, Braguillas, and Pateta, how are they?

Seb. All in prison.

Man. They were ever inclined to war: and so as soon as they found themselves without an enemy, they amused themselves with breaking each others' heads.

Chir. My dear Manolo!

Man. My mother! Suffer my unclean lips to press thy large lovely hand.

And my father?

Chir. Dead.

Man. Indeed! And my flat-nosed aunt?

Chir. In the hospital.

Man. And my brother?

Chir. At Oran.

Man. A famous place. And my sister-in-law?

Chir. In the penitentiary.

Man. Hizo bien, que bastante anduvo suelta.

Man. It was time, for she had had her liberty too long.

[At the request of his friends, Manolo gives a description of his life at Ceuta.]

Fué, señores, en fin de esta manera.
No refiero los meritos antiguos,
Que me adquirieron en mi edad primera

La comun opinion, paso en silencio
Las pedradas que di, las faldriqueras
Que asalté, y los pañuelos de tabaco
Con que llené mi casa de banderas,
Y voy sin reparar en accidentes
À la sustancia de la dependencia
Despues que del palacio de provincia
En publico salí, con la cadena,
Rodeado del exercito de pillos
À ocupar de los Moros las fronteras,
En bien penosas y contadas marchas,
Surcando rios y pisando tierras,
Llegamos à Algeciras dende donde
Llenas de ayre las tripas y las velas,
Del viento protegido, y de las ondas,
Los muros saludé de la gran Ceuta.
No bien pisé la arena de sus playas,
Cuando en tropel salí en hileras,
Toda la guarnicion á recibirnos,
Con su gobernador en medio de ella.
Encarose conmigo y preguntome :
Quien eres? y al oír que mi respuesta
Solo fué : soy Manolo : dijo serio :
Por tu fama conozco ya tus prendas.
Dende aquel mismo instante, en los diez años,

No ha habido expedicion en que no fuera
Yo el primerito ; que servicios hice !
Yo levanté murallas : de la arena
Limpié los fosos : amase cal viva :
Rompé mil picas : descubrí canteras .
Y en la noche y ratos mas ociosos
Mataba mis contrarios treinta à treinta.

Seb. Todos Moros ?

Man. Denguno era Cristiano,
Pues que de sangre humana se alimentan.

En fin, de mis pequeños enemigos
Vencida la porña y la caterva,
Me vuelvo à reposar al patrio suelo,
Aunque segun el brio que me alienta,
Poco me satisface esta jornada
Y solo juzgo que salí de Ceuta
Para correr despues las demas cortes,
Peñon, Oran, Melilla, y Aljucemas.

It happened thus. I will not allude to my old deserts, which, even in my childhood, gained me a pretty general renown. I pass over also in silence the blows I gave and the handkerchiefs I purloined, which filled my house with so many banners, and without further delay I proceed to my story : No sooner did I quit the hall of justice, than, with a troop of convicts, I departed to the Moorish frontier. We arrived at Algeciras, after a long and painful march ; whence, after fording many a river, faint and exhausted with hunger, but favoured by the winds and waves, we came in sight of the walls of Ceuta. As soon as we trod the shores of that place, the garrison all sallied out in a body to receive us, with the governor in the midst. Accosting me presently, he demanded who I was, and on hearing my answer, which was simply, 'I am Manolo,' he said seriously : 'Thy fame has already reached me.' From that instant there was not, in the course of my ten years' sojourn in the place, an expedition in which I was not employed. What services did I not perform ! I built up walls ; I filled up the pits in the sand ; I burnt lime ; I broke a thousand pickaxes ; I opened quarries ; and of an evening, or when I had an idle moment, I slew my enemies by thirties.

Seb. All Moors ?

Man. They were not Christians, for they delight to feed on human blood. At length, having vanquished the malice and the multitude of my small enemies, I return to repose in my native land. But my journey home is but an unsatisfactory one for a man of my courage and enterprise, and I fancy I only quitted Ceuta to visit in succession the other courts of Peñon, Oran, Melilla, and Aljucemas.

The *potagera* insists on Manolo fulfilling his promise to marry her, and, meeting with much opposition, she enlists her friends in her cause ; and Manolo and his band being attacked, are defeated, and the hero slain. The unities of time

are so well observed in this comedy, that the action is supposed to occupy but twenty minutes, the exact time taken up in the representation of the piece; and however strange and absurd the plot may seem, it contains some charming passages and philosophical conceptions. The whole concludes in these words:—

¿De qué aprovechan
 Todos vuestros afanes, jornaleros,
 Y pasar las semanas con miseria,
 Si dempues los domingos ó los lunes,
 Disipais el jornal en la taberna?

Of what avail is all your toil,
 Ye labourers, and all the misery
 In which you pass your week,
 If all your gain is spent on Sundays
 Or on Mondays in the public-house?

Although as writers not above the lowest grade of mediocrity, Candido Maria Irigueros, Tomas de Iriarte, and Juan Melendez Valdes, are known as dramatic authors. Of these, the last-mentioned was a good poet, but incapable of composing anything like a theatrical work worthy of remembrance.

The reign of Charles IV, so unhappy for the country, was favourable to the stage. Jose Antonio Cabellero, one of his ministers, was zealous for the honour of his country, and for her literature in general; and making himself thoroughly master of the subject, he represented to the king how necessary it had become to reform the stage, and reestablish it if possible on the same footing as when it contributed so much to the celebrity and delight of Spain. In accordance with the suggestion of his minister, the monarch issued an ordinance in the year 1799, in which he instituted a committee, charged with all theatrical reforms, with the censorship and superintendance of plays and playhouses, and with the duty of granting rewards and privileges to authors. By their order were formed two collections of modern plays, published under their sanction, and called *The New Spanish Theatre*, and the *New Theatre*, while many extravagant or immoral pieces were prohibited.

Moratin had commenced his career as an author at the end of the preceding reign, and he now took advantage of the taste, and of the new regulations made by Charles IV, and produced his comedies, in which we remark chiefly an agreeable style of writing, a sufficient observance of the laws of the drama, a pure language, and much vivacity of idea employed in working up scenes taken from the society in which the author himself lived, and therefore not demanding much inventive talent, in which Moratin was deficient. Of his seven plays, two are copied literally enough from the French.

El Viejo y la Nina, in which the author shows the many inconveniences attendant on unions between persons of disproportioned ages, was written in 1786, but the censors and actors, combined with other circumstances, opposed its appearance until 1790. Signorelli soon transferred it to the Italian boards, but to suit the taste of his country he made so many alterations in the original, that few would recognize it in the copy. In *La Comedia Nueva*, his second production, he described with fidelity the then state of the drama; but neither in the characters introduced, nor in any of the allusions, do we find anything like a portrait from the life; on the contrary, in the formation of his plot as well as in the selection of his characters, the author's aim seems to have been rather nature in general than in particular. When Moratin first read this play in a company composed of actors, musicians, and poets, they all with one accord exclaimed, that it could bring nothing but discredit and ruin on his head; they pronounced it, by turns, too violent, too insipid, too satirical, in fact nothing short of a defamatory libel, and then followed strong remonstrances to the government that the publication should not be permitted. It was submitted to the examination of the president of the council, of the corregidor of Madrid, and of the ecclesiastical vicar, and after going through the ordeal of five censors, it was declared that it was not libellous at all, but a clever play, likely to have a useful effect in stage reform, and finally, it was represented in February 1792, with general applause. The plot is ingenious enough. A certain Don Eleuterio, who had been a page, turns theatrical author, urged on by his wife, and Hermogenes, a thorough pedant. The action is limited to some hours before and after the representation of his play, called *The Great Siege of Vienna*, the author having in his own mind already appropriated the profits, to the payment of his debts, and the portioning of his sister, whom he desires to marry to Hermogenes. Unfortunately, however, his piece is hissed, and he is forced to yield to the advice of Pedro, a man of talent and benevolence, who is interested for him. Besides these characters, the author has described a Don Antonio very agreeably; the rest have nothing to recommend them. The best scene is that where the author talks about his own play with Pedro and Antonio, and gives in a few words his ideas on the state of the drama. It is to be observed that Pedro is unacquainted with Eleuterio as an author, and that Antonio does not pretend to know him.

D. El. Todo eso vá bien ; pero lo cierto es, que el sugeto tendrá que contentarse con sus quince doblones, que le darán los comicos, si la comedia gusta y muchas gracias.

D. Ant. Quince? pues yo creí que eran veinte y cinco.

D. El. No, señor ; ahora en tiempo de calor no se dá mas ; si fuera por el invierno, entonces. . . .

D. Ant. Calle! con que en empezando á helar valen mas las comedias? lo mismo sucede con los besugos.

D. El. Pues mire V. aun con ser tan poco lo que dan, el autor se ajustaria de buena gana, para hacer por el precio todas las funciones que necesitase la compañía ; pero hay muchas envidias, unos favorecen á este, otros á aquel, y es menester una tecla para mantenerse en la gracia de los primeros vocales, que vaya, . . ! Luego . . ya se ve, como son tantos á escribir, y cada uno procura despachar su genero, entran los empeños, las gratificaciones, las rebajas. . . . Ahora mismo acaba de llegar un estudiante Gallego con unas alforjas llenas de piezas manuscritas, comedias, follas, zarzuelas sainetes. . . Que se yo quanta ensalada trae allí ! y anda solicitando que los comicos le compren todo el surtido, y dá cada obra á 300 res. una con otra ; ya se ve, quien ha de poder competir con un hombre que trabaja tan barato.

D. Ant. Es verdad, amigo ; ese estudiante Gallego hará malísima obra á los autores de la corte.

D. El. Malísima ; ya vé V. como estan los comestibles.

D. Ant. Cierto.

D. El. Lo que cuesta un mal vestido que uno se haga.

D. Ant. En efecto.

D. El. El cuarto.

D. Ant. Oh ! si, el cuarto ! los caseros son crueles.

D. El. Y si hay familia.

D. Ant. No hay duda si hay familia es cosa terrible.

D. El. Vaya V. á competir con el otro, que con seis quartos de callos y medio pan tiene el gasto hecho.

D. Ant. Y que remedio? ahí, no hay mas sino arrimar el hombro al trabajo, escribir buenas piezas, darlas muy baratas, que se representen que aturdan

D. Eleuterio. This is all very well ; but there is little doubt that the poor author will have to be satisfied with his fifteen doubloons, which, if his play succeeds, the actors will present to him with many thanks.

D. Ant. Only fifteen ! I thought twenty-five was the sum.

D. El. No ; not in this hot weather ; if it had been the winter, perhaps. . . .

D. Ant. Capital ! Comedies are like fish ; they rise in price as soon as it begins to freeze.

D. El. Yes ; and trifling as the remuneration is, the author would willingly write for the like sum all the plays required by the company ; but there are so many jealousies among them ; some favour one, and some another, and it is a hard matter to keep on good terms with the first singers. You see, there are so many writers, and each one anxious to sell his works, and then, there are all sorts of engagements, and gratuities, and fees, &c. At this very time, a Gallician student has arrived, with his pockets full of manuscripts, comedies, plays, farces, interludes, and all sorts of things ; he is going about beseeching the actors to buy his budget, which he values at 300 reals, one with another. Who can compete with a man who works so cheap ?

D. Ant. It is very true ; this Gallician student will seriously injure the court authors.

D. El. Most seriously ; only think of provisions.

D. Ant. Certainly.

D. El. And the poorest dress one can have made.

D. Ant. Very true.

D. El. One's apartments.

D. Ant. Ah ! lodging-house keepers are very hard.

D. El. And then if there is a family to keep.

D. Ant. That is absolutely dreadful.

D. El. Who can stand against a fellow who is content with half a loaf and three pennyworth of tripe ?

D. Ant. Nobody. Álas ! there is nothing to be done but to set to work, write a good piece, sell it very cheap, have it played, try to seize on public

al publico, y ver si se puede dar con el Gallego en tierra. Bien que la de esta tarde es excelente, y para mi tengo que—

D. El. La ha leído V.?

D. Ant. No, por cierto.

D. Ped. La han impreso?

D. El. Si Señor, pues no se habia de imprimir?

D. Ped. Pero no estará publicada.

D. El. Si Señor.

D. Ped. Mal hecho; mientras no sufra el examen del publico en el teatro, está muy espuesta, y sobre todo, es demasiada confianza en un autor novel.

D. Ant. Que! no Señor. Si le digo à V. que es excelente. Y donde se vende?

D. El. Se vende en los puestos del diario, en la libreria de Perez, en la de Izquierdo, en la de Gil, en la de Zurita, en el puesto de los cobradores à la entrada del Coliseo; se vende tambien en la tienda de vinos de la Calle del Pez, en la del herbolario de la Calle Ancha, en la jaboneria de la Calle del Lobo, en la—

D. Ped. Se acabará esta tarde esa relacion?

D. El. Como el Señor preguntaba—

D. Ped. Pero no preguntaba tanto:—si no hay paciencia?

D. Ant. Pues la he de comprar.

D. El. Veala V. aqui.

D. Ant. Oiga! es esta? à ver. Y ha puesto su nombre, bien, así me gusta; con eso la posteridad no se andará dando de calabazadas per averiguar la gracia del autor. '*Por Don Eleutorio Crispin de Andorra.... Sale el Emperador Leopoldo, el rey de Polonia, y Frederico, senescal vestidos de gala, con acompañamiento de damas y magnates, y una brigada de usares à caballo.*' Soberbia entrada! y dice el Emperador:

*'Ya sabeis, vasallos míos,
Que habra dos meses y medio
Que el turco puso à Viena,
Con sus tropas el asedio,
Y que para resistirle,
Unimos nuestros desnudos,
Dando nuestros nobles brios,
En repetidos encuentros,
Las pruebas mas relevantes,
De nuestros invictos pechos.'*

Que estilo tiene! caspita! qui bien pone la pluma el picaro!

*'Bien conosco que la falta,
Del necesario alimento,
Ha sido tal, que rendidos*

attention, and thus drive the Gallician from the field. But certainly the piece of this evening is excellent; and my opinion is that—

D. El. Have you read it?

D. Ant. Not I.

D. Ped. Have they printed it?

D. El. Yes. Why should they not print it?

D. Ped. But they have not published it?

D. El. Yes, they have.

D. Ped. That is not right; it is too presumptuous, until it has undergone the criticism of the theatrical world; and it is particularly bold in a new author.

D. Ant. Why so, when you say that it is excellent? Where is it sold?

D. El. It is sold at the newsvenders' shops, at the library of Perez, at Izquierdo's, at De Gil's, at Zurita's, at the collector's at the entrance of the Coliseum; also, at the wine shop in the Calle del Pez, at the herbalist's in the Calle Ancha, at the soap manufactory in the Calle del Lobo, at the—

D. Ped. Will the list finish to-night?

D. El. This gentleman asked me—

D. Ped. He did not ask for so much of it: it would try anybody's patience.

D. Ant. I see we must buy it.

D. El. It is here.

D. Ant. Is this it? really. And he has put his name to it. I like that;—it saves posterity the trouble of ascertaining who really was the author. '*By Don Eleutorio Crispin de Andorra. The Emperor Leopold, king of Poland, appears with Frederic his seneschal, in court dresses, attended by magnates and ladies, and a troop of hussars on horseback.*' What a grand beginning! The emperor says: '*Vasals! you are aware how, two months and a half ago, the Turk with a large army laid siege to Vienna; and that to resist him I summoned my bravest together, who in repeated encounters have given the most sublime and extraordinary proofs of invincible courage.*' What a style! how well this fellow knows how to handle the pen. For lack of proper food, I know we have been compelled by famine to devour rats, toads, and other unclean creatures.'

*De la hambre à los esfuerzos,
Hemos comido ratones,
Sapos y sucios insectos.*

Estos insectos sucios seran regularmente arañas, polillas, moscones, correderas,—

D. El. Si Señor.

D. Ant. Estupendo potage para un ventorrillo de Cataluña!

D. El. Que tal no le parece à V. bien la entrada?

D. Ped. Eh! à mi—

D. El. Me alegro que le guste à V. pero, no, donde hay un paso muy fuerte es al principio del segundo acto. Busquelo V. ahí,—Por ahí ha de estar cuando la dama se cae muerta de hambre.

D. Ant. Muerta?

D. El. Si, Señor, muerta.

D. Ant. Que situacion tan comica! Y estas exclamaciones que hace aqui contra quien son?

D. El. Contra el visir, que la tuvo seis dias sin comer, porque no queria ser su concubina.

D. Ant. Pobrecita! ya se ve el visir seria un bruto.

D. El. Si Señor.

D. Ant. Hombre arrebatado, eh?

D. El. Si Señor.

D. Ant. Alto, moreno, un poco visco, grandes bigotes.

D. El. Si Señor; si lo mismo me le he figurado yo.

D. Ant. Enorme animal! pues no, la dama no se muerda la lengua; no es cosa como le pone; oiga V. Don Pedro.

D. Ped. No, por Dios, no lea V.

D. El. Es que es uno de los pedazos mas terribles de la comedia.

D. Ped. Con todo eso—

D. El. Lleno de fuego.

D. Ped. Ya—

D. El. Buena versificacion.

D. Ped. No importa.

D. El. Que alborotará el teatro si la dama la esfuerza.

D. Ped. Hombre, si he dicho ya que—

D. Ant. Pero, à lo menos, el final del acto segundo es menester oírle.—

Emp. Y en tanto quemis recelos—

Vis. Y mientras mis esperanzas—

Sen. Y hasta que mis enemigos—

Emp. Averigüe—

Vis. Logre—

Sen. Caygan—

Emp. Rencores dadme favor—

These unclean creatures must be, I suppose, spiders, gnats, large flies, beetles,—

D. El. Yes, sir.

D. Ant. A capital soup for a Catalonian stomach!

D. El. Does not the beginning strike you as very good?

D. Ped. Ah! I—

D. El. I am delighted that you think so; but the most striking passage is at the beginning of the second act. Look for it: ah! it must be here, where the lady falls down dead with hunger.

D. Ant. Dead?

D. El. Yes, dead.

D. Ant. How very odd! and all these exclamations,—whom are they uttered against?

D. El. Against the vizier, who kept her six days without food because she rejected his addresses.

D. Ant. Poor thing. And what a brute that vizier must have been.

D. El. Yes.

D. Ant. A very passionate man, I suppose?

D. El. Yes.

D. Ant. Tall, dark, a little cast in the eye, large mustachios?

D. El. That is exactly my own idea of him.

D. Ant. A very animal. But he could not stop the lady's tongue: just listen, Don Pedro, to all she says.

D. Ped. No, I beseech you, do not read it.

D. El. But it is one of the most terrible bits in the whole play.

D. Ped. Nevertheless—

D. El. Full of fire.

D. Ped. But—

D. El. Good versification.

D. Ped. Never mind.

D. El. It will astound the audience if the actress plays it properly.

D. Ped. Man, I have said already that—

D. Ant. You must at least hear the end of the second act.

Emp. And while my commands—

Viz. And while my hopes—

Sen. And until my enemies—

Emp. Ascertain—

Viz. Succeed—

Sen. Fall—

Emp. Hatred favour me—

'*Viz.* No me dejes tolerancia—
 '*Sen.* Denuedo, asiste à mi brazo—
 '*Todos.* Para que admire la patria, el
 mas generoso ardid, y la mas tremenda
 hazaña.'
D. Ped. Vamos, no hay quien pueda
 sufrir tanto disparate.

'*Viz.* Leave me no patience—
 '*Sen.* Boldness assist my arm—
 '*All.* That the country may marvel
 at this generous courage, and at this
 awful deed.'
D. Ped. It is impossible to bear such
 nonsense.

In 1787, Moratin wrote the *Baron*, which was not played until 1803, when, in spite of the applause of his admirers, it met with condemnation from the public. The plot turns on the deceptions of a supposed baron, who, after practising a system of fraud, and cheating every one, is detected and disgraced. The idea was happy, but it was badly carried out, and the *Baron* may be pronounced the worst of Moratin's compositions.

The *Mogigata*, or *Hypocrite*, written in 1791, was played in private, and in some of the provincial theatres, but not in Madrid until the year 1804. As a dramatic composition, it is perhaps the best he ever wrote, the most ingenious and skilful, and the characters, in which Moratin generally excelled, are remarkably well devised.

The *Si de las Ninas* was brought out at the theatre de la Cruz in 1806, and was repeated for twenty-six successive evenings, with greater success than any of his preceding comedies; but notwithstanding its great popularity, we cannot think it equal to the *Mogigata*. It was written, like the *Comedia Nueva*, in prose.

La Escuela de los Maridos and *El Medico à Palos* are freely translated from *L'Ecole des Maris* and the *Médecin malgré lui* of Molière. The first was brought out at Madrid, at the theatre Del Principe, in 1812; the last at Barcelona, in 1814.

It appears to us that the chief object a comic writer should have in view, is the correction of the particular vice on which he founds his work. Different means may lead him to this desired end. Irony and ridicule thrown on the errors of life, or on the prevailing follies of the time, may often show men as in a glass a picture of themselves from which they retreat in shame; and again, a faithful description of the misery to which self-indulgence in vice leads us, by moving or alarming the heart, may effect a reformation where other means would fail. Molière took in hand many of the follies which lead men astray, and showing them on the ridiculous side only, corrected them through the generally diffused dread of ridicule. Kotzebue, on the other hand, unveiling some of the strongest among the passions of human nature, sought by

means of appeals to the heart to correct its errors. Regnard may have made many a gamester blush: Ducange may have caused him to repent. Whichever way the poet may take to effect his object, his chief aim should ever be the strict observance of truth, and avoidance of everything like improbability. Moratin attached himself firmly to these ideas, and together with the beauty of his language, they obtained for him the high rank he holds among the modern Spanish dramatists; and Martinez de la Rosa and Gorostiza, who soon succeeded him, never departed from the principles he upheld so ably.

In every country the stage has had its origin in national pride. In Greece, the life of their ancient heroes and the remembrance of their deeds was the first subject attempted; and as they called themselves the descendants of gods and demi-gods, their first dramas partook naturally of those pompous and highflown ideas. It was not man, or his passions, or actions, they imitated or reasoned on; they described deeds supernatural, and their principal machinery were heaven and fate. These tragedies were long considered as models to be followed implicitly, and their princes and heroes, with their fine and inflated language, the sole characters worthy to be regarded as tragic. It is only of late that these old prejudices have worn away, and that men have acknowledged that on the stage kings are, as elsewhere, but crowned men, and that it is unworthy of modern times to adopt Grecian servility to power. How absurd was the idea of limiting to kings and princes the influence of human passion, and how destructive of all sympathy on the part of the spectator, who could not identify himself with a single character in the tragedy! This truth generally felt, if not avowed, gradually paved the way for a new style of composition, the only style founded in truth and nature. History was the mine first explored by the poets. The Spanish writers divided themselves afterwards into two separate classes, each, according to the bent of his genius, composing comedies of character and manners, or historical dramas; and these two classes of plays still occupy the Spanish stage. The works of Martinez de la Rosa offer some of the best specimens of this style, by the fidelity of their descriptions of life as it really exists, where princes and subjects, high and low, all claim a separate but an equal degree of interest.

The *Conjuracion de Venecia* is one of his best plays, and nowhere could an historian or a poet find a more interest-

ing subject. Venice was a phenomenon in politics,—an exception to every ordinary rule of government,—a city of vast interest from its situation and construction,—important from the sway it exercised over so many countries for years, memorable for the abjectness of its domestic slavery. The empire of terror, so long triumphant over the laws of nature, offers many capabilities for producing strong theatrical effects, and the famous conspiracy, taken by the author as the groundwork of his play, is a tale of deep interest. The aristocratic government of Venice, confined to a few patricians, disgusted the great mass of the people, and gave rise, by their excessive tyranny, to numerous conspiracies among those who felt their chains gall them, and longed to shake off the bondage under which they groaned. Hence the suspicion and distrust inseparable from injustice, hence the cruel and atrocious system of espionage and of the scaffold to silence the complaints of the oppressed. From political motives the Genoese ambassador favoured the conspiracy in question, and the author opens the play with a scene in his house, where the conspirators have met to concert the best means of getting rid of their tyrants during the approaching carnival. The first act is taken up with these schemes for the future, in which Ruggieri, an orphan whose country and family are unknown, but who is in mind and heart a Venetian, plays a prominent part. The second opens with an interview between the brothers Morosini, Pedro, the president of the Council of Ten, and Giovanni a Senator, in which they shew a partial knowledge, obtained by their spies, of the plot in agitation, and of Ruggieri's share in it. Their conversation is interrupted by the approach of some one, and they conceal themselves, before the entrance of Laura, the daughter of Giovanni, who has married Ruggieri secretly, and now awaits his coming. In the ensuing scene her husband confides to her part of the conspiracy in which he is engaged, and while speaking, one of the listeners extinguishes the lamp in the saloon, and in the darkness the satellites of the tribunal rush in and seize Ruggieri; Laura, carried away senseless, remains doubtful of his fate, and in the third act, she resolves to confide the secret of her marriage to her father: this scene is one of the most interesting in the play. The father forgives her fault, and promises to intercede for the life of Ruggieri, which he does—though vainly—with his relentless brother. The fourth act describes the carnival in the great square of St. Mark, and the appearance of the conspirators who mingle

among the crowd, until the signal is given. In the midst of all this festivity and noise, which is very dramatically portrayed, the great bell strikes twelve, and with loud cries of "Venice and liberty," the conspirators rise, armed with daggers and menacing vengeance and death to their oppressors. But the government is forewarned, and Ruggieri a captive, without the power of communicating with his friends. The president Morosini, in the square, deals death around him, and dispatches to the tribunal all who escaped destruction. The fifth act commences with the sitting of the tribunal, Laura's supplication for Ruggieri's life, his condemnation, and the discovery made by the president that he is his own child. Horrified at the knowledge, he rushes from the tribunal; Ruggieri is led to the scaffold, and the scene falls on the last trying interview between him and Laura the moment before his death.

The entire plot of this drama is excellently conceived, the interest is sustained until the end, and the high merit of the whole would alone entitle Martinez de la Rosa to be considered the best of the modern dramatists of Spain: but he had written many others of equal merit, and among them, *Los Zelos Infundados*, a comedy on the worn-out subject of jealousy, which possesses every merit belonging to the style of writing, and shows in the happiest manner how well ridicule may be employed to bring men to conviction. The story turns on the marriage of an elderly Don Anselmo with a young and pretty Doña Francisca, and his jealousy. Eugenio, the brother of the lady, and his cousin Carlos, agree to cure the husband if possible of his suspicions, which are daily inflamed by one of those servants whom the author describes as so many house dogs, who bark and bite at a shadow, and who, at the very sight of a real thief, if he throws them a bit of bread, will leave the way free for him. Anselmo, not knowing the cousins before, is told that Carlos is Francisca's brother; and Eugenio, feigning himself deaf, acts in a manner to induce a belief that he is the most dangerous visitor the unhappy husband could have. All his fears are continually magnified into certainties by his artful servant, and they make him perform all kinds of absurdities with the view of ascertaining the truth of his suspicions. At length, quite satisfied, he drives Eugenio from his house, who easily manages to bribe Anselmo's faithless servant, to give him admittance during his master's absence. As it is necessary, for the execution of Eugenio's design, that he should be

discovered, soon after the return of Anselmo, an extraordinary noise is heard, the wife falls at his feet in a state of great agitation, he rushes out to discover the cause of the disturbance, and at the critical moment, Carlos discovers the innocent trick played on him; their real characters, the villainy of the servants he had trusted, and the folly of his groundless suspicions. Don Anselmo remains astonished and convinced, and acknowledging his errors, promises never again to give way to jealousy.

In the *Si de las Ninas*, Moratin showed that ill effects might be produced by an excess of bashfulness, produced by an erroneous education: in *Contigo pan y Cebella*, Gorostiza takes the directly opposite fault for the foundation of a comedy.

Matilda, the daughter of a man who is acquainted neither with her disposition nor her taste, is in love with Eduardo de Contreras, a young man of talent, rich, and courted in society. She is ignorant of these worldly advantages; and when Eduardo asks her father's consent to the union, and Don Pedro grants it very joyfully, she first discovers that his fortune prevents any of those obstacles which, according to all romances she has read, should attend lovers; and suddenly changing her mind, refuses to marry him. Eduardo guessing the reason, proposes to the father an ingenious way of regaining the affections he had lost. They pretend that his uncle has cast him off, and that in consequence Don Pedro refuses to see him again. The plot succeeds;—Matilda's affection revives for the destitute lover, while her father still feigns to be inflexible. Eduardo persuades her to elope with him; and finally, on the bridegroom threatening to shoot himself, and the bride to take poison, an old servant is forced to become an accomplice in the flight. In the fourth act, we find Matilda reduced to poverty by her marriage, without money enough even to procure food. She is compelled to work like a servant; and, still worse, Eduardo is compelled to leave her and go in quest of money. Thus brought to indigence, insulted by creditors, despised by former friends, she sees her error, and confesses that it is not mere love unguided by reason that can ever create happiness. This play has scenes which may rank with those of Molière and Moratin; but the character of the heroine is carried beyond probability. Matilda is a female Quixote; but Cervantes tells us that his hero was mad, and we may hence account for all his absurdities; while we are at a loss to imagine how the most romantic

and exalted of heroines can cease to love a man only because she discovers that he is not poor.

Breton de los Herreros, born in 1800, like all the best of the Spanish poets, was a soldier. He was engaged in the revolutionary changes from 1820 to 1823, and did not begin his dramatic career until 1824, when he wrote his play in three acts, called *A la Vejez viruelas*. The flattering reception it obtained stimulated his exertions in this field, and his works now amount to about one hundred and fifty in number. They are all exclusively Spanish in their character, full of fire and imagination, but they generally want originality and interest. The vulgarest story, the most insignificant plot, handled by Breton de los Herreros, is certain of popularity, owing to his rare talent of setting off his materials by a witty dialogue and flowing verses. *Un Dia de Campo*, for instance, is a delightful comedy, founded on a very meagre plot.—A guardian desires to marry his ward, who on her side is in love with a worthless gambler. Incited by an aunt, however, this last refuses to marry Sabina as soon as he finds that she has not fortune enough to enable him to live in Paris. The poor guardian resigns himself to his celibacy on seeing the conduct of those around him; and the aunt, who hoped to gain him for herself, remains disappointed and enraged at the failure of her plans. One extract will give some idea of his style:

La amante Doña Ruperta
Se pega como una lapa
A Don Tomas su marido,
Hombre de excelente pasta,
Mas yo tengo para mi
Aunque él se sonrie y calla,
Que tanta dicha le abruma
Que tanto amor le empalaga;
Porque amor es una droga,
De propiedades tan raras,
Que segun sea la dosis
Nos dá la vida ó nos mata.

The tender Doña Ruperta
Is as fond of her husband, Don Tomas,
As the ivy of any old wall.
Don Tomas is very good-natured,
And yet I cannot help thinking,
Although he does nothing but smile,
That his happiness often annoys him;
That his burden of bliss is more weighty
Than he well knows how to support:
For love is a drug of rare virtues,
And as it is given with skill
It lends a new life or will kill.

In *Marcela*, and *Un Tercero en discordia*, the author has undertaken to reprove society through some of its absurdities, without going so far as its vices. *Marcela* is a very amiable person, whose dangerous softness of character emboldens three lovers who are all unworthy of her notice. In the *Tercero en discordia* there is likewise a young heroine persecuted by three lovers. The two most importunate suitors are drawn with much talent: the one is mistrustful and jealous, the other a fool, who thinks himself quite sure of the affections

of Luciana ; the third, neither jealous nor presumptuous, is a type of social perfection. The contrast between the three is so great, that it makes one of the best plots the modern stage can boast of.

A multitude of dramatic authors worthy of fame and of esteem may be ranked after Martinez de la Rosa, Gorostiza, and Breton de los Herreros. Don Xavier de Burgos, the Duke de Ribas, the Marquess de Cagigal, Zorrilla, Gil y Zárate, Gil Diaz Hartzembusch, Roca de Togores, Garcia Gutierrez, Arellano, Carbonell Comella, Cubillo, Godinez, Larra, Lobo, Pastor Salvo, Vega, Valladares, and others, have produced comedies that now delight the public, and every year raise the national stage nearer to the glory it enjoyed under the Philips.

Garcia Gutierrez was unknown to the theatrical world until he wrote his *Trobadour*, in 1835. Those who think only of the classic unities of the drama would condemn the want of respect shown to these idols by our author. The play is taken from an historical event of the fifteenth century, connected with the civil dissensions of the Conde de Urgel. The author first makes us acquainted with the family history of the Conde de Luna. The conversation of three servants informs us that the illness of the count's eldest son having been attributed to witchcraft, a certain gipsy was taken up on the charge and burnt. Soon after, the count's son disappeared ; and after a diligent search, a recently extinguished fire was discovered on the spot where the witch was burnt, and the skeleton of a child ; which act of atrocious vengeance was unanimously given to the gipsy's daughter, who was sought for in vain. At the opening of the piece the Conde de Luna, the brother of the boy long since disappeared, is represented as enamoured of Leonora de Sesse, a beauty of Arragon and attached to the queen's person, but who is indifferent to him, having before known and loved Manrique, a troubadour and volunteer in the Conde de Urgel's army. The Count de Luna visits Leonora, but not finding her in her apartment, and hearing the sound of music in the garden, he enters it, as Leonora had just before done at the same sound. In the twilight Leonora mistakes the count for Manrique. The rivals fight, and the troubadour disarms the count. Don Guillen, Leonora's brother, desires her to choose between a convent and the hand of De Luna : and after some interesting scenes the count agrees to look over the disparity of rank, and fight Manrique in the field.

A year is supposed to elapse before we are again introduced to the characters,—the count still suffering from the wound he received in the duel, but still seeking the hand of Leonora, who had received a false report of Manrique's death, and had decided on taking the veil. De Luna then seeks the aid of some of his servants to assist him in carrying off Leonora before the ceremony; and meanwhile the Count de Urgel sends Manrique with a body of troops into Saragossa, to rouse the people to revolt. While the procession from the convent is walking, Leonora recognizes Manrique among the gazers, and falls insensible in the arms of the nuns. The scene then transports us to the cottage of the gipsy, where Manrique, who supposes himself her son, is seated. Then follows a long story about the death of her mother; her subsequent revenge; and how, in mistake, she burnt her own child instead of the Count de Luna's. It follows, as a matter of course, that Manrique is the missing child. Meanwhile Leonora is a prey to despair in the convent: here too Manrique contrives to gain admittance, and after many trials he succeeds in carrying her from her prison. In the fourth act the Count de Luna besieges the castle in which they had taken refuge. Acujena, the gipsy, is taken prisoner by the count's soldiers and carried to Saragossa, while Manrique, leaving his bride, resolves to follow and avenge her whom he still believes to be his mother. He is also made prisoner and confined in a tower, whence Leonora determines to liberate him, by a desperate step. She swallows poison, and then, by pretending to yield at length to the addresses of the count, she gains admittance to Manrique's prison, where she finds him with the gipsy; but before she has succeeded in freeing him, she expires. The count, furious at his loss, orders Manrique to the scaffold, in spite of the prayers of the gipsy, who, not however until the axe has fallen, reveals to him that he has slain his brother, and that her wrongs are fully avenged.

The drama is styled *chivalrous* by the author; it may rather be called *heroic*, being founded on the many models in Shakespeare and Calderon. Gutierrez possesses many dramatic requisites; the talent of expressing a passion with natural simplicity, and the richness of language peculiar to both his great models. There are many faults, notwithstanding, to be found in this drama,—one of the greatest is the want of an individual interest in the chief personage. The three characters of Manrique, Leonora, and the gipsy,

are so equal in importance, that the reader can hardly pronounce which the author intended for the principal actor. To compensate for these faults, it is rarely we find in the same work verse and prose so harmoniously and delightfully blended. Some of the lines are models of tenderness and beauty. The following is part of a scene between Manrique and Leonora, after the mistake in the garden already mentioned:—

Tus lagrimas ! yo creer,
Pudiera, Leonor, en ellas,
Quando con tiernas querellas.
À otro halagabas ayer ?

Leo. Si, pero juzgué, engañada
Que éras tu ; con voz pausada,
Cantar una trova oí.
Era tu voz, tu laud,
Era el canto seductor
De un amante trovador
Lleno de tierna inquietud.
Turbada perdí mi calma,
Se estremeció el corazon,
Y una celeste ilusion
Me abrasó de amor el alma.
Me pareció que te via
En la obscuridad profunda
Que á la luna moribunda
Su penacho descubria.
Me figuré verte allí
Con melancólica frente
Suspirando tristemente
Tal vez, Manrique por mí.
No me engañaba, un temblor
Me sobrecogió un instante.
Era sin duda, mi amante
Era ! ay Dios ! mi trovador.

How can I believe in thy tears,
When I heard thee, but yesterday,
chiding

Another in accents of tender reproach?
Do I wrong thee in this, Leonora ?

Leo. By a gentle voice deceived,
I listened and believed,
'Twas all so like thine own.
The melting voice, the lute,
Pleading the lover's suit,
The soft enchanting tone,
So moved me with their skill,
My heart beat faster still ;
And by the moon's pale light
Methought I saw thy plume
Waving amid the gloom
And darkness of the night ;
I fancied thou wert there,
And with a brow of care,
Sighing, perhaps for me,—
Trembling I bent my ear,
I felt that thou wert near ;—
'Twas thee, and only thee.

This writer seems to pride himself on conquering difficulties which to another would seem insuperable. In *Carlos II* he introduces the king confessing himself to a monk ; and this act, in reality so absurd on any stage, is here made really impressive. Again, in *Don Alvaro de Luna* the spectator is interested throughout the drama in a plot which is entirely political, without any mixture of the passions or sentiments which commonly affect mankind. *Rosamunda*, a play first represented in 1839, has also gained the author much applause. The subject is the same as the tragedy of the same name by Addison, although there is no further similarity between the two. We need not detail any part of a plot taken from the old romances of the time. The drama is composed according to the rules of theatrical art, and yet has

the good fortune to please the sentimental reader, by the beauty of the poetry. Take the following specimen, addressed by Arthur to Rosamund:—

Remotas tierras corri,
 Surqué dilatados mares,
 Però nunca á mis pesares
 Tregua halle lejos de tí,
 Vi de la alta Bizancio
 El imperial resplendor
 Causome su pompa horror
 Y sus placeres cansancio.
 En vano ostentó á mis ojos
 El Asia fertil su gala ;
 Á los perfumes que exata
 Preferia estos abrojos ;
 Que dos objetos mas bellos
 Su dulce hechizo les dan
 Patria y amor aqui estan
 Y yo moria por ellos.
 Mil veces la horrible muerte
 En las lides me cercara
 Mas mi valor la abuyentara
 Con brazo animoso y fuerte ;
 Que si bien la apetecí
 Por infeliz, con razon
 Este triste corazon
 Por ser tuyo defendi.
 Mirame pues vencedor
 Mas al lauro de mis sienes
 Tu sola derecho tienes
 Puesto me diste valor
 Qual justa deuda ó tus pies
 Ufano vengo a rendirlo,
 Dignate pues recibirlo ;
 Que no es mio, tuyo es,
 Admitiome á su servicio
 En premio, no ha mucho el Rey
 Però á quien sigue tu ley
 Es otra ley mi suplicio
 ¿Y que me importan à mi
 Gloria y favor ? los desprecio
 Tan solo tienen un precio,
 Hacerme digno de ti.

In distant lands I've wander'd
 Over the sea,
 But never had a moment's joy
 While far from thee.
 The glories of Byzantium,
 Her luxury
 And pleasures tempted me in vain,—
 I pined for thee.
 While Asia's richest perfumes
 Were breathed by me,
 My heart was with our own wild flowers
 With home and thee.
 'Tis thus that love has woven
 A spell for me,
 To make the enchantments of the world
 Fall harmlessly.
 On many a field of battle
 Death frown'd on me ;
 But still love nerved my arm, and bade
 Me live for thee.
 This cheered me when despairing,
 And made life dear ;
 This made me conquer in the strife,
 That thou might'st hear
 Of laurels which I proudly
 Offer to thee :
 I or thou alone hast won
 Them by inspiring me.
 I have refused high honours
 From monarchs' hands,
 For I will vow fidelity
 To no commands
 Save thine ; and all life's glories
 Are nought to me,
 But for the hope I may become
 Worthy of thee.

Many are the dramatic authors of our own day, over whose works we are forced to pass in silence: to examine only half of them would be a task, pleasant certainly, but too vast for our limits; and of the Tragedy of Spain we have omitted any account, for its rise and progress have differed so much from that of Comedy, that it demands a separate examination.

ART. VII.—*Concilia Provincialia, Baltimori habita, ab Anno 1829 usque ad Annum 1840: Provincial Councils, held at Baltimore from 1829 to 1840.* Baltimore: 1842.—pp. 208.

THE volume before us comes like a voice across the ocean, from "the far west;" a voice in which are mingled sounds of reproach and of encouragement,—something that makes us look on the past and present with humiliation, and on the future with hope. In 1791, Dr. Carrol, Bishop of Baltimore, was the only Catholic prelate in North America. In that year he held a diocesan synod: about twenty priests attended it, and in its five sessions, held in due form, many wise and edifying decrees were made, the utility of which the American hierarchy acknowledge in their provincial synod of 1829. At the close of the council, the bishop announced his intention of requesting from the Holy See the erection of an additional see, or the nomination of a coadjutor. In 1810, being now archbishop, he held a species of provincial convention, rather than synod, with his three suffragans. In 1829 the first formal provincial council of Baltimore was held: the fourth met in 1840. At it twelve prelates of the United States assisted; several bishops were wanting, from vacancies of sees or other causes. These synods are conducted with all the formalities prescribed by the pontifical;—begun by their proper prayers, carried on in sessions, and divided into public and private congregations, and terminated by the usual acclamations, by the issue of synodal statutes, and by application to the Holy See for favours, enactments, or instructions, such as the assembled prelates think expedient for the general good. The acts of the synod here briefly described, including the diocesan synod of 1791, form the contents of the work before us,—one of those local contributions to the great repertory of Catholic discipline and Catholic piety, the *Acta Conciliorum*, which do so much honour to the Church dispersed,—form splendid proofs of its thorough unity,—are glorious demonstrations of its vigour and energy, in its most distant and most infant portions,—and are the great pledges and security of the wisdom, the prudence, the zeal, and the holiness, as well as the unanimity, which would reign in a general council, should the Universal Church be again convoked. Bishops thus trained in their provinces, could not fail to do their duty effectively on the wide arena of an œcumenical synod. The provincial synods of Baltimore will in time take their place with those of Orleans or Soissons in

ancient times, or of Milan, under the sainted Charles, in more modern days, and be a monument of the immense progress made in the course of a few years by the Catholic Church in that country. These considerations naturally reflect themselves back upon ourselves. Whatever difference there may have existed between Catholic North America and England a few years ago, on the score of ecclesiastical liberty, may be said to be now fully removed, and we may therefore ask ourselves the question: are we approximating to a similar state of ECCLESIASTICAL ORGANIZATION? If not, whence comes it? The expression which we have just used may easily be misinterpreted. The thoughts of many readers will probably at once turn to the long and warmly-debated question of the re-establishment of a regular hierarchy in England. It may be thought that we intend to discuss this important matter: it will in fact be considered the principal point in an article designated as this is. Now, it is better to prevent all disappointment at the outset, by a clear and explicit declaration of our sentiments and intentions. We leave, therefore, to every one his own opinion on the subject of ecclesiastical government, assuring all that what we intend to urge on our Catholic readers will not be much affected by their either desiring a hierarchy or not. But our own views are as follows:—first, we consider the form of ecclesiastical government under which we are, as necessarily a temporary and transitory one, preparatory to a settled and normal state; secondly, we are not, on that account, anxious for changes, or desirous of hurrying matters; but possessing the greatest confidence, not merely in the personal character of those who, by God's appointment, govern the Church, but still more in the guidance of that Holy Spirit who rules her destinies, we are willing to leave, with affectionate reliance, to the judgment of those to whom the decision belongs, every question of time, and mode, and extent, which such organic changes involve;—thirdly, we are disposed rather to enquire what is *our* duty at present, and how its discharge may influence the future. Such, therefore, is our purpose now. Every one has his own ideas on the benefits that would result from such arrangements as he would prefer. But when such arrangements cannot be obtained, few occupy themselves with thinking how far the same benefits might be secured without them. We easily imagine that certain results would be consequences of a given plan, and take no pains to procure them independently of it: nay, we will say more; what seem con-

sequences may be antecedents, and the best ones too for securing what we so much desire. Let us come, therefore, to the point: suppose that the Holy See thought the time come to bestow upon England the advantages of an ecclesiastical hierarchy. It is of course believed that important benefits would flow from the institution. We trust this would be the case. But would the benefits result from the mere name? from the translation of our bishops from sees *in partibus infidelium* to titles within our island? from the change of designation which our clergy would receive? Would there be a spell in the term *diocese* which *district* has not? in the name of *parish* beyond that of *mission*?

“Write them together,—this is as fair a name;
 Sound them,—it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them,—it is as heavy.”

But our hopes are built, and justly, not on mere changes of titles and names, but on the new organization which our ecclesiastical state would receive, the greater regularity which would be given to its operation, the greater definitiveness communicated to its laws, the more perfect uniformity stamped on its operations. Now, we may fairly ask, could not many of these advantages, for such they undoubtedly are, be attained without waiting for any great change? Do they not depend in great measure upon ourselves? Further, would they not, in a future contingency, depend mainly upon our own efforts to secure them? Would not that new organization, those new combinations, have to be the fruit of great energy, great application, great patience, and, what is still more important, great sacrifices on our parts? They would not spring up like flowers under our feet, beneath the magic of a new ecclesiastical nomenclature. They would have to be weighed, studied, discussed, arranged,—almost, in some instances, created. They would have to occupy the time and thoughts of more than one person; and no small share of intellect and learning would be necessary for the purpose. Now, what pledge or assurance have we, that at any future period we shall be more fit or more ready to take all that trouble than we are now? If the advantages which must result from a more perfect ecclesiastical organization than we possess, do not animate us to be at the pains of procuring it, so far as may be compatible with our actual state, who can tell us that upon a modification of that state we shall set vigorously to work to institute such a new, complete, but withal more complicated system?

Again, we will ask of such as anxiously long for the time for maturing our ecclesiastical constitution into the ordinary form of Church government, how we are most likely to hasten the period? Is it not by showing all things, as well as ourselves, prepared for the change? by exhibiting the machinery already at work, which will then be immediately necessary? by proving ourselves equal to the new demands that will then be made upon us, not by promises, but by acts; not in the future, but through the past? We trust, then, to be pardoned all seeming presumption, if we enter more in detail into this interesting topic, so naturally suggested to us by the American volume before us. The Catholic public has kindly granted us hitherto its confidence, and has not disdained to listen when we have boldly spoken of its wants and duties. We have come forward fearlessly in defence of Truth; we have devoted ourselves sincerely, fearlessly, and perseveringly, to the controversies of the age, have endeavoured, however imperfectly, to unravel their intricacies, and to open their novel features to the notice of our brethren. In fine, we have conscientiously striven to discharge our public duty in all that regards the external relations of our Church; and we will fearlessly rely upon credit being given us for the sincerity of our motives and the disinterestedness of our zeal, if we now venture to address ourselves to the more delicate topic of our own internal organization. We may individually be unworthy of notice as of name; we might, if we followed our own inclinations, leave to better hands,—to hands that we would kiss with veneration,—the handling of such a theme; but we feel that, as entrusted by the Catholic public with a certain commission to record the feelings, the exigencies, and the great movements of the times, and to make our publication the repertory of the important religious questions of our stirring day, we should be wanting in our duty were we to shrink from respectfully, but plainly, stating what we believe no time should be lost in performing. And we will add, that in whatever we may write that shall seem to savour of censure, we sincerely include ourselves; and that if we use the conventional form of the first person plural, it is not here that we may escape individuality under the shelter of a vague generality, but because likewise we wish to be included in whatever of blame, as well as of hopefulness, the subject before us may suggest. With this proviso, we proceed to illustrate in detail the general observations already made.

It is clear that in Catholic countries the laws whereby

ecclesiastical administration and ecclesiastical usages are regulated, are of a fixed, stable, and uniform character. In other words, there exists in those countries a *code* of laws, recognized by all parties. This code is known as the **CANON LAW**. It is generally understood, that were a change to take place in our hierarchical constitution in England, we should become subject to this ecclesiastical legislature; and this no doubt would be a decided advantage. And at first sight it may appear a simple matter at once to enter into possession of it. They, however, who have only taken a little pains to examine the form of that code, will pronounce very differently. The canon law, consisting of various collections of ecclesiastical laws, as the Decree of Gratian, the Decretals, the Extravagantes, &c., is an indigested mass of decisions of various ages, of unequal authority, on every possible religious subject, and not unfrequently of an apparently contradictory tenor. It is true that digests are not wanting, in which the various decrees are classified under proper titles, and collected together from the different parts of the code; but even these collections occupy, with such brief annotations as are quite indispensable, several folio volumes. It is no trifling study to go through these and become master of their contents. Nor will the reading of "courses" or textbooks intended for schools supply their place. These may be very useful; but canon-law will never be known without attention to the *corpus juris* itself. One might as well talk of being a lawyer after having read Blackstone, without knowing anything of the statutes at large. Now let us suppose ourselves placed in such circumstances as would require the decisions of the canon-law to be our guide, can we say that we are ready to apply them? that we should not be taken by surprise, and have then to begin a very complicated and very irksome duty?

But let us come more home to our purpose. If ever the canon-law did come into force (according to the common supposition), by a modification of our Church-government, a serious difficulty, unconnected with any actual ignorance on our parts at present, would present itself. The whole body of that legislature has been framed under, and in contemplation of, circumstances totally different from those in which we should have to apply it. It supposes the Roman law to be in activity (not to say that it consequently supposes an acquaintance with its decisions); it supposes a co-operation on the part of the state, the recognition of independent ecclesiastical tribu-

nals, the free exercise of religion and of ecclesiastical functions, the proper and legalized existence of provision for all clerical offices; in one word, it supposes the enforcers and the subjects of the code to be living under a Catholic government, and, alas! such a government as hardly a single Catholic government now presents. To reduce, therefore, the canon-law to practice in this country, a most important discrimination and separation would have to be made in its provisions; that is, a division into what would and what would not be compatible with our then actual position, as subjects of a Protestant state, which will not recognize a single ecclesiastical act, save through the process of secular forms and the sanction of temporal enactments. Now in all this it is manifest that we could have but little assistance from others; that the study necessary to make such a division must be domestic, and peculiarly our own. For it would soon be discovered that the points on which Catholic governments chiefly prevent the free execution of canonical decrees, would be those in which we might most completely observe them. For instance,—the election and confirmation of bishops is, in almost every Catholic country, now regulated by a concordat, which takes the nomination out of the hands of chapters, and vests it in the crown. We should not, we trust, ever have to submit to such fetters: but the very indifference of our government to our interests would leave us unshackled in regard to this most important matter. Yet, how numerous, complicated, and most delicate are the various provisions for the cases which may arise in this part of Church discipline! The questions lately discussed in reference to the archbishopric of Cologne may well satisfy us of this. Now, here we should derive but little benefit for our guidance from the practice of other countries,—but must study for ourselves.

This is one example out of many which we purposely pass over, the more as others will arise in the course of our discussion. The conclusions to which we must come are obvious. First, how do we expect to come at once at the practical knowledge which may one day be required from us, as to such grave and difficult matters? Will any new light be vouchsafed us? or shall we then begin to study, digest, and prepare, when we shall have to conclude, to know, and to apply? Is it not better to have all that prepared beforehand? or shall there be found no authoritative exposition, applicable to our country, of the code, which will have to govern us? Will private judgment have to decide the inter-

pretation, and applicability, and application of the various decrees? If so, what shall we have gained towards a definite, clear, and uniform system of government? But, secondly, will that study and labour be more urgent and proper than it is now? We answer, scarcely: for it must be want of acquaintance with the body of law contained in the canon-law that suggests the idea, that it would come into force for the first time, upon the establishment of a hierarchy. We have seen, that it would be applied even then only in part. Now the same consideration is as true now. It *is*, even now, in part applicable. And what security have we, that we shall in a future contingency take more pains to see how it is to apply than we do now. For we are certainly overlooking the advantages which an ecclesiastical organization on the principles of canon-law, so far as possible, would confer on us. This code may be considered under two aspects. It contains decisions and principles supposing a hierarchial constitution; but it likewise contains many more that are independent of it. It has much that applies to chapters, pro-bands, parishes, metropolitans, and suffragans; much that refers to judicial examinations, witnesses, testaments, &c.; the former of which is not now, and the latter perhaps never will, be applicable to us. But it likewise has much that relates to the episcopal and priestly duties in matters belonging to their primary and sacerdotal functions, and much that appertains to their relation with their flocks, which it would be most useful, most religiously beneficial, to have even now brought out, well known, and established as practical principles. And if this be neglected by us at present, will not future calls for precision be as likely to be overlooked?

By way of illustration, let us take the subject of benefices and presentations. Supposing a hierarchy to exist, it is highly improbable, that, for many years at least, its appointment would lead our faithful to alter their plan with regard to ecclesiastical endowments. Very few more of these would, in consequence of such a measure, be invested with the conditions required by the canon law, to constitute a benefice properly so called, or conferring the rights secured to such a provision. In fact, we see insuperable difficulties to it; especially in our present arrangements for clerical education. Whatever application, therefore, of canon law, may be at some future time requisite or expedient on this subject, may be, nay *is*, as requisite at present. What is the consequence of our want of this? Why, that during the last twenty years

and more, we have been agitated by the repetition of the same disputes regarding the *jus patronatus*, and right of presentation; harassed by the same discussion of the same texts, the same assertions, and the same denials; and scandalized too often by the same unseemly conduct towards ecclesiastical dignity and authority, such as has been lately exhibited towards one of our prelates, the model of every ecclesiastical virtue, in a pamphlet wholly unfit to be further alluded to, on a question now pending of presentation. How much should we not have gained—for the very prevention of evil is gain—had we known, upon authority to which all would submit, what was the extent to which the definitions of the canon-law could be considered applicable to our state, and what were the practical rules whereby the rights of the bishop and the patron could be respectively determined. We should not then have seen the most contradictory expositions of the same matter of ecclesiastical discipline, still less the offensive and degrading legal arguments employed, whereby the functions of a successor of the apostles are brought down to the level of a mere conventicle preacher, and the rule over God's altar treated on equality with the rights of a speculator in meeting-house buildings. Now, if we have already felt the serious inconvenience of such a state of uncertain legislation, and are likely to feel it again long before we have a hierarchy, nay, if we shall be no better off in regard to this matter, even when a hierarchy exists, why wait for a future indefinite period, and not at once proceed to secure to ourselves that complete organization in this regard which need not be delayed?

What, then, our readers will perhaps ask us, is our practical remedy? For it would be mere superciliousness on our part to blame, and make no suggestions for an improvement. We answer, then, let a small but active commission be appointed, by proper authority, approved even, if necessary, by the Apostolic See, composed of persons of acknowledged prudence, sagacity, learning, and application; so situated as to have access not only to the best works, but still more to living and experienced authorities, well versed in the condition of our country, its laws and customs. Let them, with unwearied diligence, go through the whole body of canon law, sifting every decree, and culling thence whatever is now, or may hereafter be, applicable to us; consulting actual practice, especially in countries situated similarly to our own, and exemplifying with proper cases whatever might give

rise to doubt or perplexity. We do not see much difficulty in executing such a plan; very few years would suffice for maturing it, and giving us its fruits.

Hitherto we have spoken entirely of the canon law; the same may be said of every other element of Church-government. The American collection before us naturally suggests one. We must wait, it is true, for a hierarchy, before we can hope to hold a provincial council; but there is no need of waiting till then for diocesan synods. Benedict XIV, in his classical work on this subject, has clearly laid down and proved, that vicars apostolic are as fully entitled to hold them as bishops in ordinary. Now, though far greater would be the benefits of a provincial or national convention of bishops, there can be no doubt that those resulting from local councils (which, moreover, would be the best preparation for more general ones) would be immense, far beyond what can be supplied by any other substitution. There the clergy, with their bishop at their head, would be parties to all the statutes passed, would subscribe to them at the foot of the altar, after the solemn sacrifice had there been offered up to implore the light of the Spirit of Truth on their deliberations and decisions: these would have a serious weight upon their minds, in consequence of the sublime and venerable prayers which would have sanctioned them, and the sacred character of the entire assembly. The statutes thus framed would secure to each district at least decision, uniformity, and clearness of proceeding, upon points now left vague, doubtful, or of private judgment: in other words, there would be a compact ecclesiastical organization in each district, and it would not be difficult afterwards to bring all these well-ordered parts into a homogeneous and harmonious unity.

The same may be said of other ecclesiastical forms, not as yet adopted, but as practicable with us as in Catholic countries; nay, almost of every form of ecclesiastical proceeding which the Church in her wisdom has thought proper to define and to insert either in her ritual or her pontifical. We can hardly conceive, for instance, the form of visitation prescribed in the latter to be observed without its proving a perfect guarantee for the decency of God's holy place, and the perfect order of all that remotely or immediately appertains to his worship. It would relieve the local pastor of the often painful and invidious duty of reproofing his flock for their neglect on this score, and of appealing to their charity and generosity; and it would soon be a matter of ambition to deserve the

commendation rather than the blame of the superior authority. In like manner, why should not all the formalities required by the laws of the Church respecting the erection of confraternities, nay, even of religious houses, be observed, proper petitions made, deeds and charters granted, and the privileges and rules be sanctioned by the proper authorities of the Church? Surely in all these and many other matters there exists no obstacle to a proper ecclesiastical organization now: and whatever advantages we might later hope for, may be at once possessed.

If we descend to matters of more current use, the same reasoning will apply. Any one who goes into the chancery of a bishop ruling over a small diocese in a Catholic country, and sees for how many individuals it furnishes unceasing occupation,—some of them obliged to have taken the highest degree in theology or law,—will conclude that the system of ecclesiastical business there followed must go very much into detail: and so in fact it is. Though much that is there done would not be wanted with us, yet there is much to be advantageously copied. We may instance the exact manner in which all that relates to matrimonial dispensations is transacted and recorded; not to speak of ordinations, faculties, &c. Of course we presume that all such matters, belonging as they do to a department of offices beyond our sphere of observation, are accurately attended to; but we believe it is in a more private and less official form than abroad. The same attention paid to the forms prescribed in the ritual (so far as our unhappy circumstances will permit), in the discharge of even secondary duties, would soon complete a system of ecclesiastical organization such as would secure to us at once many blessings and advantages now contemplated as with a prophet's eye, and sighed for as though yet shut up in the womb of futurity.

But there yet remains a great difficulty to meet. We surely are not so blind as to imagine that great advantages can ever be purchased without corresponding sacrifices. Are we ready on all hands to make them? If not, *shall* we be, when the time comes for which many look? Is not this a case in which we may fairly argue prospectively from the present? The more perfect system of ecclesiastical organization which we contemplate will require, come when it may, a surrender of conveniences, privileges, and cherished advantages. The transaction of business will involve trouble,

more attention to minute forms, more reading and writing and consulting than we have, perhaps, been accustomed to. Some delays too may occur; and what before could be done, so to speak, off-hand, will have to go through a prescribed routine. All this may be irksome; but no good will ever be done without such provisions. Again, can it be the serious idea of the Catholic body that a hierarchy can be granted while those who constitute it are left in their present condition? We have no hesitation in saying that it would be almost unbecoming in the Holy See to appoint bishops who, through the apathy or poverty of their flocks, are constrained to have committees to appeal on their behalf to public charity. Without a proper, at least a decent provision for the necessary exigencies of a hierarchy, it is folly, we think, to expect it. Even Australia has run before us in the race, we have no doubt in no small part, on this very account. And surely such a provision should be made at once, and not have to be thought of when it is urgent. Nay, the want of it will be a main obstacle to the idea of a change of system being ever entertained. That preliminary organization which we have most imperfectly and hurriedly described in this article, requires, moreover, that whatever may at a future period be necessary, should be set about at once.

Our proposal is simple. Let us set to work, clergy and laity, to secure to ourselves as many of the advantages of a hierarchical organization as our present state will admit of. Let us make ourselves "a Church" as nearly as our past sufferings and present destitution will allow. Let us eagerly seize on all present blessings, as the best means of deserving and of qualifying ourselves for greater and future ones. No doubt much has been done for the material renovation of our state. We have gathered together the scattered stones of our profaned sanctuary, and have builded them up into a second temple, inferior to the first, but still not without its glories. The fire has been re-kindled upon the altar; the priests have sounded again their trumpets, and proselytes have crowded to the solemnity. But the rule of the Holy City is not yet restored; the republic of God is under temporary provision of government; its priests and rulers have not yet been fully ordered, classified, or able, with full efficacy, to display the beauties of their ministry. This is what we now want. Let us show our separated neighbours that within our Church remains at all times an indestructible energy, a sap of

life, which can make a withered trunk put forth branches, a chance-scattered seed grow up into a mighty tree; that we can not only erect beautiful temples to the God of our fathers, but soon construct, in compact unity of design, a living, holy, and powerful Church.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Contrasts; or a parallel between the Noble Edifices of the Middle Ages, and corresponding Buildings of the Present Day. By A. W. Pugin, Architect. Dolman: 1841.

WIT, satire, argument, and a strong perception both of the beautiful and the humorous, are here brought into action. Not many words are given—none are needed—to set forth the author's meaning: his magic pencil has done all. What a world of ideas are suggested by the ancient and modern poor-houses in contrast!—would we could see the day when some approximation might be made in the state of things to the scenes recorded here,—and, we have no doubt, correctly. We trust to find an early opportunity of discussing modern and ancient architecture in contrast. The admirable paper on ecclesiastical architecture in a recent number, will, we trust, prove only the commencement of an interesting series. We intend, on a very early occasion, to draw attention to Mr. Pugin's lectures on architecture, delivered at St. Mary's College. This work, both as to its text and illustrations, is calculated to form an era in the revival of the true principles of Christian art.

Flowers from the Holy Fathers. C. Dolman: 1841.

THE name of the author of this work is not given, but it is evident that he is a learned as well as a pious man; his book is one which we think has been wanted by the Catholic public, and will be highly acceptable. Short quotations from the fathers are given in the original language, embracing a variety of doctrinal points, and still more of those which the mind would delight to dwell upon in meditation; and each of these is translated into elegant English verse; forming a large body of sacred poetry, written in the purest taste and the most devotional spirit. Such a work need only be known to be valued; indeed we think no family should be without it, and the more so as there is great variety in the metre of the different pieces, and many of them would form charming hymns if set to music.

Supplement to the History of British Fishes. By W. Yarrell. 1839.
History of British Reptiles. By Thomas Bell. 1839.
General Outline of the Animal Kingdom, and Manual of Comparative Anatomy. By Thomas Rymer Jones. 1841.

THESE three works, published by Van Vorst, are most valuable additions to zoological science, which is greatly indebted to this most spirited publisher. As we propose before long to draw the attention of our readers to the immense progress made of late years in this most interesting branch of science, we shall abstain for the present from any more particular notice of these valuable works.

Canadian Scenery. Illustrated by Bartlett.

Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland. Illustrated by Bartlett ;
 G. Virtue.

THESE beautiful works continue to be issued by Mr. Virtue. The price is most moderate, the scenes well chosen, and the illustrations exhibit a very high state of art.

On the Use and Study of History. By W. Torrens Mc Cullagh,
 LL.B. Machen, Dublin, 1842.

This volume consists of a series of six lectures upon the study of history, delivered at the theatre of the Mechanics' Institution, Royal Exchange, Dublin. We are not surprised that at their close "a public requisition, signed by those who had heard them, was," as the author informs us, "the cause of their publication ;" for amidst something of verbiage and repetition which the fire-side reader will detect, they contain noble views, solid information, and bursts of glowing eloquence, which no man capable of appreciating them would like to lose from amongst the stored-up treasures of his intellect. It is evident that there has been a good mutual understanding between himself and his auditory, since Mr. M'Cullagh has ventured to begin his course of information by reproof ;—by the "hope that all of us are equally sorrow-stricken and ashamed, whenever we think upon the ill-cultured and unfruitful energies of our country."—(Introd. p. 1.)

The warmth of sympathy and patriotism manifested in these discourses, rendered such admonitions grateful ; and towards their conclusion Mr. M'Cullagh could venture to speak freely upon more delicate topics. When touching upon the claims of the Catholic Church to their respect, he thus addressed his mixed auditory :—

"But there were two powers which, when once the first shock was over, rapidly recovered strength and vigour, and which watching their opportunity, and how they might take advantage of the continual embroilments of the feudal lords,—soon attained to independence. These were the clergy, and the burghers of the walled

towns. Of the former I shall say but little, lest my motives should possibly be misconstrued. The time for such discussions as the history of the Church must give rise to, has, I think, hardly yet arrived in Ireland. I might tell you many interesting truths, which ought to offend neither sect or party; but I feel that I have your confidence, and I will not easily risk its continuance. 'Tis not my fault,—'tis not yours perhaps,—that your temper has been brought to that state, wherein you cannot bear to hear many subjects spoken of which it concerns you to understand. For me, I think it no light matter—'tis a gratification I shall never cease to feel, that in a state of society so wounded and so sore as this of ours in Ireland, you have borne with me good-humouredly thus far:—that you have suffered one coming to you with no authority, no credentials, and few prejudices in his favour,—to set before you in all truth and honesty, many things which both sides have heretofore been taught to look upon as contraband. I am glad—glad for your sakes as well as for my own,—that these lectures upon history have been listened to by so many of each sect and party. Poor and scanty as the mental fare has been which I have set before you, I trust it has been yet enough to prove that you are fit for better and other things, than hitherto you have been put off with. We have talked here together openly upon history, its use and study; it is not likely after this night that you and I shall converse upon this theme. You will easily find better, abler, wiser guides; I shall have served my humble turn, and have other work to do. Yet one thing I would ask you ere we part, do any of you feel less love of country—less love of God—less love of one another, on account of anything I have bid you taste of here? And if not—were it not worth your while deeply to consider, whether even in those things that you have most feared to touch, and in those feelings of each other you have most condemned,—there may not be some good?—whether you might not all be happier and better men, and your afflicted land have more pride and hope infused into her sick heart, if you spent, as you have done here, a little more time in calm and earnest searching after truth—truth which all may profitably learn,—and a little less time in tearing to shameful tatters the peculiar tenets you respectively espouse?"

It is impossible for those who are in some degree removed from the excitement, not to glance with dismay at such an unpeaceable state of society as is here pointed out; and all, when thinking calmly, must deplore it: but there is hope in the instructions of such men as our author. Not indifferent as it appears to us to any essential point of belief, capable of manly earnestness in striving for all that man is bound to prize; still it is in the nature of his studies and (probably) in his character, that he can take a dispassionate view of passing occurrences. An historian accustomed to take an elevated survey of the vicissitudes of nations, and

of the wonderful events which time brings forth, should of all men be most capable of enduring with patience "the darkness of a season;" if to such knowledge he adds the eye of faith, skilled to trace the dealings of the Almighty, and to discern his power bringing good from evil, is he not pre-eminently fitted to teach a struggling people lessons of hope as well as fortitude? The people of Ireland should indeed study history, that they may learn from it how wonderfully the Almighty has fitted certain people, to work out his own peculiar purposes upon this earth, and carried them forward to that end, not without tribulation; as without tribulation what great purpose ever yet has been attained? Their own is such a nation; some future historian, of happier and more Catholic times, looking back upon the battle which the Church has waged with the powers of darkness, shall point out with astonishment the peculiar destinies of the Irish people;—how they have been preserved unwasted by continual calamities, faithful amidst persecution, amidst privation, misfortune, and insult, still buoyant with energy and courage; so that the sufferings which, humanly speaking, must have crushed them, have but had the effect of driving them from their country, to be in every land under the sun, the missionaries of the one true faith; every where they have planted the cross; the nucleus of almost every Church that we can name as of late years established, has been the Exile of Erin. And when this their missionary destiny shall have produced its results, and their descendants are exulting in it, and in the glorious trials by which it was attended, will they not look with pity and forgiveness, even with love, upon those who were in the hands of the common Creator the instruments by which it was carried out? We cannot doubt it; their feelings towards their English fellow-countrymen will then be in accordance with the dispensation of Providence, who has brought blessings upon England, and is building up again his Church amongst her religious people, by means of those whom they persecuted not in malice, but, like Saul, in zealous ignorance. Happy to every Catholic heart will be those times! and we seem to have a foretaste of their coming when we find the calm, ennobling instructions of such a man as Mr. M'Cullagh, received amidst party distractions with so much grateful pleasure. We have said that he is no sceptic philosopher, no misnamed Liberal; although with generous courtesy he can waive all subjects of offence, nevertheless *he has* the clue to history, and, choosing well his ground, he can teach others likewise to use it. Take as an instance the following tribute (which we have given at what length we can) to the influence of the Church at that great crisis of the world's history—the downfall of the Roman empire.

"'Twas the solemnest epoch in the lifetime of man—that, when the civilization of two thousand years,—unionized into one gigantic

fabric by the power of Rome, so that the whole trust and worth of nations was by compulsion made to rest thereon—began visibly to break down. 'Twas the sultriest hour of time. The sweat-drops of terror fell, and made echo in their fall. The loosing of the chariot-steeds of barbarism was heard afar, and men knew not what it meant, for they had never heard the like before. Vague feelings of their helplessness and danger—vague forebodings of unknown evils overcast their sapless hearts. They had time to fly—but whither? They had hands and brains, but the hands were nerveless, and 'the formidable *pilum*, which had subdued the world, dropt from them;'—the brains were crammed full of controversial logic, so that there was no room in them for manly thoughts. Men had been bent and bowed for centuries to believe the lie, that one arch of power is enough for all Mankind,—that it is safest and best for many nations to trust all to one. All rivalry or competition was not only dead, but it was a thing forgotten; it had come to be a rude, uncivilized, unenlightened thing. There stood but one world-spanning arch,—but one only tolerated or known bridge over anarchy. . . . Downward it totters,—crumbles down, with its multitudinous load. They sink wailing, sink with whatever they possess of valuables—valuables as they called them; and doubtless dragging with them much also of true value into the unwritten grave. Yet is not *all* lost. Christianity remained a refuge for the drowning civilization of antiquity. The Church sank not. Since the unannal'd days of the first flood, when the primitive science, art, and knowledge of mankind were destroyed, there had been nought within comparison so appalling to the unsheltered world as this Scythian tide; and, as in the elder tempest, there was no salvation but in an ark of safety of no human providence or contriving. The Church alone outrode the storm. When its surging crest of ruin rose most high, the cross rose with it, and above it still. The barbarians embraced Christianity; and when the vanquished felt that between them and their conquerors there was one tie, that of a common faith,—they said within themselves, 'surely the bitterness of death is passed.' It was the Church that saved whatever could be rescued from the universal wreck; in her sanctuary were preserved for subsiding times, the laws, and a few hastily snatched up records of a drowned antiquity. On, on, with force as if for ever, the gush of Scythia and Burgundia roars. All political power is overwhelmed in its weltering wave. The Church alone sinks not. It alone presumes to beard and to reprove—to rebuke and to restrain its rage. Immortal faith saves human hope from dying. All this is assuredly no scoffing matter. Sceptic sarcastic Gibbon was no man to write its history: when next it shall be written, pray that it may fall into far different hands. Can we imagine anything so crushing of all hope of progress, as the state of things that would have been, had antiquity

been entirely lost? Can we conceive a more exalting proof of a superintending wisdom in the affairs of men, than the provision whereby religion was made to guard that perilled treasure? Let us recollect, that had the Christian era fallen five centuries later, no common ground of mercy or of pity would have been found at the invasion of Italy; and thus the experience of the whole period, from the records of Moses down to Justinian, would be now a guess field or a blank. That human nature would have created its work anew, we doubt not; but the difference to us this day had been immeasurable."—pp. 288-292.

We think it hardly possible but that some of his auditory must hereafter feel the wish to retrace the characteristics of the Church, as here set forth, and we ask nothing more. We must, however, drop this somewhat polemical view of a work which has nothing of the sort in its own nature; but, on the contrary, is fitted, as far as it goes, to do good, and give pleasure to all classes of readers. The lectures commence with a strenuous exhortation to the general cultivation of the mind, and to the study of history in particular, which is based upon manly and reasonable motives. We recommend the following argument, with its illustration and most practical comment, to those who shrink from enlightening the poorer orders of society, in the hope of thus keeping them more easily governed, and from some vague idea that innocent simplicity and ignorance must be synonymous.

"Fear is the cruellest of master passions; and that intellectual twilight, which may not incorrectly be termed educated ignorance, is the congenial dwelling-place of popular suspicion. There is no remedy for this debasing, self-tormenting fear, but in that improvement of popular education, whereof the cultivation of history must be an essential part. . . . Remember how that accursed witchery of illiterate times—the art of magic, rose. A few men given to study and the exploring of nature's secrets, were tempted by the irresponsible power their discoveries gave them, at first to play with, and at last to trade on the credulity of the multitude. The secrets were not secrets of nature's whispering, but of the uneducated Chaldeans and Egyptians, in classic times, and of the equally ignorant European populace in later ages. . . . What has enabled us to learn with cheerfulness instead of trembling,—with boyhood's gay bold heart of curiosity, instead of old age's all-suspecting and door-bolting fear,—the laws of harmony, analogy and beauty, that hold the mighty fabric of this outer world together? What but the popularization of physical knowledge,—the multiplication of cheap and intelligible books,—the existence of such institutions as that within whose walls we are now gathered? This is the true progress of society,—the lasting and real emancipation of the many, from that most base of thraldoms,—the thraldom of their own ignorance and fears."—pp. 30, 31, 37.

These, however, are arguments for rulers ; but there are not wanting many addressed to the people themselves, safe and practical, exciting them to cherish and rouse up the nobler part of their own beings ; and, grounded upon a Christian sympathy for the difficulties of that condition of life, whose toils should surely be lightened, as far as possible, by those who owe to them so much of their own happiness.

“Cankered as the monetary ties ’twixt man and man are grown,—jealous as capital is instinctively, with regard to its safety,—suspicious as labour naturally is of its insensible employer,—with usury griping at its throat, and machinery deafening all exostulation with its iron roar of improvement,—the life of industry has come to be no better than a permanent state of war,—with the gains and the glories, now and then, of war, but never without its hazards, its losses, its selfishness, its unnumbered miseries and broken hearts. ’Twas not—’twas not for *this and nothing else*,—’twas not to dance this death-round without pause, or rest, or breathing time,—that you, or any one of you, were made. Man is not fitted by his nature, to spend an uninterrupted existence in the mad-house of toil. Mad with avarice, or mad with loathing,—mad with the hell-hope of a golden coffin, or mad with vexation and despair, he must grow, if no other thoughts or things interrupt the monotony of labour. He may preserve his outward health, if he be of singularly robust constitution ; he may thrive apace, flourish, and do well in trade ; but himself, as a moral being, he has ceased to be. His value to society around him is destroyed. He cannot cheer another, who is cheerless in his own heart ; he cannot sympathise with the generosity, enjoy the mirth, share in the sorrow, or love the worth of those around him, who is engrossed by any one mechanical routine, and the eternally recurring thoughts connected with it. Heaven forbid that I should say to you, be less industrious than you are. I am sure your happiness depends upon your being able and willing to earn, each of you, an independent livelihood, by the sweat of your brow,—but not by the sweat of your heart. I would have the working man the master of his toil, and not its slave. I would never wish him to neglect his business ; but still less would I have him, for business’ sake, forget himself—that spiritual, immortal self, for which he is accountable. Let him remember that he is a workman, but let him never forget that he is a man.”—pp. 41, 42.

But we must pass on more rapidly. The answer to the question, “What is history ?” Contains much that is highly valuable. Clear views of the objects to be kept in view in the study of it, of the sort of wisdom to be attained by it ; a definite aim in short is set before the mind, which will save many a young student from discouragement. It must be acknowledged, however, that mixed up with this better stuff, are several long and wordy declamations,

which could have been well spared—rendered amusing to the ear by catching words and turns of expression like Carlyle's, but which we suspect would be found rather meagre if the meaning were given unadorned. "Dry facts," which our author calls "grim scaffolding," "cold dry bones," &c., are the great objects of his vituperation; taking the place of the "Shams," which Carlyle places in the head list of cardinal sins. Now we would humbly suggest that dry facts are after all (with a little exercise of the student's ingenuity) the ground-work of philosophy, and that moreover there is some chance of coming at the truth with respect to them; whereas the excessive prying into men's motives and private characters has led to much frightful injustice. There is something bordering on morbid curiosity in those cravings of the mind, which are encouraged in the following words.

"Lists of events are historic skeletons; you cannot recognise them, though you stared at them for ever: and they have no voice to give an account of themselves. Of what good are these to you? You want a friend who can speak to you, as ye walk together by the shores of the unfathomed past. You want to hear his sighs for irreparable ill, to watch his quivering lip as he recounts, with pride, the fortitude and self-denial he would immortalize. You want to listen to his joyous laugh, and trace the furrow of his tears;—you want to be upon such terms with him as to know the cause of both,—wherefore his exultation and his sorrow. Such a friend is history; but that dumb, pulseless, motionless, unrecognizable collection of dry facts and dates, which sometimes are denominated such, is not history."—pp. 89-90.

Let us not be understood to depreciate that seeking for the hidden wisdom of history which our author so sedulously inculcates, and without which indeed it would be valueless; but we have seen instances of the facility with which, when too far tortured for a meaning, these dry facts will lend themselves to every theory which prejudice or wild imagination would draw from them, which make us somewhat dread the unqualified advice to every dabbler in history, that he should not rest satisfied till he has caused these dry bones to rise and live. A most useful portion of the work succeeds to this more generalizing introduction: it is a clear, masterly, comprehensive survey of the best historians of ancient and modern times. There are omissions in it certainly which surprise us, and we think that, in accordance with the ideas we have animadverted upon, the author has too generally recommended detached portions of history,—fragments partaking of the character of biographies, rather than such more comprehensive histories as can alone give the student a distinct frame-work wherein to hang his portraits, or a general idea of the fate of nations, and the nature of God's dealings with them;—but the author has expressed the difficulties of selection amidst modern historians so admirably, drawing so beautiful a

parallel betwixt them and those encountered by the student of ancient history, that we cannot resist the pleasure of quoting his own words :—

“ Our perplexity in attempting to survey ancient history, arose from there being so little to be known of it ; the embarrassment of modern history is caused by there being so much. Our task in the field of antiquity, was to follow the illuding stream, and if possible to detect its fountain. Our attention in modern times, is distracted by the brawling of separate, yet closely neighbouring currents, none of whose origins we have leisure to investigate accurately, and many of whose interminglings, not here or there, but almost every where, baffle the most critical and experienced ken.

“ When we trod the road of early dawn, we marked each haughty wayfarer as he issued forth of his natal glen ; we had time to examine his bearing,—to hear his account of himself,—to note his marauding demeanour,—to hazard a guess as to what he did with his plunder, while, for his appointed season, he lorded it ruthlessly on Time’s highway. By and bye, we saw a new and younger rival dart forth and suddenly beset his path ;—we beheld them struggling for pre-eminence—for life ; who shall have the prey ?—the real owners daring not ask for it ;—*they* appear as claimants, nowhere. This is the impression left on us by the greater part of antiquity, as its chief terrors passed us on that dark mountain road. But we now approach the fair green. It is broad day. The sun of national liberty is up ; and the busy kingdoms of the earth,—as in the market-place of civilization,—throng and bustle there,—tolerating no single-handed browbeater any more,—not dreaming indeed of such ; but occupied with infinite variety of traffic, novelty, interchange of ideas, comparison, differences of opinion, discussion, party squabbles, and short-lived animosity or friendship. Permanence,—the very look of permanence,—is gone. Change is the order of the day. So quick are the mutations grown, that if you let go the hand of one whom you knew and understood perfectly, and in a little while come to look for him, he is not to be recognised or found. His garb has been altered so in the interval, that in vain you seek him by the exterior signs once familiar to your eye ; or he has departed wholly from the place he occupied, and it knoweth his voice no more.”—pp. 281-283.

This beautiful passage occurs towards the conclusion of the work, when the author, having freed himself from the more admonitory portion of his lectures, indulges himself and his audience in a brief and most poetical survey of the destiny of the ancient nations of the earth : there is splendid writing in his masterly notice of Egyptian history and the character of their nation and its monuments,—“ with frenzied zeal, rising up in revolt against the sentence of that bitter law, ‘ Thou shalt perish ’ ” (page 242), but we have not space for it : we can give but one farther extract, in order to do justice to

our author's eloquence, before we close a volume from which we have derived much pleasure:—

“But the tents of Japhet resemble not the tents of Shem. In bold relief—like some immutable and immortal group of sculpture, standing before a gorgeous, vast, but ever-wavering, drapery—the Greek republics stand upon the margin of the narrow sea, that severs them from the Asian empires.....

“Greece began her joyous day with a hymn to the Wind. The empires of the east, like giants born in a blind cave, trusted to darkness and brute force, and stumbled over each other's huge forms, as they struggled which of them should have the key, they would fain have turned upon the liberty and progress of mankind. The vitality of Greece lay in her amazing diversity of action. Every pulse in her restless frame kept a time of its own, wholly different from the rest. The monotony whereat all orientalism aimed, could it have been imposed on Greece, would have driven her mad. Not at the price of fabled treasure, could she have been induced to sell her intense and untiring love of action. Energy—which literally signified the being at work of some sort—was her morning wish and midnight dream. It took various directions—art, war, commerce, discovery, colonization, wealth, sophistry; but every Greek sympathized with every other man of his race, in the desire and determination to preserve the right and freedom of each to pursue whichever of these he specially preferred.

“The indistinct and unequal opening of Greek history is invested with a peculiar and characteristic charm. We know, or fancy that we know, who built the City of the Sun;—when we look for the ruins of Babylon, we think of Nabonazar;—and our only conception of the beginning of the Persian monarchy is part of the biography of Cyrus. Each sultry day of empire, both before and since, commenced with the brilliant rise of some one self-containing source of lustre and attraction. But none can point out when the eventful day of Grecian life began. As morning breaks, we hear the tears of night still falling heavily and fast; the heavens are still charged with unspent thunders; and fitfully the eddying blast utters its wild sigh. Here and there the clouds open, and the young light laughs in upon this isle, or vale, or hill, too soon to be withdrawn again, and all but its brief memory effaced by heaven's impenetrable frown. Meanwhile the blue sky clears over other and more fortunate hills; and continues bright and cheerful for a longer time. For none, however, is the natal hour calm, or the spring of day uninterruptedly serene; and out of the crowd of separate and independent city-states, whose coeval influence on the world and on each other, forms the wondrous history of the land called Greece,—not half a score can be shown to have been cotemporaries.”—pp. 255-258.

We wish sincerely that there were more such lecturers. We are

persuaded that Mr. McCullagh will have kindled a flame in many a young heart; that he will have stimulated the energy, and pointed out the way to great attainments: there are many, too, of mature years, who had long since subsided into indulgence in that "tempting confectionary" he so heartily abuses in the historical novel, whom he may have roused and assisted to resume so noble a study, and one which, at the present moment, offers peculiar grounds of interest.

The Ambassador's Wife, by Mrs. Gore. Bentley: 1842.

WE regret much to notice this vapid production as coming from the pen of Mrs. Gore—once one of our most fascinating novelists. We sometime ago foretold that the style of writing she was adopting,—in "Mothers and Daughters" for instance,—was one which could not be preserved from insignificance even by her talents; but we had no idea that she would have deteriorated so completely as she has done; that her satire could lose all point, her moral all depth, her characters all interest and distinction;—we did not believe that Mrs. Gore could have produced so silly a piece of frippery as the present—dull, in spite of the ambitious attempt to introduce variety, by long descriptions of German, French, Russian, and English (or Scotch) society. The heroine is an orphan living alone at Schloss Rehfeld, an old baronial castle in Germany; but alas! no freshness breathes from the woods that surround it! a French governess, and the thorough artificiality of the conceited cold-hearted girl, make the whole story as unpicturesque as it is utterly unincidental. The first event in the book is the arrival at the castle of a worldly widow, who has married the baron—her grown-up daughter, the Miss Goodchild of the story, and her son, a Frenchman—who was, we think, intended to be a roué, but turns out very harmlessly, except as to now and then talking big, and somewhat wickedly. Some other personages of the same kind write long letters to their aunts and cousins, prosing about their relative positions in society, and about shades and grades of manners, and so on, until the whole thing has reached an utter stagnation, and then the matter is mended by the party setting off for St. Petersburg. Now we do believe society in that showy town to be about as dull as any that could be found upon the face of the civilized earth;—its rigid restraint, and laborious trifling, must be an unmanageable task to a writer who would excite interest of any kind,—still, if a novelist will choose such a subject, she should at least remember that being in safety herself,—she may say of it what she pleases,—she should concoct something, whether true or false, to amuse or to horrify the reader; for want of anything better, a few hair-breadth escapes with the spies and the police, might have their interest, with Siberia in the background to give dignity to the vile machinery. But

no ! Mrs Gore's friends might as well have "maundered" on at Schloss Rehfeld ; a few adoring mental genuflexions before the emperor, a few deprecatory hints at the empress's passion for dress, answering no purpose, we think, but to introduce the names of Parisian milliners whose exquisite nouveautés find their way to her majesty's footstool, a few dull balls and a little quiet but very unintelligible manœuvring to get the young ladies married, set forth in prosy letters to the aunts and cousins, and the governess, and there is an end—they are married ; Miss Goodchild to a Scotch nobleman, who, from a very stupid awkward fellow, expands by his sea-coal fire into a complete paragon. This lady's story is so soon told, that we are inclined to dispose of it at once. She writes very pretty-behaved letters, describing her reception by her husband's amiable family ; and afterwards her very grand Highland castle, and how agreeably she is disappointed in the English climate, &c. ; then she is confined, and has a little boy, and there are great rejoicings for his birth, but unfortunately she gets a severe cold, which occasions much uneasiness to her family and friends, but we are happy to say that the alarms are groundless, the lady recovers, and is ordered to try a milder climate, and we are left with the pleasing impression that she is restored to health. The original heroine, the young baroness, takes a more ambitious flight,—we have a minute description of her wedding dress, and of her Parisian hotel. She is the ambassador's wife, and is launched with due solemnity amidst all the petty mysteries of Parisian societies. It seems clear from the first, that the young lady is determined upon taking her own way, and that it is to be a very unamiable one ; but with the best intentions in the world to do wrong, we cannot find out any great harm she does,—the most important events, are a quarrel about a bonnet which she should have worn, or should not have worn, for it does not seem very clear which : she chooses a wrong day for her ball, and stays out too late to supper : however it is all related with much diplomatic solemnity of style, and it ends very seriously too ; she gets into favour with the wrong cliques, and out of favour with the right ones, and at last out of favour with the emperor : then dismay falls upon all the parties, and there is much *petite morale* talked by them all, which is only cut short by the revolution (of 1830). It is very difficult to understand the rest of the story ; whether she is supposed to elope with her cousin (and if so, *why* she does so), or whether she is only trying very naturally to escape from Paris ; at all events the very probable occurrence takes place of the Ambassadors of Russia being separated from her friends, alone and trampled upon in a crowd ; finally, missing altogether, and set down by her husband and family as one of the "Victims of the Revolution," while the reader discovers her as a certain *Sœur Ursule* in a convent, dressing with flowers the grave of the aforesaid cousin—a

most ultra-romantic conclusion we must think to so prosaic a story. Were this merely a dull novel, we should have passed it over, but it is worse—there is an unbearable affectation in the perpetual prosing about “ cliques,” “ sets,” “ faubourgs,” “ hotels,” or as dear Miss Austin has expressed it “ first circles, spheres, lines, ranks, everything” which destroys all chance of a really moving and good story ; there is also a false overweening importance, most unaffectedly given, to things in their nature trifling, which should at most be lightly touched upon. But in the laborious inculcation of all this nonsense, Mrs. Gore seems to have lost all feeling for what is really elevated,—we hope this may be only for a time : but we must acknowledge that in this novel are concentrated the defects that have been for some time disfiguring her writings. As we have derived much pleasure and even edification in the perusal of Mrs. Gore’s earlier works, we shall look with more than common anxiety to the character of her next publication.

Narrative of a Recent Imprisonment in China, after the wreck of the Kite. By John Lee Scott. Dalton : 1841.

THIS is a short, light-hearted, sailor-like narrative of very considerable hardships suffered during a six months’ captivity in China. It was impossible that it should contain much information concerning the country, since the greater part of their time the poor prisoners were confined, fifteen together, in a small room, and during their journeys to and from Ningpo, their attention was occupied in saving themselves, as they best could, from the attacks of innumerable enemies, who, at every resting place, tormented them,—much as school-boys here might do monkeys in a cage, causing the author to rejoice most heartily in his lately-cropped hair, which was not so easily reached through the bars of his cage. To add to these agreeable circumstances, few of them were able to raise their heads,—none to stretch their limbs in the sort of hencoops in which they were carried aloft in much state by their bearers. Nevertheless, our gallant sailors made the most of their opportunities in every way : they saw all that was to be seen, undisturbed by fear or suffering ; lost no means of serving their companions in distress, and none of ‘ paying off ’ their Chinese friends, at the least, as often as prudence allowed them this solace ; making very various attempts to satisfy their curiosity as to what was going on around them, the fun and frolic of which seems to have brought them off harmless, even where they were repulsed. All this makes a very amusing little book, without the slightest pretension ; written in a sensible and pleasant style, that interests one for the good-humoured author, who so modestly hopes that the

faults of his work may be overlooked, and "all indulgence shown to a young merchant-sailor." We hope that both may meet with, not only indulgence, but encouragement.

Recollections of the Life of the Rev. A. I. Scott, D.D., Lord Nelson's Chaplain. Saunders and Otley : 1842.

WE were tempted into the perusal of this little work solely by Lord Nelson's name. "Lord Nelson's chaplain" must, we thought, be able to throw some new and curious light upon one of those vigorous minds whose workings we delight to study, as much from the innate principle of hero-worship, as for the sake of their great and important deeds. Dr. Scott had many opportunities for observation, and these were ostentatiously put forward in all the puffs and advertisements, whose sins against veracity we are apt to visit, in double and treble indignation, upon the works they misrepresent to our disappointment. In the present case the misrepresentation has been complete. Dr. Scott appears to have been a worthy man ; doubtless deservedly beloved by his family and friends ; a painstaking linguist, and, considering his opportunities, successful : but certainly as heavy an individual as ever was transferred from the deck of one man-of-war to another, or recorded that "he thought of nothing but his friends" over and over again, in much such a diary as a school-boy of thirteen might keep while in all the dismal of his first absence from home. Of the stirring events around him he seems to have taken no note,—at least he has recorded nothing. Of Lord Nelson we hear two things ; first, that he was very fond of Dr. Scott, and often made use of his services ; secondly, that he wrote some short notes about him (which are here given), expressing a real and good-natured wish to serve him :—and we are glad to find that the good man did eventually receive some preferment,—was laid up in the dock of a comfortable living, where he spent the remainder of his life in the performance of his routine duties, and the drowsy troubles of a tythe law-suit ; his occupations varied by the care of his health and of his little girls, and the occasional purchase of books. No doubt his family cherish many affectionate remembrances of Dr. Scott ; but whether in making a book from such materials as we have here faithfully described,—recorded too in a style of the most matter-of-fact dullness,—they have not trespassed upon the patience of the public, we leave it to the public to decide.

Diary of a Tour in Greece, Turkey, Egypt, and the Holy Land,
by the Hon. Mrs. G. L. Dawson Damer : Colburn, 1841.

It is impossible, on reading such works as this and many others of its class, not to regret the days when travelling was difficult, when

it required a strong motive, a sincere enthusiasm, or at least a genuine taste, to induce a person to undertake a journey like the one here set forth ; and one was thus insured against the vulgarizing frivolity of such pic-nic-ing gossiping jaunts as the present. From the hurried tour of a family party, one has certainly no right to expect much, and severe criticism would be out of place ; but it is a trial of patience to find really nothing except such chit-chat about personal adventures as a lively style might make equally readable if it concerned the route from London to the Lakes. We must borrow one of the Frenchifications which perpetually disfigure this lady's writing,—we do not remember to have seen a work so invariably *mondaine* as this flimsy narrative. There is no proportion in it ; neither the style nor the feeling rises with the subject. The pyramids are spoken of in the same tone as the harem ; the journey through the desert, as the “ agrémens ” of the ship's cabin ; while at Jerusalem, a fashionable contented scepticism affords an excuse for an indifference that is really almost incredible. We were reminded of a remark made by the good Father Geramb, when, enumerating the multitudes of people and tribes of all languages and religions, which are found crowding in devotion round the holy sepulchre, he adds, “ The Protestant alone is absent,” —“ the expression of his respectful sympathy alone is wanting in the general chorus ”—and it is so. The feelings by which all races of men have in all ages been actuated, seem to find no echo in their enlightened bosoms. Thus this lady, who devotes seventeen pages to the description of a Turkish harem, dismisses the Via Dolorosa in just fourteen lines ; her chief interest in it being to mark how “ the alternate changes of the weather, from rain to sunshine, gave a very picturesque effect of shadow to the old vaulted passages and flights of steps in which Jerusalem abounds.” That subject on which the authoress is most in earnest, is the prospect of conversion amongst the Jews ; some of the particulars she mentions are curious. She says that “ the conviction of the near approach of *le commencement de la fin* is so great, that a gate called the golden gate, is walled up, and pointed out as the one through which the Christians are expected to enter when they re-conquer the holy city ; and the day of the week and hour is considered to be that of their sabbath and hour of prayer. So much is this idea established, that on Fridays, from eleven to one (as we reckon time), all the gates of the city are closed, for security against this surprise : and at all times that of Damascus is closed, that being the point of expected invasion. The traditionary arguments to establish this belief, are ingeniously gathered from the Old Testament, as the sacred and patriarchal characters are equally received and admitted into the Mahometan creed.”—Vol. i. p. 291. This constant state of expectation is one of the most curious circumstances connected with the Jews—but the “ hope deferred”

which must long since have subsided into despair, had it not been sustained miraculously, is no new feature in their history. It is probable, if there be anything new in the present aspect of affairs, that the change is in ourselves. Our religious excitement, and incessant controversies, have fixed our attention upon a people whose destinies seem enveloped in such mysterious importance, and our eager desire to anticipate some solution for our own difficulties, may lead us to consider many things as signs of the times, which are in truth but signs of the people and of their habitual condition. There seems no dawn of hope breaking as yet over Jerusalem; her political future the boldest speculator will hardly decide upon; her social condition can seldom (in time of peace) have been worse; and from what party should hope arise? the Greeks are immoral, rapacious, intriguing with a foreign and anti-christian power; the Catholics scarcely able to maintain their footing, and to keep the sacred possessions for which they have endured so much; the Jews are sad, divided, and oppressed; the natives ignorant and ferocious;—misery, misrule, and confusion seem to hold their uninterrupted sway over the city,—darkness as yet covers the land. Some of our sanguine fellow-countrymen appear to consider that Protestantism is the agency which is to introduce order and light into this chaos! We will pass over the many improbabilities of this opinion, and the little ground that can be found for it in the past history of the reformed churches—any and all of them. Let us look merely at the facts. Dr. Alexander, the late grand production of the creative genius of Protestantism, the important result of the united activity and zeal of two churches, has, we believe, subsided into the indifference and inutility that will probably attend his future career. Mrs. Damer tells us that the foundations of the Protestant Church were not completed; and for his chance of any native congregation wherewith to fill it, we will again take Mrs. Damer's account, which she seems to have derived from excellent authority.

“We returned Mr. and Mrs. Nicholaison's visit. Mr. N. is a German, who has resided thirteen years in Jerusalem, and was appointed by the Bishop of London, at the request of the missionary society for the conversion of the Jews, as English chaplain to the Protestant community. We passed an interesting hour in listening to a very simple and unaffected statement of facts connected with the old and new Jerusalem. As to the advance of proselytism, Mr. Nicholaison does not consider that more than five converts have been made during the last period of his residence (nine years) at Jerusalem, and these have occurred within the last three. Four rabbis are at present firmly persuaded of the truths of the Gospel, but are not yet prepared for a public acknowledgment of their belief.” (vol. i. p. 308.) And again, “December 8th;—We went to church at the consul's, and our congregation amounted to only

ten, including an American missionary and two German converts." (vol. ii. p. 32.) There are no materials here from which to build up an important Church; and that the great work of Jewish regeneration should be reserved for this incoherent, lifeless remnant, does indeed appear a wild chimera.

Travels in Kashmir, Sadak, Iskardo; the countries adjoining the mountain course of the Indus, and the Himalaya north of the Panjab. By G. T. Vigne, Esq., F.G.S. Colburn: 1842.

THESE travels will be found to contain much of valuable, and at the present moment, most seasonable information. Mr. Vigne believes himself to be the first European who has visited Iskardo, and described the capital of Little Tibet; and he was no casual passenger through this new and interesting country. He tells us that he "three times crossed the mountains from the Panjab to Iskardo in Little Tibet, and has necessarily passed through Kashmir in his way." (Preface.) He has, in fact, traversed this important portion of Asia in every different direction: he has traced its rivers, studied the capabilities of the country, and above all he has crossed most of its mountain passes, ascertaining, by actual experience, how far they are practicable; and he has formed, from personal observation, his opinion that they could not possibly be passed by troops or artillery. It is, therefore, with respect, as well as satisfaction, that we hear his opinion upon the much-contested point of the danger of a north-west invasion of our own Indian dominions. "We are not to suppose, again, that no good is to be expected from the late expedition and its melancholy end. With a proper watchfulness over our own interests, and a cordial and much-wanted co-operation amongst the diplomatists under the meridian of the Indus, we have now every reason to know that a Russian invasion is no longer the bug-bear that it was; and that, in the common course of events, the question is set at rest for ever. We know, what we did not know before, the tremendous strength of the approaches to India from the north-west. The Gornul pass, which I ascended with the Sohanis, is in some places quite as formidable as the others. There was one spot in particular, where a camel could not proceed without being unladen.
 . . . As far as important information and experience are concerned, Lord Auckland—could we but conceal the cost at which it has been obtained—will have benefited our East Indian possessions more than any other governor-general that has preceded him." (vol. i. p. xxxv.) It is evident from many passages in the work that the author leans towards the extension of our conquests, or at least of our influence, upon this important frontier of our eastern empire: and it does indeed seem scarcely possible to have visited the magnificent countries which border the several branches of the Indus, without

indulging in ambitious projects,—their capabilities are so vast in every point of view, that they would seem to require only ordinary good government to be again the garden of the world ; and the bait is rendered more irresistible by their internal weakness and disorganization. The noble views developed by Lord Palmerston, in his late vindication of the foreign policy of his government, receive support from almost every fact mentioned by this accurate and observing traveller. The field here offered to British enterprise and influence appears almost incalculable, and might be opened without the sacrifice of humanity ; for in fact these people, misgoverned, oppressed, distracted amongst themselves by all the differences of nation, caste, and religion, seem to invite European interference, which, by some country or other, will assuredly visit them ere long. It is impossible (feeling this), not to desire that so well-defined and magnificent a frontier, so valuable an acquisition as Kashmir, should be added to our eastern possessions ;—a central point in Central Asia, a “fortress and a magazine,” as Mr. Vigne has well described it, from which commanding situation we might exert an influence that would extend through those vast regions where many a contest has yet to be tried. It would afford us ready access to all the different branches of the Indus, and the probable command of its waters ; we should obtain land for colonization in all respects congenial to the habits and constitution of Englishmen, and which, unlike our, baleful although gorgeous land of India, might rear for us a native English population, a hardy race of mountaineers, whom we should find the cheapest and most effectual assistance in all our future operations, whether to the south or against invaders from the north-west. We must allow our author to speak for himself upon this subject, evidently a favourite one with him.

“I have endeavoured to point out its attractions (Kashmir) for the antiquarian, the historian, the architect, and the geologist. Its traditions are coeval with the Flood ; its history is probably as ancient as any other, excepting that of Moses ; its monarchs have led their conquering armies to the subjugation of India, Ceylon, and Tibet, and even to parts of China ; its ruined masonry has been described as a novelty ; and, considered as a basaltic basin, the magnificence of its mere outline has enough in it to rivet the attention of the geologist. But there is an interest of increased importance in store for it, and I think it not difficult to descry upon the horizon, the dawn of a political consequence far greater than any to which it has ever been destined by the warmest of its oriental admirers.

“One of the first results of the planting of the British flag on the ramparts of the Huri Purbut, would probably be a rush of people, particularly Kashmirians, to the valley, in numbers sufficient for a time to affect the price of provisions. The next would

be the desertion of Simla, as a sanitarium, in favour of Kashmir. The news of its occupation by the Queen's troops in India, would spread through the East with a rapidity unequalled, excepting in the regions of the telegraph and steam-engine: it would be looked upon as the accomplishment of the one thing needful, for the consolidation of the British power in Northern India; and a respect for the name, and a wish for the friendship and alliance of England, would increase in proportion to the belief in the fruitlessness of any subsequent attempt at dispossession.

"It was, I believe, soon after the occupation of Delhi by the British troops (I do not know the date of the year), *that a mission from Kashmir, with a request that the Company's government would take the country under its protection, arrived in that city*; but its object was unsuccessful; as the government of the time did not think it expedient to lend a favourable ear to their proposals. To say that, had they done so, the East India Company might have long since been in possession of the Panjab, and friendly relations have been established with the court of Kabul, is an assertion based upon, perhaps, no unreasonable conjecture.

"Kashmir enjoys the advantage of being at the same time both fortress and magazine; and although the battle for the valley would be fought on the outside of it, yet the progress of an invading power might be opposed step by step, as it often has been, from the mountain summits around each of its passes.

"When a road is made through the pass from Baramula to Dhurumtawur, an army of any strength, and most perfectly appointed, may be marched, in from four to six days, from the healthy atmosphere of Kashmir to defend the passages of Attok or Torbela; and with such protection on the north, Bombay, as the capital of India, on the south, and the Indus between them, the British possessions in Hindostan ought to be as safe from foreign invasion from the westward as such an extended line of frontier can possibly be made to render them. But Kashmir not only deserves attention as a stronghold in time of war, it is to the arts of peace that this fine province will be indebted for a more solid and lasting, though less gorgeous celebrity than it enjoyed under the emperors of Delhi. The finest breeds of horses and cattle, of every description, may be reared upon its extensive mountain pastures, where every variety of temperature may be procured for them; its vegetable and artificial productions may be treated with British skill and capital, in such a manner as to ensure an excellence equal to those of Europe; and the tools of a Cornish miner may bring to light the hidden treasures of its iron, lead, copper, and silver ores."—vol. ii. p. 66.

He says elsewhere, that

"The introduction of Christianity, the Mahomedans would not fail to attribute to the finger of God, and consider it as a step

towards the fulfilment of their belief, that the whole world will become subject to the power of the Christians." And in a note, "It is the belief of Islam that Christ is to re-appear and conquer Dajal, or Antichrist; the latter having first existed as the enemy of the Christian powers, to whose sway the world is to be previously subjected."—vol. ii. p. 68.

Delightful indeed would be the hopes that the Christian might entertain, were this country placed under the tolerant government of England. But we are becoming too sanguine in our anticipations. The present government holds out small expectation that any such line of policy will be followed; and we rather trust to that tendency to progression which our Indian affairs have always manifested, even when, through prudence, we have ourselves been desirous of restricting our operations. It is not, however, only in a political point of view that these travels will be found interesting; Mr. Vigne has given much attention to the natural history (in all its branches) of these rich countries: his descriptions are simple and graphic, and he has omitted no opportunity of seeing everything remarkable. In some respects his travels have reminded us of our old favourite, Sir Robert Ker Porter; they contain no "got-up" accounts of trifling personal adventures; no flashy attempts at wit or fine writing; no picking out points and scenes for taking descriptions; but in a simple style, and with a sense of the importance of his subject, he has thoroughly described the countries with which he professes to make his reader acquainted. Every where he was received with veneration or fear, as an Englishman,—feelings which his own bearing seems to have been well calculated to maintain,—and every facility was in most instances afforded him for visiting remarkable places; while his intercourse with the rulers of the land has enabled him to throw light upon the characters and policy of those with whom we must expect to be involved in further transactions, either friendly or otherwise.

Letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury to Ambrose Lisle Phillipps, Esq. descriptive of the Estatica of Caldaro and the Addolorata of Capriana. Second edition. Dolman: 1842.

WE know not whether most to admire the talent or the courage of this little work; it is, we rejoice to see, a second edition of the pamphlet published by Lord Shrewsbury, nearly a year ago, describing the holy and miraculous virgins of the Tyrol. Upon that occasion, loud was the shout of condolence and scorn raised by the daily press. "Was it possible? Could it be imagined, now in the days of the enlightened nineteenth century, that a man of Lord Shrewsbury's consequence and talent would advocate such superstitions, &c. &c." Yes! acting up to his well-chosen motto, "It is honour-

able to reveal and confess the works of God," Lord Shrewsbury has given the sanction of his clear intelligence and unimpeachable character to this wonderful history. Not only so, but undeterred by this clamour, he has deliberately renewed that sanction. It cannot be supposed that many new particulars should be added to the faithful record of Lord Shrewsbury's impressions on his only visit to these holy women; yet some have been collected relating to their early lives; unimpeachable names are brought in confirmation of the statements, admirable arguments are adduced to prove the genuineness of these standing miracles, and some other living, but less well-known examples are mentioned of the extraordinary favour of God, supernaturally evinced. It is altogether a publication which the most sceptical cannot read without curiosity, and, perhaps, awakened doubts, and which must deeply edify the Catholic reader. Still is the hand of God outstretched amongst us; still the glory of miracles, like a light burning in the temple, may be seen in His Church. Where it is possible to make a pilgrimage to the Tyrol, how delightful an opportunity is afforded for the renewal of faith, and the refreshment of charity wearied with incessant contention! But even such as cannot enjoy the happiness of seeing with their own eyes the wonderful dealings of God, need not reject the comfort they are calculated to afford. No rule of faith or reason forbids them to entertain it; nor can there be any stronger human testimony than that by which these miracles are guaranteed to them. Let them then rejoice—and seek to refresh their spiritual aspirations, by these glorious proofs of the closeness of communion to which the Almighty has admitted, and will again admit his creatures. It would be doing injustice to our readers to suppose that this little work will remain unknown to them; and we are not inclined to weaken the impression upon those who may read it for the first time, by extracts which could give no idea of the body of evidence contained in the book; there is also an elegance in the style, and an unstudied simplicity in the narrative, which would suffer in abridgment; the book itself should be read, and we are sure that all who do so will feel grateful to Lord Shrewsbury, for having in so satisfactory a manner made known to them these new wonders of the goodness of God. One remark we will make before concluding, although it may appear to touch upon the province of the preacher; but we have been forcibly struck with the fact, that while so many of the holy, the wise, and the zealous, are contending for God's truth, and striving to advance his glory, bearing all the heat and burthen of the day, these shining marks of his love have fallen upon patient, illiterate women, as obscure, in all other respects, as any human beings can be fancied to be.

Is this intended as a lesson to our practical, energetic, and contentious age? As an injunction, that amongst the good works to which (to do them but justice), Catholics are now eagerly encour-

aging themselves and their brethren, they should not forget that of the contemplative life? the "better part" chosen by Martha, nor forget to make provision for it, both in themselves and for others who are seeking it. We cannot pursue this subject any further, but there is one other more obvious moral, which, as laymen, we may venture to enforce: let Catholics take example by one who has acquired so noble a pre-eminence amongst them, not to shelter themselves from the cold sneering of Protestants, by giving up or undervaluing these glorious evidences of their faith; nor to explain away or deny whatever they are not compelled to believe as of Faith. In Christians this is not only ungenerous, but it is also unwise; when they have relinquished the consolation man naturally finds in miracles, are they more assured against superstition? By no means; we have ourselves seen Protestants who have given more serious and believing attention to the juggleries recorded by recent travellers in Egypt, than they would have vouchsafed to all the miracles of the twelve apostles; and the satanic mimicries of Mesmerism are received by them with a faith they would not think of according to the crown of glory God himself has bestowed upon his innocent and spiritualised adorers.

La Petite Chouannerie, ou Histoire d'un Collège Breton sous l'Empire. Par A. F. Rio. Moxon: 1842.

M. Rio has been long known to us as an eminently Catholic writer, of an ancient Breton family, inspired by all the glorious traditions of la Vendée, that land of chivalry in its purest sense. Religion has been to M. Rio, what every Catholic should find it,—a something more than a principle, more than even the well-grounded hope of everlasting life; it has been his enthusiasm, his joy, his light of beauty and grandeur, the heart's blood of every pulse that beats within his frame for joy or chivalrous exultation. He has now given us a work which, although in one sense a simple record of facts, may yet take its place amongst the illustrations of the *Mores Catholici*, that record of high deeds and feelings which every Catholic should prize most dearly, next to those works of devotion from which he is accustomed to draw nourishment for his soul's interior life. Those who have read the memoirs of Mme. de La Rochejaquelaine, must have often felt a wish to know how it fared with La Vendée when the deadly strife was over; whether indeed so many sacrifices were (as to their temporal consequences) thrown away? and whence were supported those principles of loyalty which made the Vendéans, after so many trials of their faith, still the surest hope of the exiled family on their return to France; M. Rio has filled up this blank: he has informed us, "that they obtained, what they had always represented as their ultimatum upon each renewal of hostilities—the restoration of Christ, his

ministers, and his altars." (p. 2.) We have then an affecting account of the return of these holy ministers, the eagerness with which they were received; their first sermons almost always upon the duty of forgiveness, and equally affecting, whether we consider the victims of persecution by whom they were preached, or the bereaved and heart-stricken audience to whom they were addressed. Such scenes, such lessons, will be ever renewed in the Church of Christ, and while we read of them, we feel a mournful joy in the presentiment, that even now such edification is preparing in a neighbouring nation, for us the unworthy spectators,—perhaps also the honoured assistants of the confessors of Christ. But it was not alone in healing the wounds of the past, that we recognize the spirit of Catholicity in the Vendean confessors; exhausted as they were by time and trial, we nevertheless find them full of its reproductive energy; they looked around their desolate vineyard, and found that there were none to labour in it; and through many trials and difficulties they succeeded in establishing a seminary college for the education of a new generation of priests; and of this college of Vannes M. Rio has given us a slight but most interesting account, during the years of Napoleon's iron rule, connecting its history with the trials which desolated La Vendée in common with the rest of France. But the faith and cherished associations of the Vendéans made many things an especial trial to them: they were thrown into dismay by the rumours (garbled as they were), which reached them of Napoleon's treatment of the Pope; they scrupled to invade Spain, where, during the persecutions, their countrymen, and above all, their priests, had been generously sheltered: the conscription came upon them in all its horrors, unmitigated by enthusiasm or hope; they were distressed by the continual interference of government with their clergy and their worship, and annoyed by the imperial catechisms, commanding them, "under pain of damnation," to love their oppressor and his family. For many years these feelings were acting with increased force upon the minds of the young students of the college; they went home to find their families and native villages in sorrow and anxiety, and they returned again to communicate to each other their deep feelings of irritation. At length the horizon began to brighten; and they learnt with almost delirious joy that a Bourbon—whom, they neither knew nor cared—had returned to bring peace and liberty of conscience. Then were resumed with religious joy the old badges of the white cross and the lily; then the students flocked to the churches to assist in the offices of thanksgiving, and, if need be, to defend them; and with still more highly wrought feelings, they assisted their fathers to render the last duties to the bones of those ancient heroes of the Vendean war, who had gloriously fallen; and

which had ever since remained, to the grief and indignation of their descendants, washed by the tide on the sea-shore, where multitudes, from motives of pure convenience, had been shot, and hallowed only by the *requiescant in pace* of the mariners who passed them: these were now to be deposited in holy ground. In such festivities and such triumphs their short period of happiness was passed. Napoleon's return brought the conscription in all its vigour. At this we cannot wonder; but we do wonder at the infatuation which induced his officers to worry and alienate, by a hundred petty persecutions, these young and ardent spirits, with whom, for many reasons, they dared not at that time come to extremities. The students entered, nothing loth, into the strife. They were conscious of this advantage: they brought the petulance, the ingenious resources, and frolic spirits of boyhood to aid the courage and deep feeling of maturer years;—we need scarcely say they triumphed in almost every instance. This part of the book is as lively as it is interesting; for long ere this we have learnt to feel the greatest regard for these noble young heroes of religion, and to rejoice more than ever that we have amongst us also Catholic colleges. Who can read without emotion the testimony borne by M. Rio, in his ripe age, to the virtue and purity of these companions of his youth?

“Nevertheless, our hereditary passion for this violent game (that of La Soulé, a sort of football) which might at first sight have appeared too rough to civilized spectators, interfered neither with our studies which we followed up conscientiously as seminarists, nor with our spiritual exercises which of our own free-will occupied a great space in our education. The majority of the pupils of the college boarded in small dull houses in the faubourgs, generally kept by pious women, who watched as carefully over our souls as our bodies, and preached virtue as much by their lives as by their words. Their authority, which had no other foundation than the respect we felt for their virtue, was almost always sufficient to keep the most turbulent amongst us in order; in general, they deputed the oldest and steadiest of our number as our president, whose duty it was to fix the hours of study and recreation, to say the morning and evening prayers for his comrades, and to conduct them to mass and to their walks. It is needless to say that it was his place to prevent any improper conversation, which indeed was as rare amongst us, as edifying discourse may be elsewhere. As to bad books, I can declare that young men grew up without having acquired the information necessary to understand them. The worst amongst us got no farther in this way than the *Jerusalem delivered*. The monthly confessions, to which we were strictly enjoined, rendered all other police superfluous, so earnest were we in the performance of this sacrament. Besides our habitual preparations, we had on every Thursday, winter as well as summer, religious in-

structions, at which we attended of our own accord, and merely to satisfy our spiritual wants."—p. 50.

After reading this, M. Rio's account of their fraternal kindness amongst themselves (all inequality of rank merged in the sympathy of Christians and fellow students), their manly sports and cultivated intelligence, seem to fill up our beau-ideal of the condition and character of youth; but they were soon to be forced into the ranks of manhood: a brutal and unjust assault upon one of their comrades, for wearing the branches of white May blossom that he had gathered in his walks, convinced them that they must be passive no longer; and from that time they began to organize their plot with such discretion that it remained undiscovered amidst all the republican bourgeois and the troops of Napoleon, by whom they were surrounded. At length they obtained a promise from M. de Margadel, an old Vendean officer, to place himself at their head,—a promise which he nobly redeemed, for he ever after acted by them the part of a father, as well as military leader. They considered him as a guide sent by Heaven, and with the hope of his guidance it was a bitter trial to them to subdue, for three mortal weeks, the impatience of their comrades and their own. At length they received the decisive intelligence that fifty of their number were designated by the government to be marched like galley-slaves to Belle Isle, where they were to be incorporated in the colonial regiments; whereupon their day was named, and "the confessionals thronged as at the approach of a first communion." But the young penitents were not a little scandalized to find that their project met no favour in the eyes of their paternal directors, who endeavoured to dissuade them from it by many arguments, spiritual as well as temporal: but upon this point the boys were unpersuadable; one and all repaired from their churches to the rude altar they had constructed in an attic, there to take the oath of fidelity to their cause and to each other. It must have been a touching scene;—there came the thoughtful young enthusiast; the careless boy, rejoicing in the prospect of a holiday and a row; and the gentle child, whom even his comrades would have persuaded to return to his mother's home; all the hope of their desolated country was there; and they were pledging themselves to a strife, of which no man there could foresee the termination. We have not space to follow them through their brief and brilliant campaign.

These boys were the delight of the Vendean army; emulating the courage of the veteran Chouans and mariners with whom they fought, they retained their boyish naïveté. It is delightful to read the history of their fraternal affection, and their child-like vanities, placed in such contrast to their heroic courage, and their delight in the first prisoners taken! they could scarcely make enough of them, they were so generous and so happy. It was a truly brilliant

episode in the annals of war, and had for once a fitting termination ; for, not only did the Vendéans obtain their wish in the return of their exiled sovereign, but they had the honour of preventing the occupation of their country by the allied army, who shortly afterwards overran all the rest of France. The remainder of the history is filled with pleasant details of the return of the young soldiers to their homes, the congratulations of their friends, and their own joyous self-satisfaction. Then follow some school-boy triumphs over their temporising professors, and some ebullitions of military petulance when the young heroes of four well-fought battles were called on to resume their places on the schoolboys' form ; but these, upon the whole, were got well over. Then, too, came royal thanks, and recompenses, small enough, but probably all the exiles had to give : the funeral mass for the souls of the fallen, followed closely by the laurel-crown, and the kiss bestowed by the fairest girls in Bretagne on the brave survivors. A few melodramatic touches (without which the scene would not be French) only heighten our pleasure in this so nobly-earned rejoicing ; and we cannot wonder that M. Rio's pen should assume a most enthusiastic strain, in recording scenes like these, in which he himself was a chief actor.

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ART. I.—*Letters to N. Wiseman, D.D., on the Errors of Romanism in respect to the Worship of Saints, Satisfactions, &c.* By the Rev. W. Palmer, M.A., of Worcester College, Oxford. Oxford: 1841-2.

WE are not about to enter upon any formal review of Mr. Palmer's general system of theology, or of such principles thereof as are brought forth and developed in the collection of pamphlets lying before us. For this more elaborate task sufficient time or space is not now at our command; our present object is more limited. In looking over these letters, so many instances of unauthorised assumption, of misrepresentation of Catholic principles and arguments, of bad and even foolish reasoning, struck us, page after page, that, on one hand, we did not think such a production should pass altogether unrebuked, and, on the other, it appeared to us that an exposure in mere detail of some of its numberless inaccuracies would form at once the easiest and most satisfactory, though to many of our readers perhaps not the most attractive, mode of dealing with the subject.

These letters are addressed directly to Dr. Wiseman, and, considering the nature of the topics discussed—these being doctrines and practices in which every Catholic is interested, as well as the bishop of Melipotamus—they partake a great deal too much of the tone of mere personal controversy. This, perhaps, may have been one of the reasons which induced his lordship to take no notice of any of them after the first. Whether we are right in this conjecture or not, we sincerely hope that Dr. Wiseman will not, for the time to come, allow himself to be seduced from pursuits of higher interest, and far more permanent and extensive utility, into

the irregular skirmishings of controversies half personal and half irrelevant, and altogether of passing and inferior importance. Far, far more grateful to Catholics, not only of these but of other countries, and of immeasurably more abundant and enduring benefit, would be the completion, promised in the preface to the large *Lectures on the Eucharist*, of those invaluable treatises on the leading topics of controversy between ourselves and Protestants,—on the argument for the real presence from tradition, on the rule of faith, the sacrifice of the mass, the sacrament of penance, and the rest. Since the promise alluded to was made, its fulfilment has indeed been rendered difficult,—perhaps, at present, impossible,—in consequence of the new dignity and, with it, new and overpowering cares and labours imposed on Dr. Wiseman's shoulders. We have wished—it may be there is something of selfishness in the wish—that more ordinary duties, by which only present good, however solid, is attained, would be consigned to ordinary hands, and that the means of finishing a work, which, beyond all doubt, no other man in the empire could execute so well, should be left freely and fully at his disposal. Such are our views and wishes, and we know them to be shared by men far wiser and more learned than we are; nevertheless we express them with the most unfeigned deference to the sentiments of him whom they most concern, as well as of others to whom the ruling of such matters belongs. But of course, whatever we may desire or think, whatever undertakings Dr. Wiseman may be engaged in, or whether he be engaged in any, however thickly the swarm of conflicting errors and passions may rise from the abyss of Protestantism, and darken around our heads in this little corner of the Church, *Her* sublime destinies will continue to be fulfilled calmly, securely, as they have been from the beginning; her power, and glory, and beauty, will continue to resist the influence of time and the attacks of her enemies. “She was before us, she will be after us, and she will last to the end of time.”

We have a few brief remarks to premise. First. We readily subscribe to the sentiments contained in the following extract from Dr. Wiseman's *Lectures on the Eucharist*: “I will acknowledge the truth of what a modern French divine has convincingly proved,—that Catholic controvertists, especially in England and Germany, have greatly erred by allowing themselves to be led by Protestants into a war of detail, meeting them as they desired in partial combats for particular

dogmas, instead of steadily fixing them to one fundamental discussion, and resolving all compound inquiries into their one simple element—Church authority. But fully and cordially as I make these concessions, the state of controversy at the present day renders it necessary to treat these questions separately.”

Secondly. It does not follow that, because our great divines have sometimes made use of weak arguments in defence of any doctrine, therefore all the direct arguments in favour of it are weak. If we find an historian, like Hume, or Fox, or Sarpi, frequently stating falsehoods, and these too such as indicate the grossest dishonesty or negligence, we are at once warranted in rejecting their account of every occurrence which they may have had an interest in misrepresenting: their narrative *may be* elsewhere correct, but is not credible on their testimony alone.* The same principle does not apply to argumentative works. The force of an argument, as such, does not depend on the qualities, intellectual or moral, of the man who advances it. Facts are stated to be believed, arguments to be examined; and, according as they are sound or otherwise, the propositions they are brought to support are admitted or rejected. If a writer advances twenty distinct arguments in support of a proposition, nineteen of them may upon examination turn out to be mere fallacies; yet the proposition is not disproved so long as the remaining twentieth is unanswered. All this is very obvious indeed: yet in controversies, especially those carried on for party purposes and addressed to the multitude, no other principle of fair argumentation is more disregarded,—and consistently enough if the writer or speaker takes the point in dispute for granted, or if his object be merely to strengthen men’s prejudices and inflame their passions.

That the best of our Catholic theologians have sometimes mistaken the true meaning of a text of Scripture, or of passages from the fathers; that many of their arguments are not proof against *every* objection; and that many are intrinsically unsound, either from defect in form or from the assumption of false principles, we do not deny. The causes of this are: 1. The natural infirmity and shortsightedness even of the most acute mind. 2. Most of our more voluminous divines heap together on particular questions all sorts of

* “What does a liar gain by his lying? Not to be believed when he tells the truth.”

arguments having any degree of probability, with a view perhaps to adapt themselves to different minds and to every grade of incredulity, from the first stirrings of doubt to the most unbending obstinacy. An argument that might not weigh as a feather in turning the balance of Mr. Palmer's judgment, might possess an overpowering influence on some more candid or less penetrating mind. In many cases an argument which approaches nearest to perfect demonstration, could not in its full force be made intelligible to the ignorant and unreflecting; and to them therefore it must be presented shorn of much of its strength, or its place occupied by another more level to common, but less satisfactory to higher, understandings. 3. Sometimes a number of arguments are advanced in support of each other. This will happen in moral proof: many circumstances are brought together, each of which would not, of itself, much avail, but all viewed in connexion present an array of evidence not easy to be resisted. 4. Sometimes arguments are embodied in the course of proof, whose aim is mainly indirect, viz. to anticipate objections. 5. Sometimes arguments are advanced not for the purpose of confounding opposition, but of developing truth and confirming belief. And, lastly, since the days of Bellarmine, and even of Tournelly, nay, since our own early days, the ground of controversy has been very much shifted. The very doctrines now surrendered to us, are those which, twenty years ago, we were engaged in defending. The question was not then whether the bread is changed into the body of our Lord, so that its substance ceases to exist in the sacrament of the Eucharist, but whether the body were really present there at all. The question was not whether the English sects or any one of them formed a *part* of the true Church, but whether the Catholic were even *a* true Church. Now we willingly admit that on the doctrine in question, as on many others, arguments are advanced by our greater as well as by our lesser divines, which we by no means look upon, which their authors never meant, as decisive against a Protestant of Mr. Palmer's school. All these considerations it would be easy further to develop and illustrate by examples, but thus briefly to allude to them is enough for our purpose.

Third. The Catholic doctrine, *e. g.* on Satisfaction, comprises several distinct points. A proof is frequently brought by our divines, amid the general mass, which does not establish, and is not designed to establish, more than one of these points. The importance of keeping this principle in view will appear as we proceed.

We have said that, in examining Mr. Palmer's *Letters*, we prefer to follow his steps in detail. Of course we do not propose to pursue him through all his digressions and declamations and repetitions. Our object is barely to vindicate, according to our small power, the principal arguments for the Catholic doctrine which he has attacked, to expose his misrepresentations, wherever it may be necessary for our purpose to do so, and to exhibit the extreme, the childish imbecility—for so we must characterise them—of his own proofs for the Protestant doctrine. We therefore at once commence with his remarks on the Scriptural proofs adduced by Tournelly and Bellarmine in support of our doctrine.

The points—as far as our present inquiry is concerned—admitted or disputed between ourselves and Protestants on the question of Satisfaction, may be thus briefly stated :

1. We say that when sin is remitted, the eternal punishment also is remitted.

2. In baptism, together with the sin, the punishment, both temporal and eternal, is remitted.

3. God could, if he so willed, remit in every case the temporal as well as the eternal punishment, together with the guilt of sin.

4. We do not deny that in some cases the temporal punishment *is* so remitted.

We suppose that Mr. Palmer thus far agrees with us. We hold moreover—

5. That sometimes, perhaps generally, there remains, after the remission of the sin and of the eternal punishment, a temporal punishment to be endured in this life or in the next.

6. This temporal punishment may be sometimes redeemed by penitential works, voluntarily undertaken by ourselves, or imposed on us by the priest in the administration of the sacrament of penance, or by our patiently enduring the calamities of this life.

7. We do not deny that in some cases (as in that of David) the particular temporal punishment to be endured in this life has been absolutely defined by God; and, in such cases, though we may of course undergo other penances, we cannot thereby avert *this*.

The first argument is from Tournelly; it is given at length by Mr. Palmer (p. 24):—

“The example of David (2 Kings [Samuel] xii.) is especially remarkable. For although Nathan had heard from the prophet

(v. 13), 'The Lord also hath put away thy sin, thou shalt not die,' he immediately adds, 'Howbeit, because by this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, the child also that is born unto thee shall surely die;' and verse 10, 'Now therefore the sword shall never depart from thine house; because thou hast despised me, and hast taken the wife of Uriah the Hittite to be thy wife.' God remits on one side the guilt and *eternal punishment*; but on the other he requires *temporal punishment* as well from the son as the father himself, not merely for the discipline and amendment of David, and the example of others, as the innovators, and especially Daillé, commonly reply, but also for the punishment and chastisement of pardoned sin. 'Because by this deed thou hast given occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme.'.....'Because thou hast despised me,' saith the holy context; which particle *because* denotes that the *sin* of David was the real *cause* of all the evils which he suffered, and not merely their *occasion*, as Daillé cavils: for with what more significant terms could Scripture have expressed the cause."—*Tournelly, De Pœnit.*

On the preceding argument Mr. Palmer thus comments:—

"It is obvious that God, by Nathan, remitted the extreme punishment which was due to David's sin, 'Thou shalt not die,' and that at the same time he imposed a lesser temporal punishment for his sin, 'The child that is born unto thee shall surely die.' But I must deny that this example furnishes any necessary proof that a similar mode of proceeding characterises the present dealings of God with us. A temporal penalty of some sort was necessary when God *visibly* interfered in the affairs of men. But now that his guidance is entirely spiritual and invisible, temporal penalties are no longer necessary in the same way; and had David lived under the Christian dispensation, his crime might not have involved such consequences when truly repented of. Under the former dispensation the case was widely different. Had the favoured servant of God, the chosen pastor of God's people, been permitted to commit most grievous and *scandalous* sins, without any visible signs of God's indignation, the most fatal results would have followed. The justice of God would have been impugned. Sin would have been encouraged."

Thus far Mr. Palmer. Now it is clear from the sacred text cited above, and Mr. Palmer admits, 1st. that David's sin was pardoned; 2d. that after this pardon a lesser temporal punishment was inflicted *for the pardoned sin*. To admit thus much in the plain sense of the terms is to admit the Catholic doctrine: for it is to admit that a temporal punishment is inflicted *for a sin already pardoned*—which is exactly

our doctrine. Yet the objection, if it means any thing, must mean that the punishment was not inflicted for the sin, *but* because a temporal punishment was then necessary, in order that the justice of God might not be impugned, and that sin might not be encouraged. In a word, Mr. Palmer must mean that the punishment was inflicted EXCLUSIVELY to deter others from following the example of David, &c., otherwise the principle of the objection is perfectly consistent with our doctrine and with Tournelly's inference from the text, as we shall hereafter show (*infra*, p. 284-5). Thus then we may, for clearness' sake, state distinctly the heads of the objection. First, the temporal calamity inflicted on David was not inflicted to punish his sin, but to deter others from the commission of a similar crime, &c. Secondly. It was necessary that some visible sign of God's indignation should be exhibited, 1, because God then *visibly* interfered in the affairs of men, and 2, because to allow the sin of David to pass unpunished would have been to encourage the commission of crime and to occasion God's justice to be impugned, in as much as David was the favoured servant of God and chosen pastor of God's people. Thirdly. In the Christian dispensation such punishment is not necessary, 1, because God's guidance is now entirely spiritual and invisible, and 2, because David's sin, if truly repented of, would not now involve the consequences above alluded to.

We have thus stated the objection as strongly and clearly as we could: we now beg our readers' attention to our answer.

First. The whole objection is made up of a tissue of the most gratuitous assumptions. God then visibly interfered in the affairs of men,—true: David was a favoured servant, a chosen pastor,—true: the people would have been scandalized had his sin been left unpunished,—perhaps they would: as we are not gifted with the *scientia media*, we can only guess; Mr. Palmer can do no more. But granting the truth of all these, and a hundred other facts or conjectures, what have they to do with the interpretation of the text before us? there is nothing of them *there*. They are not assigned as the causes of David's punishment, or in any way connected with it. That the punishment was inflicted merely to deter others, &c.,—that it was not inflicted as a punishment for David's sin,—that it was inflicted *because* God then visibly interfered in the affairs of men, are so many assertions for which there is not the smallest particle of evidence in the

text before us, or in any other text. If the Scriptures, if any other writings whatever, may be thus expanded and interpolated, if the meaning may thus be modified by the help of skilfully assumed hypotheses, there is no longer any possibility of reasoning from Scripture, or fathers, or councils, or documents of any kind; words, however precisely chosen or clearly arranged, may be made to mean any thing, or every thing, or nothing. We need hardly tell Mr. Palmer that it is thus rationalism (daughter of the Reformation) would relieve the sacred Scriptures of so many mysteries and miracles. The words of a text are, indeed, plain enough: but then they may be *accounted for* in such or such a way. Apply an hypothesis, and, if one be insufficient, imagination or fancy will yield another and another; and the result is some "comfortable doctrine,"—faith made easy.

Secondly. But the assertion that David was punished merely to prevent the scandal, &c. that would otherwise ensue, is not only gratuitous; it is directly contrary to the very words of the text. For, as Tournelly well remarks, in the extract given above, how could it be more clearly and strongly expressed that the sin of David was the cause of his punishment, than by saying, "*because* thou hast given occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, *for this thing* the child that is born to thee shall surely die." Mr. Palmer quotes this argument in the extract he gives from Tournelly: we wonder he did not think it worth while to make some effort to reply to it directly, whereas it is based upon the very words of the text, instead of amusing his readers with theories about the past and present dealings of God with men, &c., to which there is no allusion whatever in the text.

Thirdly. Let us admit, with Mr. Palmer, that God meant by this punishment to prevent the "fatal results that must have otherwise followed, that he meant it as a warning to the rest of the people; surely it does not follow that this was the *only* end God had in view. May not the same punishment be intended at once to satisfy the demands of justice—to repair scandal—to deter others from sinning? Was not the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrha a punishment for the sins of their inhabitants? Was it not, just as well as the chastisement of David, designed as a lesson and a warning to the world? It is needless to multiply instances; the Scriptures abound in them. Are not the sufferings of the damned punishments for sin, in the most rigorous sense of the words? and are they not also an awful and salutary warning to us?

and is not this very motive—the fear of hell’s torments—proposed to us by our Redeemer as a means of deterring us from the commission of sin? “Fear ye not them that kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him that can destroy both body and soul in hell.” (Matth. x. 28.) Perhaps Mr. Palmer would say that, in the instances quoted or alluded to, there is question only of punishment for sin unrepented of. Be it so. But the question now before us is whether what is a punishment for sin (forgiven or unforgiven), may not be also designed as a vindication of God’s justice, a warning to others. In the case before us it is *expressly* stated that the punishment was inflicted as a chastisement for sin: that it was inflicted for any other purpose is not stated.

Fourthly. Mr. Palmer thinks that fatal results would have followed, under the old law, which would not now follow, from permitting David’s sin to pass without any visible signs of God’s indignation. We confess we cannot see any good grounds for this assertion. Did not the Jews, as well as we, believe in a future state of rewards and punishments? Did they not believe, as well as we, that, if the sinner sincerely repents of his sin, he will obtain pardon; if not, he will be consigned to everlasting torments? What necessity there was then, more than now, for the vindication of God’s justice to punish sin in this life (since the Jews believed then, as Christians now believe, that it would be punished with endless torments in the next), we cannot see. Men of lively faith required not then, any more than now, visible signs to teach them that sin was the object of God’s indignation: and they who are enslaved by their passions are, at all times, encouraged to sin on, by the example of profligacy among the chosen pastors of God’s people.

Fifthly. But “a temporal punishment of some sort was necessary when God *visibly* interfered in the affairs of men.” Without entering into the question, how far the interference of God was then visible, it is enough to say, briefly, that this argument at most would only prove that, if *any* punishment were due, it should be visible. But the visible interference of God in men’s affairs would not justify the inference that *a* punishment was due, in a case where *no* punishment whatever, visible or invisible, would be due if there were no such interference. Grant that a punishment was due, then, from God’s visible interference, you may conclude that *that* punishment should be visible: you can infer no farther.

Sixthly. “But now,” continues Mr. Palmer, “but now

that his guidance is entirely spiritual and invisible, temporal punishments are no longer necessary in the same way." Undoubtedly the interference of God in the government of his Church is not now visible in the same way in which it was manifested under the old law. We have not now a series of divine legates gifted with extraordinary powers, to appoint kings, to change the succession, to denounce the impending vengeance of heaven, to predict far distant events. But, in the first place, Mr. Palmer cannot deny that there are visible interferences of heaven, from time to time, for the trial of virtue, for the protection of innocence, and the punishment of guilt; that the sins of nations and of their rulers are often visited with public chastisements. These scourges are not now, as of old, predicted and specified: we cannot, in many cases, trace particular visitations to their proper causes. But of the existence of such retributions every believing man is sufficiently convinced, to apprehend the punishment, before or after the commission of the crime. In the second place, we do not say that the punishment due now, as of old, to pardoned sin, must be visible, *i. e.* such that others will witness it as a *punishment* for sin. It may be invisible, unseen, unnoticed. The pains of purgatory are invisible, sacramental penances are private, the innumerable ills of life which try and purify the heart, and which may, according to the council of Trent, be borne as so many atonements, are, in far the greater number of cases, hidden, even hidden within the breast of the sufferer. Our doctrine is therefore untouched, even admitting Mr. Palmer's assertion; admitting that "the guidance of God is now entirely spiritual and invisible", admitting that "temporal punishments are no longer necessary in the same way". They are no longer necessary in the *same* way: it does not follow that they are no longer necessary in *some* way.

But we might have spared ourselves most of the trouble we have taken: for Tournelly's view of the text is admitted, nay maintained by an authority, which at least, in Mr. Palmer's eyes, will, we suppose, possess not a little of respectability and weight. The author of Tract 79, which is entitled *Against Romanism*, has "the almost incredible folly and wickedness to assert"* that—

"On his [David's] repentance, Nathan said to him, 'the Lord

* These are Mr. Palmer's words, which he employs in speaking of Catholic theologians. Letter II. p. 39.

also hath put away thy sin ; thou shalt not die, &c.,' (ut supra). Here is a perspicuous instance of a penitent restored to God's favour at once, yet his sins afterwards visited ; and it needs very little experience in life to be aware that such punishments occur continually, though no one takes them to be an evidence that the sufferer himself is under God's displeasure, but rather accounts them punishments even when we have abundant proofs of his faith, love, holiness, and fruitfulness in good works. So far then we cannot be said materially to oppose the Romanists [Catholics]."—*Tracts for the Times*, vol. iv. Tract 79, page 7.

Our remarks on Mr. Palmer's text have run too far—much farther than we anticipated at setting out. We therefore conclude by repeating that our primary and substantial objection to his interpretation is that it is a mere gratuitous gloss, without any foundation in the text or context, and that, *as far as* it is an objection, it directly contradicts the plain words of the text.

Mr. Palmer proceeds ;—

“ From all this it is plain, that no inference can be deduced from the above passage in proof of your tenets. But, Sir, there is a doctrine clearly taught by this example, and by the subsequent conduct of David, which is fatal to your view. We learn from it, that such temporal penalties inflicted for sin *cannot be averted*. Was the threatened punishment of David averted by his prayers, fastings, tears, prostrations, and other works of “*satisfaction*”? No ! *The child died*. How vain therefore is it for you to imagine that such temporal penalties of sin can be averted ! Observe too, that when temporal punishments were afterwards sent to David in the case of Absalom, and of the numbering of the people, he did *not attempt to avert them* by any works of satisfaction. He submitted to the divine will, and his example is meant to teach us the duty of submission to all similar dispensations of God.”—p. 26.

We reply : 1. That this text is adduced principally to prove that a temporal punishment remains after sin is remitted, not that this punishment can be averted. Tournelly proves the former point ; and we have already vindicated his argument. 2. We candidly confess that we had been hitherto of opinion that the second point could not be decidedly proved from this part of Scripture : on reading the paragraph just quoted from Mr. Palmer, we are very much disposed to change our opinion. Our reason is, David did not succeed in averting the punishment : granted. But he *tried* to avert it. Now if the temporal penalties inflicted for sin could not, in any case, be averted or changed, this invariable order of provi-

dence would have been known at least to some of God's people, and, if so, David surely would not have been ignorant thereof. David "the favoured servant of God, the chosen pastor of God's people." David, then, in seeking to avert the threatened punishment, sought for that which he *knew* could not be granted to him—sought to change a sentence which he *knew* to be absolute and immutable,—prayed for what he *knew* to be an impossibility. Can we suppose David to have acted so? And if we cannot, the inference is obvious. David would not have sought to avert the chastisement unless he knew that God *sometimes* changed such punishments.

"Observe too," writes Mr. Palmer, "that when temporal punishments were afterwards sent to David, in the case of Absalom, and of the numbering of the people, he did *not attempt to avert them* by any works of satisfaction." All we know for certain is, that at first David did not, in this case, attempt to avert the punishment. What were the motives of his conduct we can only *conjecture*. The choice of three punishments was offered to him: he accepted one; perhaps because he, this time, supposed from the circumstances that this was a case in which the punishment could not be averted, perhaps he thought the punishment sufficiently light. At any rate, the conduct of David on this occasion does not prove that temporal punishments cannot *in any case* or generally be averted: unless this be proved, nothing is proved against the Catholic doctrine. Mr. Palmer adds, "He submitted to the divine will, and his example is meant to teach us the duty of submission to all similar dispensations of God." A noble example, a wholesome lesson, no doubt, but we cannot see what Mr. Palmer would infer therefrom in reference to the question in dispute. If he means that the punishment was inflicted, or the example held out *only* to teach us the duty of submission—and with any other meaning we have nothing to do—then we beg most respectfully to ask him where he found this important information?

"Tournelly continues thus: 'In the same 11 Book of Kings (Samuel) c. xxiv, although God had pardoned David's sin, which he had committed in numbering the people, yet in verse 12, a remaining punishment is set forth to be discharged, and he is given the option of war, famine, or the plague.' (Tournelly, *ibid.*) On this argument I must observe, first, that there is no evidence whatever that God had *pardoned* David's sin. It is true indeed that 'David said unto the Lord, I have sinned greatly in that I have done; and now I beseech thee, O Lord, take away the iniquity of thy servant: for I have done very foolishly.' But all we know of the result is, that God offered him the choice of three grievous penalties.

There is not any allusion to God's having pardoned his sin when the penalty was inflicted. Consequently this passage does not relate to the question before us. If it did, however, if David's sin had been pardoned when the prophet offered him the choice of war, pestilence, or famine, the conclusion would be fatal to your doctrine. *The punishment was inflicted*, and David, instructed by the case of Uriah, that such punishments *could not be averted by any works of satisfaction or penance*, submitted himself to the divine will."—*Letter II. p. 26.*

We reply: first, that though it is not stated, in *express* terms, that the sin of David was pardoned, before the infliction of the punishment, nevertheless we may fairly conclude so much from the words quoted by Mr. Palmer himself, "I have sinned greatly,—I beseech thee, O Lord, take away the iniquity of thy servant,—I have done very foolishly." This language indicates deep and fervent contrition. The words here used by David, are certainly much stronger, much more expressive of profound contrition than are those used in chap. 12, "And David said to Nathan, I have sinned against the Lord," and yet these latter indicate a sorrow sufficient to wipe out the guilt of sin, for Nathan immediately adds: "The Lord also hath taken away thy sin." In truth, to represent a sinner as sincerely contrite for his sin, is to represent him, in other words, as absolved from its guilt. Sincere contrition every where in the sacred Scriptures brings with it pardon. Thus "I said I will confess against myself my injustice to the Lord; and thou hast forgiven the wickedness of my sin," (Psalm xxxi. 5). "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a contrite heart." (Psalm xxxiii. 19). "But to whom shall I have respect, but to him that is poor and little, and of a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at my words." (Isaais lxvi. 2), &c. &c. That David's contrition in the present instance was sincere, we suppose no one will presume to question. 2ndly. To the observation in the latter part of the paragraph we have already given the principle of solution, namely, that this text is not brought to prove that the temporal punishments due to sin forgiven may be averted, but that they *are* due. We have only to notice the "incredible"—we shall only call it presumption of Mr. Palmer in filling up the Scripture narrative by utterly unauthorised assertions of his own. Where did he learn that David did not seek to avert the punishment, *because* he had been instructed by the case of Uriah, that such punishment could not be averted?—for such is the meaning of his words, "and David instructed, &c. &c., submitted himself to the divine will." To such interpolations, if introduced

without any ulterior view, *e.g.* for the purpose of further developing and enforcing some *admitted* or *proved* interpretation, we would not object. But to introduce a clause, for the purpose of founding an argument thereon, is a sort of proceeding which Mr. Palmer would be likely to characterize in a Catholic divine as a piece of "incredible folly and wickedness:" *we* are disposed to look upon it in *him* as merely the result of too ardent a zeal in a bad cause.

"I return to Tournelly. 'In the 14th chapter of Numbers, the Lord was angry at the murmuring of the people, and was so appeased by the prayer of Moses as to say, (ver. 20) 'I have pardoned according to thy word;' yet adds, (ver. 22) 'All these men who have seen my glory and my miracles which I did..... shall not see the land.'" (Tournelly, *ibid.*) In this case it was obvious, that the 'pardon' granted by God did not imply the forgiveness of the *sin* committed, and the justification of those who had committed it, for He speaks of the congregation as those that 'have *tempted* me now these ten times, and *have not hearkened* to my voice,' (ver. 22); 'them that *provoked* me,' (ver. 23); 'this *evil* congregation who murmur against me,' (ver. 27). He says, 'your little ones.....shall know the land which *ye have despised*,' (ver. 31). 'Each day for a year shall ye *bear your iniquities*,' (ver. 34). 'I the Lord have said, I will surely do it unto all this *evil congregation that are gathered together against me*.' (ver. 35). Such is the language of God to the congregation *after* he had 'pardoned' them, (ver. 20). And it is plain therefore that this pardon was not a remission of *their sin*, but a remission of the *immediate destruction by pestilence*, and the *disinheritance* which God had threatened. (ver. 12), the temporal punishments then with which they were visited, were not punishments of *sin remitted*—punishments of the *justified*. They were chastisements of unbelieving and impenitent sinners. Is this the interpretation of unaided human reason? Is it not the interpretation of St. Paul in the Epistle to the Hebrews, when speaking of those who fell in the wilderness in consequence of the divine decree, he says, 'to whom sware he that they should not enter into his rest, but to them that *believed not*? So we see that they could not enter in because of their *unbelief*;' (Hebrews iii. 18, 19). And is it this *unbelieving*, this *impenitent*, this *evil* congregation, that you would hold up as a proof that temporal penalties are inflicted on the *believing* and *justified*?"—*Letter* II. p. 28, 29.

We reply: first, Mr. Palmer says it is plain that the pardon granted by God "was not a remission of their sin, but a remission of the immediate destruction by pestilence, &c." Now the very reverse is plain. God did pardon the sin, and though he remitted the punishment of immediate destruction,

he did inflict a punishment—another, less grievous indeed, but still a temporal punishment after the remission of the sins. That he remitted the sin is clear, from ver. 20: “I have pardoned *according to thy word*,” that is, manifestly, according to the terms, the purport of the prayer of Moses immediately preceding. Now what was the language, the scope of Moses’ prayer? Did he pray merely for a remission of the punishment? “And Moses said to the Lord, that the Egyptians, &c.....Let then the strength of the Lord be magnified as thou hast sworn, saying: the Lord is patient and full of mercy, taking away *iniquity* and *wickedness*.....Forgive I beseech thee the *sins* of this people, according to the greatness of thy mercy.....And the Lord said I have forgiven *according to thy word*.” God pardoned according to the word of Moses: but the word of Moses contained a prayer as much for the pardon of the sin as of the punishment. Therefore the pardon extended to the one as well as the other. Nay, in the second place, the pardon of the sin was complete, the remission of the punishment was rather a commutation of a more, to a less grievous one. “And the Lord said, I have forgiven according to thy word.....But yet all the men that have seen my majesty, &c.....shall not see the land for which I swore to their fathers, &c.” They should not perish immediately—a remission of the threatened punishment: but they should never enter the promised land—the substitution of a less severe one.

2ndly. Mr. Palmer’s grounds for asserting that the sin was not remitted are exceedingly weak. The sin was not forgiven, because even after the words used in ver. 20, God speaks of the Israelites as persons who “have tempted,—provoked him,—not hearkened to him,—an evil congregation, &c.” We are ashamed to waste words in telling Mr. Palmer,—for we are sure very few of our readers will require to be told, that these expressions were applicable to the Jews justified, as much as if they had not been justified. They *did* tempt God, provoke him, &c.: it does not follow that they *now* tempt or provoke him. God might have said of St. Paul, after his conversion, as indeed St. Paul said of himself, that he was a persecutor of the Church; and yet he was not still a persecutor and in a state of sin. The only thing that could give the least appearance of weight to the objection is that the Jews were called an “*evil* congregation,” as if they continued, even after the pardon, in a state of sin. But the words obviously express the character, the prevailing dispositions of the people. A people who had received such long

continued and countless graces, and nevertheless relapsed so frequently into the most abominable sins; even though pardoned and justified from time to time, even though at this moment justified, might well be characterised by this appellation. But Mr. Palmer, taking for granted that there is no such thing as satisfaction required for sin remitted, and finding that the Israelites were still reproached with their past ingratitude, and subjected to punishment, concludes at once that their sin remained unpardoned.

3. The objection drawn from the Epistle to the Hebrews is sufficiently answered by what we have already said. They *were* unbelievers; but they ceased to be so, for their sins were pardoned. (Numb. xiv. 20.) We are glad, however, that Mr. Palmer has directed our attention to the passage from St. Paul. That the sin of the Jews was pardoned, that nevertheless they were punished, and that the punishment was inflicted on account of the sin thus pardoned, are so many points abundantly demonstrated from Numbers; but the third point is stated so clearly and expressly by St. Paul, as to preclude the possibility of cavil. The apostle tells us "they could not enter *because* of their unbelief;" he tells their punishment and the grounds of it, and he assigns but one cause—their unbelief. Mr. Palmer perhaps will say that God then visibly interfered in the concerns of men, or that the consequences might have been very serious if, &c. But St. Paul, whose knowledge was limited to the facts of the case, says nothing of such matters.

On Mr. Palmer's objections to the three remaining arguments from Tournelly we shall not dwell. We do not look upon these arguments as very decisive; they furnish grounds, however, for the solution of difficulties against our doctrine, and so far have a negative force; it is possible that Tournelly did not intend they should have more. (See our remarks, *antè*, p. 280.) We shall hereafter have occasion to make use of principles furnished by them, in our comments on one of Mr. Palmer's leading proofs, in Letters the Second and Third. While we admit thus much—if indeed we admit anything—we must say that our opinion of the force of these arguments is not formed on the strength of Mr. Palmer's objections. On the contrary, we might easily point out several inaccuracies in his remarks, especially in those on the argument from Tobias: but, as this would be foreign to our purpose, we pass on. With Mr. Palmer's sophisms and exegetical blunders we have nothing to do, where the Catholic truth or the true grounds thereof are in no wise involved.

“He [Bellarmine] argues, ‘that *death itself* is often inflicted as the penalty of sin, even after its guilt has been remitted,’ from Genesis ii., ‘in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die;’ and Romans v., ‘By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, in whom all have sinned.’ Death then is the punishment of original sin, and yet the guilt and eternal penalty of original sin is remitted by baptism. Thus all men suffer temporal penalties for sin remitted.”—*Bellarmin. de Pœnit.* lib. iv. c. 2.

“In reply to this we must fully admit, that death is the penalty of *original sin*; but we deny that any argument can be drawn from this to prove that temporal penalties are inflicted on *actual sins* after they have been pardoned. For if all men suffer death for original sin, it is for the sin of Adam imputed to them, and not for any sin committed *by themselves*. So that sins which *we ourselves* commit, may be free from any temporal penalties after their remission. All then that can be collected from the fact alleged by Bellarmine, is that God *might, if he pleased*, inflict temporal penalties on our actual sins after they were remitted. This we fully concede in the abstract, though we do not conceive it consistent with the actual scheme of redemption. But the question is, whether *He has really made such a regulation*, and there is no proof here that he has done so.”—*Letter II.* p. 31, 32.

1. This argument proves, according to Mr. Palmer’s own admission, “that God might, if he pleased, inflict temporal penalties on our actual sins after they were remitted.” His principle (the extreme inaccuracy of which we have to consider by and by) advanced in *Letter III.* p. 13, &c., cannot be reconciled with the admission made here. For, if God *might, if he pleased*, inflict temporal punishment on *our* actual sins, even after the remission of them, the infliction of such punishment is not inconsistent with his “infinite love and mercy for us” (*Letter III.* pp. 17, 18); for, if it were, God *could not* inflict them. But waiving, for the present, any further development of this consideration—

2. If we are punished for original sin, even after the remission of it, whereas we did not commit this sin ourselves, how much more, we would naturally conclude, ought not our actual sins, *i. e.* which we have committed ourselves, to be punished? Can any two doctrines harmonize better together than that which Mr. Palmer admits and that which he denies? and would not any unprejudiced mind at once infer the second from the first—unless something to the contrary were expressly stated in God’s word, or legitimately inferred therefrom? *Thus far*, it is true, the doctrine could not be defined

of Catholic faith,—for faith is grounded not on such inferences *from* the word of God, but on the word itself: but the argument goes far to strengthen—if additional strength they needed—the others already discussed. But—

3. The sin *was actual*, at least, in Adam and Eve. In them, at least, there was an actual sin remitted and afterwards punished. “But,” says Mr. Palmer (p. 34, note), “it must be remembered, that in this case God was bound by his own positive *promise*, ‘In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.’ God is not bound by any similar promise under the Gospel to inflict temporary penalties, or death, for our sins. Consequently the punishment of Adam proves nothing.” It proves, at least, *something*; for it proves that punishment inflicted, and inflicted *as* punishment for sin already pardoned, is not inconsistent with the mercy, or love, or any other attribute of God. Now this is something, and, attending to the principles of Mr. Palmer, already alluded to, a great deal. But yet further. All that would, at the utmost, follow from the circumstance of the promise, is that God is not bound by *it* to punish *us*, as Adam was punished. But this admission affects not the validity of the argument, which does not rest on any promise contained in this text in reference to us, but on the *fact* of Adam’s punishment. Adam sinned, was pardoned, and afterwards punished for that very pardoned sin. Now God does not *punish* either the sinner or the justified, Adam or any of his posterity, beyond his or their deserts; and yet he, though justified, was punished. We may assume that the justice of God is uniform in the punishment of those who deserve punishment alike, where nothing to the contrary appears: that, of two sinners, he will not punish one with severity and leave the other altogether unpunished—both having grievously sinned, both having been pardoned; and the repentance of both having been alike inadequate to efface, with the guilt, all the liability to punishment due to their sins. Now God punishes with great severity, and for but one sin, Adam the father of the whole human race, and others among the most favoured of his chosen servants, endowed, inspired, beloved by him so highly: and he inflicts *no* punishment, not the smallest, on others once pardoned, even though a hundred years had been spent by them in all the crimes the most depraved man is capable of devising and executing. Surely it does not require an *express* testimony of Scripture—even if such were wanting—to teach us the inconsistency of two such positions.

“Is all that is really contained in Scripture clearly stated, and may all that is but implied be rejected?” (*Newman on Romanism*, p. 181.) But God promised to punish in the case of Adam? True, and therefore the punishment was just. But he did not promise in other cases? There was no necessity for an *express* promise, or rather threat irrevocable. We see and read the promise, in the conduct of God towards man, from Adam to Moses, from Moses to David downwards, too distinctly to mistake, if we are not willing to mistake, the order of God’s providence with regard to all. Is not the will of God as clearly conveyed to us when he furnishes the *example* as when he states the *rule* or the *doctrine*? Do not the examples of Magdalen, of the good thief, as clearly as forcibly teach us that God ever pardons the truly penitent, however great his crimes, as his own explicit declaration to that effect? Nay, we would even say that example, for the great mass of men, is the clearer and more striking revelation of the two.

“Another argument is deduced from the penalty awarded to Moses and Aaron for their sin at the water of Meribah, when God declared to them that they should not enter the promised land. (Numbers xx. 12.) And accordingly Aaron died in Mount Hor (v. 28), and Moses in Mount Nebo (Deut. xxxiv. 5); yet no one will deny that Moses and Aaron were restored to the favour of God after their sin at Meribah.”—*Bellarmin. de Pœnit.* lib. iv. c. ii.

“To this it may be replied, that as Moses and Aaron had not believed God ‘to sanctify him in the eyes of the children of Israel’ (Numb. xx. 12), and had thus *publicly* offended against God, it was essentially necessary that some mark of divine displeasure against their sin should be inflicted; because God at that time ruled his people by a system of temporal rewards and punishments, and guided them in a direct and visible manner. But under the Christian dispensation he no longer does so, and therefore sins equal to that of Moses need not necessarily be visited by temporal penalties; the justice and sanctity of his government no longer demand any such dispensations. The conduct of Moses and Aaron, however, concur to prove what is fatal to your view, for they did not seek to *avert* the threatened penalty in any way, and the penalty itself was strictly and literally exacted.”—*Letter II.* p. 33.

Here we have a repetition of the same idle and groundless conjectures, by which Mr. Palmer, as we have already seen, has so vainly laboured to evade the force of the argument from the punishment of David’s sin. (See *ante*, p. 283.) The same plain and unanswerable principle we used on that occa-

sion, applies here. Mr. Palmer's account of the matter we have just quoted ; the sacred history gives us the following account. It tells us that the punishment was inflicted for the sin, "BECAUSE you have not believed me to sanctify me before the children of Israel, you shall not bring these people into the land which I will give them." (Numb. xx. 12.) And again, "Let Aaron . . . go to his people, for he shall not go into the land which I have given to the children of Israel, BECAUSE he was incredulous to my words," &c." (*ibid.* 24.) And again, "Go up into this mountain . . . When thou art gone up into it, thou shalt be gathered to thy people, as Aaron thy brother died in Mount Hor . . . BECAUSE you trespassed against me in the midst of the children of Israel," &c. (Deut. xxxii. 49, 50, 51.) The Scripture is very explicit in assigning three several times one cause, and but one: and as we have no other record of these events, Mr. Palmer will pardon us for withholding our assent to his "additional information."

We have now come to the last pages of the second letter. We are impatient to pass on to the third and fourth; but there yet remain one or two specimens of Mr. Palmer's mode of stating the opinions of Catholic divines, and of stating the most absurd inferences quite as coolly and dogmatically as if they were so many admitted axioms.

Taking for granted that his preceding cavils had set the question at rest for ever, as far as Scripture is concerned, he excuses himself from entering forthwith upon the discussion of passages quoted from the fathers by Catholic theologians, "because," he adds, "if you are *manifestly* devoid of any Scriptural proofs for your doctrine, it cannot, according to the doctrine laid down by Veron, Bossuet, and many of your most eminent theologians (in accordance with the whole body of the fathers), be any *article of faith*; and consequently," &c. (*Letter* II. p. 35.) Mr. Palmer has not referred us to the work of Bossuet in which this startling doctrine is put forward. He gives us, however, the words of Veron: "Two things must be united, in order that any doctrine should be an article of Catholic faith; one, that it be revealed of God by [revealed by God through] the prophets, apostles, or canonical authors; the other, that it be proposed by the Church." We wonder that one versed, as Mr. Palmer appears or wishes to appear to be, in the writings of our divines, should mistake or misrepresent words so plain concerning a doctrine so plain and so commonly known. Is it possible

that he is, up to this day, ignorant of one of the most notorious points in our doctrine of the rule of faith,—that nothing indeed which has not been revealed through the prophets, &c., can become an article of Catholic faith, but that many things were revealed to them which are not contained in Scripture? All that was revealed to the prophets, &c., was not therefore committed by them to writing: some part thereof is conveyed to us by Scripture, some by tradition; the articles proposed to us by the Church, to be believed by us as of faith, are gathered from one or the other or from both. “Nous recevons avec une pareille vénération tout ce qui a été enseigné par les apôtres, soit par écrit, soit de vive voix.” (*Bossuet Exposit.* § 18.)

“Now if Divine *justice* still remains to be satisfied after the remission of sin, it must require what is *in justice* due to sin, that is eternal punishment, and consequently the remission of sin is, according to your own doctrine, a mere name. So that your doctrine is absolutely subversive of its own foundation,” &c.—*Letter II.* p. 37.

This is in Mr. Palmer's most terrific style; but a breath dissolves the immense bubble. God remits the eternal punishment due to sin, and remits it on condition that a temporal punishment be undergone. The eternal punishment *was* due to God's justice, but God remitted it: he imposes another and lesser, and that *is* due in justice until it is remitted. A man owes me a hundred pounds; I remit the whole sum, imposing on him, at the same time, an obligation of performing some small work for me. No, says Mr. Palmer, such a proceeding would subvert its own foundation; you must remit, without right to any further exaction. There was an eternal punishment due to Adam's sin; that punishment was remitted with the sin; a temporal punishment was imposed, “*Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife, &c. . . . cursed is the earth in thy work,*” &c. Was not Adam bound *in justice* to undergo the eternal, and, that remitted, the temporal punishment?

“And besides this, Divine *justice*, which demands an *infinite* punishment for sin, cannot receive any *finite* or limited punishment in part payment of the debt due to it.”—*Ibid.*

Divine justice demands an infinite punishment, until the sin is remitted; when the sin is remitted, an infinite punishment is no longer due.

Besides, the temporal punishment is not in *part* payment

of the debt due to justice ; it is a *full* payment of all that is *now* due.

“ It [Divine justice] demands an infinite punishment, a punishment not made up of parts,” &c.—*Ibid.*

Yes, as long as the sin is not forgiven. When the sin is forgiven it demands a temporal punishment, which is not a *part* of the eternal punishment, but a distinct one imposed in place of the eternal, now remitted. If a man were condemned to the treadmill daily for twelve months, and this heavy punishment were remitted, and a *somewhat* lesser one imposed, of spending twelve days in reviewing a heap of arguments half nonsense half absurdity, the latter punishment would not be said to be a part of the former. Much less can a few hours, or days, or years, of suffering in this life, or in purgatory, be said to be a part of our eternity of suffering in hell.

“ To imagine therefore that the punishment due to Divine and infinite *justice* for sin, can be divided or separated into eternal and temporal, and that *temporal* and eternal punishments *together* satisfy the justice of God, is as absurd as it would be to imagine that a grain of sand, *together with the universe*, make up infinity.”—*Ibid.*

Temporal and eternal punishment, as distinguished from each other, one due for sin forgiven, the other for sin unforgiven, do not *together* satisfy the justice of God. The temporal satisfies for sin forgiven, the eternal for sin unforgiven.

A grain of sand may be compared to finite duration ; for both are, *in genere suo*, finite ; but the universe, for the opposite reason, cannot be compared to endless duration—except in poetry. We wish Mr. Palmer would put his poetical arguments into verse, that we might be able to distinguish them from the others.

“ It is to suppose that infinite *justice* can require what is, in comparison, less than the least of things (?), *in addition* to an infinite penalty.”—*Ibid.*

Infinite justice does not require for sin forgiven a temporal *in addition* to an infinite penalty, for it does not require an infinite penalty at all. But we abuse the patience of our readers, and degrade the dignity of theological discussion, by seriously replying to such insane drivellings as we have just quoted.

“ But Divine justice has received an adequate sacrifice. The

merits of our Saviour Christ, both God and man, were equal to the demands of Divine justice, and they were accepted. Henceforth the *justice* of God was appeased; and it has no claims on those to whom the infinite merits of Christ have been applied by true repentance," &c.—*Letter* II. p. 38.

This is the old—old, threadbare objection, which has been so often refuted. The infinite merits of Christ are applied to wash away the sin and the eternal punishment, but not all the temporal punishment. The infinite satisfaction of Christ does not save the sinner, unless applied to him: otherwise all men would be justified, for the Redeemer died for all. The merits of the great atonement must therefore be applied to us; and, of course, God can apply them, under whatever conditions, to whatever extent he pleases. *Are* they so applied as in every case to take away, with the sin and eternal punishment, all temporal punishment? This is a question of fact as to God's positive will, which can be decided only by reference to His revelation; and the true solution has been, we think, quite satisfactorily set forth in the preceding pages.

But hear the author of Tract 79 (already quoted) on this point:—

"They [the Catholics] on the other hand agree with us in maintaining that Christ's death *might*, if God so willed, be applied for the removal even of those specific punishments of sins, which they call *temporal* punishments, as fully as it really is for the acceptance of the *soul* of the person punished, or the removal of eternal punishment. Further, both parties agree, that *in matter of fact it is not so applied*; the experience of life shows it, &c..... As far as this then we have no violent difference of *principle* with the Romanists [Catholics]."—*Tracts for the Times*, vol. iv. Tract 79, p. 7.

After many words, which would take up too much space to quote, Mr. Palmer concludes by giving the sum of another difficulty thus: "According to your doctrine, the pardoned and justified believer is still liable to God's wrath! The adopted, beloved, and sanctified child, is still subject to God's vengeance!"—p. 41.

1. There is an ambiguity in the words "wrath," "vengeance," which Mr. Palmer dexterously avails himself of. In our language the words imply a feeling of hatred, aversion, or the like: with our theologians, on the present question, they merely imply *punishment*. So that when it is said a justified sinner is liable to God's wrath,—vengeance, it is not

meant that he is an object of aversion, hatred, &c., but that he has to undergo a certain punishment.

2. Mr. Palmer must admit that we *are* liable to temporal afflictions, disease, poverty, death, &c. Call them signs of love, mercy,—call them what you please,—they are to us painful, and we feel them as such, though we may suffer them with resignation and joy, for the sake of Him who sends them. How it is that suffering these *as* punishments for past sin, can, in any way, interfere with our being “adopted, beloved, and sanctified children,” any more than suffering them as trials, testimonies of the sincerity of our love, &c., we cannot in the least degree comprehend. We suffer the pains of this life, when we have no sins to atone for, because God so wills it; we suffer the same pains, or undergo others, as an atonement for our past sins forgiven, because God so wills it. But *is* this God's will? *That* is the real question to be examined; and that we have already resolved from the word of God himself.

“ [According to your doctrine] God loves and hates, saves and destroys, at the same moment; and the same beings are at once reckoned with the elect and the reprobate, with angels and with devils! Can it be possible for absurdity, contradiction, and impiety to go beyond this?”—*Ibid.*

We are heartily sick of this bastard rhetoric. Here are three or four lines containing as many of the grossest misrepresentations, — flimsy clap-traps, — well fitted indeed for the meridian of Exeter Hall, but not at all suited to the lips of a man of Mr. Palmer's pretensions to accuracy and learning and fair play. God loves and saves, but he neither hates nor destroys the repentant sinner: he only inflicts a punishment so light as not to be thought of in comparison with what the sinner would have deserved had he remained in his sin. A nobleman is guilty of high treason, and is sentenced to the death of a traitor. The sovereign grants him his life and restores him to favour, and imposes at the same time a fine of one shilling. Will any one say that the pardoned criminal is at the same moment loved and hated, saved and destroyed? No, but that the adopted and beloved child of God should be subject to God's vengeance, *that is*, to pains of a short duration, in bearing which he is assisted and comforted by God himself, so that the chalice which he tastes, bitter though it be to the palate of flesh, is to his soul sweet and consoling and invigorating, beyond anything this earth can give. This appears to Mr. Palmer, “absurdity, contradic-

tion, and impiety," beyond which it is not possible to go. For our parts, taught and disciplined by Her, in whom dwells the spirit of truth for ever, our Holy Mother the Church, we only pray that God may punish us here, and give us grace to bear *this* wrath and vengeance as we ought, that so we may escape the wrath and vengeance to come. "Hic ura, hic seca, hic non parcas, ut in aeternum parcas."

Our strictures on Mr. Palmer's first letter have extended too far,—not too far, considering the extent of work that lay before us, the number of errors to be rectified, of sophisms to be exposed,—but too far for us to think of comprising, within the limits of a single article, even a summary revision of the two remaining letters. The utmost we shall be able to accomplish, will be to select from *Letter Third* what Mr. Palmer seems to consider as his strongest points.

After quoting some passages from Bouvier and Milner, on the necessity of penance, he thus proceeds:—

"Thus it appears, that even indulgences, and the execution of the works of satisfaction enjoined by your priests in confession, do not render you secure that sin has been remitted; and hence you recommend, in addition, *voluntary works of satisfaction*, over and above those prescribed by the priests."—*Letter* iii. p. 8.

"..... You are not certain that the temporal penalty due to divine justice for sin remitted, is removed by the performance of the satisfaction enjoined in confession, or by the subsequent acquisition of indulgences. No; you still urge the penitent to undertake voluntary works of penance; and, as no human wisdom can determine what amount of such acts may be sufficient to satisfy the demands of divine justice, it follows that, according to the doctrine of the Council of Trent, "the life of a Christian ought to be a *perpetual penance*."—*Ibid.* p. 10.

And, we would ask Mr. Palmer, are we not taught, both by precept and example, in every page of the sacred Scripture, the necessity, the importance, for the just as well as the unjust, of penitential works? "The life of a Christian ought to be a perpetual penance"! Truly, never was doctrine propounded, which the fathers who have enlightened, and the saints who have edified the Church, in all time, more strongly teach in their writings and in their lives. The constant exhortations to penance in the Gospel, the penitential psalms of David, the confessions of St. Augustine, need only be alluded to.

"You believe that notwithstanding that pardon [of sins], his [God's] wrath burns against you, and is so fierce, that if you are

not sufficiently tormented in this life, you must go into purgatory, and *suffer the torments of HELL!* Yes; you believe that God consigns those whom he has justified and sanctified, those whom he loves.....to the torments of hell! 'The constant doctrine of the Latins,' says Bouvier, bishop of Mans, 'is, that in purgatory there is a material fire, like the infernal fire,'" &c.—*Letter* iii. p. 12.

Here we have another specimen of Mr. Palmer's misrepresentation of our doctrine. One of the instruments of torture in purgatory, is like one of the instruments of torture in hell; therefore, whoever goes into the torments of purgatory goes into the torments of hell! This is Mr. Palmer's mode of drawing inferences. Let us try our unpractised hand at an imitation of this Palmerian logic. A man is confined in a dark dungeon: now there is darkness, like that of a dungeon, in hell (Mathew viii. 12.); therefore, a man who is confined in a dark dungeon, is consigned to the torments of hell! Surely a deep knowledge of the doctrine of syllogism, or of any other doctrine, is not required to enable one to see the unsoundness of such reasoning. There is fire both in hell and in purgatory; but in one, it is of brief, in the other it is of infinite duration. In hell there is an accumulation of torments; the pain of sense and the pain of loss,—the latter, according to the opinion of Catholic divines, incomparably the greater of the two;—and these without interruption, without end, without consolation, without faith, without hope, without charity; with endless rage in the bosoms of the damned, and despair, and hatred of God, and of each other. On the contrary, in purgatory, the pain of loss is not an everlasting, hopeless privation, but only the delay of a little season,—momentary, if compared with the beatitude that is to succeed, and of the enjoyment of which the suffering souls are infallibly secure. The fire of purgatory is material, according to the prevailing opinion of the western Church; but even thus much is nowhere defined of faith. As to the other torments, we know nothing. The souls in purgatory, according to St. Thomas, are not tormented by devils, as are the souls in hell: and as to the pains of fire itself, its degree of intensity, as compared with the pains of this life, is doubtful: we are free to hold that it becomes gradually less; its duration is uncertain. In purgatory, the souls have faith, and hope, and charity; they suffer with holy resignation; they are incapable of offending God, even by the slightest sin; they are assisted by our prayers: it is a common opinion of divines

that they pray for us. And yet Mr. Palmer, with these opinions of our theologians staring him in the face,—for he may find them in any ordinary treatises on the subject,—roundly tells us that we *believe* that the souls in purgatory suffer the torments of hell: WE BELIEVE EXACTLY THE REVERSE.

“This is the view which you uniformly take of the disposition of God towards penitent and pardoned sinners; you teach them still to tremble under the apprehension of his wrath.”—*Letter* iii. p. 13.

See also extracts *ante* (p. 303): “Thus it appears,” &c.; and “You are not certain that the temporal penalty,” &c. (*Letter* iii. pp. 8 and 10.)

Mr. Palmer would here seem to insinuate, or rather he plainly *does* insinuate, that a man may enjoy perfect and absolute certainty as to his own justification; nay, that ordinarily this should be so. For he upbraids us with our want of security on this point; and if we cannot be secure without a revelation, it is natural and reasonable that we should, from time to time, entertain anxiety and trembling of soul, on an affair so important,—an affair *alone* important to us. But here again the Scriptures speak, as if with the sound of many voices, clearly and loudly against Mr. Palmer, and for us:—“Who can say, my heart is clean, I am pure from sin.” (Prov. xx. 9.) “Man knoweth not whether he be worthy of love or hatred.” (Eccl. ix. 1.) “Be not without fear about sin forgiven.” (Ecclus. v. 5.) “I am not conscious to myself of anything, yet I am not hereby justified: but he that judgeth me is the Lord.” (1 Cor. iv. 4.) “Wherefore, brethren, labour the more, that by good works you may make sure your calling and election.” (2 Pet. i. 10) &c. &c. The drift of these and other similar passages in the sacred writings is plain. We are yet *in viâ*, travellers journeying on to our home in heaven: *here* a cloud of doubt still hangs over us; *there* every tear shall be wiped from every eye; faith and hope, that guide and cheer us now, shall be lost in seeing and enjoying; and charity, and with it the security of possession, shall remain for ever.

“And when is this fear to be removed? when is the sinner to be at peace with God? when is he to look with joy and love to God, as a reconciled and loving Father? NEVER IN THIS LIFE.”—*Ibid.*

This sentence may be thus corrected:—

* In these quotations we follow the Douay version.

“When is this fear to be removed? when is the sinner to be [absolutely secure that he is] at peace with God? when is he to look with joy and love to God [as possessing an infallible certainty that he is looking to him] as to a reconciled.....Father? Never [without a special revelation] in this life.”

The pardoned sinner should always look with joy and love to God; but with a love that does not exclude sorrow for having once been the enemy of that God; with a joy not altogether unmixed with fear. “There is none above him that feareth the Lord. The fear of God hath set itself above all things: blessed is the man to whom it is given to have the fear of God: he that holdeth it, to whom shall he be likened? *The fear of God is the beginning of his love.*” (Ecclus. xxv. 13, 16.) Never are joy and peace,—the peace which surpasseth all understanding, and which the world cannot give,—more pure, more predominant in the soul; never is love more ardent, than when they are united with tears of deep contrition. According to Catholic divines, the most perfect contrition, is that which is perfected by charity, that which springs from the sole motive of the love of God, infinitely good and perfect; nay, an act of this perfect contrition is an act, a formal act—to use the language of the schools—of the perfect love of God. An act of perfect charity and contrition, for instance, is expressed in the following, or equivalent words:—“My God, I love thee above all things, because thou art infinite goodness and perfection; and because I love thee, I am heartily sorry for having offended thee.” Oh! that Mr. Palmer, who has only touched with the extremities of his lips our doctrines, as they lie coldly on the surface of controversial works, would penetrate deeper, and drink of the theology of mind and heart, which the Church keeps ever fresh and open for all who thirst; then would these truths, which now seem so bitter to his taste, become sweet and invigorating, as they are to the children of the faith.

“Let me contrast with this dark and melancholy system,” [Mr. Palmer's view of the Catholic doctrine] the consoling and joyful words of encouragement offered to penitents by Jesus Christ: ‘Come to me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and *I will give you rest.* Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find *rest unto your souls.* For my *yoke is easy, and my burden is light.*’ (Matt. xi. 28-30.) Does your system afford *rest to souls*? Is your yoke *easy*, and your burden *light*?” &c. &c.—*Letter* iii. p. 14.

There is nothing dark or melancholy in the Catholic

doctrine ; nothing which is not in exact accordance with the words of our Lord. We have not, it is true, the certainty of faith ; we have not a certainty which excludes every shadow of doubt, as to our actual justification ; but we may have a degree of certainty, of moral certainty, as it is called by some, of very high probability, sufficient to exclude extraordinary anxiety and deep trouble of soul : and this is the common, and, as far as we know, the universal opinion of Catholic divines. These agonizing terrors, that restless anxiety, of which Mr. Palmer speaks, are felt by those whose hearts are seized with thoughts of despair, or, perhaps, after a long course of crime, with feelings of salutary fear ; or by those whose minds are weakened by natural causes ; or, in some few cases, by those whom God has destined for an eminent degree of perfection, and whom (as we read in the lives of the saints), he ordinarily tries and purifies by the ordeal of internal desolation, for a time, or by external afflictions, as of calumny, disease, and the like. But for the rest, no Catholic, who has sincerely renounced the ways of sin, and made his peace with God, who has tasted of the heavenly gift, and guards against the dangers of relapse, by the usual means prescribed for this purpose by religion,—no such Catholic is haunted by dark and melancholy alarms. In meditating on the judgment of God, he fears indeed, and trembles, as he ought,—“*a judicii enim tuis tremui,*”—but his heart, as we have already remarked, hopes as strongly as it trembles, and loves as much as it fears. Mr. Palmer exhibits a caricature of Catholic doctrine and Catholic feeling, which is contradicted by every authorised exposition of our faith,—contradicted by experience. Let him, if he should ever visit the shores of poor, persecuted, Catholic Ireland, go into the first rustic chapel he meets, on a day of general confession, and he will see the living evidence of what we have been saying, a picture far more vivid than words, at least words of ours, could pourtray. He will see men and women silently issuing forth, after having confessed their sins and received sacramental absolution, with joy and peace in their looks, in their language, in their demeanour ; he will read in their countenances a truer and more impressive commentary on the words, “I will give you rest : my yoke is easy, and my burden is light,” than all the doctors of Oxford, than all the doctors of Protestantism, with its barren and heartless creed, could ever supply. “My yoke is easy, and my burden is light” ! Yes ; and in the Catholic alone are these sweet

words verified : to him alone is it at once a *yoke* and *easy*, at once a *burden* and *light*. For you either take away the yoke and the burden, and then indeed every thing is easy and light; or you impose them, and then there is a yoke and a burden, but not those of Christ. You have forsaken and rebelled against his holy Church, in which alone are all the means of grace, whereby that yoke and that burden, in themselves so heavy,—so heavy to mere nature, so intolerable to flesh and blood,—are made light and easy to be borne. In Her alone are found thousands upon thousands who suffer, and who glory in their tribulations, who glory in the Cross of Christ, whose sentiments are like those of her great saints, who, in reference to sufferings, cried out, “Yet more, O Lord, yet more,” “*aut pati aut mori.*”

The difficulties, from Rom. v. 1, John iv. &c. (if difficulties they may be called, which difficulty have none), which Mr. Palmer (p. 14-18) urges with much declamatory vehemence, are at once solved by the principles laid down in the preceding pages. As to the text from Rom. v. 1-14:—“Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.....and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also...the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts...being justified now by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him,” &c. &c. It is unnecessary to quote the whole passage, which is long; we have transcribed the parts specially noted by Mr. Palmer. It is enough to say, that the sinner who is justified, whether he has yet temporal punishment to undergo or not, “has peace with God,” “rejoices in hope of the glory of God,” “the love of God is shed abroad in his heart,” he trusts (without having an *absolute* certainty), that he is justified by the blood of Christ, and trusts that he is, and hopes that he will be saved from wrath through him. No other sentiments have room in the Catholic's heart, no other language is intelligible to him. We wish we had space to devote to a more detailed exposure of the numerous blunders which Mr. Palmer falls into, in his commentary on this passage from the Epistle to the Romans. But to say more would be only to “slay the slain:” we must hurry to a conclusion.

“‘There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love.’ (1. John. iv. 18.) The apostle does not mean to forbid that godly fear of future transgressions, which is necessary to preserve

a Christian from sin ; but he does most certainly assert, that the perfect love of God casts out all slavish fear, all dread of God's *wrath* and *vengeance* for remitted sin," &c.—*Letter* iii. p. 16.

We have already (ante p. 239), disposed of the formidable italics "*wrath, vengeance, anger*:" for the rest, the text from St. John is nothing to the purpose. 1. The apostle is speaking either of servilely servile fear (as the scholastics phrase it), of the fear entertained by those who love the sin, and only abstain from the commission of it, because they dread the punishment, or, at least, of immoderate and inordinate fear. 2. The fear,—the doubt which a man entertains, as to whether he is now in a state of grace, as to whether he has yet sufficiently satisfied for his past sins, is not inconsistent with charity, with the most perfect charity we can have *in this life*, any more than the fear of future transgressions, which Mr. Palmer himself admits is not forbidden here. The fear of God's judgments is, as we have already seen, recommended in the sacred writings, as well as charity. 3. Even admitting that charity expels every sort of fear, save the fear of hereafter offending God, nothing follows against our doctrine. For, it would only follow, that a man, while actually under the influence of this fear, could not make an act of charity. The heart may be at different times, under the influence of different feelings, supernatural as well as natural; one time awed by fear, another time inflamed with love.

We must here stop: our limits are more than filled up. But we think that we have said enough, and more than enough to convince any of our readers, that the "absurdities, contradictions, and impieties," which Mr. Palmer has charged upon the Catholic Church, and Catholic divines, fall back upon himself. We have, in our review of his objections against our Scriptural proofs, and his own Scriptural objections against our doctrine, seized the points which appeared to us the strongest; and we have not omitted to notice any thing which we believed worthy a reply. It was our intention, at starting, to examine his objections against the argument from tradition, and to examine his own proof for the Protestant doctrine, as he states it. A satisfactory examination of the first point would, we now perceive, swell our article to three times its present bulk: and we think Mr. Palmer will agree with us, that it were better not to touch upon the topic at all, than to treat it in a passing and hurried manner. As to his proof of the Protestant doctrine, it is not necessary for us to enter into an exposure of the inaccuracies with which it

abounds: for the proposition which he advances in the very commencement, with a slight explanation—nay, by understanding the words in the plain and natural sense of them, is perfectly consistent with our doctrine, or rather *is* our doctrine.

“The position, then, which I shall maintain against you is, that penitential works, such as fasting, almsgiving, weeping, and works of piety, are, together with contrition, and confession to God, means of obtaining the REMISSION OF SIN, and not merely the remission of its temporal penalties.”—*Letter iv.* p. 18.

This proposition we subscribe to: it is perfectly orthodox, as far as it goes.

It may be asked (and it has been suggested to us to anticipate the inquiry), why we have selected from the several topics discussed in the volume before us, that of satisfaction, rather than purgatory, indulgences, &c.?

Our answer is, that in undertaking to review Mr. Palmer's book, we naturally began with the beginning,—the doctrine of temporal satisfaction being the first which he formally and at length discusses.

A still stronger reason was suggested to us, by the great importance which Mr. Palmer attaches to the doctrine of satisfaction, as the root and foundation of so many other of our doctrines. Thus:—

“A vast body of your doctrines and practices to which we object depends altogether on one principle, which is, as it were, the foundation-stone, the very vital essence of the whole. I mean your doctrine of a debt still remaining due to Divine Justice after the remissio nōf sin,—the doctrine of *temporal punishments*, &c.—*Letter ii.* p. 8.

“It is evident that your doctrine of *temporal punishment* is the very life-blood, the vital sap, the foundation, the key-stone of your system, on all these points. Take this doctrine away, and the whole machinery of your Church is broken asunder.”—p. 14.

ART. II.—*History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic, of Spain.* By William H. Prescott. Third Edition, revised, with additions. London: 1842.

EUROPE contains no nation so difficult to be understood by those who have not visited it, as Spain. In physical character, in the variety of its natural productions, in its scenery, in the dispositions and manners of its inhabitants,

in the circumstances by which the mental constitution of a great portion of those inhabitants was influenced from a very early period of their annals, in the variety of races by which the country has been and still continues to be occupied, and in its religious, moral, fiscal, and political history, it stands perfectly unique. Every part of the Continent has been trodden over and over again by thousands of travellers, except Spain. The want of sufficient internal communications, the almost uninterrupted wars, foreign or domestic, of which that portion of the Peninsula has been the theatre, the apprehensions as to personal safety, and the *unpoliced* condition of all the provinces, have deterred the great mass of tourists from extending their peregrinations beyond the Pyrenees.

It is true that we possess in our own literature, and may read in that of other communities, many interesting and excellent works upon Spain. Her native historians, philosophers, economists, dramatists, poets, and novelists, have also furnished us with much valuable information concerning the general aspect of the country, and the genius and customs of its people. With the exception, however, of some of its histories, and a very limited part of its miscellaneous and imaginative compositions, very little of its literature is known or valued beyond its own precincts. We know much more of Spain from the labours of its foreign visitors than from its domestic writers. But the amount of that knowledge, after all, is by no means sufficient to render us familiar with the peculiarities by which the Spanish nation is distinguished from all others within the circle of European geography. There are many traits in the face of the territory itself, and a great many more in the complexion, intellect, and, if we may use such a phrase, the whole personal moulding, temper, and bearing of its inhabitants, which escape observation; or, if perceived, are most frequently misunderstood by aliens who sojourn amongst them for a season. Their grave external deportment, the cloak and slouched hat of the men, the veil, the fan, and mantilla of the women, and their general indisposition to associate with foreigners, serve to confine within their own dwellings, that capability of intimate acquaintance with their sentiments and feelings, without the acquisition of which we can be said to behold them only through the disguises of a masquerade.

No epoch has yet arrived, in which history has been enabled to represent Spain as one united nation. It is at present, as it has been for ages, a nominal monarchy consist-

ing in fact of many kingdoms. In the early part of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, it may be said to have been a state partly Catholic, partly Hebrew, partly Saracenic. Before the invasion of the Moors, every province was a state of itself, possessing its own laws and customs. Although the Moors ruled with a strong hand the territory which they had conquered, they did not materially interfere with the privileges which were exercised by the several provinces within their control. The northern districts, which they failed to subdue, were then, as they still remain, divided also into different provinces,—divided not by any acts of a general superincumbent authority, but by nature herself, and by the circumstances under which they were necessarily peopled.

High mountainous tracts have always kept, and still keep, the Asturians as a people completely within themselves. Similar barriers shut out the Biscayans from the rest of Spain. They speak a language not understood in Castile. They possess rights from an indefeasible prescription, which neither force nor persuasion has ever succeeded in getting them to surrender. They pay a revenue to the state, but it is under the designation of a tribute. They possess a form of government entirely their own, republican in its essence; and although they acknowledge the king of Spain as their sovereign, their allegiance is pledged, and formally received, only upon condition that their ancient rights and privileges shall remain inviolable.

The Navarrese and Arragonese are hemmed in also within their own mountain-boundaries, and have more affinities with the Provençale than the Spanish races. The Catalonians, with a ruder character, a rougher dialect, but an infinitely more manly and commercial spirit of industry and enterprise, have also much of the genius of the Troubadour mingled with their own. The Barcelonese and the Valencians partake of the imagination and effeminacy of the Italians. The tribes of Granada, Murcia, Malaga, Andalusia, and Cordova, retain deep traces of the Moorish blood. Estremadura is almost Portuguese. Galicia is the Bœotia of Spain. The provinces of the plains, the two Castiles and La Mancha, form the principal theatre of its civilization, and yield the best model of its language. And Leon leads an obscure existence within the lower ranges of the Sierra Morena.

The natural divisions of the territory, rendered still more permanent, as they are, by the imperfection of artificial communications, have created and fostered a mass of prejudices

between the inhabitants of the different provinces—especially those contiguous to each other—which are bitter beyond conception, and apparently impossible to be eradicated. An occurrence which forcibly illustrates the strength of those prejudices, and the readiness with which they are acted upon on all occasions, took place during the latter stages of the war against Don Carlos. The army under Espartero had made some prisoners—a hundred or more in number—who were natives of one of the Castiles. While the army was upon its march towards Catalonia, a division of Cabrera's troops from that province appeared at some distance; the prisoners, who had of course been previously deprived of their arms, immediately petitioned that those arms should be restored to them. "For what purpose?" asked the officer to whom they applied. "That we might assist you in shooting those infamous robbers the Catalonians," they replied: thus showing that although the Catalonians were fighting for the same cause which they had themselves espoused, the inveterate prejudices of the provincialist instinctively put to flight the sympathies of the soldier.

Much of the peculiar character of the Spaniards is derived from their climate, which is remarkably pure, and so replete with the elements of vitality, that life may be sustained in Spain upon a less quantity of solid food than is required for vigorous existence in other nations. Wine of a nutritious quality, and the best bread in the world, may be procured in almost every part of that country upon the most economical terms. Dried grapes, full of saccharine matter, may be seen spread out on nets suspended beneath the roof in every cottage. Upon such provisions as these, and a little soup—that is to say, water, oil, and onions—the Spanish peasant can live in all the luxury he requires. Death by starvation is a fatality with which he is wholly unacquainted. The friendly soil easily yields him the quantity of wheat, potatoes, onions, and other vegetables and fruits which he may choose to grow. Add to his food a cigar, and he cares not a *maravedi* about all the world beyond him.

The Spanish people are in fact the most apathetic of human beings. Even those civil wars, which we who read of them in England imagine must convulse the whole country, are carried on with so slight a degree of agitation, that a stranger may pass within a short distance of the antagonist forces without knowing that there is the slightest degree of commotion in the country. A few harmless discharges of

musketry exchanged on each side, whenever the adverse detachments chance to come within view of each other, and then the flight of one party, or of *both*, from the scene of amusement, constitute an *action!* We have ourselves been present at a grand battle, without knowing a syllable about it, until we read an account of it in a printed bulletin, which ended by declaring that "the factions were annihilated!" We saw a few shots fired, and heard at a distance what we conceived at the moment to be their echoes,—and this was the "terrible engagement!"

The Gascons must yield the palm for all the graces of exaggeration to the Spaniards. It is one of their characteristics, which they cannot conceal. Such is their pride, such their notions of high ancestry, and of national opulence, independence, and renown, that they feel thoroughly persuaded there are no people comparable to themselves, no country fit to be named in the same volume with their own upon the face of the globe. Confer a favour upon a Spaniard, and he feels that by accepting it he returns that favour a hundred fold. This pride pervades all classes, from the palace to the cottage. The lowest peasant can show you a pile of heraldic documents in proof of his noble descent. You will see the arms of his family emblazoned upon a stone inserted in the wall (often of mud) over his door.

Their soothing climate, their teeming soil, their consequent indolence, their native pride, and their apathy, all tend to give to Spaniards that sombre air, which at once strikes a foreigner who enters their country from Italy or France. He would be prompted at first to say that they were a people addicted even to melancholy; but he would eventually find such a conclusion erroneous. If he engage them in conversation he will speedily find them sufficiently clamorous. Nevertheless there is in the general character of the nation a strong disposition to reverie, if not to reflection, and to that disposition chiefly may be traced those free impulses which have led greater numbers of the male sex into monasteries in Spain, than in any other part of Christendom, the proportions of population being considered.

Their attachment to the Catholic faith is one of the very few points, upon which the inhabitants of all the provinces of Spain unanimously agree. They always constitute one people with reference to their religion. Summon them to a war in defence of that religion;—provincial distinctions are no longer known amongst them. Call them to defend

their country from a foreign invader ;—a similar result will ensue. But leave them without any such motives of community of action ;—each province remains isolated within itself, by nature, by prejudice, and by what its natives believe to be interest, as much as if it existed under a separate and peculiar crown. And here, in fact lies the whole difficulty of creating a strong government in Spain,—a difficulty which has in all times marked its history, but never, perhaps, was more conspicuous,—never certainly more perplexing, or rather intractable,—than since the modern form of Cortes has been attempted to be established in that country.

There is no doubt that from a very ancient date a representative assembly, usually designated under the appellation just mentioned, or in other words “states-general,” has existed in Spain ; and that subsequently to the suppression of the separate sovereignties either by conquest or by the accident of more than one crown being united by descent upon one head, each province sent deputies to that general council. But its attributes seem to have been limited to the voting of taxes for the use of the general government, and to matters connected with the descent of the regal power. It consisted usually of the nobility, prelacy, and deputies appointed by each state, and most commonly the deputies sat in a chamber apart from the other members of cortes. The number of the nobility and of the prelacy in the upper house seems to have been very much at the discretion of the crown, although the grandees and archbishops appear to have had a right of summons ; and it has been contended that without their presence, or their representation by proxy, no cortes could be deemed competent to issue any decree binding on the nation.

It was a very unusual circumstance for this assembly, or any portion of it, to enter upon the discussion of any matters connected with the ordinary course of public affairs ; not even with questions of treaties, or peace, or war. The settlement of the crown in cases of doubt, or of necessary alterations in the line of descent ; the recognition of heirs to the throne, the appointment of regencies when the incompetency of the reigning sovereign, or the minority of the lawful heir, called for a provisional ruler ; and the concession of taxes, appear generally to have constituted the only business which they were summoned, or which they had any desire to perform.

The modern Cortes, of which the original constitution was framed at Cadiz, while nearly all the other parts of Spain were occupied by the troops of Napoleon, differ in a great

many points from the ancient assembly under that name. That constitution, which, in its earliest form, collected within the Cortes almost all the powers of the state; which in fact established a republic, leaving to the sovereign a mere nominal authority, has already undergone innumerable alterations; sometimes restoring the regal power to real efficacy, sometimes rescinding it, or reducing it to a mere shadow; sometimes permitting two chambers of lords and commons, or of senate and deputies; now refusing more than a consultative voice to the aristocratic council, now granting it a deliberative voice, but under various modifications and restrictions.

The practical result of all these proceedings has been to invest the existing chamber of deputies with the real power of the state. The senate and the cabinet are its mere creatures, and the sovereign is obliged to comply with its will in all things. The present regent, Espartero, makes occasionally a show of independent action; but he speedily finds that unless he have the deputies with him, his course becomes perplexing, even although he has the army on his side.

If therefore the organization of Spain, with a view to constitute it as a really united kingdom, was found impracticable in all the preceding periods of its history, it would seem to be infinitely more so under the species of parliament which now exists in that country. We have not at hand any authentic enumeration of the administrations which have succeeded each other at Madrid, since the death of Ferdinand VII. We believe that they have not been much under the number of thirty, taking into the account the partial as well as the total alterations in the cabinet. To attain place and its emoluments, seems to be the sole object of every individual who procures a seat in the Cortes. To realize during the time he is in the government, a fortune sufficient to retire upon, is the great point he looks to.

Every new administration, upon entering office, finds the treasury empty. The first step is to get money. Public loans, in the ordinary form, are out of the question. Spain is in such a state of discredit at home and abroad, that it could not raise in London or in Paris a loan in the usual way upon any terms. Its bonds are at a mere nominal value, and that they have even a value of that kind is a mystery, which the most experienced broker cannot explain. Those papers are the chief materials for carrying on the system of public gambling which is permitted, most improperly, to go on upon the stock exchange. They are just so many cards in the hands

of those gamesters, who are called by the rude, though not unfit, names of the *bulls* and the *bears*.

But there are various other modes by which an ingenious finance minister can get money in Spain,—if not to meet the exigencies of the state, at least to fill his own pockets, and those of his friends in the cabinet. Many of the ordinary revenues of that country arise from monopolies, such as the manufactures of tobacco and salt, and the mines of quicksilver, lead, and copper. There are several species of impost which are farmed out. The lands and houses formerly belonging to the Church and the monastic orders, are also to a great extent still at the disposal of government. Add to these the revenues arising from Cuba, Porto Rico, the Manillas, and other foreign dependencies of Spain, and then remains the home taxation, levied upon the principal resources of the country.

The new finance minister, looking upon all these classes of income, imagines that he can have little difficulty in replenishing the treasury. But upon inquiry, he finds that they are, every one of them, already pledged, to an extent which admits of no redemption within his life time, not to speak of the time during which his tenure of office is likely to be continued. He moreover discovers that he has to provide for a large annual deficit, in consequence of the excess of expenditure over income. He has then recourse to all sorts of expedients for procuring money. Of late years a very productive, though most dishonest, scheme for getting money has been devised, and carried into effect with a degree of success, which has astonished every man of common penetration. This scheme may be described in a few words. Spanish bonds, upon which no dividends beyond those that have accrued during two or three years, have ever been paid, remain in the money market, to the amount, it is understood, of thirty millions sterling. A proposition is made to capitalize the arrears of the dividends, to throw the whole old bonds, and the dividends so capitalized, into a new kind of stock, divided into different classes of “active,” “passive,” and “deferred.” Upon the first of these a dividend is fixed; decrees, couched in the most pompous terms, acknowledging the sacred necessity of preserving the public faith, and assigning certain revenues for the punctual payment of the dividends upon the “active” bonds, are issued by Cortes. The process of “conversion,” under the authority of these decrees, is next arranged, and modes are defined by lottery for calling at some

time or other the "passive" and "deferred" bonds into a state of "activity." The conversion takes place within a time limited for that purpose. Many holders retain their old bonds, either from not being acquainted with the existence of the decrees, or from not reposing any confidence in them. The minister has the means of knowing the number of bonds still unconverted, after the time for "conversion" has expired. What does he do? He issues bonds under the new form to an amount not only covering that of the unconverted bonds, but in fact to any extent he may think likely not to betray his operation to the world. For the whole of this new issue there is a sale in the market at a certain though wretchedly low price. The national liabilities are thus vastly enlarged at a tremendous discount; but what of that? Money is obtained,—some small part of the arrears due to the military and civil services is paid, and the minister, and his colleagues "in the secret," put as much as they choose into their own purses!

This scheme may be considered as the wholesale mode of swindling, carried on by the Spanish government within these latter years. But, besides this, there are many minor operations, arising out of the farming of the state monopolies, and issues of treasury bills upon the credit of certain revenues. These bills are discounted either by the public bank in Madrid, or by private capitalists; and in all such cases it is well understood that *douceurs* are given to the finance minister, and the principal officers in his department. If the transaction be of a private nature, the bribery is managed in this way. The capitalist says to each of his friends in the exchequer; "By this little matter I realize so much profit,—it is a portion of my business,—so much of my gains for the year. I look upon you as *pro tanto* my partner, because you have given me material assistance in the course of my negotiation. I have calculated your share accordingly, and here it is," producing his bag of doubloons or dollars as the case may be, which he places on the table. No more is said upon the subject. The *partners* smoke a cigar together,—they talk upon the news of the day,—they separate with a thousand professions of mutual, everlasting friendship, and the affair is concluded!

The treasury still remains empty,—the ministers having exhausted all their devices for filling it; and having produced many fine plans on paper for the fiscal and political regeneration of the country, not one of which they entertain the

slightest hope of carrying into execution, fall, or are speedily made to fall, into disrepute. They are "interrogated" in the chamber,—they are lashed unmercifully in the press,—a motion is made and carried by their opponents in the chamber that they have lost the "moral confidence" of the country; they are of course compelled to resign; a new set of imbeciles speedily occupy their places, who pass in a few months through precisely the same routine; and so the difficulties of the country go on, daily increasing in a proportion which any statesman of ordinary sagacity and patriotism would contemplate with feelings of terror. But these are feelings altogether unknown to a Spanish minister. He sees the wealth of the country wasted, its resources exhausted or neglected, its difficulties becoming every hour more complicated. But he has his *douceurs*, and his cigars, his *Tertulias* and his *liaisons*, and he requires no more.

Is there no remedy, we shall be asked, for this state of things? Unquestionably there is,—not merely one remedy, but the choice of a great many modes for redressing all the evils which bow down the energies of Spain at this moment, and have almost effaced her, so far as moral influence and rank are concerned, from the map of Europe. Her foreign and domestic debt, although it has reduced her to a condition of insolvency, is after all of no very great amount, if her means for discharging it be considered. Various calculations have been made, with a view to ascertain the amount of all her liabilities, but they differ so much from each other that it is quite impossible to rely upon any of them. The secret issues of bonds and other securities render all public documents delusive upon this subject. The hypothesis, very probably, will not be very far from accuracy, which fixes the sum total of the national debt of Spain at about two hundred millions sterling. This is no very serious amount, if we consider the vast natural riches which she possesses, and her capability of developing and augmenting those riches, to an extent more than commensurate with her annual expenditure and her accumulated liabilities.

There is no country in any part of the world, which, considering its area, yields so great a variety of valuable productions as Spain. Oil, wine, wheat, wool, silk, quicksilver, lead, in which there is a very large portion of silver, copper, marbles of every hue, fruit of almost every kind, horses of Arabian descent, mules and donkies of a size unknown elsewhere, corkwood, and other articles of the first utility, may

all be had in Spain in the greatest abundance. The only Spanish wine generally known in England is its sherry. Luckily the country (Xeres) where it is produced, lies near the south-western coast; it is thus shipped without much expense at Cadiz, otherwise we should most probably have never had a hogshead of it in London. It is perhaps the best kind of wine that can be drank, potent not only to "cheer the heart of man," but also to contribute to his health, materially differing in this latter respect from the wines of Portugal, France, and Germany. But besides sherry, there is a great variety of other wines, of an equally wholesome quality and most delicious flavour, in other parts of Spain, which are altogether unknown in England, because they are grown only in the interior of the country, between which and the coast there are no means of transit, except those furnished by sacks formed of skins, which, by their deteriorating influence on the flavour of the wine so carried, render it unfit for exportation.

The difficulties of the internal communications of Spain, might, however, be easily conquered by well-planned roads and canals, and the improvement of navigable rivers. These are means of national progress within the reach of any government that would apply itself vigorously and stedfastly to the task. Some advances have in fact been made within the last fifteen years, with a view to the accomplishment of this object. A grand project was undertaken by the government about half a century ago, for the purpose of forming an intercourse by water between the bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean. The canal of Arragon has been formed to the extent of several leagues; but the circumstances in which the country has since been placed, by foreign and domestic wars, have interfered with the further execution of the enterprise.

One of the most powerful and ready means for the effectual regeneration of Spain, would be the extension of her commerce with foreign countries. So opulent is her soil in every thing which many other countries, especially England, would be glad to exchange for their own produce, or the works of their industry, that if the Spanish government had only the courage to conclude treaties of commerce with other states, upon any reasonable system of mutual tariffs, they might easily derive from their customs a revenue more than sufficient for all their wants. They have been repeatedly solicited by the British minister to enter into negotiations for this purpose; they have made a show of entering upon the subject, but they

appear to be incapable of comprehending the utility of the measure, or incompetent to carry it into execution. On one side they are threatened with a revolt in Catalonia, if they admit any of the manufactures of England at a rate of duty less than what would operate as a prohibition, because Catalonia itself is a manufacturing province. On the other side, they are intimidated by France from listening to commercial propositions from our minister. The Count Molé not long since openly avowed the policy of the French government upon this subject. France carries on herself a very lucrative trade with Spain, either through the system of smuggling, or by arrangements long since established between the two countries. The Count declared to Lord Palmerston, that the interests of France would necessarily be injured by any kind of commercial treaty between England and Spain, and that the French government would at all times exert its influence to prevent such a treaty from being made. "Do what you like," he said, "with Portugal, but you must leave Spain to us."

It was no novelty to a British minister to understand, that upon every question whatever, whether commercial or political, arising between England and Spain, or springing out of circumstances in which he felt himself called upon to interfere for the benefit of Spain itself, he had always to contend against the intrigues of the French ambassador in Madrid. But we believe that the open declaration of resistance, conveyed too not in any oral form of communication, but in a regular, official, dispatch, stands now upon record for the first time in the archives of the Foreign Office. The pretext given for the opposition is this:—that although England sought no form of commercial engagement with Spain, which would give the former any peculiar favour, or contain any arrangement by which all other nations at peace with Spain might not, if they wished, take equal advantage,—nevertheless England would be sure to reap the greater portion of the benefit, on account of her unrivalled superiority, above all other nations, in skill, enterprise, capital, and manufacturing power!

Thus it appears, therefore, that France claims for herself a right of deciding as to the commercial relations of Spain with all other nations in the world; and, moreover, of exercising over that country the same kind of political *patronage*, which England is bound, when called upon, to exercise in favour of Portugal. It is very well known that there is a

solemn treaty of very long standing between the two latter countries, by which, in case Portugal is invaded by a foreign enemy, England is engaged to defend her, "as if she formed part of her own proper territory." No treaty at all similar to this exists between France and Spain. Consequently the right of control assumed by France over Spain is an undisguised usurpation, which, should it be persisted in, can only be eventually settled by force of arms.

Now it is not very likely that either France or England will speedily risk a war for that purpose. The consequence, therefore, must be that Spain shall remain, Heaven knows how long, in her present state of what we may call "passive anarchy,"—utterly insolvent,—unable to develop any of her infinite resources, the prey of corrupt ministers, and of place-men and place-hunters of every degree; her debt accumulating, her revenue laws evaded on all sides by innumerable smugglers; those very English goods which, if admitted upon payment of a reasonable duty, would yield her a splendid income, circulated through all her towns without the payment of any duty at all; no commercial enterprise, no laws enacted for her advancement in the paths of civilization, no literature, no art or science cultivated; no police; highway robberies and assassinations the order of the day; and, in fine, general retrogression; while all the other states upon the Continent are making unprecedented strides in every path of improvement. For all this, we venture to affirm, France is morally responsible.

We cannot see our way to any material change for the better in the present unhappy condition of Spain; nor can we conjecture by what means she can be redeemed from that condition, except through the energies of some good, and great, and fearless statesman arising from amongst her children,—some phenomenon of intellect and knowledge, disinterestedness and indomitable vigour, who shall be enabled by the force of his own volition to command the obedience and confidence of the country; and by the firmness of his power, and the strength of his sagacity, reduce to order all those elements of national prosperity which now lie dormant and confused in the depths of chaos. Unfortunately there is no appearance of any such personage in the whole range of her public characters.

It is very remarkable, that in all the agitations of which Spain has been the theatre for a great number of years, no dominant mind, no self-balanced, generous, brilliant, gifted person, of large, elevated, and, at the same time practical views, has shone

out through the host of rivals who have been engaged in contending for military or political power. Arguelles, when he first started upon his career, exhibited some fine traits of intellectual greatness. But he was not long tried in the ordeal of conflicting opinions, when he betrayed that tendency to uncompromising optimism, which has most materially marred his usefulness, and kept him depressed in the rank of practical statesmen. General Alava has proved himself a Bayard,* but he never aspired beyond the ambition of a soldier. Galiano, of whom something was expected, turned out a mere declaimer. Martinez de la Rosa, who professed great principles of action, preferred to spend his time in addressing courtly verses to the queen Christina. Count Florida Blanca, much eulogized by his friends, has passed away without leaving a trace of his existence behind him. Mendizabal (half Moor, half Jew), who was to have set all things right in six months, quickly showed himself a Cagliostro. Mina and Zumalacarregui were mere mountain bravos. Rodil, who failed as a general, and who is now we believe "minister of war," is a gasconading imbecile. Espartero has exhibited some sagacity and talent as a military chieftain; his name still possesses *prestige* with the army; but he has no political party, either in the Cortes or in the country. Under his regency, Spain appears to be more agitated than ever. His persecutions of the ministers of our holy religion, and his many gross invasions upon the undoubted authority of the Holy See, have called down upon his head the animadversions of the Supreme Pontiff, and the reprobation of all Christendom. It is impossible that his power, such as it is, can be of any permanent advantage to Spain. He knows not how to wield the sceptre which circumstances have placed for a season in his hands. He is a mere ape of Napoleon; and his wretched bodily health predicts his speedy disappearance from the place which he now so very unworthily fills.

If we pass from the contemporaneous history of Spain to preceding ages, what a succession of inferior minds do we behold, invested from time to time with military and civil authority in that country. With the exception of the celebrated Cid, Gonsalvo of Cordova, Cardinal Ximenes, the

* We use the name according to the popular opinion of this *hero*; but we apprehend that a Christian knight, who, in the course of a duel, finding his adversary under him, deliberately took from his bosom a dagger, and pressed it through the eye into the brain of his antagonist, can hardly be said to be *sans reproche!*

Queen Isabella, and Charles V, there are scarcely any figures which stand out from the canvass in the general picture of that portion of the Peninsula. The portrait of Philip II, indeed, is strongly defined, but it is stern, gloomy, and in the shade which best befits it.

The Cid was one of those chivalrous characters whose martial deeds form the burthen of many a ballad and legend. His monument is shown in the cathedral of Burgos as one of its choicest treasures.

Gonsalvo of Cordova obtained very high and well-earned distinction, as a military commander, under Ferdinand and Isabella, especially during the very unjustifiable wars which they waged in Italy. He was the idol of all the poets of his age, and it was more than once feared that the great captain was becoming too powerful for a subject. It cannot be denied that by the force of his genius he accomplished great results with very slender resources, and against difficulties which would have overwhelmed minds of an ordinary calibre. The following account of his alterations in the weapons of the Spanish army, will be read with interest, as disclosing a glimpse of the age, and of one of its most eminent heroes :—

“ Nothing could be more unpromising than his position on first entering Calabria. Military operations had been conducted in Spain on principles totally different from those which prevailed in the rest of Europe. This was the case, especially in the late Moorish wars, where the old tactics and the character of the ground brought light cavalry chiefly into use. This, indeed, constituted his principal strength at this period; for his infantry, though accustomed to irregular service, was indifferently armed and disciplined. An important revolution, however, had occurred in the other parts of Europe. The infantry had there regained the superiority which it maintained in the days of the Greeks and Romans. The experiment had been made on more than one bloody field; and it was found that the solid columns of Swiss and German pikes not only bore down all opposition in their onward march, but presented an impregnable barrier, not to be shaken by the most desperate charges of the best heavy-armed cavalry. It was against these dreaded battalions that Gonsalvo was now called to measure, for the first time, the bold, but rudely armed and comparatively raw recruits from Galicia and the Asturias.

“ He lost his first battle, into which it should be remembered he was precipitated against his will. He proceeded afterwards with the greatest caution, gradually familiarizing his men with the aspect and usages of the enemy whom they held in such awe, before bringing them to a direct encounter. He put himself to school

during this whole campaign, carefully acquainting himself with the tactics, discipline, and novel arms of his adversaries, and borrowing just so much as he could incorporate into the ancient system of the Spaniards, without discarding the latter altogether. Thus, while he retained the short sword and buckler of his countrymen, he fortified his battalions with a large number of spearmen, after the German fashion. The arrangement is highly commended by the sagacious Machiavelli, who considers it as combining the advantages of both systems; since, while the long spear served all the purposes of resistance, or even of attack on level ground, the short swords and targets enabled their wearers to cut in under the dense array of hostile pikes, and bring the enemy to close quarters, where his formidable weapon was of no avail.

“While Gonsalvo made this innovation in the arms and tactics, he paid equal attention to the formation of a suitable character in his soldiery. The circumstances in which he was placed at Barletta, and on the Garigliano, imperatively demanded this. Without food, clothes, or pay, without the chance even of retrieving his desperate condition by venturing a blow at the enemy, the Spanish soldier was required to remain passive. To do this, demanded patience, abstinence, and strict subordination, and a degree of resolution far higher than that required to combat obstacles, however formidable in themselves, where active exertion, which tasks the utmost energies of the soldier, renews his spirits and raises them to a contempt of danger. It was calling on him, in short, to begin with achieving that most difficult of all victories, the victory over himself.

“All this the Spanish commander effected. He infused into his men a portion of his own invincible energy. He inspired a love of his person, which led them to emulate his example, and a confidence in his genius and resources, which supported them under all their privations by a firm reliance on a fortunate issue. His manners were distinguished by a graceful courtesy, less encumbered with etiquette than was usual with persons of his high rank in Castile. He knew well the proud and independent feelings of the Spanish soldier; and, far from annoying him by unnecessary restraints, showed the most liberal indulgence at all times. But his kindness was tempered with severity, which displayed itself on such occasions as required interposition, in a manner that rarely failed to repress every thing like insubordination.”—vol. iii. pp. 150-153.

The great extent of Gonsalvo's popularity was particularly marked at a later period, when the destinies of Italy became endangered by the progress of the French invaders of that country. After the defeat of Ravenna, the pope and the other allies of Ferdinand urged him in the most earnest manner to send the “great captain” into Italy, as the only man capable of checking the French arms, and restoring the

fortunes of the "League." The king accordingly ordered Gonsalvo to hold himself in readiness to take the command of an army to be instantly raised for Italy. (May 1512).

"These tidings were received with enthusiasm by the Castilians. Men of every rank pressed forward to serve under a chief whose service was itself a sufficient passport to fame. It actually seemed, says Peter Martyr, as if Spain were to be drained of all her noble and generous blood. Nothing appeared impossible, or even difficult, under such a leader. Hardly a cavalier in the land but would have thought it a reproach to remain behind. Truly marvellous, he adds, is the authority which he has acquired over all orders of men.

"Such was the zeal with which men enlisted under his banner, that great difficulty was found in procuring levies for Navarre then menaced by the French. The king, alarmed at this, and relieved from apprehensions of immediate danger to Naples, by subsequent advices from that country, sent orders greatly reducing the number of forces to be raised. But this had little effect, since every man who had the means preferred acting as a volunteer under the great captain, to any other service however gainful, and many a poor cavalier was there, who expended his little all, or incurred a heavy debt, in order to appear in the field in a style becoming the chivalry of Spain.

"Ferdinand's former distrust of his general was now augmented tenfold by this evidence of his unbounded popularity. He saw in imagination much more danger to Naples from such a subject, than from any enemy, however formidable. He had received intelligence, moreover, that the French were in full retreat towards the north. He hesitated no longer, but sent instructions to the great captain, at Cordova, to disband his levies, as the expedition would be postponed till after the present winter; at the same time inviting such as chose to enlist in the service of Navarre. (August 1512).

"These tidings were received with indignant feelings by the whole army. The officers refused, nearly to a man, to engage in the proposed service. Gonsalvo, who understood the motives of this change in the royal purpose, was deeply sensible of what he regarded as a personal affront. He, however, enjoined on his troops implicit obedience to the king's commands. Before dismissing them, as he knew that many had been drawn into expensive preparations far beyond their means, he distributed largesses among them, amounting to the immense sum, if we may credit his biographers, of one hundred thousand ducats. 'Never stint your hand,' said he to his steward, who remonstrated on the magnitude of the donative; 'there is no mode of enjoying one's property, like giving it away.' He then wrote a letter to the king, in which he gave free vent to his indignation, bitterly complaining of the ungenerous requital of his ser-

vices, and asking leave to retire to his duchy of Terranova in Naples, since he could be no longer useful in Spain. This request was not calculated to lull Ferdinand's suspicions. He answered, however, in the soft and pleasant style which he knew so well how to assume, says Zurita; and after specifying his motives for relinquishing, however reluctantly, the expedition, he recommended Gonsalvo's return to Loja, at least until some more definite arrangement could be made respecting the affairs of Italy.

"Thus condemned to his former seclusion, the great captain resumed his late habits of life, freely opening his mansion to persons of merit; interesting himself in plans for ameliorating the condition of his tenantry and neighbours; and in this quiet way winning a more unquestionable title to human gratitude than when piling up the blood-stained trophies of victory."—vol. iii. pp. 350-353.

Within three years after this period, Gonsalvo was attacked by a quartan fever, which, at first it was thought, his strong constitution might have been enabled to subdue. But all hope of any such result speedily vanished. He expired in December 1515, at his palace in Granada in the arms of his wife and his beloved daughter Elvira. His death was mourned deeply by the whole nation. Funeral services were performed in his honour in all the principal churches of the kingdom. His obsequies were celebrated with royal magnificence in Granada, where his remains also were deposited beneath a sumptuous mausoleum, which may yet be seen in the church of San Geronimo. A hundred banners, which upon that occasion waved on the walls of the church, recounted the series of his military achievements. His daughter inherited his princely estates, which were subsequently perpetuated in the house of Cordova. Mr. Prescott thus sums up his character.

"Gonsalvo was sixty-two years old at the time of his death. His countenance and person are represented to have been extremely handsome; his manners, elegant and attractive, were stamped with that lofty dignity which so often distinguishes his countrymen. 'He still bears,' says Martyr, speaking of him in the last years of his life, 'the same majestic port as when in the height of his former authority; so that every one who visits him acknowledges the influence of his noble presence, as fully as when, at the head of armies, he gave laws to Italy.'

"His splendid military successes, so gratifying to Castilian pride, have made the name of Gonsalvo as familiar to his countrymen as that of the Cid, which, floating down the stream of popular melody, has been treasured up as part of the national history. His shining qualities, even more than his exploits, have been often made the

theme of fiction; and fiction, as usual, has dealt with them in a fashion to leave only confused and erroneous conceptions of both. More is known of the Spanish hero, for instance, to foreign readers, from Florian's agreeable novel, than from any authentic record of his actions. Yet Florian, by dwelling only on the dazzling and popular traits of his hero, has depicted him as the very personification of romantic chivalry. This certainly was not his character, which might be said to have been formed after a riper period of civilization than the age of chivalry. * * * His characteristics were prudence, coolness, steadiness of purpose, and intimate knowledge of man. He understood, above all, the temper of his own countrymen. He may be said, in some degree, to have formed their military character,—their patience of severe training and hardship,—their unflinching obedience,—their inflexible spirit under reverses,—and their decisive energy in the hour of action. It is certain that the Spanish soldier, under his hands, assumed an entirely new aspect from that which he had displayed in the wars of the Peninsula. * * *

“Gonsalvo's fame rests on his military prowess; yet his character would seem, in many respects, better suited to the calm and cultivated walks of civil life. His government of Naples exhibited much discretion and sound policy; and there, as afterwards in his retirement, his polite and liberal manners secured, not merely the good will, but the strong attachment, of those around him. His early education, like that of most of the noble cavaliers who came forward before the improvements introduced under Isabella, was taken up with knightly exercises more than intellectual accomplishments. He was never taught Latin, and had no pretensions to scholarship; but he honoured and nobly recompensed it in others. His solid sense and liberal taste supplied all deficiencies in himself, and led him to select friends and companions from among the most enlightened and virtuous of the community.”—vol. iii. pp. 357-360.

Some parts of Gonsalvo's military career are, however, reputed by historians to have brought animadversions upon his character. He has been charged with two distinct breaches of faith, which, if the testimony in support of them may be relied upon, must indeed leave foul spots upon his fame. We need not enter into this subject. Our chief purpose in the extracts which we have above given, has been to bring forward one of the few great men, whom Spain has produced, and at the same time to adduce specimens of the highly polished, and, at the same time, vigorous and agreeable style, in which the work before us is composed.

The character of Cardinal Ximenes is also drawn in a very forcible manner. As he was the most remarkable ecclesiastical personage, and also the most celebrated statesman, of

whom Spain can boast, we must bestow a brief notice upon his extraordinary career. He was born at the little town of Tordelaguna, in the year 1436, of an ancient but decayed family. Being intended from an early age for the Church, he was sent to the college of Alcala, near Madrid, where he received the rudiments of his education. He next proceeded to the university of Salamanca, pursued his studies with the most devoted attention, made himself a perfect master of the civil and canon laws, and at the end of six years received the degree of bachelor in each of them,—a distinction which was at that time of very rare occurrence. Anxious to complete his education at Rome, he visited that capital, where he remained in the pursuit of his studies three years: being called home by the death of his father, he was preparing to set out, when he received a signal mark of favour, on account of his great industry and talent, which had been particularly noticed by his superiors. A Papal bull was placed in his hands, conferring upon him the first benefice of a specified rank, which should become vacant in the see of Toledo. Bulls of that description were not, however, then very generally acknowledged in Spain to have any validity. And accordingly, when the benefice of Uzeda became vacant, it being of the rank mentioned in the bull, the archbishop of Toledo refused to allow it effect. Ximenes, however, took possession of the benefice under the authority of the apostolic grant; his claims were resisted by the archbishop, who finally not only expelled him, but had him removed to the strong tower of Santorcaz, “then used as a prison for contumacious ecclesiastics.” Ximenes submitted to his imprisonment with exemplary patience; but no argument, no offers, could induce him to give up what he deemed to be his right. At the end of six years he was released, and allowed to take quiet possession of the benefice in question, which, however, for the sake of peace, he soon after exchanged for the chaplaincy of Siguenza, 1480. The duties of this office afforded him time to follow up his theological studies, and to acquire an extensive knowledge of Hebrew and Chaldee.

The bishop of Siguenza at that period was Mendoza, afterwards archbishop of Toledo, primate-cardinal, and, as some of the courtiers pleasantly called him—“third king of Spain.” He exercised unbounded influence over Ferdinand and Isabella, but is acknowledged, upon all hands, never to have abused it. His views were naturally grand and lofty, in every way worthy of his race, the family of Santillana, “a family,”

says Mr. Prescott, "every member of which must be allowed to have exhibited a rare union of public and private virtue." But there was no true greatness of character about him. All his natural inclinations were for pomp and grandeur, pages of high degree, and retainers splendidly equipped. It must, in justice, be added, that he was most munificent in his endowments of public institutions; and that he had a strong disposition to encourage learned and meritorious men, appears from the whole of his conduct with reference to Ximenes. He was not long in discerning the qualities of that extraordinary man. He took the earliest opportunity of appointing him his vicar, with the administration of his diocese. But Ximenes did not find that sort of life to suit him. It brought him too much into contact with the world, which he wished to shun; with this view he gave up all his revenues, and entered the most rigid of all the monastic societies then in existence, that of the Observantines of the Franciscan order, or, in other words, that order of St. Francis which most strictly followed the original rules of the founder.

But even in the cloisters of that order he soon ceased to find the solitude of which he was in search. His reputation for sanctity had spread so rapidly and widely, that people came to consult him from all quarters. He was consequently obliged to seek refuge in a convent situated in a deep forest of chestnut trees; and to render his retirement perfect, he built for himself a hermitage, in which he lived,

"Prayer all his business—all his pleasure praise."

His only food was the green herb,—his only drink the waters running near him. But he was not long permitted to enjoy this mode of existence. Upon the promotion of the Queen's confessor, a vacancy occurred in that most important office, Ximenes was recommended for it by his friend the cardinal, and he was forthwith appointed to take charge of her majesty's conscience. He was next elected provincial of his order in Castile; and it was in this capacity that the sternness and indomitable energy of his character became at once remarkably conspicuous. His reforms, which were much needed, were of the most sweeping and inexorable character. The death of his patron opened to him the archbishopric of Toledo—a degree in ecclesiastical rank always held to be second only to the Holy See itself. Isabella, without apprizing him of her intentions, obtained the bull of consecration from the Pope. Ximenes, however, refused the responsibilities of so

arduous an office; and persevered in his refusal until the Holy Father sent to him a mandatory letter on the subject. Mr. Prescott admits that the "nolo episcopari," in this instance was the expression of a real indisposition on the part of Ximenes to undertake functions which would necessarily preclude him from remaining any longer in the shades he loved best. "Moreover," as our author remarks, "he was at this time in the sixtieth year of his age, when ambition, though not extinguished, is usually chilled in the human heart. His habits had been long accommodated to the ascetic duties of the cloister, and his thoughts turned from the business of this world to that beyond the grave."

In his new office, Ximenes would have preferred to pursue a course of humility and frugality, altogether the reverse of that of Mendoza. "He at first kept," says Gonzalo de Orredo, "five or six friars of his own order in his palace with him, and as many asses in his stables; but the latter all grew sleek and fat, for the archbishop would not ride himself, nor allow his brethren to ride either." But subsequently, in obedience to an intimation from the Holy See,

"He so far changed his habits as to display the usual magnificence of his predecessors in all that met the public eye,—his general style of living, equipage, and the number and pomp of his retainers; but he relaxed nothing of his own personal mortifications. He maintained the same abstemious diet, amidst all the luxuries of his table. Under his robes of silk or costly furs he wore the coarse frock of St. Francis, which he used to mend with his own hands. He used no linen about his person or bed; and he slept on a miserable pallet, like that used by the monks of his fraternity, and so contrived as to be concealed from observation under the luxurious couch in which he affected to repose."—vol. ii. p. 360.

The brevity of the cardinal's toilet became proverbial in Spain. His biographer, Quintanilla, tells us, that on one occasion as Ximenes was travelling, and up as usual long before the dawn, he urged his muleteer to dress himself quickly; at which the latter irreverently exclaimed, "Cuerpo de dios! Does your holiness think I have nothing more to do than to shake myself like a wet spaniel, and tighten my cord a little?"

The cardinal lost no time in introducing all necessary reforms into his diocese, and speedily overcame every species of resistance, by his energy and inflexible perseverance. He carried his measures with a high hand, being naturally of an austere temper. Conscious of the rectitude of his intentions,

he identified his own views with those of the Church, and regarded all opposition to himself as an offence against religion, warranting the most peremptory exertion of power. We are obliged to pass over his celebrated controversies with the Moorish doctors, and the splendid results of his proceedings for the conversion of their brethren, many of whom had been permitted to remain in Granada, under the capitulation which was concluded at the time of the conquest. Such were the results of his exertions, that as many as four thousand converts are said, upon good authority, to have presented themselves for baptism in one day. These proceedings, however, were viewed with the utmost jealousy by the whole Moorish nation in Africa. They made repeated descents, in consequence, upon the southern coasts of the Peninsula; and such were their daring acts of hostility, that it was found necessary to fit out an expedition against them. At the instigation of Ximenes, this expedition was directed against Oran, then one of the most considerable of the Moslem possessions in the Mediterranean, and a principal mart for the trade of the Levant. The cardinal not only defrayed all the expenses of this armament, but led it himself in person. Mr. Prescott's account of his appearance in the field of action, reminds us of the battles of the crusades:—

“As soon as the Spanish army had landed and formed in order of battle, Ximenes mounted his mule and rode along the ranks. He was dressed in his pontifical robes, with a belted sword at his side. A Franciscan friar rode before him, bearing aloft the massive silver cross, the archiepiscopal standard of Toledo. Around him were other brethren of the order, wearing their monastic frocks, with scimitars hanging from their girdles. As the ghostly cavalcade advanced, they raised the triumphant hymn of *Vexilla regis*, until at length the cardinal, ascending a rising ground, imposed silence, and made a brief but animated harangue to his soldiers. He reminded them of the wrongs they had suffered from the Moslems, the devastation of their coasts, and their brethren dragged into merciless slavery. When he had sufficiently roused their resentment against the enemies of their country and religion, he stimulated their cupidity, by dwelling on the golden spoil which awaited them in the opulent city of Oran; and he concluded his discourse by declaring that he had come to peril his own life in the good cause of the Cross, and to lead them on to battle, as his predecessors had often done before him.

“The venerable aspect and heart-stirring eloquence of the primate, kindled a deep reverential enthusiasm in the bosoms of his martial audience, which showed itself by the profoundest silence.

The officers, however, closed around him at the conclusion of the address, and besought him not to expose his sacred person to the hazard of the fight ; reminding him that his presence would probably do more harm than good, by drawing off the attention of the men to his personal safety. This last consideration moved the cardinal, who, though reluctantly, consented to relinquish the command to Navarro ; and, after uttering his parting benediction over the prostrate ranks, he withdrew to the neighbouring fortress of Madyarquivir.

“The day was now far spent, and dark clouds of the enemy were seen gathering along the tops of the Sierra, which it was proposed first to attack. Navarro, seeing this post so strongly occupied, doubted whether his men would be able to carry it before nightfall, if indeed at all, without previous rest and refreshment, after the exhausting labours of the day. He returned, therefore, to Madyarquivir, to take counsel of Ximenes. The latter, whom he found at his devotions, besought him not to falter at this hour, but to go forward in God’s name, since both the blessed Saviour and the false prophet Mahomet, conspired to deliver the enemy into his hands. The soldier’s scruples vanished before the intrepid bearing of the prelate, and, returning to the army, he gave instant orders to advance.

“Slowly and silently the Spanish troops began their ascent up the steep sides of the Sierra, under the friendly cover of a thick mist, which, rolling heavily down the skirts of the hills, shielded them for a time from the eye of the enemy. As soon as they emerged from it, however, they were saluted with showers of balls, arrows, and other deadly missiles, followed by the desperate charges of the Moors, who, rushing down, endeavoured to drive back the assailants. But they made no impression on the long pikes and deep ranks of the latter, which remained unshaken as a rock. Still the numbers of the enemy, fully equal to those of the Spaniards, and the advantages of their position, enabled them to dispute the ground with fearful obstinacy. At length Navarro got a small battery of heavy guns to operate on the flank of the Moors. The effect of this movement was soon visible. The exposed sides of the Moslem column, finding no shelter from the deadly volleys, were shaken and thrown into disorder. The confusion extended to the leading files, which now, pressed heavily by the iron array of spearmen in the Christian van, began to give ground. Retreat was soon quickened into a disorderly flight. The Spaniards pursued ; many of them, especially the raw levies, breaking their ranks and following up the flying foe, without the least regard to the commands or menaces of their officers : a circumstance which might have proved fatal, had the Moors had strength or discipline to rally. As it was, the scattered numbers of the Christians,

magnifying to the eye their real force, served only to increase the panic and accelerate the speed of the fugitives.”—vol. iii. pp. 285-288.

No pages of Spanish history are more brilliant than those which record the results of this expedition. The capture of Oran speedily followed. Ximenes, having taken all necessary steps for securing the conquests he had made, returned to Spain, where ovations were prepared for him upon the most magnificent scale. But he refused them all, and repaired as speedily as he could to his favourite residence in the college of Alcala. He passed into the town “with no peculiar circumstance attending his entrance, save only a small train of camels, led by African slaves, and laden with gold and silver plate, from the mosques of Oran, and a precious collection of manuscripts, for the library of his infant university.” After that period he chiefly devoted his time to the preparation of his celebrated polyglot bible. We need hardly add, that all the African conquests made by the Spaniards in those times, eventually escaped the Spanish crown, through the imbecility of the successors of Charles V.

Upon the death of Ferdinand, Ximenes was appointed, under the will of the monarch, regent of Castile. Here a new field of exertion opened to his indefatigable energy. His activity was wonderful at his age: his policy was so just in its views, and so boldly carried out, that it must ever place him in the highest rank of statesmen. He was, however, ill repaid for all his labours by Charles V, whose ingratitude towards that good and truly great man, forms a taint upon his character, which not all the brilliancy of his subsequent career can ever throw into the shade. Ximenes, soon after the succession of the young monarch to the crown, was seized with the return of a fever under which he had previously suffered. He breathed for the last time on the 8th of November 1517. His character is thus eloquently summed by Mr. Prescott:—

“Such was the end of this remarkable man; the most remarkable, in many respects, of his time. His character was of that stern and lofty cast which seems to rise above the ordinary wants and weaknesses of humanity. His genius, of the severest order, like Dante’s or Michael Angelo’s in the regions of fancy, impresses us with ideas of power, that excite admiration akin to terror. His enterprises, as we have seen, were of the boldest character; his execution of them equally bold. He disdained to woo fortune by

any of those soft and pliant arts which are often the most effectual. He pursued his ends by the most direct means. In this way he frequently multiplied difficulties ; but difficulties seemed to have a charm for him, by the opportunities they afforded of displaying the energies of his soul.

“ With these qualities he combined a versatility of talent usually found only in softer and more flexible characters. Though bred in the cloister, he distinguished himself both in the cabinet and the camp. For the latter, indeed, so repugnant to his regular profession, he had a natural genius, according to the testimony of his biographers ; and he evinced the relish of it by declaring that the smell of gunpowder was more grateful to him than the sweetest perfume of Arabia. In every situation, however, he exhibited the stamp of his peculiar calling ; and the stern lineaments of the monk were never wholly concealed under the mask of the statesman, or the visor of the warrior. He had a full measure of the religious bigotry which belonged to the age ; and he had melancholy scope for displaying it, as chief of that dread tribunal over which he presided during the last ten years of his life.

“ He carried the arbitrary ideas of his profession into political life. His regency was conducted on the principles of military despotism. It was his maxim, that a prince must rely mainly on his army for securing the respect and obedience of his subjects. It is true, he had to deal with a martial and factious nobility, and the end which he proposed was, to curb their licentiousness, and to enforce the equitable administration of justice ; but in accomplishing this, he showed little regard to the constitution or to private rights. His first act, the proclaiming of Charles king, was in open contempt of the usages and rights of the nation. He evaded the urgent demands of the Castilians for a convocation of Cortes ; for it was his opinion that freedom of speech, especially in regard to their own grievances, made the people insolent and irreverent to their rulers. The people, of course, had no voice in the measures which involved their most important interests. His whole policy, indeed, was to exalt the royal prerogative, at the expense of the inferior orders of the state ; and his regency, short as it was, and highly beneficial to the country in many respects, must be considered as opening the way to that career of despotism which the Austrian family followed up with such hard-hearted constancy.

“ But while we condemn the politics, we cannot but respect the principles of the man. However erroneous his conduct in our eyes, he was guided by a sense of duty. It was this, and the conviction of it in the minds of others, which constituted the secret of his great power. It made him reckless of difficulties, and fearless of all personal consequences. The consciousness of the integrity of his purposes rendered him, indeed, too unscrupulous as to the means of attaining them. He held his own life cheap in comparison

with the great reforms that he had at heart. Was it surprising that he should hold as lightly the convenience and interests of others, when they thwarted their execution ?

“ His views were raised far above considerations of self. As a statesman, he identified himself with the state ; as a churchman, with the interests of his religion. He severely punished every offence against these. He as freely forgave every personal injury. He had many remarkable opportunities of shewing this. His administration provoked numerous lampoons and libels. He despised them, as the miserable solace of spleen and discontent ; and never persecuted their authors. In this he formed an honourable contrast to Cardinal Richelieu, whose character and condition suggest many points of resemblance with his own.

“ His disinterestedness was further shown by his mode of dispensing his large revenue. It was spent among the poor, and on great public objects. He built up no family. He had brothers and nephews ; but he contented himself with making their condition comfortable, without diverting to their benefit the great trusts confided to him for the public. The greater part of the funds which he left at his death was settled on the university of Alcalá.

“ He had, however, none of that pride which would make him ashamed of his poor and humble relations. He had, indeed, a confidence in his own powers, approaching to arrogance, which led him to undervalue the abilities of others, and to look on them as his instruments, rather than his equals : but he had none of the vulgar pride founded on wealth or station. He frequently alluded to his lowly condition in early life with great humility, thanking heaven, with tears in his eyes, for its extraordinary goodness to him. He not only remembered, but did many acts of kindness to his early friends, of which more than one touching anecdote is related. Such traits of sensibility, gleaming through the natural austerity and sternness of a disposition like his, like light breaking through a dark cloud, affect us the more sensibly by contrast.

“ He was irreproachable in his morals, and conformed literally to all the rigid exactions of his severe order, in the court as faithfully as in the cloister. He was sober, abstemious, chaste. In the latter particular he was careful that no suspicion of the licence which so often soiled the clergy of the period should attach to him. On one occasion, while on a journey, he was invited to pass the night at the house of the duchess of Maqueda, being informed that she was absent. The duchess was at home, however, and entered the apartment before he retired to rest. ‘ You have deceived me, lady,’ said Ximenes, rising in anger ; ‘ if you have any business with me, you will find me to-morrow at the confessional.’ So saying, he abruptly left the palace.

“ He carried his austerities and mortifications so far, as to endanger his health. There is a curious brief extant, of Pope Leo

the Tenth, dated the last year of the cardinal's life, enjoining him to abate his severe penance, to eat meat and eggs on the ordinary fasts, to take off his Franciscan frock, and sleep in linen, and on a bed. He would never consent, however, to divest himself of his monastic weeds. 'Even laymen,' said he, alluding to the custom of the Roman Catholics, 'put these on when they are dying; and shall I, who have worn them all my life, take them off at that time?'

"Another anecdote is told in relation to his dress. Over his coarse woollen frock he wore the costly apparel suited to his rank. An impertinent Franciscan preacher took occasion one day, before him, to launch out against the luxuries of the time, especially in dress, obviously alluding to the cardinal, who was attired in a superb suit of ermine, which had been presented to him. He heard the sermon patiently to the end, and, after the services were concluded, took the preacher into the sacristy, and, having commended the general tenor of his discourse, showed, under his furs and fine linen, the coarse frock of his order next his skin. Some accounts add, that the friar, on the other hand, wore fine linen under his monkish frock. After the cardinal's death, a little box was found in his apartment, containing the implements with which he used to mend the rents of his threadbare garments with his own hands.

"With so much to do, it may well be believed that Ximenes was avaricious of time. He seldom slept more than four, or at most, four hours and a half. He was shaved in the night, hearing, at the same time, some edifying reading. He followed the same practice at his meals, or varied it with listening to the arguments of some of his theological brethren, generally on some subtle question of school divinity. This was his only recreation. He had as little taste as time for lighter and more elegant amusements. He spoke briefly, and always to the point. He was no friend of idle ceremonies and useless visits, though his situation exposed him more or less to both. He frequently had a volume lying open on the table before him, and when his visitor stayed too long, or took up his time with light and frivolous conversation, he intimated his dissatisfaction by resuming his reading. The cardinal's book must have been as fatal to a reputation as Fontenelle's ear-trumpet.

"I will close this sketch of Ximenes with a brief outline of his person. His complexion was sallow; his countenance sharp and emaciated; his nose aquiline: his upper lip projected far over the lower; his eyes were small, deep set in his head, dark, vivid, and penetrating; his forehead ample, and, what was remarkable, without a wrinkle, though the expression of his features was somewhat severe. His voice was clear, but not agreeable; his enunciation measured and precise. His demeanour was grave; his carriage firm and erect; he was tall in stature, and his whole presence commanding. His constitution, naturally robust, was

impaired by his severe austerities and severer cares ; and, in the latter years of his life, was so delicate as to be extremely sensible to the vicissitudes and inclemency of the weather.

“ I have noticed the resemblance which Ximenes bore to the great French minister, cardinal Richelieu : it was, after all, however, more in the circumstances of situation than in their characters ; though the most prominent traits of these were not dissimilar. Both, though bred ecclesiastics, reached the highest honours of the state, and, indeed, may be said to have directed the destinies of their countries. Richelieu’s authority, however, was more absolute than that of Ximenes, for he was screened by the shadow of royalty ; while the latter was exposed, by his insulated and unsheltered position, to the full blaze of envy, and, of course, opposition. Both were ambitious of military glory, and showed capacity for attaining it. Both achieved their great results by that rare union of high mental endowments and great efficiency in action, which is always irresistible.”—vol. iii. pp. 396-404.

Besides the queen Isabella, two other personages should be cited as having performed great services to Spain, and of having earned, from their splendid talents, a fame that never can die : Christopher Columbus, and Charles V. The former, however, as is well known, was a Genoese, and the latter had much more of Austrian than Spanish blood in his veins. Moreover, Robertson’s history of his reign has rendered his character so familiar to every English reader, that it would be quite superfluous to offer any sketch of it in these pages. Gaston de Foix, who obtained distinction in the foreign wars of Spain, was a Frenchman. The only truly great Spanish character still remaining to be noticed is the queen, Isabella, —often compared with our Elizabeth, but infinitely her superior in almost every point of view. We have but a brief space remaining for her portrait :—

“ Her person was of the middle height, and well proportioned. She had a clear, fresh complexion, with light blue eyes and auburn hair,—a style of beauty exceedingly rare in Spain. Her features were regular, and universally allowed to be uncommonly handsome. The illusion which attaches to rank, more especially when united with engaging manners, might lead us to suspect some exaggeration in the encomiums so liberally lavished upon her ; but they would seem to be in a great measure justified by the portraits that remain of her, which combine a faultless symmetry of features with singular sweetness and intelligence of expression.

“ Her manners were most gracious and pleasing : they were marked by natural dignity and modest reserve, tempered by an affability which flowed from the kindness of her disposition. She

was the last person to be approached with undue familiarity ; yet the respect which she imposed was mingled with the strongest feelings of devotion and love. She showed great tact in accommodating herself to the peculiar situation and character of those around her. She appeared in arms at the head of her troops, and shrunk from none of the hardships of war. During the reforms introduced into the religious houses, she visited the nunneries in person, taking her needle-work with her, and passing the day in the society of the inmates. When travelling in Galicia, she attired herself in the costume of the country, borrowing, for that purpose, the jewels and other ornaments of the ladies there, and returning them with liberal additions. By this condescending and captivating deportment, as well as by her higher qualities, she gained an ascendancy over her turbulent subjects which no king of Spain could ever boast.

“ She spoke the Castilian with much elegance and correctness. She had an easy fluency of discourse, which, though generally of a serious complexion, was occasionally seasoned with agreeable sallies, some of which have passed into proverbs. She was temperate even to abstemiousness in her diet, seldom or never tasting wine ; and so frugal in her table, that the daily expense for herself and family did not exceed the moderate sum of forty ducats. She was equally simple and economical in her apparel. On all public occasions, indeed, she displayed a royal magnificence ; but she had no relish for it in private, and she freely gave away her clothes and jewels as presents to her friends. Naturally of a sedate though cheerful temper, she had little taste for the frivolous amusements which make up so much of a court life ; and if she encouraged the presence of minstrels and musicians in her palace, it was to wean her young nobility from the coarser and less intellectual pleasures to which they were addicted.

“ Among her moral qualities, the most conspicuous, perhaps, was her magnanimity. She betrayed nothing little or selfish, in thought or action. Her schemes were vast, and executed in the same noble spirit in which they were conceived. She never employed doubtful agents or sinister measures, but the most direct and open policy. She scorned to avail herself of advantages offered by the perfidy of others. Where she had once given her confidence, she gave her hearty and steady support ; and she was scrupulous to redeem any pledge she had made to those who ventured in her cause, however unpopular. She sustained Ximenes in all his obnoxious but salutary reforms. She seconded Columbus in the prosecution of his arduous enterprise, and shielded him from the calumny of his enemies. She did the same good service to her favourite, Gonsalvo de Cordova : and the day of her death was felt, and, as it proved, truly felt by both, as the last of their good fortune. Artifice and duplicity were so abhorrent to her character,

and so averse to her domestic policy, that when they appear in the foreign relations of Spain, it is certainly not imputable to her. She was incapable of harbouring any petty distrust or latent malice ; and, though stern in the execution and exaction of public justice, she made the most generous allowance, and even sometimes advances, to those who had personally injured her.

“But the principle which gave a peculiar colouring to every feature of Isabella’s mind, was piety. It shone forth from the very depths of her soul, with a heavenly radiance which illuminated her whole character. Fortunately, her earliest years had been passed in the rugged school of adversity, under the eye of a mother who implanted in her serious mind such strong principles of religion as nothing in after life had power to shake. At an early age, in the flower of youth and beauty, she was introduced to her brother’s court ; but its blandishments, so dazzling to a young imagination, had no power over hers, for she was surrounded by a moral atmosphere of purity,

‘Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.’

“Such was the decorum of her manners, that, though encompassed by false friends and open enemies, not the slightest reproach was breathed on her fair name, in this corrupt and calumnious court.”—vol. iii. pp. 173-177.

Much of her time was dedicated to prayer. She spared no expenditure in the erection of hospitals and churches. Her works of charity were unbounded. She endowed many monasteries. Among the most conspicuous of her virtues was her humility. Historians blame her, deservedly, for the expulsion of the Jews. There was nothing in the tenour of their conduct, public or private, to justify so harsh a measure. Calumnies of the most infamous description, possessing not a shadow of foundation, were circulated against them ; no inquiry was made into these fabrications ; and, without trial, or process of any description, they were all ordered away *en masse*, and exposed to injury, insult, and persecution, without the slightest cause. Isabella is censured also for permitting the establishment of the Inquisition. The circumstances of the times, when two portions of the population, the Jews and Moors, were, if possible, to be totally driven out of the country, of necessity, perhaps, gave rise to the establishment of some tribunal for examining the claims to exemption from exile of such members of either nation as had conformed to the Catholic faith. “It will also be difficult,” as Mr. Prescott very fairly remarks, “to condemn her without condemning the age ; for these very acts are not

only excused, but extolled, by her contemporaries, as constituting her strongest claims to renown, and to the gratitude of her country." It cannot be doubted that the inquisition was continued long after any justifiable pretext could be alleged in its favour, and that the form of its procedure, and the penalties which it inflicted, were altogether adverse to the whole spirit of our Church, and the precepts and example of HIM by whom it was founded.

"Where indeed," asks our author, "during the sixteenth and the greater part of the seventeenth century, was the principle of persecution abandoned by the dominant party, whether Catholic or Protestant? And where that of toleration asserted, except by the weaker? It is true, the prevalence of a bad custom cannot constitute its apology. But it should serve much to mitigate our condemnation of the queen, that she fell into no greater error, in the imperfect light in which she lived, than was common to the greatest minds, in a later and far riper period. Even Milton, in his essay on the *Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*—the most splendid argument, perhaps, the world had then witnessed in behalf of intellectual liberty—would exclude popery from the benefits of toleration, as a religion which (according to his opinion) the public good required at all events to be extirpated: such were the crude views of the rights of conscience entertained in the latter half of the seventeenth century, by one of those gifted minds, whose extraordinary elevation enabled it to catch and reflect back the coming light of knowledge, long before it had fallen on the rest of mankind."—vol. iii. pp. 180-181.

To her various other qualities, Isabella added the rarest of all others, that of plain good sense. Her plans, though upon a grand scale, were never visionary. Her encouragement and support of Columbus forms one of the highest passages in her personal history. Her attention to the business of the state was indefatigable. She was known often to have sat up whole nights in dictating dispatches to her secretaries. For a woman, her courage was astonishing. The war against the Moors, and its final success, were entirely the result of her resolution and firmness. "As dangers and difficulties multiplied, she multiplied resources to meet them; and when her soldiers lay drooping under the evils of some protracted siege, she appeared in the midst, mounted on her war-horse, with her delicate limbs cased in knightly mail; and, riding through their ranks, breathed new courage into their hearts, by her own intrepid bearing." The picture will remind the reader of Tasso's *Erminia*:—

“ Col durissimo acciar preme ed offende
 Il delicato collo e l'aurea chioma ;
 E la tenera man lo scudo prende
 Pur troppo grave e insopportabil soma.
 Così tutta di ferro intorno splende,
 E in atto militar sè stessa doma.”

Gerusalemme Liberata, canto vi, stanza 92.

Mr. Prescott's parallel between the characters of Isabella and our Elizabeth, is drawn with great discrimination,—a feature, indeed, which will be found throughout the whole of his work :—

“ Both were disciplined in early life by the teachings of that stern nurse of wisdom, adversity. Both were made to experience the deepest humiliation at the hands of their nearest relative, who should have cherished and protected them.* Both succeeded in establishing themselves on the throne after the most precarious vicissitudes. Each conducted her kingdom, through a long and triumphant reign, to a height of glory which it had never before reached. Both lived to see the vanity of all earthly grandeur, and to fall the victims of an inconsolable melancholy ; and both left behind an illustrious name, unrivalled in the subsequent annals of their country.

“ But with these few circumstances of their history the resemblance ceases. Elizabeth, inheriting a large share of the bold and bluff king Harry's temperament, was haughty, arrogant, coarse, and irascible ; while with these fiercer qualities she mingled deep dissimulation and strange irresolution. Isabella, on the other hand, tempered the dignity of royal station with the most bland and courteous manners. Once resolved, she was constant in her purposes ; and her conduct in public and private life was characterized by candour and integrity. Both may be said to have shown that magnanimity which is implied by the accomplishment of great objects in the face of great obstacles. But Elizabeth was desperately selfish ; she was incapable of forgiving, not merely a real injury, but the slightest affront to her vanity ; and she was merciless in exacting retribution. Isabella, on the other hand, lived only for others,—was ready at all times to sacrifice self to considerations of public duty ; and, far from personal resentment, showed the greatest condescension and kindness to those who had most sensibly injured her ; while her benevolent heart sought every means to mitigate the authorized severities of the law, even towards the guilty.

“ Both possessed rare fortitude. Isabella, indeed, was placed in situations which demanded more frequent and higher displays of it

* Miss Strickland's recent volume has shown the inaccuracy of this statement.

than her rival ; but no one will doubt that there was a full measure of this quality in the daughter of Henry VIII. Elizabeth was better educated, and every way more highly accomplished than Isabella ; but the latter knew enough to maintain her station with dignity ; and she encouraged learning by a munificent patronage. The masculine powers and passions of Elizabeth seemed to divorce her in a great measure from the peculiar attributes of her sex, at least from those which constitute its peculiar charm, for she had abundance of its foibles,—a coquetry and love of admiration which age could not chill ; a levity most careless, if not criminal ; and a fondness for dress and tawdry magnificence of ornament which was ridiculous or disgusting, according to the different periods of life in which it was indulged. Isabella, on the other hand, distinguished through life for decorum of manners, and purity beyond the breath of calumny, was content with the legitimate affection which she could inspire within the range of her domestic circle. Far from a frivolous affectation of ornament or dress, she was most simple in her own attire, and seemed to set no value on her jewels, but as they could serve the necessities of the state : when they could be no longer useful in this way, she gave them away to her friends.”—vol. iii. pp. 188-191.

No library, public or private, should be without Mr. Prescott's work. It exhibits industry, research, and, upon the whole, great exemption from prejudices, national or religious. Perhaps we have, as Catholics, a right to complain of some expressions, loose indeed and rare, which are scattered through his volumes. From one word which he uses, viz., “our” religion, in describing the character of Isabella, it would seem as if he were a Catholic himself. But the general tenour of his work gives no countenance to that supposition, as he takes many views of topics which a Catholic would not, most probably, see in the same light. Nevertheless, we accept his history with gratitude. We remark in it a style of writing perfectly idiomatic. Although an American, he has drawn his phraseology uniformly from the “pure well of English undefiled.” He has made a valuable and brilliant contribution to the literature, not only of his own country, but to that of England, and indeed of all Europe. It has been already reprinted in France ; and, we have no doubt, will speedily appear in all the Continental languages.

A work such as Mr. Prescott has accomplished was a great desideratum in the history of European nations. We had been previously much in the dark as to all that relates to the Castilian monarchy before the fifteenth century, and to

the state of the separate kingdoms of Spain before they were comprehended (for we cannot here apply, though the author does, the word "united") under the authority of Ferdinand and Isabella. Mr. Prescott has been at great pains to furnish us with the requisite information upon these important branches of his subject. The career of the Moors in Spain had been already rendered familiar to us by a great many productions, some of them extremely valuable. Every reader of those, or of any of those productions, must, however, have, we suspect, risen from the perusal of them with the same sense of disappointment which we have experienced. The ballads of Spain have thrown around the whole period of the Moorish reign an air of romance, and chivalry, and picturesqueness, which falls away the moment the stern voice of history begins to relate their achievements. The poetry of their existence, their manners, their still and public life, fades into prose, when we are desired to contemplate them in their real, every day character. Florian's fiction is a composition we never could read with pleasure. It is a forced exaggeration, from the beginning to the conclusion; a mere woof of a conceited fancy, covered with tinsel and every sort of tawdry decoration. Mr. Prescott does all he can to realize the visionary ideas by which the Spanish and Moorish minstrels were inspired, when they sung of Abdalla, the Abencerrages, and the charms of the Alhambra: but he has very partially succeeded in his object, although he has spared no pains to attain it. The fact is, that all the romances we read of about the Moors in Spain, resemble very much the mirage of the desert: at a distance, the picture looks enchanting; but the moment we reach the spot which it covered, we perceive it no longer, or, like the golden horns of the rainbow, it retires still before us, a beautiful illusion.

After all, the question unhappily recurs,—what is to be the fate of Spain? Is she to retrograde, to stand still, or to advance in the road of civilization? No doubt can exist, at all events, concerning her fate, so long as it shall be under the direction of its present government, or indeed of any other government which, so far as we perceive, can be constituted out of the materials that at present exist in that country. The only men of mind, of principle, of disinterestedness, religion, and real patriotism, in Spain, are to be found now, where they have always been found before, in the monasteries, or engaged in the active service of the Church. We do not at all misrepresent or exaggerate, when we state our firm belief

that there is scarcely an individual in the present Spanish administration, and very few men in the senate, or chamber of deputies, who are not infidels. We regret to add, that a very great indifference to religion exists generally in Spain, upon the part of those who ought to rank amongst the most intelligent classes of its population. The nobility, whatever may be their external attentions to their spiritual duties, are very far from being examples of true and solid piety. They are, generally speaking, very ignorant and indolent; much given to luxurious modes of living; haughty in the extreme; embarrassed in their pecuniary circumstances; corrupt, venal, and, as they deserve to be, wholly destitute of moral or political influence. The classes immediately below that of the grandees,—those, we mean, which in France, before the revolution of 1789, would have been designated as the *noblesse*, are, if possible, still more liable to reproach than even the superior order. They furnish the intriguers for place in all the departments of government. They abound in the Cortes, fill the principal stations in the army, are seen smoking in all the coffee houses of Madrid, and lounging at the Puerta del Sol and on the Prado. They do not even pay religion the outward homage of attending at its public services; they emulate each other, on the contrary, in ridiculing the functions of the Church, and in sneering at her clergy.

We once heard Mr. Blanco White (a person, unhappily, too notorious in this country for his apostacy), affirm, that to his own knowledge, while he was in the university of Seville, and also serving as a priest on the mission in that city, the greater part of the then students, and more than half the clergy, were mere deists. He confessed that during a very considerable portion of the time, while he acted as chaplain to one of the churches, he celebrated mass almost every day, disbelieving the real presence! He stated that the works of Voltaire and Rousseau were secretly circulated in the university, and read with infinitely more avidity than any books of ethics or theology; and that the offices of the church were sought after solely on account of the pecuniary incomes which they yielded. It may be thought that Mr. White indulged in exaggeration upon this subject, with a view to palliate, in some measure, the viciousness of his own conduct; but we have too much reason to believe that his statement was by no means destitute of foundation.

It is very certain that in the time of Ximenes the moral

and religious demeanour of the Spanish clergy, both in the monasteries and on the mission, called for extensive reform, and found it in the measures so intrepidly undertaken, and so vigorously executed, by that extraordinary man. It is equally certain that after the termination of his career, many of the monastic orders relapsed into their former courses, and that the inferior secular clergy, who were for the most part placed on the mission at an age much too early for the climate of that country, were very far from being patterns of piety; but we are happy to have it in our power to state, that, even in the worst times, the prelates and dignitaries, and a great majority of the curates, were men of irreproachable lives,—ardent in the performance of their duties; fervid, often eloquent, in their exhortations to the people: and, in all their attentions to the spiritual welfare of their flocks, exemplary and indefatigable.

The persecutions which the ministers of our holy Church in Spain are undergoing at this moment, and have been suffering for some years, have served to display before the world their resolute, and even heroic conduct, in defence of religion, and their just rights and privileges. The wicked decrees of Espartero, countenanced though they be by Cortes, and executed with inexorable and most illegal violence, by his mock tribunals of justice, are encountered in all parts of Spain, by the clergy, with that indomitable courage and noble defiance, which distinguished the primeval martyrs.

One of the latest acts of the *persecutor* was the process which he directed to be issued against the bishop of Plasencia, whose chief *crime*, in the eye of the tyrant, was, that he had published the allocution of the holy father, and, like all the other prelates of Christendom, had issued a pastoral, enjoining his clergy to put up solemn supplications to heaven for the protection of the Church from the hostilities levelled in Spain against it. Read the sentence of the tribunal of *justice!* pronounced in the capital of “Catholic Spain,” against this saintly dignitary. It is dated the 14th of July:—

“Our sentence, therefore, is, that the said bishop of Plasencia be confined for two years in some place to be selected by the government, within the province of Cadiz, its capital excepted. We also condemn the said bishop to the payment of all the costs in the cause, warning him at the same time, that he shall be treated with much more severity, should he again be guilty of *excesses* similar to those which he committed in the circulars issued by him in his

episcopal character, on the 31st of May and 15th of August last year; circulars containing language disrespectful towards the regent and the supreme temporal power of the state; hostile to the lawful decrees of that power; advocating the *pontifical* allocation of the first of March of that year; contravening the ordonnance and royal circular of the 19th of April, and the royal decree of the 29th of June following, as well as the laws therein cited. The circular of the said bishop, moreover, contained several unfounded assertions, calculated to excite men's consciences, and to disturb the public peace."

Thus, as that excellent journal the *Univers* has well remarked, the sentence of condemnation sums up a number of accusations against the bishop, which are, in truth, so many titles of honour. Ancient customs, traditions, and even laws, are altogether set aside, or interpreted erroneously, to the injury of the accused, who has been judged rather according to political views, than by any rules connected with the interests of order and equity. Another process has been lately carried into effect at Burgos, by virtue of which Don Pedro Zarausin, the legitimate governor of the diocese of Calahorra and Calzada, delegated to that office by the bishop who has been expelled by the *persecutor* from that see, has been condemned to exile, ten leagues beyond the said diocese for a year, and to all the costs of the cause. The accused was declared guilty of having explained to the government the serious inconveniences which were likely to arise out of the royal decrees concerning the "certificates of adhesion."

It is, however, a great consolation to observe, that the heart of the "Catholic" nation is sound, and that the great mass of the population take every opportunity of applauding the resisting clergy, and of assisting, in greater numbers than ever, at the public functions of the Church. Never were the ceremonies of the holy week, and of the great festival of Corpus Christi, conducted in all parts of Spain with more pomp and splendour; never were the processions usual upon those occasions attended by greater numbers of the faithful; never were the rails of the sanctuaries more crowded by communicants, than during the present year. The result of the present conflict between the temporal power and the Church, must eventually be the failure of the former to accomplish its most wanton, unprovoked, and criminal designs, and the complete restoration to religion of all its just and lawful authority.

From the bosom of the Church alone can we expect the

emanation of any transcendent mind, which can grapple with all the difficulties that now weigh down the energies of the country. The influence of religion—and of religion alone—can effect anything like a real and solid union amongst her otherwise heterogeneous kingdoms. In the present imbecile and venal race of infidels who occupy or aspire to the seats of civil authority in Spain, there is not even the shadow of any intelligence which can penetrate, disentangle, and extirpate the inveterate perplexities by which every department of the state is fettered. The whole monarchy is an Augean stable, which a Hercules only can cleanse out; one entire mass of confusion, from which only a second Ximenes can draw out and firmly re-combine the elements of order.

ART. III.—*Animal Chemistry, or Organic Chemistry in its application to Physiology and Pathology.* By Justin Liebig, M.D., PH.D., F.R.S., M.R.I.A., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Giessen. Edited from the author's manuscript, by William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S., M.R.I.A., Professor of Medicine and Chemistry in the University and King's College, Aberdeen. London: 1842.

THERE is not, perhaps, any science more attractive than chemistry; its enquiries are so important, its facts so striking; its principles are so applicable to ordinary purposes, and so well calculated to secure and increase the comforts and the luxuries of life, that its general cultivation cannot but be attended with the best and happiest results. From chemistry the physician derives the power of removing disease, or mitigating its painfulness; from it the manufacturer obtains the means of improving his wares, and facilitating their production; and thus,—while he receives the reward of enterprise and industry,—of placing those enjoyments which were once within the power only of the wealthy and the few, in the possession of the indigent and the many. From chemistry the agriculturist has learned to cultivate the sterile soil, and to derive still more abundant treasures from that which is fruitful; and the philosopher is rewarded in its pursuit, by the additions he makes to his stores of knowledge, and the pleasure he enjoys in discovering the admirable simplicity of those laws by which a wise Creator has formed and perpetuated his glorious works.

While medicine is highly indebted to the science of che-

mistry, nothing, on the other hand, contributed more to the improvement of the latter, than the importance it acquired from its connexion with the healing art. Many substances, indeed, were used for a long period by the physician, before his chemical knowledge was sufficient to explain their constitution, or their mode of operating on the animal body; but, it is evident that, until chemistry enlightened men on the nature and properties of the remedies they used, their employment of them must have been made at great hazard always, and not unfrequently have been attended with even fatal results.

The study of medical chemistry is not confined to the prevention, or the cure of disease; it takes a wider range; it examines the wants of the animal economy from its chemical constitution, and tests, by an enquiry into the nature of their elements, the fitness of the various species of nutriment for their intended purposes; it seeks out antidotes for the baneful substances which may be administered through accident or design; and, finally, it aids the law in the protection of human life, by detecting those unseen, but not the less fatal, means of destruction which become mingled, as it were, with the very being of the victim, and which chemistry alone can discover.

An attempt to prove that the most humble and ordinary operations of domestic economy are strictly chemical, ought to be almost superfluous:—every one knows, for instance, that meat is preserved by sugar, salt, or alcohol; every one, however, does not know that its preservation is due to the affinity of the salt, sugar, or alcohol, for water; by combining with which, they remove from the meat a quantity of moisture, which is indispensably necessary to putrefaction:—the application, therefore, of a simple chemical principle enables us to keep meat for a very long period, in a state capable of affording a nourishing and agreeable food. But chemistry has not stopped here; salt meat, when we are not obliged to confine ourselves exclusively to it, is wholesome and nutritious; it is very different when, as in long voyages, nothing else in the shape of animal food can be obtained; its continued use is then not only disagreeable, but highly injurious to the health. Let us, however, exclude the air which, also, as chemistry teaches us, is required for putrefaction, and we can preserve for almost any period, and in any climate, fresh, or fit for immediate use, those species of provision, which in no place are so much required as upon the wide ocean, but which, until lately, were in none so unlikely to be obtained. The yeast which is put into the dough to commence ferment-

ation, produces chemical changes in the bread, that render it more palatable, and more wholesome, and, by disengaging a gas which keeps its particles at a greater distance from each other, causes it to be lighter and more easily digested. We prevent the action of the oxygen of the atmosphere on iron-work, &c. by excluding the air with substances which contain little or no oxygen, or contain it in a combination from which it will not be liberated. The washing of clothes depends on the nature and chemical action of soaps, a portion of the constituents of which unites with the greasy substance to be removed, renders it soluble, and thus puts it into a state which allows it to be washed away:—some species of water are unsuitable for the purpose: chemistry explains this; for water containing earths or metallic oxydes decomposes alkaline soap, forming a species which does not unite with greasy matter, nor, therefore, make it soluble; but, on the contrary, being itself incapable of solution, it obstinately adheres to the cloth.

The laundress prefers to dry her clothes in the sunshine, and in the pure air of the country; experience has taught her the effect, chemistry reveals the cause—that light and air, by combining oxygen with the colouring matters, produce colourless compounds, and impart the whiteness she so much desires, but which could hardly be obtained in the gloom and confined air of a large town. The blowing of a fire by the ordinary bellows augments its heat by increasing that chemical action from which it arises—the union of the elements of the combustible with the oxygen of the air, the supporter of combustion:—this principle, further developed, has given rise to the most important improvements in lamps and furnaces.

These and very many others are not less chemical processes than those which are effected in the laboratory, and we may be certain that they are correctly executed only so far as they are in perfect accordance with the principles of chemical science. There is no doubt that many of them were performed before chemistry was even thought of, and they are yet the business of those who have scarcely even heard, perhaps, of the subject; but it is not the less true, that an acquaintance with its more simple principles, would be highly calculated to perfect many processes already known, and, in a number of instances, to point out others which should be found of more easy execution, and of equal, or even greater efficiency.

A want of elementary knowledge has often lead to troublesome, but useless operations:—thus, it is a common opinion among thrifty housekeepers, that, by manufacturing soap with

snow, while they add to its bulk and weight, they increase its quantity. But they are not aware that they deceive themselves, by doing that which the dishonest trader often does for the purpose of imposing on his customers, that he may make them pay for water the price of soap:—they merely combine water with the soap, which may be done to a very large amount without affecting its hardness. Such a mistake indicates an ignorance of chemistry, but it also indicates a want or neglect of the most ordinary powers of reasoning. They must be aware that snow water, like any other, will, if boiled away, leave almost nothing behind; no solid substance therefore was contained in the snow; it consequently had nothing whence any real addition to the soap could arise, and therefore, however the appearance of the latter may be changed, water only could have been added to it.

A great variety of manufactures depend more or less on chemistry:—thus, the dyer could not advance a single step without its assistance. He learns from it the substances which produce and modify colour; those which are permanent in the tints they give, and those which are easily changed; the preparation of the cloth, and the mode of combining it with the colouring matters. The tanner has discovered from this science, that principle of the bark, &c. which is capable of rendering the skin insoluble and imputrescible; by its direct application, he can form the necessary combination almost immediately, and the process which formerly required several months, is now abbreviated to little more, and sometimes less, than as many days. The manufacturer of glass having learned that glass is a chemical compound, and become perfectly acquainted with its nature, its proper constituents, and their various proportions,—with the methods by which it is rendered colourless, more easily fluidified, and more dense, has been enabled greatly to improve the appearance of this beautiful substance, and, by producing it at a less cost, to place the comfort and convenience it affords within the reach of the most limited means. The manufacturer of porcelain, by the aid of chemistry, can rival, and even exceed, the artists of India in the richness and permanency of his tints, in the beauty and durability of his productions. In discovering the real nature of porcelain, he has found out, what for so long a period had rendered ours so greatly inferior to that of countries where the arts were far less successfully cultivated. The soap-boiler, by a chemical process, extracts from the ashes the alkali he requires; he combines it

with fat acids to form a salt, and to the extent he pleases, separates it from the water in which it was dissolved by availing himself of his knowledge of chemical affinity. The builder calls chemistry to his aid in the formation of his cements, and in the preservation of his timber from the injurious effects of time and damp. No art is more indebted to chemistry than that by which the metals are separated from the impurities with which they are united in the ores from whence they are derived, and are prepared for the endless variety of purposes to which they are applied. Chemistry has lighted our streets, and thus made them more agreeable and secure; has enabled us to repel the enemy from our shores; and, while it has rendered war itself more difficult and more dreadful, it has, by lessening the propensities of mankind towards it, happily turned their efforts to the cultivation of the arts of peace. Agriculture never approached to perfection until it adopted chemistry as its most favoured auxiliary, and we cannot but wonder that their very intimate connexion was not sooner discovered:—are we not assured by reason itself, that the elements of the plant must evidently be derived, either from the soil or the atmosphere—they can have no other source, unless indeed we consider them to be created according as they are wanting, a supposition which no person of common sense would now venture to defend,—consequently, the most important items in our agricultural knowledge must be, an acquaintance with the constituents of plants; and the power of distinguishing between those of them which are derived from the atmosphere and those which are taken from the soil. If the ground in which the plant is intended to be grown do not contain what it should be expected to impart, or if it contain any substance that is injurious, it would be foolish to assert that it is possible the plant can ever grow, or, if it grow, that it can ever come to perfection. These considerations demonstrate at once the necessity of manures, which can be advantageously applied only when we are aware they contain the elements that are wanting, or are capable of neutralizing those in the soil which are calculated to produce an injurious effect. These important matters can be learned only from chemical enquiry, the want of which no experience will adequately supply, however great the amount of time consumed, or money wasted in its acquisition.

Although the perfection to which the science of chemistry has reached is comparatively of recent date, its origin is

involved in considerable obscurity, and the very derivation of its name is a matter of great uncertainty. The earliest work that has come down to us, in which we find the word chemistry (*Χημεία*) used, is that of Suidas, who lived about the eleventh century,—though we have reason to believe it was employed long before his time. He describes chemistry as the art of “preparing gold and silver.” The ancients do not appear to have been acquainted with chemistry, as a science; it is wholly derived from the experiments of the alchemists, from the observations of those whose arts and manufactures were connected with, or depended on it, and from the enquiries of those who subsequently cultivated it. The Arabians became chemists from the necessity of compounding the medicines they prescribed, and thus arose the discovery of acids, and their action upon metals. Geber, who lived in the eighth century, would seem to have been acquainted with most of the chemical processes known till the eighteenth century, but it is ascertained that this science, or at least alchemy, its precursor, was cultivated by the Chinese even before the Christian era: like the enthusiasts of Europe in later times, and of course with the same success, they sought after the “philosopher’s stone,” and the “universal medicine.” However, they very early brought some of the arts which are intimately connected with chemistry to considerable perfection; and we are beginning to adopt, with great advantage, those notions with reference to animal manure, which they have held for many centuries.

Alchemy—derived from the Arabic “al” and “chemia,” a word said to be of Egyptian origin—was the parent of chemistry; it was cultivated by the Greeks; from them it passed to the Arabians, who brought it into Europe. Its great principle was, “that all the metals are compounds of the same ingredients, and that gold, therefore, may be formed from them, by removing those impurities with which it combined, and which give rise to the different properties of the different metallic bodies.” The substance supposed to be capable of effecting this important transmutation, was called the “philosopher’s stone.” Alchemy flourished most from the eleventh to the fifteenth century. The works of the alchemists abound with curious facts, but, unfortunately, also with the most unintelligible jargon, introduced partly through ignorance, and partly to conceal, at least from the uninitiated, the wonderful secrets which they believed, or pretended to believe, they possessed. The following, for instance, is a method of making the philosopher’s stone, ascribed to Herme

Trismegistus: "Accipe de humore unciam unam et mediam, et de rubore meridionali, id est anima solis, quartam partem, id est unciam mediam, et de Seyre citrino, similiter unciam mediam, et de auripigmenti dimidium, quæ sunt octo, id est uncia tres. Scitote quod vitis sapientium in tribus extrahitur, ejusque vinum in fine triginta peragitur." The object to be kept in view, was expressed as follows by the alchymists:—

"Si fixum solvas faciesque volare solutum,
Et volucrum figas faciet te vivere tutum."

It is extraordinary what credit these impostors obtained, and what hopes they raised in the credulous. They often sought to enrich themselves by the plunder of the avaricious, whom they duped; but they were not unfrequently ruined themselves, as well as their victims, by the experiments they made,—at the expense of time, and money, and sometimes even of health and life itself. Such is the desire of becoming suddenly rich, and of exchanging the pains and the neglects of poverty for what is deemed to be the happiness and influence of wealth, that ignorance and credulity are ever ready to grasp at any means, however absurd, of obtaining the riches they so much desire; and they never fail to ascribe to imaginary causes that rapid attainment of wealth, for which they cannot otherwise account. The very same passions instigated the alchymists and their votaries, as that which causes, even yet, so many to dream of the hidden treasures, for which they continue to dig, undismayed by many an obstacle, and undeterred by many a disappointment.

The alchymists endeavoured to discover a universal remedy for disease, and many of them believed that the "philosopher's stone," which they fancied could transmute the baser into the nobler metal, would be equally efficacious in changing sickness into health: and hence, to a search for the means of producing gold, was subsequently joined that of a remedy for every disease.

Among the host of enthusiasts who devoted themselves to alchemy, Paracelsus, born at Zurich in 1493, was probably the most celebrated. He greatly contributed to the overthrow of his favourite art, by carrying it to the highest pitch of absurdity. He was not less remarkable for the changes he introduced into the science of chemistry, particularly with reference to medicine, than for the extent of the imposture he practised. To him, however, must be assigned, in a great degree, the credit of reviving a conviction of the importance

of observing the operations of nature: he strongly urged the necessity of investigation, and established the futility of having recourse to occult causes,—the resource of ignorance, and the means of perpetuating it, by closing the door against enquiry. His researches directed universal attention to the subject; and although in some cases he was deceived himself, and in many was anxious to deceive others, there is no doubt that he displayed considerable talent, and to his works may be attributed much of the interest excited in those who afterwards distinguished themselves by successful and laborious research.

With Van Helmont alchymy may be said to have ended: that of rational chemistry succeeded. It became thenceforward the object, to rescue facts from the mass of absurdities in which they were enveloped. But sound reasoning and rational experiment advanced only by degrees, and the cherished opinions which, erroneous as they were, had so long occupied the minds even of philosophers, were not to be easily overturned.

Beecher selected and arranged the facts which chemistry then afforded, and the publication, in 1669, of his *Physica Subterranea*, may be considered as the commencement of an important period in the advancement of the science. Ernest Stahl adopted and so much improved the theory of his master, that it was called, from his name, the “Stahlian theory.” To Stahl succeeded many illustrious and successful cultivators of chemistry.

Stahl supposes all bodies to contain a combustible element, which they lose by being burned, but which they may regain from other substances; this element he called *Phlogiston*. But in opposition to his opinion, it was found, that sometimes when bodies were burned their weight was increased, and that an element called oxygen was removed from the atmosphere: these facts overturned the phlogistic, and gave rise to the anti-phlogistic theory. Chemistry was greatly advanced by the labours of Fourcroy, &c. in simplifying its language, and by those of Sir H. Davy, who, with the aid of galvanism—applied to the decomposition of substances which had hitherto resisted the efforts of the chymist—discovered new elements, and found that the fixed alkalies, and the earths, except perhaps one, were combinations of oxygen and the metals. The discovery of the law of “definite proportions” has greatly added to our chemical knowledge;—it has been placed beyond a doubt by the exact analyses of Vauquelin, Gay Lussac, &c.,

and has given to us a certainty in experimental research, which is hardly inferior to that derived from mathematical enquiry.

That substances unite only in certain proportions, is known to the mere beginner;—we from this fact naturally conclude, that the mutual chemical attraction exerted between different bodies, is exercised between the *atoms individually*, and not between the *masses*,—that is, that an atom of one will attract one, two, three, or more atoms of another. For if the attraction were between the masses,—or, in other words, if a *mass* of one substance attracted a *mass* of another, we should have perfect combinations with any quantities; for the mass of one would not the less attract the mass of the other, because it was capable of attracting more, were it present. On the other hand, if the attraction were between the particles, as soon as we should present such an amount of a given substance as would have a number of atoms equal to, or some multiple of the number of those of another body for which it has an affinity, combination would cease, and—as is well known does occur—an additional quantity would be only mechanically *mixed*, but not chemically combined. Now if we attempt to unite more than eight ounces or eight pounds of oxygen to one ounce or one pound of hydrogen, the additional quantity will be left unchanged, and only nine ounces or nine pounds of water will be formed:—supposing water, then, to be a binary compound,—that is, a union of one atom of one of its elements with one of the other,—which must be established, however, by independent reasoning—we shall have as many atoms in one ounce of hydrogen as in eight of oxygen; the weights of the atoms will therefore be as the weights of the masses, or as one to eight: of course the absolute number of atoms, and, by consequence, the absolute weight of each, is out of the question. Then, if 1 be considered as the representative of the weight of an atom of hydrogen, 8 will represent that of an atom of oxygen; and 1 and 8 will be their relative or atomic weights, or as they are called, their “chemical equivalents.” It happens, as indeed we should expect, that there is a perfect agreement between the relative proportions in which bodies unite, whatever may be the different combinations produced by them. Thus, if we throw potassium on water, the latter will be decomposed, oxide of potassium formed, and hydrogen liberated; if we now pass sulphuretted hydrogen (a combination of an atom of sulphur and an atom of hydrogen), through the solution of

oxide of potash, the oxygen of the potash will be replaced by sulphur, and the hydrogen liberated from the sulphur will just saturate the oxygen liberated from the oxide of potassium, and reproduce water. Hence, having once discovered the relative weights of the elements of bodies, we can tell, *à priori*, in what proportions they must unite, if they unite at all:—for instance, 8 being the atomic weight of oxygen, and 14.15 that of nitrogen, we might anticipate that 8 or 16 or 24 or &c. oxygen would combine with 14.15 nitrogen; or 14.15 or 28.30 or 42.45 or &c. nitrogen with 8 oxygen; or that perhaps, as is the case, more than one of these combinations would be possible. These important facts have given rise to what is called the “atomic theory,” now universally admitted. The relative weights of all the elements, and most of their known combinations, have been ascertained with considerable accuracy, hydrogen, the lightest, being generally taken as the standard. The delicacy of the experiments used for this important purpose, may be conceived from the fact mentioned by Berzelius, that in several of the analyses the results differed, only by the ten-thousandth part of the substance examined.

The admission of the doctrine of definite proportions sets at rest the question concerning the infinite divisibility of matter, for it teaches us that, whatever *might have been* the case, the number of parts into which it *is* possible to divide any portion of matter is determined, and that, therefore, as far as we are concerned, the number in a given body, and their shape, is absolutely fixed, so that neither time nor friction, however it may separate the particles, can alter their number or their figure.

The extreme minuteness of the ultimate atoms of matter is inconceivable; it can easily be shewn that the amount in a given space may be enormous. This will be evident, from the delicacy of the various *tests* with which we ascertain the presence of the different elements and their compounds, &c. Some examples are very striking:—ferrocyanide of potassium will give a blue tint to an exceedingly dilute solution of a salt of iron. Starch will strike a blue, with water containing a very minute portion of free iodine. Five pounds of water will be coloured crimson by one grain of aloetic acid; the thousandth of a grain of this,—that is, the thirty-five millionth part of a grain of the acid,—may be *seen*: this inconceivably small quantity may, however, contain a great number of atoms. Many such examples might be given.

While the proofs of the doctrine of "definite proportions" from solids and fluids are very striking, those from the gases are not less so: the latter unite not only in definite weights, but in definite volumes also; and the volume of the compound formed by them, bears a very simple ratio to that of the elements which produce it. Chemistry ascertains the number of the elements, their different properties, and mutual actions. It effects this either by analysis, synthesis, or by both. Synthesis is often more difficult than analysis, and not unfrequently it is altogether impossible; but the demonstration it affords, when it can be effected, leaves nothing further to be desired. Chemistry is a science almost entirely founded on experiments; the facts it discloses are inexhaustible; scarcely any one has cultivated it, who has not added in some degree to the mass of knowledge.

The great foundation of success in chemical researches is an acquaintance with what are called the affinities of bodies, that is, their tendencies to unite with each other, and thus form definite compounds, differing greatly from their constituents,—particularly when the affinity by which they combine is powerful. Did we know the affinities of all the elements, and the properties of the compounds they produce, our acquaintance with chemistry would be perfect; but the wide field of observation which still remains unexplored, while it reminds us of how much is yet to be done, must stimulate industry, since it is almost sure to be rewarded by new facts, and, it may be, by new and important principles.

The changes produced by chemical affinity are very curious,—this is true not merely as to colour, shape, &c., but as to the very nature of the bodies produced: thus both carbonic acid and carbonic oxide are perfectly harmless when taken into the stomach; but let them be chemically combined and they form that dreadful poison, oxalic acid. Carbon is quite a harmless substance, so also are hydrogen and nitrogen; and yet, chemically united, they form prussic acid, the most rapidly fatal of all poisons. On the other hand, substances the most destructive are made by chemistry inert, or even useful to the animal functions. Oxalic acid is no longer poisonous when combined with lime,—itself a caustic and corrosive body. Chlorine and sodium are most violent in their actions, but chemically combined they constitute common table salt.

Affinity is modified by a variety of causes—heat, light, electricity, &c. Sometimes, but rarely, however, we can

disunite the elements without forming new combinations; thus, if we heat oxide of mercury, oxygen will be disengaged, and the mercury reduced. Merely moving chloride of azote will cause its elements to separate with the utmost violence: this separation of constituents we call decomposition. Sometimes the elements of the decomposed substance will merely arrange themselves so as to form new combinations: thus, if we heat nitrate of ammonia, which consists of nitric acid and ammonia, or two atoms nitrogen, three atoms hydrogen, and five oxygen, three atoms water and two atoms nitrous oxide will result: sometimes a substance shall decompose one compound and produce another; this is called "single decomposition." Thus, if we add sulphuric acid to nitrate of barytes, the barytes will leave the nitric and unite with the sulphuric acid; and nitrate will be changed into sulphate of barytes, nitric acid being set free. If we mix nitric acid and carbonate of barytes, the carbonic acid will be driven off, and nitrate of barytes will be formed. If we add ammonia to this it will produce no effect, but if we add *carbonate* of ammonia it will afford us an example of "double decomposition;" that is, of the decomposition of two compounds, with the formation of two others,—the nitrate of barytes and carbonate of ammonia will give nitrate of ammonia and carbonate of barytes. The affinity of the ammonia for the nitric acid was not of itself sufficient to separate it from the barytes, nor the affinity of the barytes for carbonic acid sufficient to separate it from the ammonia; but when the affinity of the nitric acid was assisted by that of the carbonic acid, both compounds were decomposed, and new ones formed.

The affinities of bodies are sometimes apparently contradictory; thus, according to circumstances, water may be produced by the decomposition of oxide of iron, or oxide of iron by the decomposition of water. For if hydrogen be passed over heated oxide of iron, water will be formed and metallic iron be reduced; but if steam be passed through a heated iron tube, water will be decomposed, oxide of iron formed, and hydrogen set free. If we add a solution of chloride of calcium to one of carbonate of ammonia, sal ammoniac and carbonate of lime will be formed, but if we dry and heat this mixture, we shall reproduce chloride of calcium and carbonate of ammonia, the original substances. In obtaining the elements and their compounds we avail ourselves of what has been called "elective affinity;" for one substance may have an affinity for many, but a much stronger for one than another: thus, if we put silver into

nitric acid, the silver will be dissolved; if we put copper into the solution of silver in nitric acid, the copper will unite with the nitric acid, and pure silver will be thrown down; if we remove this silver, and add iron, metallic copper will be precipitated.

This principle enables us to discover, with great certainty, the nature and amount of the substances contained in compounds. For by forming new bodies we change colourless into coloured solutions; or by rendering a substance insoluble, which before was in solution, we obtain what are termed precipitates, and which may be separated, and their nature and quantity determined. Ammonia will form, with the solution of a salt of copper, a beautiful blue solution. Sulphuric acid will form, from the solution of a salt of barytes, insoluble sulphate of barytes. If I suspect the presence of sulphuric acid, I add the solution of a salt of barytes; or, on the other hand, if I suspect the presence of barytes, I add sulphuric acid; for I know that so great is the mutual affinity of sulphuric acid and barytes, that they will leave any substances and unite together. Such bodies are said to be "tests" for each other; they are often, but not always, the same as those we use for determining the *amount* of a given ingredient; thus, knowing the invariable ratio in which substances combine, if we wash, dry, and weigh the precipitated sulphate of barytes, just mentioned, we can ascertain the quantity of the sulphuric acid, or of the barytes, which was present. Ferrocyanide of potassium is an exceedingly delicate test for iron, but we use other means to ascertain the *amount* of that metal.

It has been mentioned that we can determine the chemical constitution of bodies in two ways,—by the analytical, and by the synthetical, but that the former is in many cases impossible,—in some it will perhaps always remain so: thus, there are many organic substances which it is likely that chemists will never be able to produce. We can tell with great certainty the elements of muscular fibre, and yet we cannot form it. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that modern research has advanced very far in the attainment of accurate knowledge, with reference to the formation and relations of complicated organic substances, and we cannot tell what it may ultimately effect. We now know the intimate connexion which exists between woody fibre, starch, sugar, alcohol, &c. We can even form one from another, and fill up the chain between two bodies,—woody fibre and

alcohol,—which at first seem to have no connexion; thus, alcohol may be formed from linen. But although we are quite sure that woody fibre consists of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and certain salts in small quantities, we cannot form it from these constituents; and, although we can produce alcohol from woody fibre, we cannot change alcohol back again to woody fibre. There is in each animal and vegetable, as it were, a laboratory, whose delicacy in the formation of organic substances we must admire, but cannot rival, and with the nature of which, though it presents itself perpetually to our view, we are almost wholly unacquainted; so much do the simplest and most ordinary works of the Creator exceed the utmost ingenuity of man. We have given the name of “vitality” to the principle required for the production of organic compounds, but further than this we know little or nothing about it; under the influence of this principle, these compounds are formed as a portion of the organization of the plant or animal. For their production, affinities the most delicate are unerringly put into action; temperatures the most critical are maintained; circumstances the most complicated and indispensable are secured; and the resulting effect is infinitely superior to the very best of our comparatively clumsy work.

Vitality appears in some cases to be a principle opposed to that of chemical action, as far as we are acquainted with it, and one may seem to be suspended while the other is in operation; hence it is only when the animal or vegetable *dies* that ordinary chemical affinity begins to produce an effect.

The inorganic compounds are generally formed without much difficulty; hence these compositions may be established in most cases both analytically and synthetically: thus, we can get oxygen and hydrogen from water, or we can produce water from oxygen and hydrogen. And the successful inquiries of modern chemists are gradually removing the difficulties which formerly existed on this point. We were once obliged to content ourselves with proving the composition of ammonia by the decomposition of that which we found ready formed, and we could thus tell with great certainty that it consists of three atoms hydrogen and one nitrogen; but we can now, if we please, form it from these elements, by taking advantage of a very simple but important principle—that bodies in the nascent state, or at the moment of being liberated from combination with others, exhibit affinities either

more powerful or in circumstances more favourable for producing effect. Sometimes substances may be extremely simple in their character, and perfectly well known as to their constitution, yet, from the absence of some condition unknown, or impossible to us, but yet indispensable, we may be unable to produce them. Thus, we are quite certain that the diamond is nothing more nor less than charcoal; we can even get charcoal from it; but still the utmost effort of human ingenuity has never been known to form a single diamond; although few things are more commonly the subjects of use or inquiry than the charcoal, which constitutes it. Again, chalk is carbonate of lime, and white marble is carbonate of lime; nevertheless, their properties are extremely different. We find marble pillars, in some of the old churches of England, that have evidently been cast in a mould, and learned men were for a long time unable to conceive how this was effected; these pillars afforded another proof that very barbarous times and people may be acquainted with some things which science cannot explain or even imitate. When an attempt was made to fuse either marble or chalk, long before the necessary temperature was reached, the substance was decomposed,—such an elasticity was given to the carbonic acid that it separated from the lime, the atmospheric pressure on the surface of the chalk or marble being easily overcome. But if we endeavour to imitate nature, we can effect what seemed before impossible. Marble is produced by the fusion of carbonate of lime under such a pressure as that even the elasticity imparted to carbonic acid by intense heat, is not able to overcome it,—being formed by volcanic agency, under enormous masses of rock, &c. Whatever may be the tendency to decomposition, it cannot occur, since it is impossible for the carbonic acid to escape;—we have therefore only to heat carbonate of lime, whether as chalk or marble, under great pressure, and we can fuse, and even cast it in a mould.

Circumstances, seemingly trifling, produce in chemistry very serious differences of result. Thus we could mention cases in which the very shape of the vessel we use, the fact of our pouring one substance over another, or the latter over the former, &c., are important. Sometimes we must use dilute, at other times concentrated, solutions. In many processes the temperature is of deep moment; thus, strong sulphuric acid will not dissolve iron except at its boiling point; its affinity for water not allowing the latter to be decomposed, except at a high temperature. The precipitate of carbonate

of lime, which we obtain at ordinary temperature, is not exactly the same as that we formed at a higher.

The affinity of one body for another may be so strong as that it shall even cause the latter to be produced; thus, caustic lime has such a tendency to unite with carbonic acid, that if it be mixed with an organic substance it will decompose the latter, and form carbonic acid from some of its elements. In the same way, the affinity of sulphuric acid for water causes it to decompose wood, &c.

From what has been said of the marked difference which generally exists between inorganic and organic substances, it is easy to see that chemistry naturally divides itself into two great branches — that which treats of inorganic, and that which treats of organic, compounds; or those which belong to, or result from, bodies possessing the organs of reproduction, &c. The former is the chemistry of the mineral, the latter that of the vegetable and animal kingdom. Inorganic chemistry is already extremely perfect: although its compounds are very numerous, they are not all of equal interest or importance; indeed, strictly speaking, none of much consequence which do not either directly or indirectly contribute to some useful object; though it must be kept in mind that the number of practically useful bodies is continually increasing; for closer investigation, by discovering its properties, not unfrequently ascertains the utility of a compound. Thus, the combinations of iodine, bromine, &c., have become very interesting from their connexion with the daguerreotype process. Chemistry teaches us that hardly any substance is perfectly useless; “soap-boiler’s waste,” though rejected by the manufacturer of soap, is of the deepest importance to the alum-maker; and the most disgusting substances are found to be the most valuable manures.

Inorganic chemistry treats of the elements of bodies, and their simpler combinations; these combinations have their constituents in an extremely simple ratio, and may be generally formed by uniting the latter; on the other hand, the combinations discovered in organic chemistry are extremely complicated, and can very seldom be produced by direct and chemical union of the elements,—the ratio between which is very intricate, and not unfrequently but imperfectly known,—though it must be admitted that this intricacy is much diminished by fuller and more accurate enquiry, which tends to bring the proportions to multiples of the atomic weight by whole numbers. Organic chemistry includes among its

compounds many of those which belong to inorganic;—thus, oxalic acid, phosphate of lime, &c. some of which, from being in such small quantities, were long neglected as unimportant, or even little more than accidentally present, are now known to exercise the most important functions;—thus, the silicate of potash contained in manure was not even thought necessary to the preparation of soils for the cultivation of the grasses; yet it is of all other things the most indispensable to them, and is the substance, by the removal of which they, perhaps, most exhaust the ground, and thus render their uninterrupted cultivation impossible. Inorganic compounds include combinations of all the elements; organic bodies consist principally of oxygen, hydrogen, azote, and carbon,—various salts in small quantities being also present—the oxygen and hydrogen are, for the most part, as water, or at least, in the proportions required to form it.

Some things were once considered to be the elementary substances of which bodies were composed, that in reality did not enter into their constitution, or were themselves compounds, or even mixtures of many compounds,—thus, fire and water, and earth and air. The cultivation of chemistry has greatly added to the number of the elements; these may be still further increased, or possibly, some which are now considered elementary, may hereafter be proved to be compound bodies;—one thing, however, we can anticipate from the results of past enquiry, that the more we know of the laws which Providence has instituted for the government of the material world, the more beautiful and effective, but at the same time the more simple, they will appear.

We at present count fifty-five elements. It is not easy to classify these in such a way as shall be quite unobjectionable. When compounds are decomposed by the Galvanic battery, some of their elements go to the positive, and others to the negative pole. But since it is a well known property of electricity, that bodies positively electrified attract those which are negative, and *vice versa*, it has been naturally inferred that substances attracted by the negative pole are electropositive, and those attracted by the positive pole electronegative,—indeed, there is no doubt that the affinities of bodies and their electrical state are intimately connected. Hence arose the division of the elements into electropositive and electronegative; and, did the same element always go to the same pole, this division would be very valuable; but, unfortunately, it is found that it depends on the substance with

which an element is combined, whether it shall go to the one pole or the other,—that is, a body may be electropositive in one compound, and electronegative in another.

Again, the elements have been divided into combustibles and supporters of combustion; this, although an excellent division, is not free from objections, for the same element may, in different circumstances, be either the one or the other;—thus, sulphur will be a combustible when it unites with oxygen, but a supporter when, for instance, in the state of vapour it combines with copper leaf; in such a case, even heat and light, which accompany only *vivid* combustion, will be developed. Besides, when hydrogen and oxygen combine to form water, how shall we be certain whether the oxygen burns the hydrogen, or the hydrogen the oxygen—the action exerted is perfectly mutual as far as we know.

The beginner is at first startled by finding certain substances among the combustibles which he believes are not capable of being burned,—thus gold: but he soon discovers, that combustion is nothing more than the union of any substance with one of the class of bodies to which oxygen—long considered as the only supporter of combustion—belongs; that what is ordinarily called combustion, is merely one of a great number of similar effects; that oxygen, although generally, is not necessarily the supporter; that though heat and light are frequently developed during combustion, it may really occur without either the one or the other.

The simplest combinations of the elements constitute neutral bodies—including mere oxides—acids or bases—including basic oxides; the combination of acids and bases gives rise to what are called salts:—thus, carbon, a combustible, and oxygen, a supporter, will form a compound having the properties neither of an acid nor a base,—carbonic oxide: phosphorus, a combustible, and oxygen, a supporter, will form an acid. Sodium, a combustible, and oxygen will form a base; the acid produced by the phosphorus and oxygen, and the base produced by the sodium and oxygen, will, if combined, constitute the salt called phosphate of soda.

An acid is generally recognized by its changing vegetable blues to red, and forming salts with bases,—the former indication cannot, however, be always obtained;—thus, silica has no effect on vegetable blues, but it forms salts with bases; boracic acid, while it reddens litmus paper, changes the yellow of turmeric to brown, which is characteristic of an alkali. A basic oxide may be either a fixed alkali—which

can be known by its effect on turmeric paper, and its making an infusion of red cabbage green—thus potash; or an alkaline earth, so called from its exhibiting alkaline properties—thus lime: or an earth proper—as allumina; or a metallic oxide—as, for instance, the rust of iron. All the basic oxides may be recognized by forming salts with acids. If we combine an acid with an alkali, we form an alkaline salt; if with an earth, an earthy salt; if with a metallic oxide, a metallic salt. Some salts are insoluble, some, though insoluble in one liquid, are soluble in another: thus, sub-carbonate of potash is soluble in water, but not in alcohol. Some are more or less soluble as we raise or lower the temperature of the menstruum. Some are easily crystallized, others with difficulty, or not at all.

The symbols and nomenclature of chemistry are extremely simple:—thus, we represent a substance by the first letter of its Latin or English name, as K, potassum (kalium), C, carbon; or, if the first letter be already appropriated, by the first and some other letter, as Ni, nickel, Sn, tin (stannum). We generally mark the number of atoms of any element by a small index placed under it:—thus, CO_2 expresses carbonic acid, and indicates that the compound consists of one atom of carbon and two of oxygen. The name of the substance, as far as possible, announces its composition:—thus, the expression *sulphuric acid* teaches us many things,—that the compound is an *acid*, that the substance acidified is *sulphur*, that the acidifying principle is *oxygen*,—“hydro” not being prefixed—and—*ic* being added that the sulphur is in the highest state of oxidation, known at least when this name was given to it. If a higher degree of oxidation have been discovered, we can express it by prefixing “per”—thus, chloric acid contains five atoms of oxygen, *per* chloric acid, seven. Again, let us suppose that we find the words *sulphate of potash*; we learn from this that *sulphur* acidified constitutes the acid; the termination “ate” tells us that the name of the acid ends in “ic,” hence we have sulphuric acid present; the base is *potassium*, and this is in the form of an oxide, since it is united with a body acidified with oxygen. There is only one atom of acid united to one of base, for it is “sulphate,” and not “acid,” or “bi”-sulphate; there is only one atom of base to an atom of acid, since it is not “basic” or “di”-sulphate. Not only the acid but the base may be in different states of oxidation,—thus, we may have sulphate of iron containing either the protoxide or peroxide of that metal; if the former, we call it a “proto”-

salt, if the latter, a "per"-salt of iron. Some substances will combine with oxygen so as to form either an acid or a base, as, for instance, arsenic, which forms oxide of arsenic, arsenic acid, &c.

When supporters of combustion change place, the relative number of atoms is generally preserved:—thus, if oxide is changed into chloride of iron, protoxide becomes protochloride, peroxide perchloride; this is not always the case:—thus, peroxide of manganese becomes chloride, but then the second atom of oxygen is, as it were, loosely combined; hence, on digesting the peroxide with sulphuric acid, this atom will be driven off, sulphate of the protoxide being formed.

Chemical compounds may combine with each other:—thus, common alum is a combination of sulphate of potash and sulphate of alumina; oxide of copper united with the chloride forms oxychloride of copper.

The number of atoms of acid bears an interesting relation to the number of atoms of oxygen in the base of a salt: thus potash has only one atom of oxygen, and sulphate of potash contains one atom of sulphuric acid; but alumina has three atoms of oxygen; and sulphate of alumina contains three atoms of sulphuric acid combined with one of alumina.

Formerly, chymists supposed that but one substance—oxygen—was capable of acidifying others, and this mistake gave rise to its name, but we now know that hydrogen also, and sulphur, possess this property; hence a distinction is made between oxy-salts, hydro-salts, and sulphur-salts. When the hydracids, or those acidulated with hydrogen, form salts, the hydrogen is merely changed for some other element, and the resulting salt is called a "hydro," or, more strictly, an "haloid"-salt—because sea-salt ($\Lambda\lambda\epsilon$, the sea, and $\epsilon\acute{\iota}\delta\omega\varsigma$, like to) is a type of this class of compounds and the best known among them. Sulphur, like oxygen, may, with one element, constitute the acid, and, with another, the base of a salt: sulpho-carbonic acid, resembling carbonic acid, forms with sulphuret of potassium—which is like potash in its constitution—sulphocarbonate of potash, similar to carbonate of potash. Sulpharsemate of potash resembles arseniate of potash, &c.

Some acids are known only in combination, as salts:—thus, oxalic acid, nitric acid, &c. are found only as oxalate of water, nitrate of water, &c. and, if we separate the water without substituting some other oxide, they are decomposed.

Sometimes the basic water is only partially displaced:—thus, bisulphate of potash is a compound consisting of sulphate of water and sulphate of potash, and such a salt has acid properties, because a part of the acid is still ready to combine with other oxides.

The number of atoms of basic water united with an acid has an important influence over the salts it forms:—thus, monobasic, bibasic, and tribasic phosphates of water unite with different numbers of atoms of oxide of soda, and produce compounds seemingly but not really isomeric, and therefore, very naturally having different properties: bibasic phosphate of soda—the pyrophosphate—has a different crystalline shape from the tribasic, and gives a different precipitate with nitrate of silver.

The haloid salts can have *hydrogen* for one of their constituents, which will then bear the same relation to them as water, its oxyde, does to the oxysalts, constituting in many cases, as it were, their base. Then muriatic or hydrochloric acid would be as truly a salt—the chloride of hydrogen—as any other chloride;—that of calcium for instance.

The difference between the effects produced by chlorine in the free state, and from its combination with hydrogen, are worth notice; in either case it will give rise, with copper for instance, to the production of a salt of copper: the chlorine and copper will form chloride of copper, so also will chloride of hydrogen and copper; but chloride of hydrogen reddens vegetable blues, chlorine destroys them: chlorine merely combines with the metal; chloride of hydrogen acting on a metal liberates hydrogen, while it exchanges that element for the metal. Whether chlorine or chloride of hydrogen act upon vegetable colouring matter, oxygen is disengaged, and the chlorine takes its place; but, in the one case, the oxygen burns the colouring matter, in the other, it combines with the disengaged hydrogen of the hydrochloric acid.

Some chemists assert, and with much probability, that even the substances acidified by oxygen are really hydracids; this theory explains very simply some curious and seemingly inexplicable circumstances connected with oxacids and their salts. We should not conclude that, because chemical substances may happen to be “isomeric,” that is, consist of the same elements in the same proportions, they ought to have likewise the same properties. For the nature of a compound seems to be affected, not more by the elements which constitute it, than by the

mode of their combination. This consideration will prevent isomeric bodies from appearing so anomalous, as at the first examination they might; for, if we find that etherine and olefiant gas consist of the same elements in the same proportions—which would lead us to expect their indication of the same properties—we also find that, during combination, the same amount of their elements is very differently condensed in the formation of these bodies, which should lead us to expect them, on the other hand, materially to differ. Again, isomerism is often admitted where it really does not exist:—thus some, forgetting that water forms a part of the chemical constitution of bodies, suppose that the three phosphoric acids are isomeric; but, looking upon them as phosphates of water, this idea can be no longer allowed: for one of them will then be a phosphate of one atom of water, another a phosphate of two atoms, and the third a phosphate of three—these atoms of water being capable of having their places either wholly, or in part, supplied by atoms of other oxides, each atom of the new oxide displacing an atom of the basic water,—thus, there is a tribasic phosphate of potash, whose constitution is one atom of phosphoric acid, two of potash, and one of water. While another, in which the basic water is quite removed, is one atom of phosphoric acid and three of potash.

Although, generally speaking, a difference of crystalline shape indicates a difference of constituents; this is not always strictly the case:—thus, calcareous spar occurs in rhombohedrons of different kinds, in hexagonal prisms, in six-sided pyramids, and various combinations of them; these, however, may be always reduced to an invariable rhombohedron. On the other hand, different substances are found to have the same crystalline form; such as these are said to be “isomorphous,” their properties are found to be in many respects similar, and they may be substituted for each other in compounds without very material alteration of results.

Analogy sometimes enables us to classify chemical substances, and, to ascertain to a certain extent, their properties and some of their compounds: thus, chlorine, iodine, &c. strongly resemble each other, and evidently belong to the same class of bodies. Hence, because one bleaches, we might expect that another of them should do the same; because one forms an acid with five atoms of oxygen, and a highly explosive combination with nitrogen, so ought, and indeed does, another.

While we can form a chloride or iodide of nitrogen, we may not be acquainted with a bromide of that element; but we should infer that it is possible, though as yet we may not be able to produce such a compound.

The analogies which exist between different substances are sometimes very curious, and lead to unexpected and very interesting results:—thus, we find a striking resemblance between ether and the base of ammonia; they form almost the same series of combinations with the different elements. The salts of water and those of zinc and of copper resemble each other very much. Perhaps, when we remember how true to analogy nature is found to be, we should not go too far in supposing that all the metals are formed of gases; as we have little reason to doubt that one of them—the base of the alkali ammonia—is. Should it be found that the metals are so constituted, which is at least not impossible, the skill of future chemists may establish the fact, not only analytically but even synthetically also; and thus the dreams of the alchemists may be realized, though in a manner they could never have anticipated.

In a word, the great principles of chemistry are extremely beautiful, and not very difficult to be understood or remembered. The science is not indeed yet advanced to such perfection, as that we can dispense with the recollection of *facts*, merely satisfying ourselves with the *laws* to whose knowledge these facts have led, and which, in their turn, may enable us to anticipate the *facts*, which are nothing more after all than their natural consequences, though discovered before them. But the facts we are required to keep in mind are so curious, of such practical utility, and generally so simple, that their own nature encourages us to study them. Besides, the weariness which generally accompanies the consideration of mere facts is greatly alleviated, or altogether removed, by the pleasure and advantage which, at a small expense, we can derive from exemplifying and testing what others have done in these matters. Moreover, the experiments of chemistry are always beautiful, and to the tyro most extraordinary: and from the accurate proportions and the many precautions they require, and the minute quantities upon which it is often necessary to work, they give the young chemist a delicacy of manipulation and an habitual exactness, which other experimental sciences seldom impart, and scarcely ever require. Again, there is something extremely delightful in controlling

the very elements of matter, and exercising a perfect command over them, however minute they may be, or however invisible to any eye except that of chemical science.

The very best consequences must arise from the general study of chemistry; we shall have a host of observers, each turning his attention to some interesting or important enquiry,—particularly if each shall lay it down as a rule, never to be violated, that he will behold nothing of which he does not understand the reason, without endeavouring to discover it;—thus, when a new fact presents itself to any, he shall be ready to remark, and to examine it.

The more we reflect on the subject, the more we shall be convinced that nothing has contributed more to the perfection of the arts, or the improvement of manufactures, than the study of chemistry, which, to a greater or less extent, is connected with all of them:—as to agriculture, which is of such importance to Ireland, we cannot hesitate to believe, that none can cultivate it with even moderate success, who has not to a certain extent a practical acquaintance with chemistry.

If this science be to him whose success in life depends on his industry and ingenuity, the most important of all, it is, fortunately, that which is the most easily acquired, and which depends the least upon other branches of knowledge. Without a mathematical education to an extent not within the reach of every one, a person cannot be skilled in mechanics, &c. but he may be a good chemist who knows little or nothing else than chemistry, for it depends on principles which have not much connection with other branches, and by no means a complicated dependence on each other. We do not, however, mean to insinuate, that the chemist is not greatly benefited by the possession of general knowledge; on the contrary, an ignorance of other subjects will retard, or even prevent that *perfection* even in chemistry, which, though not indispensable to all, must ever be both desirable and useful. For the importance of chemistry to the farmer, we have only to call to mind how satisfactorily it explains the effects of rotation of crops, the good or bad effects of burning or fallowing, the properties of different manures, the treatment which a given soil should receive to prepare it for the growth of particular crops, and a thousand other matters,—to him, and therefore to each of us, indirectly at least, of the deepest importance.

The work before us constitutes the second part of a report on organic chemistry, presented to the B. Association; it was written in German, but the author guarantees the fide-

lity of the translation. It is impossible to peruse it without the deepest interest, the subjects of which it treats are so practical and so important, and the writer brings to their discussion such eminent qualifications:—we shall endeavour to give a brief account of his views.

In the first part, he commences by explaining what is meant by the “vital force;” he draws the distinction between vegetable and animal life; and between the lower and higher functions of the latter;—he very properly remarks that it should not be considered as the province of philosophy to trace the connexion between the soul and animal life—the processes which are independent of the mind should be examined without reference to it.

In the plant there is a tendency from motion to rest; it becomes the same being with the substance which nourishes it; it continues to increase as long as it retains vitality, and never loses what it has once acquired. In the animal body there is a change from rest to motion; the organic substance is continually wasted by a truly chemical action—the union of the carbon and hydrogen of the different parts of the body with the oxygen introduced by the lungs and skin. This carbon and hydrogen must be replaced by the food, and consequently, the oxygen combined must be the measure of the nutriment received. The amount of this oxygen depends on the number of respirations made in a given time, and the quantity taken in during each respiration; and on the temperature and density of the air:—hence, more oxygen is inspired in winter than in summer with the same expenditure of force: and food in less quantity or of less nutritious properties is required in hot than in cold climates. The amount of caloric liberated during the combustion of carbon is a constant quantity, whether the combustion be slow or rapid; and it is the combustion of carbon which gives rise to animal heat, consequently, the more rapid the respiration of an animal the higher its temperature. When the body is surrounded by cold air, it speedily cools, and to supply the heat carried off, the combustion of carbon, and consequent production of animal heat, take place with greater velocity; hence, clothes, by diminishing the demand for heat, render a smaller supply of food necessary:—the naked Samoyedes can eat ten pounds of meat, and perhaps a dozen tallow candles, and drink large quantities of brandy and train oil.

When animals are starved to death, their fat is first oxidized, then the muscular fibres, then the brain, which brings

on delirium and death, after which ensues oxidation of all but the bones. The time required for starvation depends on the amount of fat, exercise, &c., but it is the *respiration* which causes death.

In certain injuries of the nerves, respiration proceeds although animal heat decreases; yet this does not prove that the latter is derived from the nerves; they, indeed, supply the substance required for combustion, and hence, when they are injured, the combustion is necessarily retarded or prevented. The author shows by calculation, that the amount of caloric set free by the oxidation of carbon, is abundantly sufficient to account for the temperature of the animal body, without taking into the calculation what is derived from the oxidation of hydrogen, although when the food—fat for instance—contains much hydrogen, more heat in proportion is evolved.

The blood being the source whence the waste of the organs is to be supplied, an examination of its elements will show what substances ought to be found in food. The food of the carnivora is for the most part identical with their organs; that of the graminivora is rich in three substances of the same composition as animal fibrine and albumen, the chief constituents of the blood. The milk which supports a young animal contains *caseine*, also identical in composition with fibrine and albumen. Certain animals, at all times, and others, when very young, require that a part of their nutriment should consist of substances containing no nitrogen.

In carnivorous animals the venous blood in its passage to the heart goes through the liver, and deposits there a large quantity of carbon in the shape of bile; this bile being again sent through the body, its carbon is available for the purposes of respiration. The arterial blood passes through the kidneys, and deposits the nitrogen, which being no longer necessary is given off with the urine. In the young of the carnivora respiration is more energetic, but the additional carbon required is copiously supplied, not indeed by the waste of the organs, which, on the contrary increase, but by substances rich in carbon contained in the milk, and which in after life are not required. As young carnivorous birds move about but little, they do not need milk, since there is not so great a consumption of carbon in respiration. Graminivorous animals require much more carbon than is afforded by the nitrogenized substances of their food;—this is supplied by its other portions. Savages who live on animal food must be

very limited in number, since they live on azotized substances, which are ultimately derived from vegetables, and which are limited in quantity. The savage, like the hyena, who moves about continually in his cage, is obliged to have recourse to laborious exertions, that he may accelerate the waste, necessary to supply matter for respiration. Animals which perspire eat more than others, because they have to make up by respiration for the heat carried off by perspiration; hence the tiger, for instance, soon ceases to feed; but the cow eats almost continually. When we fatten animals we deprive them of exercise; they then consume more food than is required to supply the waste consequent on respiration;—the nitrogenized portions produce meat, the non-nitrogenized fat. The very *formation* of fat opens a new source of oxygen to the animal body, since it cannot be produced from the nutriment, except by the separation of oxygen, which, uniting with carbon or oxygen gives out heat. Nitrogenized substances which do not exhibit the same composition as the blood, will not support animals; the animal body is formed from blood, but is incapable of producing it, and requires it to be presented as nourishment almost in the very shape in which it afterwards exhibits it.

In the second part the author proceeds to show, from examples derived from substances containing no nitrogen, that bodies apparently very different may consist of the same elements. Chemists have discovered that a compound, to which the name *proteine* has been given, may be obtained from the blood, and its constituents, and from those substances already mentioned to be identical with them; that in fact they are combinations of *proteine* with different portions of inorganic matter; and all nitrogenized organic constituents of the animal body may be conceived as formed from *proteine*, with the addition or subtraction of the elements of water and oxygen, and resolution into two or more compounds. The change of the food in the stomach is a mere chemical effect, independent of vitality and capable of being produced without it. The saliva carries air along with the food into the stomach:—the larger the amount of this air the easier digestion becomes; hence, the longer food is being chewed the more digestible it becomes. The nitrogen of the air left after the oxygen is removed, is given out in a pure state from the lungs and skin;—thus also the gases very often escape with which animals are distended after eating large quantities of fresh juicy vegetables that ferment in the stomach. In

wine countries persons are often asphyxiated by carbonic acid passing from the still fermenting wine in the stomach through the intervening membranes to the lungs. Gelatine, though it may be derived from proteine, does not contain it—hence, when in starvation the muscles are changed back again to blood, to supply carbon for respirations (as noticed page 97) the tendons and membranes remain unaltered until after death; and though gelatine is a highly azotized substance, an animal fed solely upon it will perish from starvation.

The author next proceeds to explain analytically the principal metamorphoses which occur in the animal body:—he confesses that the results have startled himself, and anticipates that they will astonish others. As the organs are formed from the blood, the latter must contain the same amount of carbon and nitrogen as the former, and “if,” says the author “we subtract from the composition of the blood the elements of the urine, then the remainder, deducting the oxygen and water which have been added, must give the composition of the bile. Or if from the elements of the blood we subtract the elements of the bile, the remainder must give the composition of the urate of ammonia, or of urea and carbonic acid.” (p. 132.) This he shows to be the case, by an elaborate examination. The bile of herbivorous animals contains more carbon than corresponds to the quantity of nitrogenized food they consume; hence other substances must contribute to its composition. Compounds of proteine, present in the body, are transformed by oxygen contained in the arterial blood, and combine with starch rendered soluble in the stomach, are thus carried to every part, and form the principal constituents of animal secretions and excretions;—carbonic acid the excretions of the lungs, urea and carbonate of ammonia excreted by the kidneys, and choleic acid secreted by the liver. Soda is necessary to the formation of bile;—when it is absent, fat and urea are produced; hence we cannot fatten an animal when we add to its food an excess of salt, even insufficient to produce a purgative effect. The bile of man, also, seems to a great extent to be derived from the non-azotized food, while a nitrogenized compound, whether derived from the metamorphosed tissues or the food, is at the same time necessary.

The author next considers the effects which medicinal or poisonous matters produce in the processes of secretion and

transformation. These substances he divides into those which combine with the *constituents* of the body, so that the vital force is incapable of effecting decomposition,—thus metallic poisons, &c.; those which impede or retard transformation,—as camphor, antiseptics, &c.; and those which directly effect the changes going on in the animal body, augmenting the energy of one or more organs;—these alter, as it is said, the *quality* of the blood, and their composition is of course unchanged as they pass through the stomach. When nitrogenized substances are introduced into the body, we can conceive them to facilitate the production of bile, and produce the same effects as those belonging to the body itself. The peculiar principles of tea and coffee, now known to be identical, will, with oxygen and the elements of water, yield the nitrogenized principle of bile: this is true of other vegetable substances. The composition of the vegetable alkaloids, the most active class of remedies, are related to the brain and nerves only, of all the constituents of the body; but while they are alkaline, the substance of the brain exhibits acid properties;—they may take a share, though an injurious one, in the formation of the brain. The mischief they produce diminishes with the diminution of their alkaline qualities, that is, in proportion as they differ less from the brain itself;—hence the energy of their action decreases as the amount of their oxygen increases. The principle of tea and coffee may be considered as food for the liver, since they contain the elements which enable that organ to perform its functions;—quinine and the other alkaloids, the food of organs which form nervous substance and brain from the constituents of the blood.

In the third part the author considers the “vital force” which gives rise to the phenomena of *motion*, in consequence of which substances become *assimilated*, and organs *waste*. A repulsion is generated which overcomes chemical attraction, and an attraction is produced by which substances unite themselves to others of the same kind: for this force a certain temperature and a supply of nutrition are required.

He thus examines the points of agreement between the force which gives rise to mechanical effect, and the vital force, and enters into the nature of the latter. The connexion between the production of mechanical effect by the animal body, and a change of its material, is very intimate:—a rapid change of the matter of its organs, by absorption of oxygen, determines a greater amount of mechanical force, and a

greater exertion of mechanical force determines a greater amount of the constituents of the body deprived of vitality;—the principal of vitality which has been expended in producing motion, would have prevented chemical action, or the oxidation of a certain portion of the organs.

Light increases the vital force of plants, its absence prevents their decomposition of carbonic acid;—abstraction of heat produces an analogous effect in the animal body. Animal heat and chemical action are, as we have seen, intimately connected; anything which prevents the latter, diminishes the production of the former, and *vice versa*. Alcohol, from its volatility, and property of permeating animal membranes and tissues, spreads rapidly through the body, takes up the oxygen found in the blood,—and which ought to have combined with these tissues, or the products of their metamorphoses,—and renders the arterial blood venous without the intervention of the muscles:—the animal heat is increased, but without a corresponding mechanical force being displayed; on the contrary, the capability for exertion is often diminished.

The author deduces certain rules from the connexion between “waste” animal heat and mechanical power; he compares the accumulation of power obtained by the animal body during sleep, to that obtained from steam by means of a fly wheel, without which the moving force would often be insufficient to the production of the intended effect. The old man sleeps very little; an infant a great deal:—force in the one is consumed very largely in the formation of new parts, and but little in the other. If a young person be worked hard, the supply may only equal the demand, and growth will be prevented.

The theory of disease is next treated. Anything which disturbs the equilibrium between the waste and supply causes disease; what will affect one person, or one period of life, very seriously, may be without effect in another. If more force is generated by oxidation than is required for normal motions, the temperature is raised, and the involuntary muscles are accelerated—this is *fever*: the injurious effect may be confined to one organ. If superfluous substances cannot be carried away, a species of fermentation ensues; the resistance to chemical change in the diseased part may be rendered harmless, by exciting as it were disease in some other part, from diminished resistance to change—produced by blisters, &c.

Bleeding diminishes the number of the globules of the blood, that carry the oxygen which produces chemical action; whatever is calculated to produce blood is to be excluded from the food. *Sympathy* arises from diminished resistance to oxidation in an organ necessary to the one affected by it. *Electricity* appears to be a cause *superadded* to that arising from vital force.

Theory of respiration.—The globules of venous blood change their colour in the lungs; oxygen is absorbed and an equal volume of carbonic acid is given out. The red globules of the blood are the only portion of the body which contains iron—the latter has the property, as protoxide, of absorbing oxygen easily, and giving it out with facility: when the oxide loses oxygen in its passage through the body, it takes up carbonic acid: this is given out in the lungs. Sulphuretted hydrogen and prussic acid, free alkalies, being present, as they always are in the lungs, render the iron incapable of absorbing oxygen.

A copious appendix containing analytical evidence of the truth of principles advanced with reference to respiration, &c. is added.

On the whole, while we cannot say that we fully agree with every thing the work contains, we are generally pleased with the novel point of view in which it places some facts already known, and with the interesting conclusions drawn from them; much new matter is brought forward, and explanations are given, which are highly interesting and instructive. Perhaps, as in the former part of his report, the author attempts to reason, and to theorize from facts and principles, hardly as yet sufficiently understood. The attempt to reduce the laws which govern vitality and chemical attraction to those which regulate mechanical forces, is not perhaps altogether successful; but the work is such as every one interested in the most important and delightful of all enquiries must read; such as none can peruse without pleasure; nor any without reaping advantage.

ART. IV.—*Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches and among Foreign Peoples.* By Frederick William Faber, M.A. Fellow of University College, Oxford. London: 1842.

WE have already alluded to Mr. Faber's work in terms which sufficiently convey our sense of its interest and importance.* If the reader should chance to recollect a very striking passage which we cited from it upon that occasion, we are sure he will gladly accompany us in the more detailed examination which we contemplate in the present paper.

The *Sights and Thoughts* cannot, in the ordinary sense of the terms, be called a book of travels; and perhaps it would be difficult to convey a better idea of its general character, than that suggested by the somewhat peculiar title selected by the author. It contains but little of description, of mere sight-seeing none at all; it "meddles not with dates, or distances, or guide-book details;" being little more than a register (occasionally sufficiently discursive) of the impressions created by the scenes or objects which come under the writer's notice; and although colder spirits may detect some things which to them will savour of enthusiasm, yet there is none who must not feel that it is the enthusiasm of a cultivated and naturally religious mind.

It is right, at the same time, to observe, that the interest of Mr. Faber's work is not, as the title might seem to indicate, exclusively religious. It were hardly possible, indeed, for any one, even possessing far less claims to scholarship than Mr. F., to traverse so much classic ground as came within the limits of his tour, without frequent allusions to the classic recollections with which each scene is associated. However, we must content ourselves with a general reference to this portion of his pages as replete with eloquence and erudition, and though sometimes over-wrought and declamatory, yet always in good taste. Our concern is with that part of the work which appears to be described in the first member of its title—"Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches"—in which the scholar is merged in the churchman, and classic history, if regarded at all, is seen only in its relation to the struggles and triumph of religion. In addition to the interest which it possesses as embodying the private opinions of the author, it

* See vol. xii. p. 554.

is almost professedly the representative of the doctrines and views of the new school of divinity to which he belongs.*

There will, at least, be a novelty in the impressions of such a traveller. Up to the present time, the British tourist was eminently unqualified to enter into or understand the religious circumstances of the Catholic countries which he visited. Trained up from infancy to regard the simplest act of our external worship as unmeaning, if not idolatrous; to look upon our ceremonies as idle pomp, and our liturgy as senseless mummery, he entered a church with no higher view than that of gratifying curiosity, if he did not carry with him a positive predisposition to ridicule and despise. Every thing was misconceived, and, of course, misrepresented. The spirit was utterly unknown, and, as a necessary consequence, the form lost all its significance. How could a mind formed in the Calvinistic school make allowance for the enthusiastic, and to him extravagant, piety of the worshippers at the *Quarantore*, or the procession of the Blessed Sacrament? What had a Puritan imagination in common with the poor penitent in the Friday procession of the cross, or the stations of the *Addolorata*? What impression would the unmortified Protestant receive from the motley, and not unfrequently repulsive, groups of religious—(the Franciscans, and Capuchins, and Camaldolese, or the *Sacconi* of the several confraternities)—who crossed him at every turn in the streets, and perhaps obstructed his view of some function in St. Peter's. For him, all had but one single name—superstition. He knew not their meaning. They were to him as if “speaking unto the air.” And thus, even with that more liberal-minded class, who were indisposed to offend, the very utmost we could expect was a kind of compassionating toleration. They could have no sympathy with what they did not understand; and if a few sentences of barren praise accorded; if the “effect” of the scene, the “impressiveness” of the service, the picturesqueness” of the dresses, were spoken of in a tone of artistic commendation, we were fain to accept with gratitude the crumbs of half-patronizing, half-pitying criticism, thus carelessly flung to us, and be thankful even for the

* For the same reason we shall not advert to the political views and reflections with which the work is occasionally interspersed, especially on the political condition of Italy. That Mr. Faber has completely mistaken the diplomatic relations of the Holy See with Russia, it can now be scarcely necessary to observe. There are some observations which, we doubt not, he would have withdrawn, had he seen, before going to press, the *Allocution* of July 22, 1842.

uninquiring indifference to which alone we were indebted for the boon. With a tourist of the new Anglican school, the case is different. For him, much of this prejudice has ceased. To him a usage is not *bad*, simply because it is *Catholic*. The time is past "*when it was considered an argument against opinions, otherwise probable, that they were held by all other parts of Catholic Christendom.*"* The reverence for ancient Catholic forms is no longer proscribed; and the admission of the Real Presence, of the lawfulness of sacred images, of, at least, a modified invocation of saints, of the utility of monastic orders, and the advantage of public associations of piety, has established between the new school and the Catholic nations of the continent, a certain community of feeling which never before existed, and which must give a colour to the impressions produced by the religious intercourse between them.

Of this, Mr. Faber's work, although far from being quite free from the old spirit, will be found to furnish many gratifying examples. Indeed, if his views be different from those of most former travellers, the feelings with which he enters upon his tour are professedly the very opposite of what modern tourists ordinarily entertain. He set out in the spirit, and, as far as his imagination could realize it, the feelings of a traveller of the Middle Ages; though he could not suppress the sad consciousness, how far, amid the comforts of modern civilization, we have lost sight of the spiritual advantages which a traveller of the olden time would have enjoyed; "solid advantages, which a Churchman now-a-days may be permitted to regret, and for which he would be willing to forfeit no inconsiderable portion of our modern facilities." (p. 2.) He feels a host of little wants, "utterly unsatisfied for modern wanderers amid the jealous and disjointed Churches". He misses the thousand little blessings unprized, perhaps, by the worldly mind, but precious in the eye of faith and of religion,—the friendly shelter which was sure to await the traveller under every religious roof,—the morning benison which accompanied his departing steps,—the freedom of intercourse with the pious and the learned,—above all, the sense of unity and fraternal communion,—the consciousness that, though parted from family and friends, he had still a home in the bosom of the common Mother,—that, though separated from converse with the jarring tongues around him, there was still

* *British Critic*, for July, 1842, p. 105.

a language which he shared whithersoever he might go—the common voice of that common parent, soliciting in the same language for all the varied families of her children. He is sensible of these and a hundred other “little needs, interesting the affections, and laying hold of the imagination, which, of old, were satisfied to the full to those who travelled in Christendom when at unity with itself.” Well, indeed, may he look upon the disuse of the universal language of Europe, the Latin of the Middle Ages, “as an image of the present broken and disordered state of Christendom!” What well-regulated mind will not share his pious envy of those happy times, when, whatever their other deficiencies, the sojourner would always say with Sir Francis Palgrave’s traveller, “However uncouth may be the speech of the races among which the pilgrim sojourns, however diversified may be the customs of the regions which he visits, let him enter the portal of the Church, or hear, as I do now, the voice of the minister of the Gospel, and he is present with his own, though alps and oceans may sever them asunder. There is one spot where the pilgrim may always find his home. We are all one people when we come before the altar of the Lord.”

Such is the spirit in which the *Sights and Thoughts* are written, and the author solicits a similar condition of mind in his reader. A few years back it would have been difficult to anticipate the publication of such a volume; even in a Catholic tourist, the idea would have required no ordinary hardihood; and perhaps it would not be easy to find a less equivocal evidence of the complete revolution of opinion which has taken place, than the phenomenon of an Anglican clergyman, a refined and accomplished scholar, assuming, with affectionate reverence, the character of a pilgrim of the once deemed “dark” ages, and journeying forth in this spirit and temper, through the kingdoms of modern Europe;—“where modern wants have clouded the bright past,” sorrowfully comparing what is now with his recollection of what has passed away; and “thinking such thoughts as he thought, where places remain unaltered!”

Interesting, however, as must be the reflections of a cultivated mind, thoroughly imbued with such a spirit, this assumption of an imaginary character is, of course, exposed to very great error and misconception. Even in a matter of mere scholarship (witness the Abbé Barthelemy’s *Anachar-*

* Palgrave’s Merchant and Friar, p. 138.

sis), it is extremely difficult to sustain. How much more where the topic is one which enters into all our thoughts and gives a colour to all our impressions; and where, above all others, prejudice insensibly interweaves itself even with our most ordinary views. We are unconsciously led to judge by our own impressions the opinions of the imaginary character which we have assumed; and thus to view everything through the medium of our prejudices, even while we imagine that we have altogether discarded them. Mr. Faber, though fully aware of this danger, has not himself entirely escaped it. He freely admits the existence of strong national and religious prepossessions, and acknowledges the fatal extent to which they warp the judgment of an English traveller in Catholic countries. He, himself, though he has discarded many of the vulgar prejudices, still retains some which are peculiar to his own school, and which to us are made more painfully prominent by the very liberality that distinguishes his other views. However, even here there is much to suggest a hope that these obnoxious views are far from being strong or decided. It is impossible not to be struck by a certain vagueness which pervades many of the opinions, and which seem to betray a mind, if not in a state of transition, certainly far from a state of rest. There is occasionally a great deal of hesitation, and stopping short, and modifying—a perpetual feeling the way—looking in advance, as if to guard against the consequence of a principle—which forces, at least upon our mind, the impression that the writer's views are not yet finally settled; that he does not yet fully understand the consequences of his own principles, and is content to say by insinuation more than he openly expresses, or, perhaps, is yet fully prepared to avow even to his own mind.

There is another peculiarity in Mr. Faber's plan. With the view, we presume, of relieving his pages from the dulness of theological disquisition, he has introduced an imaginary companion, whom he calls "a Man of the Middle Ages," and whom he occasionally employs in dialogue, sometimes to develop, by discussion or commentary, the views which he himself propounds; sometimes as if for the purpose of bringing out opinions bolder than he would venture to express in his own person. There is, however, the same vague and indistinct character about this mysterious personage; and he, too, has a knack of saying things by halves, and leaving much to be understood. His age, name, character, are all left unexplained, except in so far as they can be gathered from the following description.

“He was not an old man,—scarcely above fifty. He had a small head, and his forehead was low, but full of singular and strongly-marked prominences. His hair, which grew only on his temples and behind his head, was of raven black, mingled with gray. His eyes were generally half closed, as if the heavy eyelids sunk unconsciously over them when he was in contemplation. When open, they were keen and piercing, though there was sometimes a look of mildness or sorrow in them, but it was unfrequent. They were of that description of eyes whose colour it is scarcely possible to distinguish from the light which is continually playing about them. His nose was aquiline. He had scarcely any upper lip, and his mouth was particularly striking. In general, the lips were unclosed, so that you might discern the white line of the teeth through them; and for the most part there was a smile of kindness and benevolence about his mouth, but it did not appear to be natural; it was rather sustained by a self-collected restraint of other feelings within; for he had a very guarded manner, as if he were on the watch against some natural temper, or characteristic current of feeling which he disliked, and thought it his duty to suppress. I often observed afterwards, that when he was in a reverie, his lips gradually came together, were more and more compressed, till at last the pressure was so violent, as to force the colour from them; and at such times there was a look about him as if he could be capable of great cruelties. He was dark, yet pale, except that, in the centre of his cheek, there was a small circle of very florid hue, such as is sometimes seen in healthy old age: this became of an ashy paleness whenever he was excited.

“He never said any thing which could lead to a detection of his country, or exact age, yet the general character of his face was Tuscan: he looked like a Florentine. And I observed, that when I spoke of men and things belonging to the eleventh century, he was uneasy, and shrunk from saying much, as if he was afraid of making some betrayal. I once observed an unusual glow come into his eyes, followed by a single tear, when I spoke of Lanfranc. He did not seem partial to the memory of Gregory VII, and often spoke disparagingly of him; though it was rather his personal character than his line of policy, that called out his cynical remarks. These were all the grounds I could ever collect for fixing the century in which he lived. They were not enough to create conviction, but sufficiently strong to excite my suspicions, even of the name of the mysterious attendant.”
pp. 200-2.

We were at first inclined, from the hints here given, as well as from the warm interest which he always expresses in the religious destinies of England, to believe that the stranger was none else than the illustrious primate himself. But

then Lanfranc was a Lombard, not a Tuscan; and in one of his letters (59th) he strongly condemns in his correspondent the disparaging language regarding Gregory VII which is here attributed to the Stranger.* However, leaving each one to exercise his ingenuity upon the tokens given above, we shall merely observe that, even taking the expression "Middle Ages" in its loosest sense, Mr. Faber has permitted his prejudices to betray him into a palpable error of date. He is at liberty, of course, to theorize in his own person as he will: but, for the opinions ascribed to a particular period he is historically accountable. Doctrines of the Middle Age are to be judged, not by our own notions of what men thought and felt during that period, but by the writings which have been preserved. We challenge Mr. Faber to produce within the centuries which he designates by the words "Middle Ages," in fact, at any period anterior to Protestantism, the slightest shadow of colour in the writings of the time for the opinions regarding the papacy, communion with Rome, and unity of doctrine, which he puts into the mouth of his imaginary man of the Middle Ages. The true sentiments of those times can only be judged from the works of those who, like St. Bernard, or St. Anselm, or Lanfranc himself, were regarded by their contemporaries as preeminently the lights of the age; and it will only be necessary to place a homily or a letter of St. Bernard beside the vague and fanciful theories of Mr. Faber's stranger, in order to detect an anachronism of centuries in the age assigned to him.

But it is time to give some account of the work. It is divided into three books,—“Paris and Avignon,” “Cisalpine Gaul,” “The Adriatic and Ægean;” and a brief note appended to the index announces that the author has collected materials, and may perhaps be induced to publish three further books,—“The Desecrated City, Constantinople,” “The Kaiser's Lands,” and “Protestant Germany.” His route as far as Genoa, for the most part, was the beaten track, now familiar to almost every visitor of Italy. From Boulogne he went by Amiens (remaining, of course, to visit the cathedral) to Paris. Like most visitors, who see this city but in passing, he was painfully struck by the character of impiety which many of its usages, and especially the desecration of the Sunday, exhibit, and his stay was too brief to enable him to study the more pleasing features of the strong

* “Non probo quod Papam Gregorium vituperas, quod Hildebrandum eum vocas.”—*Opera Lanfranci* (in the “*Bibliotheca Maxima Patrum*,” tom. xviii.) p. 827.

religious movement which is now taking place, "especially, and in a more hopeful way, among the Roman Catholics." (p. 23.) The Pantheon was to him especially revolting; even Père la Chaise was an unpleasing spot; and he preferred to take refuge in the Paris of the past,—confessing, as he found himself within the shrine of St. G enevi ve in the venerable old Church of St. Etienne du Mont, that "the memory of the pious dark ages was very soothing, after the glare of enlightened sin which hangs around the capitals of the Pantheon." With such sentiments, we cannot but regret that he has given us so little of his own reflections upon Paris; for which we would willingly exchange the description of the ancient topography of the city, charming as it is, which is transcribed from Victor Hugo's *Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

After a hurried view of the cathedral of Chartres and a moonlight visit to that of Orleans, the author proceeded by Nevers, Moulins, and Roanne, to Lyons, in which "he was bitterly disappointed;"—a feeling, we must add, which we, too, partook, when we found the subject dismissed without a single allusion to the historical recollections of the Church of Iren us, or to the venerable old shrine of *Notre Dame des Fourvi res*. From Lyons he sailed down the Rhone to Avignon, stopping by the way to visit the ancient city of Vienne, every spot of which Eusebius has made sacred in his history. The pages devoted to the ancient papal capital are themselves extremely interesting: but it is only one who has seen it in its present miserably fallen estate, that can fully enter into the eloquent contrast of its deserted streets and its faded and time-worn palaces, with the gaiety and splendour of the scene which they daily witnessed in the days of papal grandeur. He gives a brief review of the causes which led to the transfer of the papal see to Avignon, and of the residence of the popes therein, too meagre, however, to be of much value: but we cannot sufficiently praise the courage and candour with which he vindicates the character of the calumniated pontiff, Boniface VIII. He indignantly repels Sismondi's "scandalous lie" regarding the manner of his death, which has been refuted in a former number of this journal.

"When Boniface had been dead a century," writes he, "it was necessary to take down his chapel in the Vatican and remove his body. According to the *proc s verbal*, the body was found undecayed, all the veins traceable, the expression placid, the skin upon his head unwounded and entire, the hands, which he was represented to have gnawed, were also so perfect and beautiful, as to

'fill with admiration all who saw them.' How wonderful are God's ways ! For a century of obloquy, the very dead body of His servant is kept incorrupt, to testify against Satan's wiles, by a most unforeseen discovery."—p. 69.

From Avignon he proceeded to Marseilles, whence after a detour to the ancient cities of Nismes and Arles, he took ship for Geneva ; and for some unexplained reason, turning his back upon Rome, he passed on through Pavia, with all the devotion of a Catholic pilgrim, to Milan, "the city of St. Ambrose and St. Charles." What an indication of the change in the temper of modern Anglican theology, that, from among the historical recollections of Milan, an English clergyman should select, as "possessing a strong claim upon our attention," *the legend of SS. Gervase and Protase, and Paulinus' miraculous Narrative of the death of St. Ambrose*. Willingly would we make room for the interesting pages in which they are told ; but we could not bear to separate them from the noble character of the modern St. Charles, and his holy cousin Cardinal Frederick Borromeo, and must therefore be content to refer for both to the volume itself.

Except some reflections on the character of Arnold of Brescia, with whom Mr. Faber has but little sympathy, there is nothing to arrest us in his route by Brescia, along the Lago di Garda, and through Vicenza and Padua, to Venice, where he spent the Holy Week, and was much edified and delighted with the services.

"On Maundy Thursday we went to St. Mark's, and remained there the whole of the service, which lasted above three hours. This Thursday seems to be here, as it should be, a sort of Lenten holiday,—a light shining even in the darkness of Passion week. Flags were flying in all the ships before the quay, as well as in the square before St. Mark's. The archbishop was in the cathedral. He and his clergy were magnificently habited in vestments of what appeared to be cloth of gold, and he had a gilded mitre on his head. There was music, but not much. All the clergy, the Austrian archduke, who is viceroy of Milan, and thirteen old paupers, received the Holy Communion, the choir chanting, in a low voice, the whole time. After the communion, the archbishop came into the nave, accompanied by his priests and deacons, in less magnificent attire. They took off his outer robes, and girded him with a towel. He then knelt down, and washed and kissed the feet of the thirteen old paupers who had communicated. I rather expected this ceremony would have been a little undignified, and waited for it somewhat uneasily, considering I was in church, and the Eucharistic sacrifice but just over. However, it was not so in the least. *It was very affecting, and quite real* ; and the people seemed to think that it

meant something real ; and, to all appearance, *were edified by it, as I was myself.* After it was over, the patriarch, standing, and leaning on his crosier, made a short address to the people, explaining the symbolical character of our Lord's act, and dwelling particularly on St. Peter's wish, that not his feet only should be washed, but his hands and his head."—pp. 301-2.

Among the historical recollections of the city, is introduced an imaginary conversation between the members of that illustrious party of friends, whose learning shed lustre upon Venice about the commencement of the Reformation, and who were wont to meet in Venice to confer upon the troubled state of the Church. The speakers are the newly created cardinals, Gaspar Contarini, and our countryman Pole, "whom none can know without loving," the celebrated Venetian noble Luigi Priuli, the Benedictine, Marco of Padua, and Gregorio Cortese, the abbot of San Giorgio Maggiore. The scene is the garden of this convent ; the time November 1535, a year after the accession of Paul III, when Contarini and Pole, who had been named members of the sacred college, are on their way to the consistory ; and the subject is the state of the Church, and the line of policy which it shall be their duty to pursue in the deliberations to which they have been summoned. The idea is a bold one ; but, considered historically, it is completely overdrawn in the execution. Mr. Faber takes as his basis (even though he admits its injustice as regards Contarini (p. 308), the garbled and exaggerated view of the opinions entertained by these celebrated men, given by Ranke in the opening sections of his second book ; and he has himself added to the misconception, by *introducing into one single conversation* scraps of their opinions gathered by Ranke *from the most scattered sources*—from isolated passages of their writings,* from letters of distant dates, and even from hearsay representations of their sentiments.† The characters, however, are very beautifully drawn, particularly that of Pole "one of the gentlest, holiest, and most susceptible of men," of whom we are told that he "died, as if by a mysterious instinct, in the very last night whose moon shone upon the rich tillage lands and dusky woodland chases of Catholic England, still, for that one night

* As that attributed to Contarini, in page 316. Let it be read in connexion with his treatise "De Potestate Pontificis, quod divinitus sit tradita," which immediately follows it in Roccaberti's "Biblioth. Maxima Pontificia," tom. xiii. pp. 184-7, from which work Ranke cites the passage in question.

† See page 40 of Kelly's Translation of Ranke. The unworthy sentiment put into Pole's mouth by Mr. Faber, in page 322, was given, even by Ranke, but as a "saying attributed to him."

still, a portion of the Roman obedience." (p. 326.) There is great justice too, in the contrast of Contarini and Paolo Sarpi.

"From this it would follow, and did actually follow, that the spirit of complacent indifference in Paolo Sarpi was stirred up to a vehement and bitter hatred of *authority*, as interfering with and controlling his literary eclecticism; and with a system not afraid, as an authoritative system never is, of its conclusions, witnessing against a temper of mind so unhappy, and so little penetrated with true religious feeling. It is said of him, that the most determined and irreconcilable hatred towards the secular influence of the papacy was probably the only passion he ever cherished, and that it was whetted by the refusal of a bishopric, attended by some mortifying circumstances. Thus, what had been belief,—pious, energetic, pure, obedient, quick-spirited, and hopeful,—in Contarini, became literary opinion,—cold, lifeless, unpractical, unreal, scholastic, disobedient,—in Sarpi. It exemplifies the natural degeneracy of unauthoritative schools within a Church."—pp. 329-30.

From Venice, the tour assumes a more classical character. Taking shipping for Trieste, the author sailed down the Adriatic, touching only at Ancona; the scenery of the islands, Corfu, Paxos, Santa Maura, and Ithaca, is described with all the fervour of one to whom they are truly classic grounds, and every cape and bay in the entire voyage round the Morea, till "they saw the pale-green Salamis, and dropped anchor in the Piræus," contributes its share of classic recollections. After a hurried view of Athens, he made a circuit of Marathon, Thebes, Parnassus, Corinth, Mycenæ, and returned to complete the survey. The second visit was more minute, and supplies several interesting descriptions; but the remainder of the voyage through the islands of the Ægean, seen but from the deck of the steamer in passing, is necessarily meagre and imperfect. A few days at Syra, another halt at Smyrna, a passing view of Mitylene, Tenedos, and the Troad, and a delightful sail up the Hellespont, complete this portion of the tour, which breaks off abruptly before Constantinople, as they "looked through the darkness with eager hope and a disturbed impatience, to see the first sunbeam strike the highest crescent upon St. Sophia's."

Having now relieved ourselves by an analysis of the general plan of the volume, we shall be more at liberty with regard to its details; and, as our business is more with the author's views than with the scenes which occasion them, we shall no longer confine ourselves to the order of his travel, but select at pleasure the most characteristic passages. We may add,

too, that the work is one which we feel but little disposition to criticise in a controversial temper. Though there are many of its views from which of course we feel bound to differ, many assertions which in themselves would challenge a warm, not to say indignant denial, yet the kindly and subdued tone in which many other angry topics are discussed, has gone far to disarm this feeling, and to remind us of the motto which is selected for the title page, "Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works; exhorting one another: and so much the more as you see the day approaching." (Heb. x. 24-5.)

And first let us hear Mr. Faber speak his feelings towards Rome in general. The following is written regarding the Maundy Thursday service in St. Mark's at Venice.

"This was the first great church ceremony we had seen since we came abroad; and I looked in vain for the "mummery," disgusting repetition, childish arrangements, and so forth, which one reads of in modern travellers; who, for the most part, know nothing of the Roman service-books, and consequently understand nothing of what is before them. *A heathen might say just the same, as the Puritans did say, of us, if they entered one of our cathedrals and saw us sit for the Epistle, and stand for the Gospel, turn to the east for the creed, bow at our Lord's name, recite the Litany at a faldstool, between the porch and the altar, make crosses on babies' foreheads, lay hands on small squares of bread; or, if they saw men in strange black dresses with huge white sleeves, walking up and down the aisles of a country church, touching the heads of boys and girls, or wetting the head and hands of our kings and queens with oil, or consecrating buildings and yards. There may, of course, be very sad mummery in Roman services, as there is very sad irreverence oftentimes in English services; such, for instance, as dressing up the altar in white cloths, with the plate upon it as if for the holy communion, when it is not meant that there should be one, which is sometimes done in cathedrals, when the clergy themselves are in sufficient number, and strangers who have wished to stay have been told it will be very inconvenient if they so do. It may be hoped there are few Roman churches in which such theatrical mummery as that is practised. However, whatever the amount of Romish mummery, the gross ignorance of ecclesiastical matters exhibited by many modern travellers who have spoken the most confidently about it, may make us suspect their competency to be judges on the matter. When we see that precisely the same common-place and offensive epithets *might be applied with equal justice to us, by one who was a stranger or an enemy to our services*; and, whatever changes the people may wish for, the English ritual, characterized by a simplicity of which Christendom, for many a century, has not seen the like, will hardly be charged with mummery.*

All ritual acts must, from the nature of the case, be symbolical, being either a reverential imitation of sacred rites, or the sublime inventions of antiquity, whereby the presence of God and His holy angels is recognized and preached to the people; or fit and beautiful means for affecting the imagination of the worshipper, and giving intensity to his devotion. All service, not excepting the simple and strict imitation of our Blessed Lord's action, at the institution of the most solemn rite in the world, must be dumb-show to a looker-on who knows nothing of what it sets forth and symbolizes; and this dumb-show, such looker on, if he were pert and self-sufficient, would call mummery. The existence of Romish mummery is, or is not, a fact; and must, of course, so be dealt with; and its extent also is, or is not, ascertainable as a fact. But the improbability of its being nearly as extensive as modern travellers represent it, is so monstrous, considering that the Romanists are Christians, and Christians, too, at worship, that the vague epithets and round sentences, and the received Puritan vocabulary of persons ignorant of Breviaries and Missals, cannot be taken as evidence. Indeed, in these days, we may justifiably require beforehand, that a traveller shall know so much of what external religion is, and what are its uses, that he can comprehend and subscribe to the simple philosophy comprised in Wordsworth's definition of it—

‘Sacred religion! Mother of form and fear,
Dread arbitress of mutable respect!’—pp. 302-4.

There is much sound sense as well as good feeling and justice in this passage, which goes to the very root of the prejudices almost universally entertained; and it is only an illustration of an old but true adage, to find the author betrayed, even in this very volume, into a forgetfulness of these most just and charitable principles. For surely he must have forgotten to apply them to himself; to consider that “all service must be dumb-show to a looker-on, who knows nothing of what it sets forth and symbolizes;” to reflect “what a heathen might say, and what the Puritans *did* say, of the service of his own Cathedral:” when he ventured to pronounce that our worship of the Mother of God, “must surely be called adoration.” (151.) An act or an expression may *appear*, and perhaps to one unacquainted with its nature would appear, to imply adoration, without *really* being such; and it is only from the intention of the worshipper expressed or implied that its true character can be gathered. Is it just, therefore, not to say charitable, to judge our worship exclusively by the external act or word, which might perhaps bear an objectionable construction, forgetting or disregarding the thousand protests by which this construction is indignantly

disclaimed? To bring the case home. At Genoa, the Annunciation of our Lady was celebrated with the utmost devotion. Every street "was filled with heaps of flowers, wherewith to honour the images and altars of the Blessed Virgin." Mr. Faber was himself "quite possessed with the Sunday feeling of the day, and not to be utterly without sympathy with the Genoese around him, decorated his room with a bunch of crimson tulips, apparently the favourite flower, that he might not be without somewhat to remind him of her

"Who so above
All others shone,
The mother of
The Blessed One."—p. 146.

Now we should be very sorry to say that by this simple act he meant anything like adoration, or even that he intended to identify himself with the crowd of worshippers around. But what would a stranger say—what would one of his Puritan countrymen say—if he saw even this harmless compliance? Would he not, in all likelihood, at once regard it as a participation in the idolatrous (for such he would deem it), honour, which was paid by all around. Now if this judgment were, as in Mr. Faber's case it certainly would be, unjust and uncharitable, to what is this attributable but to the intention with which the act was performed, and by which he claims that it should be judged? With what justice, then, can he refuse to hear us, when we protest that our intention (which alone could constitute an act of adoration), not only is not adoration, but expressly excludes it as impious and abominable; and that, no matter what a stranger who knows us not may imagine, we reject the idea with more horror than the most puritanical of our opponents?*

But whatever may be said of his own views, the injustice is still more palpable when put into the mouth of the "Man of the Middle Ages" (p. 275), who is made to condemn the addresses to the Blessed Virgin inserted in the Roman Breviary. We need but apply the simple test already suggested:—would St.

* We have been much pleased with the tone of some observations upon this subject in the current number of the "British Critic." (pp. 410-11.) The writer admits that against all the prepossessions which a stranger may conceive against our system, "they have to balance in the opposite scale the fact, that others of no less religious attainments, no less capacious minds, and no less intimate acquaintance with the early Church, have come to a very different conclusion; and these persons, who, being *within*, were a good deal more likely to view it in its true practical colouring and proportion, than they *who are external to it*."—See also, pp. 355-7, and 403-4. The whole articles II. and III. will well repay perusal.

Bernard have subscribed this condemnation? It is hardly necessary to reply. What address in the Breviary half so strong as his declaration, that "to her it hath been granted, that through her we receive whatsoever we have"?* or still more, his assurance (blasphemous, unless understood as *we* understand all such expressions whenever they are employed), that "if there be in us anything of hope, anything of grace, anything of salvation, we should know that it redoundeth from her who ascendeth overflowing with delights"?†

It is but justice, however, to add that the "Stranger" professes a reverence for the Blessed Virgin, "which he doubts not Mr. Faber would consider exaggerated;" and that, though he declares the present Roman system not to have been the system of his day, he asserts, notwithstanding, that it is "a most beautiful and a highly spiritual one; and that the world has hardly ever seen a system so wonderfully adapted, and so eminently successful, as a training for great Saints." (p. 295.) How this character can be reconciled with its teaching in any way the adoration of the Blessed Virgin, we profess our utter inability to divine.

There is a good deal of apparent inconsistency in Mr. Faber's views regarding the national Church. On the one hand, there is a humiliation and self-subduedness about the tone in which he speaks of her actual condition, very different from the arrogant and contemptuous ground assumed by many of the members of his school. He admits fully, with Mr. Ward, the ungraciousness of constantly "throwing stones at their neighbours, as if they considered their own Church purer;"‡ and confesses that there is "the beam to be pulled out of their own eye, before they venture on the mote in their neighbour's." (p. 598.) There is everywhere traceable a sad consciousness of the numberless wants and failures of the system of the English Church (though not sufficient to make it a duty to leave her), an acknowledgment of the miserable bondage in which she is detained, a constant sighing after the unity and peace which it has been her destiny or her punishment to forfeit. "She is not a fasting Church; yet every other Church in the world has been so from the earliest time. Her clergy, as a body, do not own their apostolical lineage as essential to the construction of a Church, and the adminis-

* St. Bernardi Opera, tom. i. p. 764. (Bened. edit.)

† Ibid. p. 1014. See the whole sermon on the Sunday within the octave of the Assumption, i. p. 1006, also on the Nativity, p. 1012.

‡ "A few more words in support of No. 90," by the Rev. W. G. Ward, p. 79.

tration of the sacraments. *She cannot excommunicate, and shrinks, very uncharitably, from anathematizing heresy.* Her people do not believe that infants are actually regenerated by baptism. The commemorations of the departed are disused, and that too *since* the Reformation. She does not elect her own bishops. Her clergy venture upon the liberty of marriage, without respecting the example of all the other western Churches. The glory of the sacrifice of the altar is clouded in her,—which must lead, in the end, to a clouding of the sacrifice of the cross. They do not honour tradition,—which must, in the end, lead to a dishonouring of Scripture.” (p. 363.) These are grievous impeachments, especially in a Church which claims authority over the consciences of its members. It is not easy to reconcile the existence of this authority, or the obligation of submitting to its guidance, with the inability to excommunicate heresy, and guard the purity of Catholic truth; and it is difficult to form a high estimate of the spiritual character of a Church in which the glory of the sacrifice of the altar is clouded, and that of the sacrifice of the cross is in danger.

But on the other hand, he requires the true churchman to close his eyes to all these defects. Not all this, nor a thousand times more, is to shake his allegiance! “Let your regrets be ever so vehement,” says the Stranger, “your disapproval ever so strong, men’s calumny and persecution ever so hard to bear, your own doubts ever so harassing, foreign claims ever so unanswerable,—so long as there remains in your mind a conviction that it is *probable*, or *possible*, for your Church to be really a true branch of the Church universal, I am unable to see what can warrant you in leaving it.” (p. 619.) Is it possible that this is meant in sober earnest? that men’s faith and salvation are thus to be dependent upon a *probable*, and even a barely *possible* contingency? that the existence of such a *possibility* in favour of the Church in which they happen to find themselves providentially placed, is to prevail against their own regrets, however vehement,—their doubts, however harassing,—nay, against all foreign claims, *however unanswerable*? Surely it is not using too strong language to call this, if so it be meant, a caricature of Church authority, and a mockery of ecclesiastical obedience.

But notwithstanding this extravagant theory of duty to his own Church, Mr. Faber is not forward in condemning ours. Bating one or two harsh judgments which he pronounces, he is no friend of that “arrogant claim to exclusive purity,”

which the writers of the *British Critic* frankly repudiate.* There is much of hope mingled with the melancholy which fills our mind as we transcribe the following:—

“The morning mass at the tomb of St. Charles Borromeo was just finishing, when we descended into the subterranean chapel at the entrance of the choir. We did not much regard the splendour of the tomb, for our eyes were riveted on the coffin, which stood above the altar, and contained the mortal remains of that holy saint and faithful shepherd. The longer we remained in the cathedral, the more its glory and magnificence, and coloured gloom, took possession of our spirits. It is an oppressive thing to be a priest in the city of St. Ambrose and St. Charles Borromeo, and yet a stranger,—a gazer,—a mere English looker-on,—a tourist,—where one should be upon one's knees, at home, and in that divine temple a legitimate worshipper. But where rests the blame? Alas! the sour logic of controversy may be as convincing as it usually is to men whose minds were made up, as almost all minds are, independently of it; but, since Eve tempted and Adam fell, has there ever been a strife when both sides were not to blame? In a difference so broad and complicated, so many-veined and intertwined, as that between Rome and us, *never was there so monstrous a faith as that which would believe that all the wrong was with Rome and all the right with England.* Yet men have been seen with the mortal eye, who had the capacity to receive this and put trust in it. It is distressing, truly, to be in a wonderful church like this of Milan; to be sure you reverence the memory of St. Ambrose, and have a deep affection for the very name of Borromeo, and are not without Christian thought for Saints Gervasius and Protasius, as much as one half of the people you see there, and yet be shut out from all church offices; to have no home at the altars of that one Church, at whose altars, by apostolic ordination, you are privileged to consecrate the Christian mysteries.”—pp. 182-4.

And in another place the Stranger rebukes him in a similar strain:—

“You put forward the highest possible claims for your Church, often in a tone of pharisaical self-conceit, as though the usages and beliefs of the greater part of Christendom were of no account whatever in your eyes. You repeatedly indulge in a very offensive sort of commiseration of Rome, forgetting, on the one hand, that you are very young, and, on the other, that Rome's communion is much more extensive than your own, and comprehends wisdom and holiness which must demand the respect of every modest and thoughtful man.”—pp. 362-3.

But let us hear him upon the particular practices and institutions peculiar to our Church. We have already seen the

* No. lxiii. (July 1842) p. 105.

neglect of clerical celibacy in the Anglican body put forward among the impeachments to which their Church is liable in the eyes of Catholic Christendom. Upon this topic Mr. Faber does not speak in his own person. He leaves to the Stranger the task of enforcing it, which he does at considerable length (pp. 126-31); alleging no fewer than nineteen reasons in support of it. Mr. Faber's private views may be gathered from the following extract, though it bears directly upon the monastic, not the missionary life:—

“People, who never tried them, say lives of monastic penance are easy to be passed. No: amid the joys of marriage, and the pretty science of young children, and the friendly looks of a kind neighbourhood, it is easy to write off a life of penance in a few minutes; but who could in calm reflection expand the years of solitary weariness, of hardness and mortification, of wakeful scholarship, of perpetual prayer, unvisited by a softness or a joy beyond what a bird, or a tree, or an unusually blue sky may bring him,—with a trust in Christ as pure, complete, and self-abandoning as theirs who so write, and with a knowledge of his Christian liberty as clear and as enlarged; who could expand all this out of the few current phrases into which it is compressed, and not feel that it is harder to be a monk than a missionary? And for the estimation of it, let people account, whether monastic teachers of theology, such as the princely and erudite Benedictines, take not that ‘special’ rank St. Paul speaks of, as the ‘double honour’ due to the presbyters who labour in the word and doctrine. O let us not, at least, condemn virtues as alloyed with impure doctrinal motives, when the truth is we have not the heart, the hardness, or the love, to prosecute such virtues ourselves.”—p. 142.

On a subsequent occasion—a dialogue with the “Stranger,” most appropriately held in the beautiful Armenian convent of San Lazzaro, at Venice—the expediency of the revival of the monastic institute in England is discussed at length. The advantages contemplated are three:—1. That the existence of monastic bodies would supply a vent for that unregulated religious enthusiasm, which, in the present state of torpor, evaporates in fanaticism and dissent. 2. That they afford the only means of coping with the spiritual destitution of the overgrown manufacturing population of the great towns. 3. That they would strengthen the hands of the bishops, give efficiency to the exercise of their authority, and practically enlarge the range of their jurisdiction. The discussion is conceived in a spirit which displays the most just appreciation of the nature and duties of the religious life. Nothing could be more exquisite than the sketch of the Benedictine institute and manner of life. (pp. 429-34.) Were it not that the very

impossibility of its realization in the Anglican Church is the best foundation of our hope, it would be difficult to think, without a feeling of melancholy regret, that so much energy and zeal should be wasted upon what is, and must be, a chimerical project. The second reason is worthy of being well considered:—

“ ‘Another advantage would be, an ability to cope with the immense manufacturing population of your country. I see no other means by which you can cope with it as a Church should. Picture to yourself the huge moral wilderness of countless souls who throng the earth around the English factories. What spiritual lever do you apply to these masses of corrupt yet energetic life? In each district two or three churches, with perhaps four priests, men of soft habits, elegant manners, and refined education. This forms what is called the English Church in that manufacturing district. Surely it is unnecessary to point out the absurd inadequacy, or genteel feebleness, call it what you please, of such a moving power; neither have you, or are you likely to have, at your command, the pecuniary means to multiply churches and priests by hundreds and by thousands. But set down one or two ecclesiastical factories among them, in the shape of monasteries; combine in them much of the rough rude energy which now evaporates in chartism or dissent, and you will soon see a very different state of things indeed. Transplant the monastery of Camaldula from the bleak Apennine frontier of Romagna, with its cenobites and hermits; let there be one incessant round of prayer, preaching, education, roughly, in season and out of season; send the poor monks out among the poor from whence they have been taken; interfere for the weak against the oppressor; let charity and sympathetic watchfulness, which is ever more prized than almsgiving, run over exuberantly, and be flowing night and day from the gates of the monastery.’ ‘Ah,’ said I, ‘did you but know England, you would see what a dream you are dreaming!’ ‘A dream, young man!’ he answered sternly, ‘am I then to believe, what I have been told on many sides, that your Church is but a dream, and your churchmen dreamers with an unrealized theology, not a branch of the Catholic vine, true, healthy, strong, vigorous, growing, pliable, gifted, tangible, substantial? What! cannot it adapt itself, by great turnings and bold measures, to altered circumstances? Has its political establishment crippled its powers? Ah! have you not perchance made an illuminated transparency, a soothing sight for quiet times, and sat before it so long and so complacently, that you now venture to call it a Catholic Church.’”—pp. 361-2.

Alas! who can reflect upon the present anomalous position of the enthusiastic party to which Mr. Faber belongs,—

seekers and longers after Catholic truth and Catholic practice, trammelled by the indelibly Protestant spirit of all the usages and institutions of their Church, and striving in vain to realize within her pale the principles which an anxious study of antiquity has inspired;—who can think upon the apparent earnestness and fervour with which they seek to breathe a new spirit into her cold and inanimate forms, persuading themselves the while that they are thus divesting her of the Protestant character which is but too plainly stamped upon her from her very birth, and not be touched, even painfully, by the truth of this simple expostulation? Truly it is the veriest dream! Let us hope and pray that “it is now the time to rise from sleep; for now their salvation is nearer than when they believed.”

Nor is it the mere external form of monasticism that Mr. Faber prizes, and would introduce among his countrymen. He enters fully into all the practices of the interior life, in a way which shows that the admiration is far more than superficial. We could hardly expect to read in one of our own authors a warmer panegyric of voluntary chastisement, mortification of the appetites and of the will, holy silence, and the other exercises of the ascetic life, even down to the little practices of piety which (as the use of the blessed sign of the cross), we employ as memorials of God's presence, or as preventives of temptation and of sin. What could be more consoling than the following? It is from a dialogue with the “Stranger,” on a silent hill above the Greek convent, near the plain of Marathon:—

“‘But the one which I could specify now, as connected with the public and private devotions of Christians, is the frequent recurrence in nature of the powerful and hallowed sign of the cross. ‘And this,’ said I, ‘is one of the safeguards against sin, in common use among the ascetics.’ ‘I should hope,’ he replied, ‘that there was no Christian who was ashamed to sign himself with the sign of the cross, especially when, from any sudden and apparently causeless irruption of unchaste thoughts, he has reason to believe his chamber is filled with unclean spirits. Surely it is a great privilege not to be forbidden the use of that effectual token. To a serious man, how quickly it raises a fence between the world and himself! How it reminds him of his New Birth, when he rises in the morning! How does it meekly defy the evil angels, when he leaves his chamber for the day! How does it bless his bed, when he retires to rest! How does it, as it were, absolve him in the dead of the night, from the guilt of miserable dreams! How is it a very real and felt contact with the invisible world! O blessed

sign! how art thou like the finger of the Lord, the touch of one whom we love and fear!" 'How fearless, too,' said I, 'was the use of this dread admonition among the saints of old! For what is wanting in Tertullian's catalogue? 'At every stir and movement, at every coming in and going out, at putting on the clothes and binding on the sandals, at the bath and at the banquet, at the lighting of the lamps, at lying down or sitting, whithersoever the conversation of our life leadeth us, we do wear our forehead with the sign of the cross.'" 'And nature, too,' he replied, 'was full of this sign to them when they walked abroad. Not only were the pools of water, and the fields of corn, instructive shadows of the font and the altar, and the olive yards of their holy unction, and the vines of the redeeming Blood; but the cross, too, was everywhere,—among the boughs, and in the clouds, and on the plains, and on the skins of beasts. If St. Ephrem saw a little bird fly, he remembered, that with outstretched wings, it was making the sign of the cross before heaven; and that, if it closed its wings and marred the sign, it straightway fell to the earth. If he trusted himself on ship-board, he looked up to the mast, and, behold! a cross; and when they spread the sail, it was like the Body of One hanging on the cross, propelling the ship, and forthwith the ship became the Church, and the fierce sea the world, and there was One on board Whose Presence is our haven!'"—pp. 425-6.

Mr. Faber's views on the subject of the papacy, as far as it is possible to collect them from his conferences with the "Stranger," do not seem to differ much from those entertained by the rest of the new school. Maintaining, as they do, the substantial identity of their Church today, with the "Catholic Church in England," founded by St. Austin, the papacy is one of their most perplexing difficulties. On other questions it is perhaps possible (we mean, of course, in their view of the *negative* character of the articles) to hold what they believe to be Catholic opinions, even when they appear unsanctioned by, nay, opposed to the letter of the articles. Every one knows what a tumult was excited by the "special pleading," by which it was sought to reconcile the thirty-first article with the Catholic doctrine of the mass. It may perhaps be possible, notwithstanding, for a man, in the fervour of his anxiety to "unprotestantize" the articles, to persuade himself that the condemnation neither "regards the mass in in itself, nor its being an offering, though commemorative, for the quick and the dead for the remission of sin."* We can even imagine it possible for a zealous Anglican to hope

* Tract 90, p. 63, third edition.

against hope, that the retrenchment of the commemoration of the dead in the remodelling of the book of Common Prayer was merely negative, nor intended to condemn this catholic practice. But the position of the Church with regard to the papacy precludes the application of such principles to this doctrine. The renunciation of obedience in the sixteenth century, was a practical, positive, and overt act, to which not the framers of the articles only, but the entire Church was committed; and to which she continues practically committed as long as the separation subsists. Hence, whatever may be said of other points, on the papacy there is no room for compromise, no *via media* between Rome and England: the thirty-eighth article but embodies what is the essential principle of Anglicanism, and "whatever reasons there are against it, are so far reasons against remaining in the English Church.†" The Tractarians maintain, therefore, that, whatever may have been the duty of obedience while the Anglican Church actually found itself under the papal dominion, as that dominion was not "directly from revelation, but an event in Providence," when it ceased to be, it ceased to claim their obedience; and it ceased, according to them, at the Reformation. They find themselves under the king now, and they obey him; just as before, when they found themselves under the Pope, they obeyed him also.

We are but stating the outlines of this theory; the reasons by which it sought to bear out its broad and sweeping assertions will demand at our leisure a separate examination. Mr. Faber hardly enters into them at all, and we have stated so much merely in order that his opinion may be more fully understood. It might appear at first sight that a person holding such opinions would gladly sympathize with what are called the Gallican principles regarding the papal authority. With him it is precisely the reverse. He abhors it as "a vile, unworthy and disloyal child of the selfish Sorbonne," (p. 623), a system "with which no high-hearted man can sympathize." (p. 114.) His sympathies run in precisely the opposite direction. He regards every "national" system as radically defective, he looks with reverence to the "magnificent idea of the papacy," (p. 72), deploras the separation of Greece from Rome, as "an inauspicious blight on the venerable Churches of the East," and rejects the notion that the emancipation of the national churches from the subjection to Rome,

* Tract 90, p. 77, third edition.

has conferred upon them a "nobler individuality." Considering the question historically, he "is not slow to admit the many blessings of which the papacy has been the cause." (p. 413.) It was the centre "from which most of Europe was christianized, and held together in unity after it was made Christian;" and during the dogmatical aberrations of the early centuries, it was ever a "jealous spy and effectual restraint upon the subtilizing temper of the East." Even still he regards Rome as the "legitimate capital of Christendom." (p. 377.) He admits that even in these days the papacy is "a captivating idea, for it seems a shorter road to unity than any other" (p. 413); his "foreign sympathies rest mainly with the Latin Church," (p. 598), and he "dares not say, and will not think, that the office of Rome is over." (p. 596.)

In all this, however, strong as it may appear, he does not go beyond what has been already equivalently admitted by other members of his party; and perhaps it is reconcilable with the theory, that the papal supremacy was providentially permitted, though it had no foundation in primitive divine institution. Elsewhere, however, he goes further. He admits that, "the lower we stoop to decypher the mysterious characters in which it is traced, *the more manifestly do they appear divine.*" (p. 378.) He "reverences Rome and Rome's primacy, because of that reverential instinct which he finds in the writers of antiquity" (p. 414); and "by no means denies that there was a *divine sanction* for it." (p. 413.) It is not easy to reconcile this language with the human institution of the papal supremacy which is the basis of the Anglican theory.

Yet it would appear, after all, that Mr. Faber adopts the same view. It is, as usual, brought out in a dialogue with the "Stranger" at Ancona, the only papal city which they visited.

"'Certainly,' replied I, laughing, 'it requires an effort to pass by Rome, but I shall console myself with the thought, that "earth has something yet to show," the haunted hills of the legitimate capital of Christendom.' 'Are you not afraid,' said he, 'to acknowledge that title?' 'No,' I answered, 'Rome has been a marvellously fruitful mother, and the curious diligence of antiquarians cannot alter the fact, that we of the west at least are her children. I am the more forward in confessing our mother's dignity, because I would question or limit the exercise of some of her maternal rights.'

"'There are,' said he, with a very thoughtful expression of face, 'sometimes important steps taken by us in life, steps which turn our feet unconsciously into a new path; and we have afterwards

fears and misgivings about them, for no other reason, than that their importance, perhaps inadequately realized by us at the time, now alarms us. Their grandeur overshadows our spirits, and envelopes them for a season in gloom. Glimpses of possible consequences sometimes breed a panic within us. Something of the same sort of feeling oppresses me when I reflect on the history of the papacy. One while the idea elevates me by its greatness; another, it dejects me by its boldness.' 'It is,' said I, 'really an awful page in the history of man; and the lower we stoop to decypher the mysterious characters in which it is written, the more manifestly do they appear divine.' 'This,' said he, 'seems to have struck the world so early as the council of Chalcedon in the middle of the fifth century.' 'Yet,' I replied, 'the fathers of Chalcedon strove to make out the primacy of St. Peter's successor to be a political matter only.' 'But,' he answered, 'the feelings of the Christian world did not respond to their notion. It was, I think, thrown out by them as a feeler. However, it did not satisfy men, and carried no influence with it.' 'Had it been but an affair of politics,' said I, 'it would not have kept its wonderful hold upon the reverence of the faithful, when Belisarius and Narses had reduced Rome into one of the provincial cities of the eastern empire.' 'And yet,' said he, 'we must not press the feelings and indistinctly realized sense of antiquity into a doctrine or formal statement. It will not bear it. The early fathers saw something about Rome, they hardly knew what; something which distinguished her from other Churches. One of the heathen emperors,—Aurelian, if I mistake not,—referred a dispute to the bishop of Rome, in some such way as to show a belief in his mind, that his Christian subjects looked up to the chair of Rome. He was, doubtless, expressing something which he had observed. Some of the fathers, as Tertullian, speak of the peculiar happiness of the Church of Rome, where the two Apostles were martyred, and St. John confessed. Others seem to regard it in a peculiar way, as the only clearly apostolic chair in the west. Others, again, as being in type as a Church, what St. Peter was as an apostle; and indeed this is true, for Rome is a type of the whole Church. I, too, see, even in early times, something distinguishing that Church very honourably;—an almost miraculous fecundity in planting Churches, and this, of course, paved the way for the subsequent growth of the papacy. Then other early writers noticed her long freedom from heresy as something peculiar, and called her the Virgin Church. Her conduct in the Arian troubles, during the pontificates of Julius, Liberius, and Damasus, would also dispose and consolidate her influence throughout the universal Church. Indeed, a passage in St. Gregory Nazianzen's poem on his own life, shows with what affectionate reverence even the eastern doctors regarded her; and it is more striking in that Gregory himself was patriarch of Constantinople.' 'Yet,' said I, 'it

is not possible for Rome to substantiate the present claims of the papacy out of primitive writers.' 'It is a mistake,' said he, 'to attempt it. The papacy should rest its cause on other foundations. It has, rightly viewed, very solemn justifications.'—pp. 377-80.

We regret that we cannot continue this disquisition, which is certainly a curiosity in its way. It has seldom been our lot to encounter a more free-and-easy reasoner than this same "Man of the Middle Ages." He has a most enviable knack of disposing, by a single sentence, of facts and authorities on which others, less happy, have been absurd enough to waste volumes. Into one brief but most expressive phrase, "reverential instinct," he manages to condense all that the fathers and councils have written upon the See of Peter. In their strongest language he can discover nothing more than an "indistinctly realized sense;" and to crown his self-complacent flippancy, even in this he declares most dogmatically that they did not understand themselves, and if they cherished this "reverential instinct," it was because "they saw something about Rome, they hardly knew what!!" It would be difficult to find a more thorough-going system of interpretation in the most contemptuous modern reviler of the fathers. Surely Mr. Faber's prepossessions against the "modern papacy," have here prevailed over his habitual reverence for antiquity. He has mistaken (at least in this point) the tone and temper of a theorizing rationalist, in the nineteenth century, for the spirit of an orthodox churchman in those ages which he professes to revere so much, and to understand so well.

Taking this "reverential instinct" of the primitive epoch as the basis of his theory, the Stranger proceeds to trace the progress of the influence of the papacy. The position of Rome during what he calls the barbarian epoch, prepared the way for the part which it was destined to act in the great crisis of the Iconoclast controversy, and for the more defined supremacy of the Carolingian epoch. Notwithstanding the disastrous times which followed, the struggles of the Franco-nian epoch but tended to display the marvellous vitality of the papacy, which the Hildebrandine epoch at length fully developed, at least, as far as it was destined to be realized. Thus, in a page or two of declamatory dogmatism, the whole matter is quietly disposed of. We are surprised it did not strike Mr. Faber that his friend of the Middle Ages has been all along confounding the *secular* with the *spiritual* influence of the papacy, and that not a single one of his facts, however

they may illustrate the former, is directly applicable to the latter view of the question.

The stranger goes on to explain how it was that the Church "shifted from the ground of primitive episcopacy to that of the mediæval papacy;" and employs as an illustration the changes of the forms of polity among the Jews, who, though originally placed under a pure theocracy, were afterwards brought under a kingly form of government, which was "divinely sanctioned in some lower sense than the other." Surely, when Mr. Faber adopts this illustration, he forgets by what agency the change was effected among the Jews;*—the very opposite of that by which he supposes (and by which his argument requires him to prove) the alteration of the system of Church polity to have taken place.

"Now, in a like way, primitive episcopacy was the pure theocracy of the Church; and the mysterious reverential instinct towards Rome implanted in the early Church, was, in my view, equivalent to the limits and provisions made in the law for the future kingdom. The mediæval papacy sprung out of sin. That is not to be questioned. Yet it restored and reinvigorated the faith and manners of the Church. It was, like the Jewish monarchy, the best possible state of things for degenerate ages. The state of the episcopal college during the Carlovingian, and again, during the Franconian epochs, was appalling beyond all measure. Charlemagne strove, in his day, to improve, by feudalizing it. This feudalized episcopacy was the cause of all the flagitious wickedness which characterized the bishops of the Franconian times. In short, the second era of episcopal corruption sprung from the secular means adopted to remedy the first. The episcopal college thus, in some measure, like the wicked sons of Eli, forfeited its rights. The wilful Church, for it was really the sense of Europe, and not, as it is often said, the artful ambition of sundry popes, called for a king, and received one who repaired the breaches and built up the waste places of Zion. Solomon's temple marked the new Hebrew polity; the magnificence of the Church characterized the papal monarchy. Might not this be a kind of sanction? The power of order and government resides in the universal Church, deposited with the multitude of the faithful. The episcopate was the divinely appointed means of expressing this. But the papacy was not the first step towards shifting from this ground. The patriarchal system of the fourth and fifth centuries is surely some modification of the primitive episcopacy. In it the power of the faithful was vested somewhat more exclusively, gathered up into fewer centres of unity. I

* See 1 Kings viii. 22.

speak not of sacerdotal power, or acts of consecration, blessing, or malediction, but of order and government. The patriarchal was, in some, though not in essential, points, a departure from the primitive episcopacy. In the papal system, the power was vested more exclusively still: it was gathered up—the power of the whole multitude of Catholics was gathered up—most awful venture!—into one frail old bishop. This was not done without the sanction of the Church. That sanction was never given in a formal way; yet it was really and sincerely given by the consent of the episcopal college, first here, and then there, and also by the well-nigh universal sense of the faithful. Rome received a call. I would fain see, in the primitive reverence for her, in the patriarchal system permitted by the universal Church in council, and in the providential ordering of historical circumstances; a kind of divine sanction of the new ground which the Church had taken up, a divine sanction of Rome's answering her call.”—pp. 385-7.

Well may Mr. Faber in his answer call this “bold dealing with history!” Well may the Stranger acknowledge that “some of the lines seem to stand out with too much hardness from his view!” However, with all its fancifulness and all its incongruity, we might not be surprised to find it put forward by Mr. Faber as his own. It might read plausibly enough as an extract from Mr. Palmer's *Treatise on the Church*; or serve to draw Mr. Newman's foot out of the snare of the thirty-eighth article. But we cannot help saying it was bad policy to put it into the mouth of a “Man of the Middle Ages.” How incongruous, for example, would it appear in the pages of St. Bernard, with whom we familiarly identify all that is learned and holy in those times, and whose very name, even in Mr. Faber's judgment, “speaks volumes against Arnold of Brescia.” What would he have thought of this airy theory of “reverential instinct”? How would it assort with the character of the *summà auctoritas et plenaria potestas* which he everywhere attributes to the “vicar of Christ”^{*} upon earth? We should be glad to see Mr. Faber translate into such language as he attributes here to the “stranger,” St. Bernard's famous letter to the Milanese on the authority of Pope Innocent;† or, if he prefer an English

* Vide St. Bernardi Opera, tom. i. p. 190, also i. p. 249, and i. 474, &c. *passim*. (Bened. edit.)

† “Some one will say,” says he, “I will pay [to the Pope] the reverence which is due, and nothing more.” “Be it so, do what you say; for if you pay the due, you will also pay unmodified, reverence. For, by a singular prerogative, the plenitude of power over all the Churches of the world hath been granted to the apostolic see.”—tom. i. p. 141.

prelate, we would refer him to his own Lanfranc of Canterbury. "It is imprinted on the consciences of all," says he, in his controversy with the Archbishop of York, "to tremble at the menace, and applaud at the favours, of St. Peter's successors, just as at those of the saint himself; and the dispensation of ecclesiastical affairs is then ratified when it is approved by the judgment of the successors of St. Peter. To what is this attributable, but to *the power of the divine liberality diffused by our Lord Jesus Christ, through St. Peter, even unto his vicars?*"* How different is this, (and it is but one of a thousand similar testimonies from the same period) from the vague and fanciful theorizing of the imaginary "man of the Middle Ages!" Indeed, we fear that, if Mr. Faber must find a prototype for him in those times, he will be obliged to choose from a class with whom we are sure he has but little sympathy, and whom, had he lived among them, he would have found anything rather than reputable, not to say, safe, companions.

Beyond these half historical, half dogmatical dissertations, (in which everything is assumed), there is no direct proof of this theory regarding the papal supremacy. But, one or two facts are incidentally introduced, upon which it may be well to say a word.

The acts of the council held at Arles in 314 are adduced as conclusive "against the claims of the modern papacy." "The fathers," we are told, "regret the absence of the pope; but inform him that they are called together by the emperor, that their authority is divine, that they have a rule of faith whereby to direct themselves, and a divine commission, when so convened and directed to give sentence. They end by saying, 'what we have in council decreed, that we signify to your friendliness, in order that all may know what they ought in future to observe'. From this language we learn, first, that an anti-Nicene council did not think the pope what Romanists think him now: secondly, that yet they thought him something more than a common bishop: thirdly, that they probably regarded him, in right of his chair, as the voice and mouth-piece of the Church, in the west at least." (p.109.) In the first place, we must observe that Mr. Faber has most gratuitously generalized the claim to divine authority asserted by the council,—though, in point of fact, the fathers of the council only put it forward in their condemnation of

* Lanfranci Opera. Biblioth. Maxima Patrum, tom. xviii. p. 828.

Cæcilius and his party, who had been already condemned by the pope in the council of Rome.* It by no means follows that, because they have divine authority to condemn Cæcilius, (which is all they assert), they have the same authority to decide every other question. But, abstracting from this, we should be glad to know what it is that Romanists hold now with regard to the pope inconsistent with the claims of this council? Does Mr. Faber imagine that we believe the presence of the pope, or his authority, necessary for all, even particular synods, such as that of Arles. On the contrary, we maintain, that the primate or metropolitan is the legitimate president of a national or provincial synod. It is true that, in the present discipline, the confirmation of the pope is required. But is this disproved by the case of Arles? On the contrary, may it not be taken as an example of the antiquity of the usage? The very letter from which the words cited above are extracted, is that in which the bishops submit to the pope the decrees which, "in their mediocrity," they had passed. Mr. Faber tells us that the fathers regret the absence of the pope; but he forgets to subjoin the reason which they assign. It is not as a matter of ceremony, or because of the greater dignity of his chair, but because, had he been present, "their sentence would have been more severe." So that if the case of Arles prove anything at all, it is directly the reverse of what Mr. Faber would infer from it. But, even if his inference were correct as regards the council of Arles, still it would prove nothing at all with reference to the general question; for the council of Arles must be an exception to the general rule. It was convened by the emperor Constantine solely as a measure of policy and peace, for the purpose of silencing the murmurs of the Donatist party in Africa. The case of Cæcilian, which was submitted to it in order to "put an end to the obstinate dissensions still subsisting," had been already referred to Rome and decided by the pope.† But the Donatists still complained, alleging that they had not been fully heard; and, to silence their murmurs, Constantine called a council of the bishops of

* "Ubi graves ac perniciosas legi nostræ atque traditioni homines pertulimus, quos et præsens Dei nostri auctoritas, et traditio ac regula veritatis respuit." Labbe's Councils, tom. i. p. 2449. The words are clearly used only with reference to Cæcilian and his party.

† "Cum res fuisset apud urbem Romam ab idoneis et probatissimis viris episcopis terminata."—Constantine's letter to Ælapius, convoking the council, Labbe, *ibid.* p. 2445.

Africa and Gaul to be held in Arles. The question submitted for peace sake to their decision, therefore, had been already decided by the pope; and their decree is but a confirmation of that already made by him. What argument could be drawn against the papal claims from the terms of such a decree, even if it had not been submitted to the pope, whereas it merely reiterated the sentence which he had already passed?

A similar fact is pressed into service (p. 56), to show that the Gallican Synod of Paris, held in 1406, "asserted its belief that there resides, even in a single branch of the Church Catholic, a power superior to that of the pope out of general council." The act from which this inference is drawn, is the declaration of the synod, by which "the prelates subtracted their obedience" from both the rival popes, Benedict XIII and Gregory XII. We need hardly say that this council was held towards the close of the unhappy schism of the West, when the contending parties, satisfied of the hopelessness of compromise, and conscious of the impossibility of settling the question of succession, had resolved, that the only prospect of terminating the schism lay in the resignation of both claimants, and the appointment of a new pontiff. At most, therefore, this precedent could only hold for a case of doubtful and disputed succession. But, in addition to this, Mr. Faber forgets that both Benedict and Gregory had each bound himself by oath at their election to resign, if his adversary consented. The decree of the Synod of Paris, therefore, in enforcing this oath, only executed a measure to which the pontiffs had already consented, and withdrew an allegiance which they had themselves expressly renounced. But even were it otherwise, the very acts of the council on which Mr. Faber's objection is based, supply the clear and unequivocal solution. The decree was expressly made only with a reference to the existing circumstances, and "saving the respect due to the apostolic see, and to the rights of the future lawful pope."*

But we are almost tempted to forget these and many other similar blemishes, in the fervour of such passages as the following. It is one of the last addresses of the "Stranger," and its enthusiasm might almost make us overlook his many backslidings on other occasions, and even in the very conversation of which it forms the conclusion:—

* See the history of this synod in the "Dictionnaire des Conciles," p. 370.

“‘Nay,’ said he, ‘what could I have done better for her than I have done? Rome has no cause to fear truth; she will gain by it in the end. Behold,’ continued he, raising his voice, while his face kindled with solemn enthusiasm, ‘behold, all hearts are turned towards Rome, all eyes are fixed upon her in love, hope, fear, and inquiry. Long has her mysterious character been seen, in that men could not feel indifference towards her, as a common city, but either fond love or bitter hatred has been her portion from every one who cared for the cross at all. The contracted limits and narrow sympathies of national Churches are again being destroyed. Gallicanism, that vile, unworthy, and disloyal child of the selfish Sorbonne, is now scattered for ever to the four winds of heaven; and the fresh waters, imprisoned by the salt sea in your own island, are bursting down their barriers with a sound to which all Europe listens. Oh, by the beauty of old Catholic England! Oh, by the memory of the old Saxon saints! I implore you, as a priest consecrating in the shrines of Augustine and of Anselm, to seek daily to feel and realize, and bear upon the Church Catholic, through and beyond your own national branch; throw yourself with a bold meekness into the capacious sympathies and magnificent affections of the Church universal; hide yourself in the mighty beatings of her universal heart. Are there none to set you an example; none whose meek humility and love of discipline can correct the vehemence and untutored zeal which tempts those who walk in a new path?’ ‘O yes,’ I replied, ‘there are lowly-minded men even in proud England, whose leaning on the Church Catholic is as bold and trustful as your own: we have men still, who walk in our cloisters, singing of the king’s daughter, and extolling her golden vestures. Nay, on this Asiatic shore, forgive me if I would leave behind an echo of noble English song,—a melody of one who sits uncomplaining by the waters of our Babylon, even thankful for the thin shade of the willows on that thirsty land, and speaking these glorious things of the city of our God:—

“‘Throughout the olden word, story and rite;
 Throughout the new, skirting all clouds with gold;
 Through rise and fall and destinies manifold
 Of pagan empires; through the dreams and night
 Of nature, and the darkness and the light;
 Still young in hope, in disappointment old;
 Through mists which fallen humanity enfold,
 Into the vast and viewless infinite,
 Rises the eternal city of our God.
 Her towers, the morn, with disenchanting rod,
 Dimly and darkly labours to dissolve,
 Lifting the outskirts of the o’ermantling gloom:
 Bright shapes come forth—arch, pinnacle and dome;
 In heaven is hid its height and deep repose.’”—pp. 622-4.

Let us hope that there is many a heart in which this fervid adjuration will find an echo. Alas! who can remain blind to the hopelessness of the attempt to combat from within, in the Anglican Church, the unhappy influences which, as they impede the growth of Catholic principles, could not fail to stifle them, even were it possible to bring them to maturity? We are tempted to add one further extract, in which the fatal force of these influences is fully admitted and explained:—

“‘What is the difficulty to which you allude?’ said I. ‘It arises,’ he replied, ‘from a view of the historical character of your Church and her theology. The modern structure of your Church is revolutionary. It was rebuilt in haste, and, as with the Long Walls at Athens, fragments of tombs, statues, temples, and memorial pillars, were built into it, often upside down; and when the work was done, you found you had enclosed the besieger’s outposts within your city, instead of building him out altogether. You discovered two opposite religious tendencies united in your Church; one prevailing in this formulary, the other prevailing in that, both fettered by the same tests, and subjected to the same conditions of theological thought, without either having the ability to exorcise the other. The history of your Church, and indeed of your country, since that time, has been neither more nor less than the history of those rival tendencies.....Here is the difficulty. One of those tendencies must devour the other, before you can be in a condition, united at home, to work towards a unity abroad. Now the champions of each tendency have surely an equal claim to have their consciences respected, and their interpretations permitted, so long as their subscriptions are honest, and their obedience to the lawful sources of spiritual power and theological interference hearty and consistent. Yet I do not see how any synodical step, taken by the English Church now, could be anything but a condemnation of one or other of these tendencies, and its consequent ejection or departure from her pale; and the two tendencies are so evenly balanced in the country and among the clergy, that the consequences would be tremendous.’ ‘But,’ said I, ‘suppose the tendency with which you sympathize were ejected, we might hope’—— ‘Do not suffer yourself to hope anything,’ he replied; ‘confusion in such a case *must* ensue, and in the middle of confusion *might* come ruin.’”—pp. 175-6.

We have looked in vain for any solution of this difficulty. The Stranger, when appealed to as to the remedy, replies, that he “knows not, though he has often thought of it.” He admits that “it is a great difficulty;” and his only consolation is the vague assurance, that “Providence will get them over it if they deserve it.” Surely, for those “who aim at being Catholic in heart and spirit,” it is trifling with sacred things to trust their fate to such a contingency.

A great difficulty it unquestionably is, and one which the present contest of the rival tendencies is every day developing more clearly. It is admitted on all hands that both the rival tendencies—popularly called the Catholic and the Protestant—may claim a place within the English Church, “one prevailing in this formulary, the other in that;” one in the prayer-book, the other in the articles. Mr. Faber admits that “neither is able to exorcise the other;” and even that the Church herself “cannot excommunicate heresy.” (p. 363.) The very utmost that is claimed for the articles, even by those who would put a Catholic construction upon them, is, that they are “articles of peace,” “leaving open large questions,”* “indeterminate statements.”† They are acknowledged to be “equivocal and indecisive,” and to “wear an ambiguous character.”‡ The Oxford school makes no secret of its “regret at their tone,”§ and is even thankful that they are “merely indecisive, and not decisive on the wrong side.”¶ How, we ask, can any man who believes that Christ gave his Church any authority at all, believe that He could have invested it in an organ so weak, inefficient, unpractical, and every way unworthy? What right-minded man can recognize in this stammering, indecisive, time-serving policy, the spirit of that ever-watchful guide with whom Christ “is all days;” to whom it was promised in type, “my spirit which is in thee, and my words that I have put into thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed’s seed, saith the Lord, henceforth and for ever”? Who does not see that the representative of God’s authority, to be effective, should speak in plain and unequivocal language, and that otherwise it is but a solemn mockery, leading men whither they know not, or a delusive snare for souls, and a cloak for the worst form of private judgment,—a judgment invested with the semblance of divine authority?

But even forgetting this for a moment, what would be the practical utility of such an authority? Take the present controversy on what is called the Catholic movement as an example. Suppose an humble inquirer disposed in its favour, but distracted by the array of learning, and divided by the conflicting claims, upon each side of the question, yet eager to

* Tract 90, p. 81.

† “Explanation of a passage in the article on Bishop Jewel,” p. 14.

§ British Critic, No. lxiii. p. 242.

† Ibid. p. 4.

|| Explanation, &c. p. 15.

follow with reverence the guidance of the Church. Where is he to look for the manifestation of its will? What is its organ? The formularies? But they are in direct conflict with one another; and that one which alone is, properly speaking, dogmatical, is admitted to be "equivocal and indecisive." The bishops? But they are claimed by both sides, and, if they be not decidedly hostile to the Catholic movement, cannot, at least, be taken as authorities in its favour. Many have held back from the question altogether, and those who have spoken, would, we fear, be but unhappy representatives of the Catholic interpretation of the articles. One condemns it as "a grievous impeachment of the Church's character for truth and discretion;"† another (the Tractarians' own diocesan), as one "by which the articles might be made to mean anything or nothing." The bishop of Durham calls it "an elaborate attempt to explain away their real meaning;" the bishop of Ripon considers "the integrity of subscription endangered by it." It has filled the bishop of Gloucester "with astonishment and concern;" the archbishop of Armagh declares, that it "destroys the value of the articles as a standard of faith;" the bishop of Hereford deprecates it as "a revival of notions, not only in themselves delusive, but tending to the introduction of subterfuges fatal to the penitent sinner's hope, subversive of the whole gospel scheme, and directly in the face of the obvious declarations of the Church;" and the bishop of Exeter declares it "absurd as well as inconsistent, its principle of interpretation most unsound, and the reasoning by which it is supported sophistical." Alas, is not this authority of the Church in his regard, as though it were not at all?

But even though we take a case infinitely more favourable than the reality;—though we suppose the majority of the clergy to agree in the most Catholic sense of the articles, and to acknowledge that the Catholic opinions are not directly inconsistent with their letter, what does it amount to after all? It is at the very best but a bare *toleration* of the truth:—the tendency of her teaching is towards error, but perhaps the truth is not entirely excluded, and may, possibly, with much labour and ingenuity, be reconciled with the natural and grammatical sense of her formularies. This is the very utmost that has

* "The Laws of the Church, the Churchman's Guard against Romanism and Puritanism, in two charges, by the Lord Bishop of Down and Connor." (p. 14.) The remaining quotations are from the charges of the other prelates.

been attempted to be proven. And will any man of common feeling say, that the doctrinal office of the Church has no loftier scope than this? that she can ever be degraded into the character of one, whose best praise is, that she does not entirely exclude the truth! Alas, if so, how dimmed the *Lux mundi*! how fallen and humiliated the *Civitas supra montem posita, quæ abscondi non potest!*

It were well, however, if this were all, and if no more grievous impeachment could be preferred against the Anglican Church. But may she not, even on the showing of the Tractarians themselves, be convicted of what they, and all who seek even the shadow of Catholic principles, must regard as a direct and palpable suppression of the truths which they cherish as the very essence of Catholic belief? Has she not, in her articles, hidden and buried these precious truths under forms of words, not only "equivocal and indecisive," but so directly conveying the opposite meaning, that it is only by a process of ingenious torture, which all must deem unnatural, and which the anti-Tractarians do not scruple to call dishonest, that they can be twisted even into the merest toleration of them? It is not alone, that the truth is not professed; it is impossible not to see that it is studiously and wilfully concealed. How few are there who can detect it under the bald and barren phraseology of the articles? Nay, how few to whom they do not produce the effect, not merely of a *suppressio veri*, but of a plain and irresistible *suggestio falsi*? Who, for example, is not irresistibly impelled by the tone and tenor of the thirty-first article, to reject altogether the life-giving sacrifice of the altar? Who can persuade himself that it is not intended to exclude altogether every idea of an "offering of Christ for the quick and the dead"? Mr. Faber deals tenderly with this article, when he merely accuses it of "*clouding* the sacrifice of the altar." Surely it not only clouds, but obliterates, every trace of its existence; and surely it is too mild a character of such teaching, to say, that it is "equivocal and indecisive." Can we doubt that it is "decisive upon the wrong side"? And, if we regard such doctrines as forming part of the great deposit of Catholic truth, can we hesitate to pronounce this cowardly and culpable suppression of them, a "detaining of the truth of God in injustice?"

To entertain oneself, therefore, with the idea of such an authority, is but to trifle with an imposing name. May it not well be suspected that the Catholic movement in the English Church, which, far from originating either in the formularies

of the Church itself, or in the bishops who might most naturally be taken as the representatives of her authority, on the contrary, if it be not actually condemned by both, cannot claim from either more than the merest toleration,—is, after all, a voice in, not of the Church;—a subtle refinement of private interpretation, without weight, because without commission; without permanence, because unembodied in any determinate organ; without utility, because incapable of being applied in any practical emergency; and far from being calculated to create and preserve unity, itself the very occasion of discord and disunion, by claims which cannot be supported and which will not be obeyed? And how can it be otherwise, in a body which comprises members so motley and incongruous? What can possibly be hoped from, we will not say, the union, but even the co-existence, of two tendencies so utterly irreconcilable. What permanence, nay, what passing fruit, can be hoped from an attempt to engraft Catholic doctrines upon a system whose institutions are essentially Protestant to their very core; to cherish Catholic feelings, and enkindle or keep alive a Catholic spirit, in a Church which it is first necessary to “*unprotestantize*,”* as a preliminary to its reform? Men’s views are dependent on external things, and take their tone and colour from the scenes in which they live and the objects by which they are surrounded. Will the mere change of name produce an alteration of spirit? Will the substitution of Catholic for Protestant, and the adoption of the technical language in which some of the leading doctrines of Catholicity are embodied,—especially when this is unauthoritative, if not against authority,—be sufficient to eradicate from the constitution of the Church, the inveterate Protestantism in which her present form originated, and which centuries of rampant anti-Catholic prejudice have hardened and ground in? Alas, the life-giving doctrines of Catholicity, to whatever extent they may be embraced by individuals, must ever be strangers in such companionship;—a theory without a practice; a beautiful dream without a reality. No wonder it should “be thought by many persons that the doctrine of apostolical succession is formal, unpractical, little fitted to cope with the social evils under which we labour.”† Well may men sigh for the “secret intercourse between priest and penitent, by far the best adapted machi-

* See the “*British Critic*,” No. lxiii. (July 1845) p. 211, and following.

† *Ibid.* p. 78.

nery which the world has seen, to keep alive that keen sensitiveness of conscience which worldly trouble so miserably deadens;* for the sight of "holy men voluntarily renouncing the comforts of wealth, and reducing themselves to their level, in order to minister to their spiritual and bodily wants!" While these and the other similar devices of piety which the Catholic Church alone cherishes, which are the necessary complement of her doctrines, and, as it were, the visible form in which her spirit is embodied, are wanting,—so long it is vain to talk of a "Catholic system." So long it will be but an array of names imposing but unreal; so long will faith be formal and unpractical, with a blight and a chill upon its energies; so long must rush upon the mind the startling question with which Mr. Faber closes his volume, in the "Stranger's" words: "You have led me through a land of closed churches and hushed bells, of unlighted altars and unstoled priests; 'IS ENGLAND UNDER AN INTERDICT?'"

ART. V.—*Science and Rank.* London: 1842.

IT lately happened to us to read D'Alembert's short account of himself, which is prefixed to his collected works; in which, as any one may see, he gives more words to the fact that he had been graciously received at a small German court, than to that of his being the author of some fifteen quarto volumes, abounding in mathematical and physical investigations of the richest character, of the value of which he must have been well aware, as well as of the posthumous fame they were destined to command, and the impulse they were actually beginning to give. The instance was most remarkable: D'Alembert was no personal follower of the great, and neither sought nor received any very peculiar marks of favour from his own government. He had long been the intimate friend and correspondent of Frederic, and had been sought on any terms by Catherine of Russia. If autograph letters from sovereigns would have satiated any feelings of self-exaltation, his desk was full of them; and he might have pretended to know as little of the existence of

* See the "British Critic," No. lxiii. (July 1842) p. 78.

Brunswick-Wolfenbittel, as the M.P. did of Russell-square. But no! when he came to think about himself in his own quiet study, his presentation at the court just alluded to, was, if we may judge by the place it occupies, and the terms in which he speaks of it, one of the cynosures of his thoughts. Nor had he the excuse, that

“ At a pinch Lord Ballyraggum
Was better than no lord at all;”

for he had just been speaking of two sovereigns of far greater power, added to personal qualifications of a remarkable kind.

We give up the old idea of the philosopher estimating men by their real worth, and we shall suppose that Diogenes would not go to see Alexander, only because he knew that, on his refusal, Alexander would go to see him. We presume it must be conceded, that political station invests its owners, be they in themselves remarkable or not, with such a magic appearance, that no head, the outside of which is ungarnished by some symbol of rank, can refuse to feel the charm, whatever the inside may contain. It is our object, in the present article, to make some comparison of the manifestations of this feeling in England at different periods since the invention of printing: and this merely to amuse the reader, and not with any idea of drawing a moral one way or the other. The feeling itself is one which we can neither praise nor blame: as Newton said of gravitation, all we know is, that it exists and acts. It is a stronger support of governments, than any conviction of their necessity and utility; and if the servile excess to which it has sometimes been carried be disgusting, those who have more dignity may try to persuade themselves, when feeling conscious that they regard an unworthy object with more respect than is properly due, that it is the principle of government and of social right to which they pay homage, and not the mere representative of conventional rank. Something of this sort the beasts must have said to themselves when they courted the fox, because he was made viceroy by the lion.

In forming our opinion of the manner in which the smaller bear themselves towards the greater, there is a wide distinction to be drawn, according as the two are of the same or different species: we shall explain what we mean. The deference paid by a lawyer to the judge, a clergyman to the bishop, or a Westminster fag to his master (we beg pardon of any of

the classes which is offended by the juxtaposition), can hardly be degrading to its wearer, unless there is some reason to suppose, that he is seeking, by peculiar servility, to obtain some particular act of favour; unless it is some one judge from whom he has something to gain, &c. The reason is, that the lawyer is himself the stuff of which a judge is made, the clergyman may be on his way to a mitre of his own, and (with a better prospect than either, one with another), the fag may become a master in his turn. The grub who admires the splendid butterfly, is contemplating his own coming perfections: and we should not be surprised if the well-known truth, that those who are unbecomingly deferential to superiors, are the most arrogant when themselves reach high station, arises, in many cases, partly out of a sort of desire to justify the previous conduct: if I do not show how high I now think myself, how shall I explain why it was that I appeared to think so much of others in the same position—such may be the words proper to express a feeling which may lurk in a less defined form. However this may be, we think we have observed, in the dedications of those of one class to others of the same, even in the midst of unusual expressions of adulation, a more manly character imparted to the whole: as if it had been, I say no more of you than others may one day say of me, and, in elevating you, I elevate *our* class, and therefore *myself*. And often, when we have heard of the signal advantages which, we are told, accrue to the army and navy from the rapid elevation of men of rank, we have supposed that when (as is likely enough to be the case with twenty years more of peace) the higher branches of both services are nearly filled with civil greatness, the deference of a large proportion of the juniors in rank to those above them, will cease to be that of men on their way to men who have made their way, and will more resemble that which the public at large pay to hereditary station. When that day comes, we fear that some part of the character which a searching war has given to both services will be sensibly deteriorated.

The manner in which science comes in contact with rank, is either in the form of dedication or other written monument of respect or gratitude; or in that of ordinary communication in the common relations of life. In looking at old times, we can of course only see the former: it rarely or never happens that biography lets us into any knowledge of the latter. To dedications, then, we must look, in the first

instance, and a very brief examination will divide them into several kinds. We shall particularly distinguish, what we may call, the dignified, the adulatory, and the idolatrous.

Of the first class, little is to be said: they emanate from those minds which can keep in sight, without abasement, the circumstances which have caused the dedication, whether the station of the person addressed, favours conferred upon, or assistance given to, the dedicator, or circumstances peculiarly connected with the work in question. In the second class, we find personal praise bestowed upon the object of the address, independently of his station. The dedicator places himself at the feet of the other, not merely as a small man before one of rank or power, but as a little intellect before a commanding one. He submits his work to the criticism of the peer or prince, dreads his censure, would fall to the ground quite abashed with the sense of his own imperfections of style, matter, or logic, if it were not that he knows the candour and indulgence of his noble critic to be qualities which are always making head (perhaps too successfully; but the weakness is an amiable one, which adds, if possible, to the love and veneration with which the civilized world regard him) against his stern love of truth, impatience of all impertinent introduction, and deep knowledge of the matter in hand. He is encouraged further by the nobleness of the subject, which great kings and princes have often so far regarded as to smile upon the efforts of one as humble as himself, whose only merit is, that he has done his very best, and whose exceeding great reward, and all-sufficient stimulus to further exertion, it will be, if he might only live to hear that his book has found a place upon the meanest shelf of his august patron's splendid library, &c. &c.

Of the adulatory dedication, there is at least this to be said: in any one case it is possible it may be true. There are men of rank, of whom as much can be said as of any men whatever, and it is not impossible, that any one of the subjects of an adulatory dedication may be of such a description. Besides, we can hardly judge of the writer of such a piece of flattery, till we know whether he did the job for what he had got, or for what he hoped to get. It would be uncharitable to measure nicely what a man says of his benefactor, and feelings of gratitude may make a bad man appear good, a dull one clever, and an ignorant one wise. But there is no such excuse for the idolatrous dedication. The writer of this performance, instead of lying on the ground, and

directing his lord's attention upwards to the sky where he has found the light which, humble as he is, he thinks may be some excuse for his presumptuous intrusion, swears that the sun itself is his patron's most obedient servant. He takes the science on which he writes by the hand, and introduces her as a humble suppliant to the great man's notice. Geometry, astronomy, and physics, are going, going—gone, unless some peer or knight of the garter, whose name has not come down except in the dedication in question, will condescend to take them (not their writer) under his wing. That human greatness honours *science* by its favour, is by no means an uncommon assertion, though we must do former ages the justice to say that it is not so much theirs as ours. God's law of nature—the manner in which it has pleased the Creator to arrange His work—is made a higher and a better thing by the gracious notice of kings and dukes. Why not go a step further, and say, that the moral laws are equally honoured by such observance as (upon that hypothesis) the ruling powers would vouchsafe to pay them? “Much, my lord,” should be said, “as justice and temperance have benefited mankind at large, and much more as they would do so if they were more generally observed, yet we cannot but feel how much higher they would deserve to be held, if they had your lordship's kind notice and patronage.”

We shall first look through the dedications of some of the works, the authors of which have most essentially served the promotion of science. We find, with much satisfaction, that there is hardly any tendency to servility manifested in the writings of such men, and we shall begin with the great work of Copernicus (1543). This opens with a pressing letter from cardinal Schonberg to the author, requesting, in strong terms, the publication of his discoveries: and is followed by a dedication from Copernicus himself to the reigning pope, Paul III. In this dedication, there is not one word of personal compliment, save only, that he had heard, in his remote corner of the earth, that the pontiff was distinguished by his love of literature, and of mathematics in particular. The rest is simple apology for the advance of a new opinion, dwelling strongly on the persuasion under which he published, on the length of time (nearly forty years) which his system had lain by him for consideration, and on the acknowledged imperfection of the existing astronomy.

Next we take the work in which Napier announced his invention of the logarithms (1614). It is dedicated to prince

Charles (Charles I) in a short address bordering upon the adulatory, but not to an offensive extent, and decidedly redeemed by a plain declaration that *princes* of great minds admire the sciences because of their effects upon the understanding, while ignorant *men* (it might have been too blunt to say princes again, but the antithesis is thrown clearly enough upon the adjectives), hate them as the enemies of their own ignorance and sloth. There is too much about the work being unworthy of being presented to so meritorious a prince, &c.: which was not all modesty, because Napier well knew, as he says, that more could be done in one hour by his new method, than in a day by the old ones. We find it hard to believe that Napier really thought so highly of prince Charles: the excess is but a small one, all things considered, but we should like to see such a man as Napier come out as clear as any one.

The work of Albert Girard, to which algebra is under great but not well known obligations, was dedicated to no higher a person than Henry de Bergaigne, captain in the service of the States of Holland: a pupil, probably, of the author.

The only dedication which we have of Vieta's is one addressed in his "In Artem Analyticen Isagoge," to Catherine of Parthenay, duchess of Rohan, and mother of the French Huguenot leader, and duke of that name. This lady, according to Vieta's account, had saved him from imprisonment and death, and several times from want. But, though dwelling on the grandeur of her family, and the good promise of her sons, he does not indulge in any great strain of personal compliment, but merely mentions the incitement which her love of, and skill in, the mathematical sciences, had been to him. Her biographers do mention her literary acquirements generally, so that Vieta is borne out in the main fact; we should now wish, that instead of informing us how much horse-flesh *per diem* she was obliged to live upon at the siege of Rochelle, the same biographers had been a little more particular about the nature and extent of those scientific tastes to which Vieta alludes. But at any rate the latter is one more man of great note cleared from the stain of slavish dedication: more than he said might have been palliated (even had it been less true than it appears to be), towards the saviour of his life. The work of his great disciple, Harriot, was posthumous, and bears, in the title-page only, an inscrip-

tion to Henry, Earl of Northumberland, to whose patronage the author was long indebted for an asylum.

We now come to Tycho Brahé, himself a nobleman. His volume of epistles is dedicated to Maurice, Landgrave of Hesse, son of the Landgrave William, who was a distinguished astronomical observer. The writer dwells upon the long intercourse he had enjoyed with the father, speaks to the son as to one well versed in astronomical pursuits, and recommends his father's example to his consideration.

We may here digress, to mention the counter-dedications which most works of this period contained: namely, addresses to the author, in prose or verse, from the pens of his friends. The more absurd a work, the more sure was it to contain a parcel of contributions of this kind; but the best efforts of the best heads were not without them. Napier's work, for instance, contains the following, among others, which is a fair specimen of the trash, and has some relation to what we shall next cite:

“Buchanane tibi Neperum adscisce sodalem,
 Floreat et nostris Scotia nostra viris:
 Nam velut ad summum culmen perducta Poësis
 In te stat, nec quò progrediatur habet:
 Sic etiam ad summum est culmen perducta Mathesis,
 Inque hoc stat, nec quò progrediatur habet.”

If Napier had had no better followers than Buchanan in the instance just given, doubtless the assertion about mathematics would have been realized: let us now cite Buchanan's own pupil. In the preface to Tycho Brahé's *Progymnasmata* there is but one copy of verses: James VI of Scotland, (afterwards I. of England, of pedantic memory), sent Tycho his *privilegium* or exclusive permission to publish the work in Scotland, and accompanied it by verses written with his own royal pen, all out of his own royal head. These poor Tycho (himself an elegant writer of verses) was obliged to publish:—

“Æthereis bis quinque globis, quæis machina mundi
 Vertitur, ut celso est crustatus fornice Olympus
 Ignibus, et pictus fulgentibus undique lychnis:
 Pellucet vitreis domibus, vastisque Planetæ
 Orbibus: ut geminant cursus vi et sponte rotati:
 Ut miti aut torvo adspectu longè ante futura
 Præmonstrant, Regnisque Tonans quæ fata volutet.
 His tellure cupis, quæ vis, quis motus et ordo
 Cernere, sublimem deductumque Æthera terræ

Tychonis pandunt operæ, lege, disce, videbis
Mira, domi Mundum invenies, Cœlumque libello."

"ALIUD.

"Quam temerè est ausus Phaëton, vel præstat Apollo,
Qui regit ignivomos Æthere anhelus Equos
Plus Tycho ; cuncta astra regis : tibi cedit Apollo,
Charus et Urania es hospes, alumnus, amor."

We now come to Galileo. His dialogues on the system of the world are dedicated to the grand duke of Tuscany, in a manner the simple elegance and truth of which add lustre to the writer. After speaking of the intellect as being that which distinguishes one man from another, (without any allusion to the accidents of birth) and assigning the study of the universe a high place among the objects of intellect, he states that the dialogues, being conversant about the writings of Ptolemy and Copernicus, the two greatest of astronomers, could not without ill manners be dedicated to any other than the duke, who was *to him* the greatest of men, as having given him the means and leisure to pursue such inquiries, and being therefore entitled to be considered as the author of any good they might contain.

We shall now take a glorious contrast, being the dedication of Thomas Salusbury, Esq., the translator of Galileo, (1661,) "to the noble and most perfectly accomplished Sir John Denham,* Knight of the most noble order of the Bath, and Surveyor General of His Majesty's Works," &c. It stands just before Galileo's dedication to his own prince: and the translator must have been just the grub he was, not to see, by the contrast, what a grub he was. We shall give it entire: and not being able to spare large print, the reader must imagine it set out in letters of six to the inch, as in the original.

"Sir—I Humbly begge your Pardon for bringing this Book under your Protection. Were it a Work of my own, or I any thing but the translatur, I should master my Thoughts to a meaner Dedication ; But being a Collection of some of the greatest Masters in the World, and never made English till now, I conceived I might sooner procure their Welcome to a person so eminent for Noble Candor, as well as for all those Intellectual Excellencies wherewith Your Rich Soul is known to be furnished. I resolved to be as kind to this Book as I could, and seriously considering which way to effect it, I at last concluded to prefix Your Name, whom His Majesty and all His Subjects (who have a higher Sense and Judgment of Excellent Parts) know best able to defend

* The noted poet of that name.

my Imperfections. And yet I confess there's one thing makes against me, which is your eminent Integrity and great Affection to Truth, whereby my Lapses in a Work of this Nature might justly despair of Shelter, but that the Excellency of Your Native Candor strives for Predominancy over all Your great Abilities. For 'tis all-most impossible to think what Your Matchless Wit is not able to Conquer, would Your known Modesty but give leave : therefore *Galileus*, *Kepler*, and these other Worthies in Learning are now brought before you in English Habit, having changed their Latine, Italian, and French, whereby they were almost Strangers to our Nation, unless to such as You, who so perfectly master the Originals. I know you have so much and great employment for His Majesty, and his good Subjects that I shall not robb you of another Minutes loss ; besides the liberty of subscribing my Self ; Sir, Your Honours Most Humble and Most obedient Servant Thomas Salusbury."

This is an excellent specimen of the real grandiloquent dedication of the period ; nothing is worthy to approach Sir J. Denham, except Galileo, &c. ; *after much consideration*, the kindest thing that could be done for a book was to procure it the notice of that distinguished man's rich soul's intellectual excellencies. Here, however, the dedicator was unskilful, and we hope he lost something for his awkwardness : he ought to have seen *instantaneously* what was the kindest thing he could do for his book. There is also another defect in the preceding : the abjuration of flattery is omitted. A person intending to write in the above strain ought to have begun (as most did) by saying that the sin of adulation, which was the prevailing fault of such addresses, was so foreign to his character, and so hateful to his principles, that, though he feared the terms in which it was impossible to avoid addressing his high-souled, or rich-souled, or something-souled patron, would appear flattery to those who did not know him, yet nothing should induce him to have recourse to any such base practice, &c. We do not intend to present any further specimens of adulatory dedication, but shall go on to observe that Wallis, Descartes, Huyghens, &c., might each separately be shown to have escaped blameless as to the point in question ; but it is not worth while to exhibit the proofs. The *Principia* of Newton was simply inscribed to the Royal Society.

We shall consider two more dedicators, who will bring down the series to our own time : they are D'Alembert and La Place. The former was truly a man of noble sentiments, consistently carried into practice, in every matter relating to

his commerce with the great world. A base-born foundling, abandoned by his parents, the only matter between him and our subject to which the smallest objection could be taken, is that cited at the beginning of our article, which amounts to this, that, in the private thoughts of his own closet, and upon a paper which, if it were ever meant to appear at all, was to have been published after his death, he seems to have given an undue weight to royal attentions. But he took care to conquer this feeling; and even in his long correspondence with Frederic of Prussia, he never gave more than he got. There was more, no doubt, of compliment to the great general by the philosopher, and to the great philosopher by the general, than reads well when it is all put together: but there is every reason to suppose it was sincere on both sides.

In his *Essai sur les gens de lettres et les grands*, D'Alembert has given a view of the state of French literature, and of the servility which was displayed by its cultivators. To hang on to men in power, and to desert them with the power, was at one time the characteristic of the French writer: and enough of such a spirit remained in D'Alembert's day to give him ample materials for his treatise. The French, it is true, did not flatter so grossly, that is, not in such straightforward terms, as the baser sort among the English and Germans; they were as adroit in this use of language as in most others, but nothing can save them from the charge of topping the part of flatterers just as much as the lords before whom they bowed did that of feudal superiors. D'Alembert himself dedicated to Frederic of Prussia, to the Marquis Lomellini, a Genoese envoy, and to his friends the ministers D'Argenson* after their disgrace. In one of these last, speaking of the work (on Dynamics) he says that he has done his best to render the book worthy of posterity, that they may have the only testimony he can give of his attachment and gratitude. And he then goes on to say: "De toutes les vérités contenues dans cet ouvrage, la plus précieuse pour moi est l'expression d'un sentiment si noble et si juste." Had the Count D'Argenson been then in power, this would have been a strong sentiment, and a vile flattery. The work contained the celebrated principle which goes by D'Alembert's name—the foundation of all

* D'Argenson, who was minister in the time of Law's scheme, left two sons (marquis and count), both of whom were in power, and out of it, in the time of D'Alembert, who dedicated his work on fluids to the marquis, and the second edition of his Dynamics to the count, in each case after the deposition of the party addressed.

sound application of mathematics to complicated questions of motion. To have said that he valued the feelings of gratitude, &c. more than any truth in his book, if the party addressed had been able to do still more for him, would probably have been considered as a new retainer. D'Alembert would not have said such a thing to Frederic: he never hints that he valued the friendship of that monarch more than so much as one of the less useful propositions of Euclid. But here the case was different, and he was right in declaring that disinterested gratitude was worth scientific truth, and perhaps he may have meant to hint to his literary compatriots, who, by his own account, were not famous for remembering the previous benefits of those who had nothing more to give, that such a frame of mind was, as times went, in reality a more remarkable thing than philosophical talent, and a greater distinction between its possessor and the rest of the world.

Most unluckily for himself, La Place must needs copy D'Alembert's words, in doing which he shared the fate of the monkey who got hold of his master's razor, and cut his throat instead of his beard, because he forgot to observe which way the razor was held. In 1802, the fame of the *Citoyen premier Consul* having risen to the dedication point, the third volume of the *Mécanique Céleste* was dedicated to Buonaparte. La Place hopes that his work will also be a durable monument of the gratitude which the patronage of the government inspires in those who cultivate the sciences. So far he follows D'Alembert pretty clearly; he goes on to copy his very expressions: "De toutes les vérités qu'il renferme, l'expression de ce sentiment sera toujours pour moi la plus précieuse." D'Alembert valued more than *plus* b (his correspondent Frederic's phrase for the mathematics), the feeling that posterity would know that he delighted to acknowledge to a fallen minister how little political misfortune had changed his own sentiments. La Place, who perhaps judged it impossible that D'Alembert could write thus to anything but existing power, thought that the words of his old friend and patron were vastly neat for the end of a dedication, and would do particularly well as applied to his own new one. If this were all, still he would cut but a poor figure, considering the difference between the two cases. But we know what we are, we know not what we may be: D'Alembert spoke to a fallen patron, and was pleased with the consciousness that he felt no temptation to forget his benefactor; La Place, with his *sera toujours*

(D'Alembert only used the present tense), answered for the future. At last, the allies succeeded in overturning his imperial patron, and confining him at St. Helena. La Place did not live to publish the second edition of the *Mécanique Céleste*, but he had previously dedicated his *Théorie des Probabilités* to the emperor, and he *did* live to publish another edition of that work—with the dedication omitted. So much for *toujours*, which meant *tous les jours de votre prospérité*.

In more ancient times, as already observed, dedications are all that we have left from which to form any idea of the manner in which learned men behaved to their political superiors. In our own day, we must look at the manner in which scientific bodies comport themselves. There is no longer the dependence of man upon man, and the humble dedication of one individual to another; and we have only to see how class behaves to class. If the inquiry could be made, there would probably be found nothing to distinguish the manner of the philosopher towards the peer from that of any other person without a coronet of his own; and the same comparative good taste which has cut down the flattering address into a simple inscription at most, has sobered the behaviour of both parties to each other. But there still exists, among philosophers, a strong portion of that respect for rank which characterises the whole of our nation; not the mere exhibition of the feeling that difference of station is necessary to the support of our institutions, but the avowal that want of scientific qualifications may be more than overbalanced by the accident of birth.

The most common circumstances connected with an illustrious person are matters of interest to the English public. At his coronation, George IV eat some soup at his dinner,—“The carvers proceeded to help his majesty to some soup, of which his majesty tasted,” said the papers. When the Queen lately embarked at Woolwich for Scotland, she kissed her uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, on his taking leave of her: down it goes, and is sent through all the country with the speed of lightning. But if the words or actions should contain anything like an admission that the rest of the human race are not mere hewers of wood, it is given with notes of admiration, expressed or implied. If the city of London approach the throne with declarations of gratitude to God and congratulation to the Queen, that a malicious attempt upon her life has not succeeded, and if they receive just the amount of acknowledgment which any lady ought to give

(and with perhaps twenty other addresses waiting, it would be impossible to give more), it is a most "gracious answer," and the newspapers make a shout at her majesty's affability. The Duke of Sussex, when first appearing at the Royal Society in the character of president, actually took coffee and "talked familiarly" with the fellows. Such being our state of things, it can hardly be wondered at if men of science do not, any more than the rest of the world, rate the persons of men of rank according to their merits.

The Royal Society is the focus of aristocratic science, and scientific aristocracy. This distinction it owes to its antiquity and celebrity. No better notion can be given of the connexion between the two subjects of this article, than by a review of the history of this society during the last three quarters of a century. This society, like all others of the kind, does not live merely by the labours of those who cultivate science, but also by the pecuniary contributions of those who do not, but are willing to help in its promotion, and to buy a title which confers upon them at least the character of admirers and patrons of it. No better mode exists of procuring money for the laudable objects of any society; and, all things balanced, it may be a question whether aid from the government would better secure the attainment of these objects, independently of miscellaneous support. Nothing ever did happen, as far as we can see, which would not have been more likely to have happened in a select institute of real working men, applying funds given by the public.

Having no personal acquaintance with the Royal Society, we are of course attached to no party in it; and we gather our information either from report so commonly current among better informed persons, that it is impossible to be ignorant either of the rumour or its frequency, or else from the printed documents of the society and the accounts of the periodical press. For the society itself, with the following reservation and explanation, we profess respect.

A scientific body, or any other, is either a public body, with public responsibilities, or an association of private persons. In the first case, its conduct must be judged in the same manner as that of the Government, the House of Commons, or any other. Any critic may consider misconduct as a sort of offence against himself; and, if his allegations and his inferences be correct, may make himself the organ of all who think justly. And again, on such a supposition, there are sins of omission as well as of commission: it must be

inquired whether they have done all they ought to have done, and it is not enough that there is, upon the whole, a balance in their favour. But, on the other hand, if they are to be considered as an association of private gentlemen, the point of view must be very much altered. They are now, as regards the public, precisely in the situation of one of the club houses. If they do any good, it is so much due to them; if they do any positive harm, it is so much to be subtracted: but a refusal to do any particular good, or to prevent any particular harm, can be no ground of charge, as they have no public duties.

If the Royal Society be a public body, it is our opinion that, on the whole, it has not done its duties. From the time when Newton took the chair, down to the present, much might be brought forward in proof of private interests and feelings having prevailed over its conduct, to the diminution of its utility. There has been partizanship where there should have been impartial judgment; acquiescence where there should have been resistance; lukewarmness where there should have been activity; and neglect where there should have been inquiry. Not more of each than was exhibited by the several governments of the country during the existence of the society: but it would be an odd defence of successive generations of scientific men, to say that they were no worse, or even something better, than Treasuries, Admiralties, and other political boards; and would be enough to justify the retort, that such science was not entitled to any higher consideration than a mere mechanical trade,—anything about liberality or dignity in anywise notwithstanding. But if the society be a private body, and if we must simply balance the good which has resulted from it against the harm, we cannot see how it is possible to deny that the former has most enormously preponderated: to such an extent, that (looking upon the whole as the effort of irresponsible individuals to supply the place of a government which cared nothing for the promotion of philosophy) their success has been wonderful.

Now, which is the Royal Society,—a public body, or a private one? If we were to judge by mere externals,—charter, mace, apartments in a public office, &c. &c.; or else by the general impression, particularly of those who guide the public press,—we might suppose it to be a public body. But when we remember, that all its funds are derived from private contribution or bequest; that most of its officers are without salary; that, of the few who have a trifling salary, not

one receives a farthing except from their private funds, and that, even when the services of the body are desired by the government, no remuneration is asked or expected, we certainly think the society has a fair right, as far as our present subject is concerned, to the immunities of a private corporation. We do not mean that they are not to be brought to the bar of public opinion, for there they must appear when called upon; but we do mean, that they need not plead unless they please, nor care about the sentence of contumacy. If we consider them, then, in the private light above-mentioned, and look at their balance-sheet of long and useful service—remembering that their active existence almost began with forcing the *Principia* from the reluctant hands of Newton, and securing its execution and publication perhaps fifty years before it would otherwise have appeared—that their organization kept together the scattered race of philosophers, and mainly contributed to that extension of activity which has led to the formation of all the other societies, and of the British Association—it will appear, that in spite of the exhibitions of weakness, some of which our plan requires us to note, the Royal Society is entitled to the respect of the country.

The presidency of Sir John Pringle was brought to an end in a manner, about which nothing but whispers are current to this day. It is said that the controversy which took place among the fellows, as to the superiority of knobs or points for the extremities of electric conductors, was the cause of such uneasiness to him as to induce him to resign his post; Dr. Hutton (*Dictionary*, art. Pringle), hints at some private circumstances which would most probably at some future time be laid before the public. Dr. Kippis, on the other hand, who was intimately acquainted with Pringle, declares that he never heard from the latter any hint of his having resigned on such grounds. Nevertheless, at the time, it was currently said that the king (George III) had taken part in the question, in favour of *knobs*: swayed thereto, as was supposed, by antipathy to Franklin, who was for the *points*. Old persons yet remember that the story which was whispered about was, that a dialogue of this sort had taken place:—*Geo. III.* “I hope, Sir John, you don’t intend to let those rascally Americans beat us on this question.” *Pres. R. S.* “Please your majesty, I can’t alter the laws of nature.” *Geo. III.* “Then, Sir John, you’d better resign.” This is, no doubt, the dramatization, by some wit, of what actually took place: we

think there is no reason to doubt that royal partizanship, expressed or implied, was the immediate cause of the president's resignation; in conjunction, it may be, with declining health. It rarely occurs that a royal patron interests himself in the actual detail of a scientific dispute; nor do we think there is much to be feared on this head, unless it were to happen that such an one, whether the wearer of the crown or a near relative, were to fancy himself, or really to be, able to take a part in the discussion. In such a case, it needs no great boldness to say, that the deferential feeling would sway many, even of those who thought themselves free from it, to an extent which would be prejudicial to philosophical truth, if the illustrious advocate happened to be on the wrong side.

If it were really true that the Royal Society suffered its president to be displaced on account of a difference of opinion, they suffered severely for it in the infliction of Sir Joseph Banks as a successor, and the consequences of his regime. This gentleman added to ancestry and wealth a devoted attachment to natural history, and all the *éclat* arising from his having been the companion and fellow sailor of Cook. He must have been a man eminently possessed of the talent of making himself agreeable to those who could be his friends, whether because their eminence made it impossible for him to display his peculiarities to them, or because they could contrive to submit to that display. His defects were, that he set out with a contempt of the exact sciences, which he knew little or nothing of, such as totally unfitted him to preside over the society which was to keep up the Newtonian discoveries in England; and that he possessed by nature a love of power which rendered him a very unsafe president for any society at all, but particularly for one with so monarchical a constitution as the Royal Society. For forty-two years, the period of his presidentship, the mathematical sciences, which wanted stimulus at his accession, met with little or no encouragement: and those habits of conduct were formed which led to the subsequent controversy about the *decline of science*.

The election of fellows,—such was the influence which he acquired,—fell almost entirely into his hands: and in so open a manner was his determination to secure his own power shown, that even those who were requested by himself to add their names to the list, were told that it would be *expected* that they should *support the president*. We had it from the mouths of two persons, both known to the scientific world,

and who never were fellows of the Royal Society, that their disinclination arose from the proposition having been made to them in the above terms, expressed in one case and known to be implied in the other.

The new Societies, such as the Geological, Astronomical, &c. which rose out of the Royal Society during this period of decadence, were opposed with all the force which the president could muster. He did not scruple to declare, as indeed he probably believed, that they would ruin the Royal Society: a satire on his own management, the force of which he did not perceive. The good understanding which has prevailed of late years between the offspring and their common parent, is in itself a strong presumption that the feeling which was arrayed against them at their birth was the personal feeling of the president of the Royal Society; but we believe the fact to be so notorious* as to render anything like presumption unnecessary. The good understanding to which we have just alluded is but one among many proofs of the existence of a comparatively healthy state in the Royal Society; and still more so is its cordial agreement with the British Association. And after all (the influence of one over-grown member out of the question), it is impossible that the Royal Society should be in a state of permanent disunion with any of the other societies, unless its fellows could contrive to quarrel with themselves. For the old society contains so large a proportion of the scientific knowledge of the country among its members, that there never was, nor could be, formed any other society for the promotion of a specific branch of science, at all deserving of respect from a large number of names connected with that branch, unless it had a tolerable contingent of members writing F.R.S. after their names.

But all the details of the system pursued by Sir Joseph Banks, as hitherto mentioned, seem to have little to do with our subject: for this president, though a man of family and wealth, was also a man of science; or, at least, was so considered, though we believe he did next to nothing after he was called to the chair. We shall now go on to show that the element of rank, as it existed in the Royal Society, was the means of placing him in the position to do mischief: we mean that it was by help of persons elected for their station,

* Mr. Babbage asserts that Sir J. Banks stated to himself, that he would not be recommended to a certain scientific office under *government*, because he had taken a prominent part in the formation of the Astronomical Society. (*Decline of Science*, p. 150.)

wealth, or power, that he obtained the support which established his authority. In 1784, six years after the commencement of his long presidency, he took a dislike to Dr. Hutton (we give the summary which expresses our own opinion of the case, derived from the various accounts which were published), asserting among other things that he failed in personal respect to himself, but making it his ground of procedure at the council, that Dr. Hutton was negligent in the duties of his office of foreign secretary to the society. Without calling upon the person charged for any explanation, a resolution was passed at the council, that it was inexpedient the foreign secretary (whose office was nearly a sinecure) should reside so far from London as Woolwich: a resolution which of course brought Dr. Hutton's resignation. The matter was taken up by the society, and some warm discussions ensued, the principal supporters of Sir Joseph Banks being a Mr. Anguish, accountant-general, the Hon. Henry Cavendish (the celebrated chemist), Lord Mulgrave, &c.: those of Dr. Hutton being Maseres, Horsley, Maskelyne, Maty the secretary, &c. In the course of the debates, the domineering character of the president was repeatedly alluded to, and proved by curious instances. Various fellows deposed to their having been requested by the president to blackball candidates for admission who were obnoxious to him; it was shown that he had called the secretaries *his assessors*; that he had, on one of them refusing to blackball at his desire (a second offence), addressed him thus:—"You'll please to observe that this is the second time that you have voted contrary to my desire,—perhaps, sir, this may be a business for the council." Dr. Hutton made a written defence, which procured him, even against the president, the thanks of the society for his services, and a declaration that he had fully justified himself. But all attempts at checking the career of the president by a proper expression of opinion were defeated by large majorities, composed of the miscellaneous members of the society: and the yoke was quietly borne till the year 1820, in which the president died. According to Dr. Hutton's account, Sir Joseph Banks, thirty years after the preceding dispute, interfered to prevent the trustees of the British Museum from purchasing his library, and thus one of the finest collections of old mathematical works that had ever been made, was dispersed.

Of all the stories connected with this presidentship which are so well remembered by contemporaries, very few have found their way into print. It is but now and then that

there is any inducement to remember them: nevertheless, if the plain truth be not told, something more than truth will become tradition, as may have been the case in the story of George III and Sir John Pringle. During the long period of which we have spoken, there was, however, what might appear a special providence to prevent the philosophical transactions from appearing to deteriorate entirely in the great pursuits which Newton and his contemporaries had begun. The papers of William Herschel commenced their appearance about two years after the installation of Sir Joseph Banks, and ceased at about the same period before his death. We do not mean to say that there were not valuable, and even splendid, communications made to the society in the time: but there was a peculiar brilliancy, both in the eyes of men of science and in those of the world at large, in the successes of Herschel, which made them as fit to hide the decline of a society, as their solid merit to command the admiration of those who were to follow them out.

We speak of the *decline* of the Royal Society, and we are perfectly satisfied both as to the fact and the reason for it—namely, permission of abuses through deference to authority. On the death of Sir Joseph Banks, and the accession of Davy to the chair (after a short interval, during which it was filled by Wollaston), the feeling that there was a decline gained considerable ground, and the question was brought under discussion in 1830 (during the presidency of Davies Gilbert), by Mr. Babbage's well-known "*Reflections on the Decline of Science in England,*" and Mr. (Sir John) Herschel's remarks on the subject, in a note appended to his treatise on Sound, in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*. The latter was little more than allusion, but it told extremely during the subsequent discussions, as anything from the same quarter must have done. The former, also, from the name of its author, was sure to excite a feeling of amazement in the public, and a fiery discussion among the philosophers. The first remark, which would strike a reader of it, is, that the fact of the *decline of science* was almost assumed, while the proof of the *abuses of the Royal Society* occupied much the greater part of the whole. It is, or rather was (for the new societies are beginning to work a change), the habit of those who wrote F.R.S. after their names, to consider science as a sort of synonyme for the Royal Society, and *vice versa*—*English science* at least. To be a fellow of this body was a passport to the title of a philosopher, though then, as now, an examination of the

collective mass of fellows in the first book of Euclid would show, that probably a majority was ignorant of the first steps in exact science. The society, moreover, considered the work as an attack upon itself: and, in truth, the account of the abuses which it brought forward was such as ought to have been answered. But the charges stated were such as could not be answered except by denial, and we are not aware that denial was attempted. The secretary indeed replied to some assertions relative to the minutes of a particular meeting, and the proper way of taking rough minutes became a point at issue: a fellow of the society replied to some remarks on his observations, and the effect of error in the divisions of a level was made the turning-point of another discussion; but these were not the main points. It was *not* explained how it happened that more than £2,000 had been expended in engraving plates to the papers of a naturalist, who was very frequently on the council; or how it was that more had been paid to a bookseller *for copies taken*, and to *induce* him to print a work, than would have paid for the printing of all the copies; or how it was that the costly Greenwich observations were sold to make Bristol board in Thames-street, while fellows applied for them in vain at Somerset-house. No attempt was made to answer these things; they were not even denied: while, if the reports in the public papers, as to what passed at the council of the Royal Society, be correct, the asserter of them was saved from expulsion by the remembrance of his services to science: as if such a step, without refutation, would not have been the severest censure they could have passed upon themselves. There was, perhaps, in one point, some generosity about their proceedings; they might have wished to spare the dead: it is certain that they could hardly have defended themselves without laying the blame upon the system of the departed president, to which they had weakly and culpably submitted, in deference to its long establishment. Mr. Babbage, too, may fairly be censured for having thrown the whole charge of mismanagement among the living: a slight admission in the preface, that "the misgovernment of the society has not been wholly the result of even the present race," is all that is said about the misconduct of past presidencies. Of all false proverbs, the most false is *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, unless the adjective relate to feeling, not to fact: it would be better to strike out its two last words than to interpret it in the common way, and thus to make biography a mere tombstone. But the worst use of the proverb is

when it is employed in the settlement of questions in which the conduct of the dead is mixed up with that of the living : every palliation of the former is then the same amount of injustice to the latter, of which, though much may be said for the motive, more may be urged against the consequences, of the practice.

As we are ourselves particularly obnoxious to the charge of repeating matters concerning the departed, which are usually circulated in conversation only, we shall enlarge a little more on this point. How often do we see in biography, when the subject of it has been dead some time, such a sentence as the following—"It was said at the time that he . . . and this is rendered highly probable, by a fact mentioned by . . . who states . . ." Thus, a rumour and a circumstance may set an injurious story going for centuries, when, if the substance of the report had been stated within a few years of the death of the person whom it concerns, twenty other circumstances might perhaps have been mentioned, which would have rendered the imputation incredible. Perhaps, even yet, this public statement of these matters, in which Sir Joseph Banks was concerned, may bring out proof, by publication of letters or otherwise, that rumour has over-stated them. It ought to be particularly observed, that the practice of silence can be favourable only to those who are without defence ; these may possibly escape with only a suspicion, or a balance of probabilities, upon the report and the circumstance : but those whose admirers could have found a sufficient answer, must suffer for the delicacy with which their more culpable neighbours are treated.

Mr. Babbage's work carried the greater part of the press with it, and it certainly appeared, that, decline or no decline, the philosophical world found that there was no party to sympathize with the abuses of their department : an honourable proof that their philosophy was at least neither Whig nor Tory. The journals and other periodicals mostly shirked the science question, and fell upon the society. The only answer which Mr. Babbage received, that was at all to the purpose, relative to the state of science and scientific men in England and elsewhere, was from a foreigner, the late professor Moll, of Utrecht, in a pamphlet transmitted to Mr. Faraday for publication in England. Professor Moll spoke English better than many of our countrymen who have resided abroad for a few years, and was thoroughly acquainted with our country and its scientific institutions. He addressed

himself to two points: first, to show that science had not declined in England; secondly, that the emoluments bestowed upon science *only* were not greater than in England—nor so great. In the first point he did not succeed: in the second he did.

No one doubted, when Mr. Babbage wrote, that, in the application of science to the arts, we excelled our neighbours in nine cases out of ten. No one, either, doubted that the cultivation of theoretical science, particularly in its mathematical branches, had retrograded, or perhaps had not advanced, at a certain time previous to the appearance of the work; and that the consequence was, that in 1830, we were not on a level with some of the continental kingdoms in the production of *theoretical discovery*. But whether the retrogradation had ceased, and the advance begun, or whether the former was still continuing, was a question admitting of wide difference of opinion. Speaking to Mr. Babbage himself, we should have told him, that we agreed with him as to the amount of science, but denied that its *differential coefficient*, relatively to the time, was, as he asserted, negative; to others, that we believed, that, though behind our neighbours, we were on the road to overtake them. Professor Moll attempted a comparison of our best names, and their number, with those of France; on which it is only necessary to say, that he omitted those who had recently died in France, and retained them in England. But when he came to the mode of treatment of philosophers, here and abroad, he showed sufficiently what was indeed not very difficult to show, that much of the emolument bestowed on continental *savans* is held at the pleasure of the government, which takes out in submission what it advances in cash. We do not say, that it exacts servility, but silence and obedience, or, previously to the use of the gift of speech, revision by the minister. "What would Mr. Herschel or Mr. Babbage say," asks professor Moll, "if the speeches made from the chair, on the delivery of the king's or Copley medals, were to be submitted to the approbation of the home-secretary? What would Mr. Babbage's feelings be, if no one could be admitted in the Royal Society, unless his choice was approved by the court;—if members might be ejected because their political opinions were objected to;—or if a man like Chateaubriand was refused admission because he scorned publicly to make the apology of one whom he considered both as a regicide and a fratricide." We will add one more instance. We have seen

what Laplace found it necessary to do with his dedication when the emperor was emperor no longer: could he have remodelled that dedication, and addressing it to General Buonaparte at St. Helena, have assured his former benefactor that, under whatever name political changes might render it necessary to approach him, the author of the *Theory of Probabilities* never could forget the obligations under which he lay to the man who had furnished him with the means of writing that work? Who doubts that the immediate loss of all his prospects would have been the consequence of such a piece of *ingratitude for favours to come* against the newly established government?

To return to *science and rank* in this country. Was it, or was it not, a feeling that some damage had been sustained by the exposures, which made the Royal Society seek the splendour to be derived from a royal president? or was it mainly the attempt of fellows who cared nothing for science, and much for rank? We believe the latter, seeing that, in the first instance, almost all the scientific men were against the change. The excitement caused by Mr. Babbage's work was not yet calmed, when an abundance of feelers, of *it-is-currently-reported-s*, of *we-are-authorized-to-state-s*, appeared in the periodicals. After some time the wonder chipped the shell, and it was formally announced, that his royal highness the duke of Sussex was a candidate for the chair, while sixty fellows, or thereabouts, including in their number almost all of great scientific eminence, declared their intention of supporting Mr. (Sir John) Herschel, who was no candidate at all, except as known to be ready to serve if elected. We mention this, because reflections were cast, in some of the public papers, upon the nominee of science, for opposing the son of the monarch to whom his father was so much indebted. This was really ludicrous: if his royal highness had been next in succession to the crown, and Sir John Herschel had headed a rebellion, having for its object an alteration of the Act of Settlement, he would have been justly chargeable: but, supposing he had assumed himself to be a fitter man than the duke to be president of the Royal Society, and had said so, he would no more have been obnoxious to the imputation of ingratitude, than if he had simply said, that he was a man of science, and the prince was not. Nothing could be a clearer contest between principles, wholly unimportant as to individuals, and divested of all opposition between them. The result is well known: the influence of the court, and the

free use of the king's name, obtained for the duke of Sussex a majority of *eight* (119 to 111), showing, that the aristocratic principle was not so strong as had been imagined. The *Court Journal* had said, a few days before, "the friends of astronomy and mathematics, who are anxious to raise one of their number to the chair of the society, forget that they are as 30 to 640 in that society, and that any attempt to represent the general interests of science, through the elevation of a young man who has written some clever papers on astronomical and mathematical subjects, to the highest office of a society which contains ten bishops, seventy-four clergymen, sixty-three peers of the realm, a large proportion of superior officers of the army and navy, sixty-three professors of law, one hundred medical men, including those of the first talent, and a whole host of chemists, naturalists, and botanists besides, must prove unsuccessful." Mathematics and astronomy were luckily nominative cases, or where would they have come in this description of the society over which Newton once presided!

The arguments on the side of the scientific party were obvious enough: on the other part it was stated, that as no man could be learned in all sciences, the election of the votary of one of them would lead to his showing undue preference to his own pursuit. This argument, which it was not seen was in favour of *ignorance*, not of *rank*, (unless it was intended to compliment the latter by assuming that it implied the former), was followed by another, namely that a person of high station could serve the purposes of science by his influence with the government, and make the society respectable in the eyes of foreigners by his reception of men of science from abroad. The personal qualifications of the royal candidate were also insisted on. There was something of truth in the first of these arguments, and a great deal of fallacy. True as it may be that the cultivator of one science alone is biassed, it is as just as true that a royal or noble president may allow his ear to be gained by the votary of one science. Again, the argument itself is not of so much validity against the choice of a scientific president, as against the constitution of a society in which the influence of the president outweighs that of the council. With regard to the inducement, that foreigners of eminence would be suitably received by a president of great state and wealth, we admit, that, so far as it goes, it is sound: but we cannot agree that there is much in it.

It is a more pleasant thing to state the actual results of the presidentship of the duke of Sussex, than to dwell upon the nature of the support by which it was obtained, or the arguments produced in favour of the election. All the probabilities were against its turning out well: nevertheless, speaking from the impressions which we observed to prevail, and not knowing anything ourselves of the society, we believe it is impossible to deny, that there never was a period of ten years during which it was more respectable, or more respected, than that in which the duke was in the chair. His personal qualifications were such as rendered him on every point, except that of scientific knowledge, well fitted for the office: a man of literary tastes, good information, an excellent library, and long knowledge of the world, could not cut a very bad figure, even when presiding over debates to the subject of which he was often a stranger: add to this, good sense, habits of business acquired by knowledge of other societies, a disposition to ask advice, and knowledge of mankind to know where to look for it, and it will not appear strange that there should be but one opinion, and that a highly favourable one, of his royal highness as a president. On his resignation, after being offered to, and declined by, Sir John Herschel, the office was conferred upon its present holder, the marquis of Northampton, who had previously distinguished himself, among peers, by his disposition to promote scientific knowledge, at the meetings of the British Association and elsewhere.

If the Royal Society be wise, it will continue to choose a president of rank, with as much science as can be got; but not for the reasons commonly given. It is an advantage, no doubt, to have a president who can afford the fellows opportunities of meeting; but this arises from wealth, not rank, and was gained in the time of Sir Joseph Banks. In the first place, a really scientific man ought not to throw away his head upon the details of management: his energies should be reserved for greater things. If Sir John Herschel, on his return from the Cape of Good Hope, had accepted the offer of the chair, what would the reduction of his observations, and the arrangement of all his results, have done in the mean time? Could Newton have been president of the society while engaged on the *Principia*? He never did much after his acceptance of that office, and though his occupation at the Mint may have stood in the way, yet it is clear that he would have had more leisure to devote to the improvement of his

system, if he had not had the additional duties of the presidentship. In the next place, the argument of the *Court Journal*, already quoted, may be placed in a point of view which will render it of some weight. The Royal Society is not a collection of men of science: the majority of its members are there, because F.R.S. is an old and respectable addition to the name of a person who wishes to be considered as attached to science, and possessing some qualification. There is influence about the title; every now and then it helps its possessor on in the world: it brings him into the circle of men of rank, to all appearance; that is, it puts his name in a list with tens of bishops, and scores of peers, and every now and then actually introduces him into their reverend and revered presence. With such a miscellaneous collection—brought together by many different motives unconnected with science; the advantage of which is that they pay their money for its promotion, and the disadvantage, that on any accidental turmoil they may take into their heads to go down to Somerset House and vote—there is more security for the peace in a president who has the qualifications which the majority respect, than in one who has those which they only profess to respect. Let people talk as they please, every man knows that in England, at the present writing, each knob on a baron's coronet would outweigh three sciences in public estimation. Now since the council of the society must always contain a large proportion of scientific men, it is clearly better that the unscientific mass should be dealt with in the council, by one or more representatives, whose opinion should overawe the rest, than in the general meetings of the body. Nothing is of so much importance to a scientific society as quiet; it is the very first essential of its useful existence: if it can be promoted, or if the chance of disturbance incident to all public bodies can be materially lessened, by so cheap a sacrifice as that of the presidentship to the predominant feeling of an unscientific majority, we should always like to hear of a nobleman of respectable personal character being appointed to that office.

The Royal Society is aristocratic to the very bone; and values itself upon preserving usages of ancient state. The use of a big mace (the very one, it is said, that Cromwell christened *bauble*, when he sent the House of Commons about its business), is innocent enough: but the following practice, which existed, as we learn from the discussion of ten years ago, and we believe, still exists (as law, at least),

is either the remnant of an unpolished age, or a mark of arrogance which does little credit to a society professing philosophy. The visitors whom fellows desire to introduce, to assist, as the French say, at any particular meeting, are shown into an antechamber, and kept there until the president has taken the chair. The list of them is then read out to the meeting, and, consent being given to their admission, they walk in, and take their places on benches apart.

So very cautious is the Royal Society of the introduction of an improper person even for a single evening, that it will not trust its own fellows to introduce their personal friends without reserving a check. Nevertheless, this very society, at the date we speak of (and we believe the practice still continues) will proceed to the ballot for a peer within a week of his nomination, while the names of plebeian candidates must be suspended for many weeks in the meeting-room. Nobody supposes that the fellows of the Royal Society are ignorant that the peerage contains all sorts of men, from the very best to the very worst: how is it then, that the fellows of the Royal Society, who cannot be trusted to introduce a friend for a single evening, have it in their power, by the combination of a very few among them (for the ordinary meetings are but thinly attended) to fix upon the society, for the term of his natural life, a man with whom few men of real worth will condescend to associate? The inference that must be drawn, is, that in the Royal Society, either there is a reliance upon the good sense of the fellows as to peers, which does not exist as to commoners; or a feeling, that, if an objectionable peer were to be introduced, his character would, he being a peer, not be of so much consequence as the same in a commoner. This is certainly a compliment which is very generally paid to the aristocracy, but it is a very dubious one; and we wonder that it is not repudiated by the respectable of the class whom it is intended to honour.

But the greatest defect of the Royal Society as it now exists, is the mode of election of fellows. It is well known that every person who is recommended by two or three of the fellows, is tolerably sure of his election, if he be altogether unknown: but that if his name be known at all, it becomes a question. More than this, every candidate of any the least note, must condescend to ask his friends to go and insure his election, just as is done at a common club, where mere personal dislike is (and, considering the purposes of the associa-

tion, reasonably enough) considered sufficient ground for a black ball. If, which happens every now and then, particularly when a medical candidate is in question, there be a cabal against the candidate, if there be some professional or personal grudge to be remembered, the election, whatever his qualifications may be, must be carried by the mere circumstance of the attendance of his friends. Thus the balloting-box of *Newton's Society* becomes a recipient of the spite of those among its fellows, who do not remember the solemn obligation to which they have bound themselves at their admission: and is not, on such occasions, half so respectable as the humble implement which lies, or ought to lie, on the floor when tobacco is smoked in a room.

We have spoken much of the Royal Society, because, in talking of science and rank, it is obvious, that that society is the point of junction of the two things; we shall now proceed to a question which was much canvassed at the time of the discussion about the decline of science,—namely, the propriety of instituting an order of merit, to be conferred upon persons of distinguished scientific and literary fame. This was mixed up with another question; namely, the bestowal of more solid rewards, in the shape of pension or other pecuniary grant. As these are totally distinct things, it may be well to take them separately. It being notorious that researches which are not immediately applicable to commerce, and which do not therefore bring money, cannot be carried on except by men of independent fortune, or by others in such leisure as men have who work for their bread,—it is clear enough that pensions or grants, *properly bestowed*, would, in the case of the latter class, create that leisure and its consequences. It is well known that it has done so in the continental kingdoms of Europe. All those who believe that there are useful things which do not *pay* (and we are at present speaking to no others), must admit that even in a commercial point of view, it would be desirable that enough of the sort of leisure to which we have alluded should always be procured. The worst of it is that improvements in the theory of the sciences cannot be contracted for at so much a-year; the man who has advanced science in one lustrum cannot engage to do as much in the next: while, on the other hand, whatever is given under the name of reward for past services is extremely liable to abuse. Here lies the difficulty, and here it would lie if it were settled to-morrow, that any given sum should be devoted to providing men of science with the means of following

out their researches: who is to settle the distribution of the fund? Is it the minister?—He is unqualified. The men of science themselves?—Those whose opinions are best worth having would be the very class among whom the fund should find some of its recipients. The public voice?—It knows nothing, for instance, of an astronomer, except the length of his telescope,—and thinks more highly of the man who first sees a comet, than of the one who calculates its orbit.

With regard to an order of merit, the same difficulties exist in a magnified form. Let us consider what object is to be gained. Hitherto, these orders are either mere marks of favour, as in the case of the Garter, &c., or the reward of military, naval, or diplomatic service. In all these last cases they are presumed to announce distinguished service to the country; and let it be observed that they are given for services done *out of the country*, which never would remain long before the eye of the public, unless some visible memorial of them were erected; and this it is found most convenient to place upon the person of the well-doer, in the shape of a bit of riband with a cross at the end. There is something intelligible about this; eminence is gained by it: an officer who wears a star is one whose services can be recounted, and an answer given to those who ask what he has done. Again, in every such case there is a department in which these services are first known, and from which the recognition proceeds. The military man looks to the Horse-guards, the naval one to the Admiralty, the diplomatist to the Foreign Office and Treasury: a knightly distinction upon any one of these, indicates that his services have been approved by those of his own profession, who are competent to judge of them, and who (the usual corruptions of government excepted, which might creep into a scientific department as well as any other), cannot be supposed to have any particular bias for or against the individual. But let us now suppose an order instituted for the promotion of science or literature. It is intended either to make the wearer distinguished, or to indicate that he has already become distinguished. In either case, it must be given by those who can judge of that distinction, or it is worthless. Let us suppose that everything else remaining as it now is, the order is established, and the prime minister, a Peel or a Melbourne, a person of no lack of gentlemanly information but not versed in scientific matters, is to determine upon the manner of its distribution. Imagine that one of the persons to whom it was sent were to return it with an assertion,

bluntly or civilly conveyed, as the case might be, that, however much he might thank the donors for their good-will, he could not consent to admit himself honoured by a compliment of the kind from a cabinet whose scientific qualifications he was a much better judge of than they were of his. No doubt such an answer would be called very uncourtly, very vulgar, very unfashionable, and so forth; *but would it not be very true?*

But it would be said that a minister could and would have advisers. No doubt such might be the case, and these advisers must be either public or private. If the latter, there must be the advice of one or of several: if one person only were to be consulted, there would be jealousies without end; if several, the minister must be supposed to want no advice, for as all his advisers must needs be worthy of the order, he is supposed capable of taking, perhaps, the most difficult step without any advice at all. Nor could such counsel avail him: the public would not know in any way what sort of guarantee the new order ought to furnish, and the distinction would soon be looked upon as nothing but a mark of ministerial favour.

But suppose that a responsible adviser, of course a public one, were appointed: a Minister of Science and Literature. The consequence would be that knowledge would thrive as much as the Court of Chancery does from having a judge who is in or out according to the number of noses which are counted on the right or left hand of the Speaker. When Whigs are in, the Whigs would somehow turn out to be the real benefactors of science; when the Tories are in, the Tories. Had such a system existed in 1816, one political party would have been for fluxions, the other for the differential calculus; and we should have known the politics of a mathematician by his writing x or dx , and perhaps his religion also. But say that the adviser was inamovable, except by death or misdemeanor: the result would be that his influence would fluctuate with the administration. And if there were a board of advisers, scientific men of course, it would be much the same thing as giving it to the council of the Royal Society.

But let us suppose that the difficulty of choosing the first set being once got over, the future rule should be that the members of the order themselves should fill up the vacancies, or propose new appointments. Perhaps we may judge of what would arise in such a case, by observing the effect of the scientific honours which philosophers bestow upon one another. A great many medals have been given within the

last twenty years by the several societies. Those which are sent from abroad, or sent abroad, are really honours, and are unquestionably so considered: it is a decided mark of distinction when the work of a philosopher of one country becomes so well known in another, that his claim to honorary notice is freely admitted by persons who for the most part do not even know him by sight. But with regard to medals given by our own countrymen among themselves, we are much mistaken if they are considered as conferring any lasting reputation: they are soon forgotten, and no one ever seems to care whether the fact of his having obtained a medal is remembered or not. Now we might very well ask of those who wish that men eminent in science should carry some decoration upon their persons, why it is that philosophers never wear their medals? Is it because they are not state distinctions? The royal medals, which are awarded by the council of the Royal Society, are bought, paid for, and given, by the crown, which entrusts to the council of that Society the task of selecting proper persons to give them to. Is it because it is not the custom? That would be only saying that they are not worn because they are not worn. Why is it not the custom to wear them? Whatever the reason may be, we strongly suspect that it would operate equally against wearing an order. Some of the advocates of scientific distinctions go further than knighthood: they would have peerages, of course with grants of land or money to support the dignity. We approve of the amendment: if honours are to be conferred upon the votaries of science, it would be difficult to say why they should not be of the very first kind. Newton was certainly more useful to the country than the winner of a great battle, and there are more generals who can fight successfully than philosophers who can discover and apply a new principle. By all means, then, let those who would have such patronage from the state, stand out for the peerage, and disdain the knighthood. But in the meanwhile there is a remark or two to be made upon the subject. When the time shall arrive at which the public values knowledge as much as it does wealth, political importance, or military fame, *then* will those same distinctions attend the successful cultivators of the former, which are freely given to those who attain either of the three latter. But until such estimation is, come how it may, the appanage of scientific or literary worth, the demand for the honours of the state is useless, because premature. It is absurd to say, you ought to rate

science as high as anything, and you will some day ; therefore, in the mean time, let a certain number of philosophers be called to the upper house. The proper way to proceed, is to raise science in the estimation of the public,—we mean, to raise the public to a proper estimation of science : but whether the call for honours, made in our day, will tend to such a consummation, may, we think, be very much doubted. And, as we go on, let us observe, that the ease with which a sneer is made current against philosophy and its cultivators, as evidenced by the arguments of part of the periodical press on the decline-of-science discussion, is in some measure due to the scientific men themselves. They have never taken part as a body in any of the attempts to promote education, or in any other way to elevate the intellectual character of the community. Since the Royal Society was established, its members have never collectively expressed the smallest possible amount of sympathy with, or concern for, the progress of their countrymen generally in that knowledge which they appear to rate so high : and the more recent societies have followed the example. To those few among men of science, then, who uphold the doctrine of raising philosophers to the peerage, we should say ;—Go to your comrades, and first stir them up in the great work of spreading that knowledge which it is their main business to advance ; overcome their nonsense, show them that *it is* their business, as much as of any other class, and their interest, more than of any other class, that all the orders of society should be trained to the use of their minds ; make them, if their leisure do not admit of much actual exertion in that behalf, at least the unflinching advocates and avowed protectors of intellectual cultivation, so that those who are endeavouring to advance it may be strengthened by their support and influence. Do this, and when the time comes for the universal feeling to be that no man deserves better of his contemporaries, than he who has given the human race more power, whether over their own minds or the material universe, it will not seem ridiculous that the highest honours should be awarded to such a man.

But, after all, what would be the value of such a distinction to a never-dying name, without some provision for knocking off the title after the death of the owner ? To this day we are disgusted by the pertinacity with which persons not given to science persist in their *Sir Isaac* Newton : when will it be allowable to get quit of a nomenclature which, though connected with respectable associations when applied

to living men, becomes painfully ridiculous when attached to a name which has been in the mouths of the whole civilized world for more than a century? In the scientific world, titles disappear in a time which is inversely as the fame of the bearer; *Sir William Herschel, K. H.* is forgotten; that is, the italics fore and aft have disappeared, and plain William Herschel is left: Barrow and Wallis are unD.D.ed, Brounker is no Viscount, Bacon no Verulam, Boyle is now only the father of chemistry, his brotherhood to the Earl of Cork being forgotten. The only title remembered is that of Lord Napier, the reason probably being, that he was not a lord at all, unless in the sense in which every lord of a manor may be so styled. But this is all among the scientific world; out of it there is perpetuation of all manner of titles. People like to converse with a lord, though only a dead one, and in his works.

In fairness to the decline-of-science discussion, we ought to say, that the first promoter did not actually advocate either knighthood or nobility. Mr. Babbage says of an order of merit: "In all probability it would be filled up through the channels of patronage, and by mere jobbers in science": of peerages, that "until there existed some knowledge of science among the higher classes, and a sound state of public opinion relative to science, the execution of the plan could only be injurious." It is since that time, in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review* for the most part, that the regrets of uncoroneted philosophy are heard.

The state of science with respect to the government may, at present, be described as follows: there seems to be no particular disposition to promote it, but no unwillingness to do so, when it can be done without trouble. If anything were to be proposed which would cost a minister a morning's thought, it would be asking for so much energy to be taken away from the evening's debate,—a thing of course not to be endured. But if a grant of money be applied for, in such a manner that there is an answer ready for the House of Commons when an enormity of a three-figure outlay for purposes of science comes on in the estimates, it would be unjust to all recent governments, whig or tory, not to say that no difficulty is placed in the way of getting it. The first scientific men in the country, acting in concert, and pledging themselves to the utility of any particular scheme, can now and then get perhaps as much as five hundred pounds; which, considering the state of things in the House, is as much as could be ex-

pected from the administration. With respect to the public at large, as far as they are to be judged of by the papers which profess to be its organs, it would be very difficult to know what is thought. We must take it in classes, each of which is to be judged, if at all, by some particular periodical. But it would be unsafe to draw any inferences in this manner. For instance: during the regency, George the Fourth instituted an order of knighthood for his Hanoverian dominions, the cross of which, appearing on the breast of an Hanoverian, ranks, we believe, with other crosses. But in England this unfortunate order was understood to be a provision for those who were not considered to be entitled to any of the others;—a cloth, as it were, laid in the back parlour for guests who were not dining-room company. Some time after the decline-of-science discussion, the reform administration, in the fervour of its career of amelioration, made a *coup d'état*, and gave the lowest class of this lowest order to half-a-dozen of the most illustrious names in English science. A very little while after the preceding event, the *John Bull*, a weekly newspaper which piqued itself (and may do so still, for aught we know), upon being the organ of the clergy, remarked that the Guelphic order *had not increased in dignity or value during the last year*. Are we to suppose, then, that the clergy in general looked upon the appointment of the men of science as a degradation to the illustrious confraternity of Hanoverian knights? We should think not: but this instance may be taken as one of many which serve to show that there is really no expression of opinion with respect to anything but politics. The whig government had done the deed; and the tory paper would have held the crown dishonoured, had Newton himself been admitted to the king's presence, if the door had been opened by a minister of the other side in politics.

If the respect of the middle classes would satisfy the philosophical world, they may be well assured that they have it: they must know that it is so, from their daily intercourse with society. But their dealings with the great are observed with some amusement, and, on the whole, they are not worse liked for exhibiting the tendency of all the rest of the world to worship political rank. No one is displeased at seeing his superiors in intellectual acquirement subject to his own foibles; and those who are ashamed in their own hearts, as thousands must be, of the manner in which they bow to mere title, without reference to the qualifications of the bearer, may,

and perhaps do, comfort themselves by remembering that a lord sits in the seat of Newton because he is a lord, and that knowledge itself, the thing they most venerate next after wealth, place, and rank, proclaims itself their fellow-worshipper.

After all, though we try to “come a kind of quiet laugh,” as Mr. Weller said, at the sciences which are held up in such a lofty point of view at the inaugural addresses of the British Association, sinking their high pretensions in admitted inferiority to political rank, we should feel much less disposed to sneer, if *birth*, not *rank*, were the object of deference. If there be anything like intrinsic nobility anywhere, it is in long descent, and good descent: a large number of well-conducted ancestors may be a presumption that there is something in the blood tending to goodness;—at least it gives an inducement that way. But rank, mere rank! to hear it said, as we are told it has been said, from the chair of the Royal Society, that a peer—that is, a voter in the House of Lords—as such, does *honour to science* by enrolling himself among the fellows! Suppose it the grandson of one of those among Pitt’s politicians,—ennobled for their truckling propensities—to whom the coronet, with perquisites, was—

“The tempting turnip’s silver skin”

[Which] “Drew the base hog through thick and thin,”

the Royal Society, or any other, might justly advocate the doctrine, that the grandson should not be excluded, being otherwise eligible, for his ancestor’s meanness; but to declare the coronet itself to be respectable, and an honour to science, independently of the way in which it was got, was an insult to common sense,—we wish we could add, to the English public. The same might just as well have been said of wealth, which, like rank, may be got by foul means; but this cannot be said of a long line of worthy ancestors.

We have heard enough of the rights of man, the rights of property, the rights of industry, the rights of the crown, and the rights of the church,—but the *rights of wealth* and the *rights of rank* are not phrases of our language. Why so? Because both wealth and rank know how to attain more than their rights, without any talking about the matter. Both of these trust to the *voluntary principle*. But if it were possible—and let us suppose it for a moment, however improbable—that both these great accidents of society were in course of being reduced to their proper importance, by the action

of honest sense upon men's minds, the last two phrases would soon make their appearance;—and we wish we could think that their naturalization would be a consequence of some sort of new meaning attached to a third, namely, the *duties of science*.

ART. VI.—1. *The Garden of the Soul*. Derby: 1842.

2. *Catholic Hour; or, the Family Prayer-book*. Third Edition. 1841.

3. *The Catholic's Manual of Private Devotion*. Third Edition. 1839.

WHILE preparing to lay before our reader such remarks as the publications before us suggest, a two-fold scene presents itself to our imagination.

On the one side, we seem to ourselves to behold a venerable sanctuary, be its country and character what it may; whether the dark and awful precincts of the holy house at Loreto; or the silver crypt in which St. Charles Borromeo lies enshrined; or one of our own ancient pilgrimages, the chapel of St. Cuthbert or St. Thomas, restored to its ancient beauty and splendour. Around the object of common veneration are scattered various suppliants; not marshalled into ranks by vergers' wands, but as greater earnestness or greater humility, as pious curiosity or desire of concealment prompts, nearer or more afar; some in the bright glow of burning tapers, or of sunbeams streaming through richly-stained windows; some half veiled in the mysterious shadows of clustered pillars or secluded nooks. There we see the Belgian matron, hooded and cloaked in her dark flowing drapery, a breathing, but motionless figure,—a living Van-Eyck; on another side we have the German peasant, with arms outstretched as though on a cross, in deep and earnest supplication; further back we find the Swiss pilgrim, leaning on his staff, as, rosary in hand, he kneels with hoary head and flowing beard bowed lowly down; and in front of all, and pressing on nearer to the shrine, the Italian, in the bright attire of the Abruzzi, kneeling as though reclining backwards, in the attitude of Canova's Magdalen, with her hands clasped upon her knees, and her glowing upturned countenance streaming with tears.

On the other side is another scene. The altar and its

appurtenances are finished in the best style of most approved upholstery; the tightly fitted carpet is well covered to secure its holiday freshness, the marbling and graining are unexceptionable in colour and in varnish. Here, too, are worshippers; the Parisian dame reclining on her tall chair *pridieu*, with her silver-mounted prayer-book, the English seat-holder surrounded by all the luxury of worsted-worked cushions and morocco-bound books of devotion.

It is far from our intention to make any invidious comparison between the actors in the two scenes: or even to insinuate that the second class may not be as devout and as fervent as the first. On the contrary, habit has so much influence on even our most sacred duties, that we believe that those first described would be as unable to pray, and be as cold in their supplications, were they placed amidst the soft accompaniments of the others' prayers, as these would be if dropped down alone and unsupported on the cold pavement of an old Gothic church. But somehow or other, the eye and the thought seem to find something more akin to the avowed purpose of both scenes, in the outward bearing and appearance of those who compose the first. If a painter desired to represent a fervent suppliant, he certainly would look on it for his models: if a poet wished to describe the prayerful out-pourings of an afflicted heart, he would make them be expressed in its outward forms: nay, if the preacher or moralist should seek to stir up his hearer or reader to a fitting observance of devotional duties, he would surely draw his imagery and illustrate his meaning from the same source. We, indeed, are not artists, nor poets; neither are we intending to deliver a homily upon such sacred topics. We are only poor critics, anxious not to blame but to correct; and therefore, in all that we have said, we have only wished to present our readers with what we conceive to be accurate types of two species of prayers, and two classes of prayer books, now in use amongst us—the ancient or liturgical and truly ecclesiastical, and the modern, multifarious, and unauthoritative. In the former are combined all the powerful and the beautiful, the deep and the sublime, the holy and the poetical. which minds and hearts gifted by heaven with little less than inspiration could mingle together. The spirit of celestial harmony pervades their words, and combines their phrases, and weaves them into sentences and strains of marvellous art. In them we admire a rich and mellow tone, an almost playful variety, now passing from the grave to the cheerful, as if by

a sudden burst, then descending gradually from the sublime to the familiar, with no loss of dignity. Everything is heartfelt, soul-deep: the sob of contrition, the *De profundis* of the spirit, comes from the innermost caverns of a hollow, sorrow-worn breast; the song of thanksgiving, its *Te Deum*, springs blithe and light from quivering lips, as if to carol among heavenly choirs. The voice of ancient priests must needs, one would think, have been of a rich and solemn modulation, now unknown on earth, to have had such beautiful sentences allotted to it to utter; and the multitudes who answered must have made a sound like to the noise of many waters, to have inspired such responses. What a fitness in the selection of every versicle; what refinement in the choice of allusions and illustrations; what exquisite taste in the application of Holy Writ to every want; what simple and natural, yet most sublime poetry pervading every office, even where metre is excluded; what a noble elevation of thought and expression in the more didactic portions! There is a fragrance, a true incense, in those ancient prayers, which seems to rise from the lips, to wind upwards in soft, balmy clouds, upon which angels may recline, and look down upon us as we utter them. They seem worthy to be caught up in a higher sphere, and to be heaped upon the altar above, at which an angel ministers.

In them we look in vain for that formal arrangement, that systematic distribution of parts which distinguishes our modern prayers. We never have petitions regularly labelled and cut to measure; and yet nothing can we want that is not there asked for. What seems at first sight almost disorder, is found, on examination, to be a most pleasing variety, produced by most artless, yet most refined, arrangement. They lack the symmetry of the parterre; there seems to have been no line and compass used in laying them out; the flowers are not placed according to a rigid classification, but they have the grandeur, and the boldness, and withal the freshness of a landscape; their very irregularities give them beauties, their sudden transitions effect; and their colours are blended in a luxurious richness with which no modern art can vie. They partake of all the solemnity and all the stateliness of the places in which they were first recited: they retain the echoes of the gloomy catacomb, they still resound with the jubilee of gilded basilicas, they keep the harmonious reverberations of lofty grained vaults. The Church's sorrows and her joys, martyrs' oblation, and confessors

thanksgiving, anchorites' sighs, and virgins' breathings of love,—all are registered there. He that would muse over a skull hath his *Dies Iræ* ; she that would stand at the foot of the holy Rood, her *Stabat Mater* ; and they that would adore in concert before the altar, their *Lauda Sion*.

Nor hath the Church at any time lost her power of prayer, her mastery over the harp of David ; but silent and almost unstrung as it may for a long space appear, she hath but to attune it when she lists, and strike it, and bring forth the same sweet, soothing notes as at the beginning. Every new service or prayer which she has added to the pontifical or ritual, dissolves into the mass of more ancient compositions, so as to be undistinguishable, and blends with them, as a new ingredient in “the sweet confections of the apothecary,”* equal to the rest in savour as in virtue. Every modern office, like those requisite ones of the Passion which she has added to her breviary, overflows with the same exquisite poetry, the same balmy unction as the ancient services. And as to prayers emanating from the hearts and pens of holy contemplatives in the Middle Ages and in later times, we may truly say that they thoroughly partake of the Church's spirit, breathe her thoughts, in fact, are but sweet waters drawn off through private channels from her pure stream. St. Bonaventura and St. Bernard, and many like them, in those golden times of devotion, proved how completely men might be the tongues so to speak, of the Church, and express her holiest feelings ; the *Jesu, dulcis amor meus* of St. Francis Xavier, the *Suma Domine, et suscipe universam libertatem meam* of St. Ignatius, the *Ante oculos tuos* of Urban VIII, which is hung round the confessionals of the apostles in Rome, and many other such private prayers, contain in them more pith and feeling than much longer compositions of modern times.

But to these we must now turn. The so-called Reformation, wherever it fell, blighted all warmth and tenderness, and introduced a totally new system of prayer. We know that some persons, enamoured of the services of the Anglican Church, find great aptness and beauty in their very barrenness, and consider it a fitting expression of the state of mourning in which that establishment put itself, or was put, on its separation from unity. We own we cannot take this view, for which no historical evidence can be offered. It was the dry puritanism of the times that influenced the compilers of

* Eccles. xxxviii. 7.

its service-books. It was the shadow of the Geneva gown and cap that hung over them, a baneful night-shade, a joy-killing upas-tree to all devotion and cheerful piety that came within reach of its heartless influence. The prayer-book kept a sort of meagre breviary service in the morning and evening prayer; but every hymn and antiphon was lost, and the beautiful alternation of cheerfulness and solemnity, the mixture of the didactic and the lyric, found in the day offices, was totally swept away. In the communion service, too, the peculiar beauties of the old liturgies, to which we will in due time advert, disappeared, and their places were supplied by comparatively dry and cold prayers and exhortations.

Now it has seemed to us as though some of the leaven which, while it fermented, sowed the sweet bread of old devotion among our neighbours, had unfortunately slipped among ourselves. For, the imperfections which we find in Protestant prayers we feel we may to some extent charge upon many of our own compositions. It appears to us as though most of our modern English prayers came too much from the head. Not that the heart was wanting in those who composed them—far are we from thinking so; but they feared to let it play; they put it in fetters, they bound up its feelings too much, lest they should turn imprudent. The consequence is, that they bear a certain reasoning, argumentative air, that smacks of a sadly controversial age. If we may venture to use such a phrase, we *memorialize* the Almighty instead of praying to Him. Our supplications for forgiveness seem to be not so much the cry of a culprit, who throws himself on his knees, before the Judge in whose hands lies his fate, as a petition to the throne for commutation of sentence. Every thing is admirably arranged, every extenuating circumstance earnestly pleaded; motives of mercy powerfully adduced: but there lacks the tear, and the sob, and the language of the contrite, that is the *crushed*, heart: the confusedly mingled throbs of terror and hope, of sorrow and love. So it is with our other prayers. Our thanksgiving expresses how we *ought* to be most grateful to God, wonders how we can ever forget his benefits, and begs that we may never cease to remember them. But it breaks not out at once into a canticle; it sings not forth spontaneously; “*Cantemus Domino, gloriose enim magnificatus est;*” it seems to be a duty, not a movement of the heart. Our expressions of love are likewise so constructed. They adduce the reasons which we have for loving our Creator, our Father and Re-

deemer ; they acknowledge the imperfection of our charity ; they express, in fine, that we do love however inadequately. But there is not always in them the fervour of love overflowing the heart and lips, in glowing, affectionate, impassioned addresses : we find not in them the surpassing sweetness of the "*Jesu dulcis memoria,*" or the concentrated outbursts of love divine which many short sentences of the saints contain. There are quatrains, nay lines, in the poems of St. Francis of Assisium that express the ardour of a loving heart beyond what any modern, elaborate prayer has done. And why ? simply because they speak as one does who loves. Our modern prayers seem to us to have no wings : they creep with us on our own low sphere : they bear us not up to the empyreal, whither we wish prayer to raise us : we feel not among angels and saints as we pronounce them. And if they soar not with us, neither do they always warm us here below. They are as green wood placed upon the altar ; not like the perfumed cedar of the olden forms, which set it in a blaze, and rose gloriously upwards.

We trust we shall not be deemed censorious in writing thus. But we feel that it is just to give some illustrations or exemplifications of what we say. We might at once refer to the prayers for Sundays of that truly pious and learned divine Gother, as fully bearing out all that we have said. Long argumentative prayers will be there found in abundance, admirable as instructive, but far too heavy and dry for ordinary faithful. Let us, however, select a very short prayer given in almost all our prayer-books :

"PRAYER AFTER MASS.

"Accept, O most gracious God, this our service ; whatever by thy grace, we may have performed with diligence, in thy clemency regard ; and what we have done with negligence, mercifully pardon, through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen."

Nothing is here wanting ; the prayer is excellent in all its parts. But it is a collect in form, and seems to us cold in its present place, compared with more ancient liturgical compositions. Compare, for instance, the following concluding prayer from a Syriac liturgy.

"Grant me O God that grace of thy Holy Spirit, which Thou vouchsafedst to thy holy disciples in the upper chamber on Mount Sion, and on Mount Olivet ; nor take it from me either in this world or in the next. For from Thee is every good and perfect gift. O Light of lights, Creator of the world, Thee we adore,

Thee we glorify now and for ever, unto endless ages ! Farewell in peace, O altar most holy ! may I in peace return to thee again ! The victim which I have received from thee be to me the forgiveness of my debts, and the pardon of my sins, and obtain for me to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, without debt or shame ; for I know not whether I shall ever offer up sacrifice upon thee again !”*

But before this is a splendid hymn of thanksgiving alternately sung between the priest and the deacon, which we would willingly transcribe, did space permit. It shows the joy and exultation with which the Church gave thanks for her most precious gift. Let us rather take another point of comparison. From the edition of the “Garden of the Soul,” as in several preceding editions, there has been excluded a very long morning exercise, in which all the proper topics of such a prayer were systematically included. With similar good judgment, several other such prayers, for sickness, indulgences, &c. have been omitted. For though excellent in many respects, they had the fault to which we have so often alluded, of being heavy, long, and formal. Some of the evening prayers in the various manuals before us we think liable to the same objections. It is not necessary to refer individually, because we fear they all labour under the disadvantage which we desire to notice. This we must beg to go about in our own way,

There can be no doubt that while the ancient Christians had their thoughts constantly turned towards God, in private prayer, the Church took care to provide for all the regular and necessary discharge of this duty, by her public offices. These were not meant to be holiday services, or mere clerical duties ; but the ordinary, daily, and sufficient discharge of an obligation belonging to every state and class in the Church. It never was understood that *besides* the public offices there should be certain long, family or private prayers, as necessary to discharge the duty of morning and evening spiritual sacrifice. For all that was right on this score, she took care to provide ; and where she has done this, we may be sure of its being done beyond hope of rivalry. Unfortunately, those offices have, for the most part, been reduced to a duty, discharged by the clergy in private, and have thus come to be considered by us as a purely ecclesiastical obligation super-added to, not comprehending, the discharge of ordinary Chris-

* Assemani Cod, Liturg. tom. v. p. 225.

tian duty. One is apt to forget that Prime is the Church's morning prayer, and Complin her evening devotions. Yet so the two manifestly are. But what greatly helps to make us overlook this fact, is, that we have been accustomed to consider morning and evening prayers as necessarily of a specific form, composed of certain specific acts of devotion, arranged in a formal order; and have lost sight of that form which characterises all the offices of the Church; and is and must be far the most perfect. Let us observe the principal difference between the two classes of prayers.

1. It will at once strike us, that the modern ones are almost entirely composed for recital by one person. That this is not with a view to private devotion, appears from the few responses which are introduced, just sufficient to show that congregational, or family, worship, as it is called, is intended. Yet the great body of assistants must be mere listeners, while one person recites a long series of prayers. Every one knows how difficult it is to keep up prolonged attention under these circumstances,—how easily the mind wanders and is fairly lost, till recalled mechanically by a response. Now this shows the advantage of frequency in these; nay how expedient it would be to have them come in almost every moment. Such is precisely the form of the Church offices. In the more solemn liturgy or mass, where the principal actor is the priest, having a ministry exclusively his, the rest must be content to join their prayers mentally with his, or rather with the sacred rite performed by him. And so in some other functions, wherein the priestly character alone has efficacy to act. But in all other daily Church offices, the service is essentially choral; all join, in nearly equal parts; psalms, hymns, versicles, antiphons, belong to the entire company of fellow-worshippers. All therefore become equally sharers, equally interested in the holy exercise; the attention is kept alive, or easily recovers itself. Surely this is a great advantage, and gives at once immense superiority to the ancient over the modern form of prayer.

2. The Church offices are always full of life and cheerfulness. This, in fact, seems to be a marked characteristic of the Catholic Church; she ever prays in hymns, making “a joyful noise to God with psalms.” Even when she mourns she must have her song,—attuned in a deeper key, but still enlivening sorrow itself with hope. For about two months in the year she suppresses her Alleluja: for a fortnight at Passion-tide she withdraws in part her *Gloria Patri* but

only for three days, the three most solemn days of the year, does she silence the hymns in her office. Yet even then she does not banish them from her liturgy. On Maundy-Thurs-day she sings them at the consecration of the holy Chrism, and in the procession to the sepulchre, even on Good Friday she intones the sublime "Pange lingua gloriosi lauream certaminis;" breaking in with most tender effect upon the pathetic reproaches against the Jewish people. In this spirit, she has not a single portion of her sevenfold daily office without its hymn to open or close it. And surely this course is most wise, and considerate towards our poor frail humanity, which stands in constant need of such appliances for support in spiritual duties. They break the monotony which might otherwise ensue; they raise the tone of voice and mind above the pitch of ordinary conversation, and, if attuned to notes, they prevent weariness and freshen the spirits. Moreover they shed a poetical charm over the entire exercise, making prayer a pleasing and welcome occupation. This character may surely be imparted to family devotions; or rather we should say *ought* to be. For St. Paul seems to have these principally in view when, treating of homely duties, he exhorts the Ephesians to speak to themselves "in psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles, singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord;" (Ephes. v. 19); and when he tells the Colossians, still more pointedly, to "teach and admonish one another in psalms, hymns, and spiritual canticles." (Coloss. iii. 16). A cheerful giver God loves, and the natural joyfulness of mutual love, a common hope, one faith, and trustfulness in the same protection, should shed a beam of sunny brightness over the domestic expression of these feelings. And yet, such lightness, we fear, does not pervade our devotional forms: they are mostly of a darker hue; there is sometimes even a melancholy complexion in them,—a thoughtful, anxious expression, rather than a buoyant, hopeful, smiling look. In this respect surely the Church is right.

3. Another difference, and one closely connected with the last, consists in the absence from the one of that orderly and systematic arrangement which seems to be so carefully studied in the other. There can be, we think, no doubt, that the difference results from the poetical character of the one, and the prosaic form of the other. In the Church offices every thing is prayed for that ought to enter into the exercises for which they are intended; but they being composed

of "psalms, hymns, and spiritual canticles," most beautifully selected, the various petitions run blended through the entire office, according as the various portions of the chosen parts express them. This prevents weariness: it is like a variety of modulations in music, full of passages through various keys, with occasional apparent and momentary dissonances, that only give zest to surrounding harmonies. On the other side, our modern devotions have each petition, and each act of virtue, accurately distinct; no room is left for a varied play of feeling; there are no contrasts, no light and shade. The former is the language of nature, the latter that of art. An analysis of what we consider the morning and evening devotions of the Church, will easily show us how fully everything necessary enters into their composition, though no artificial arrangement is made.

In Prime, for instance, after we have placed ourselves in the Divine presence, by the preliminary prayer, "Aperi Domine," and asked God's grace, "Deus in adiutorium," the day opens with a beautiful hymn, in which we beg to be preserved from sin throughout the day, place our senses and hearts under the Divine protection, and beg that at evening we may look back upon an unsullied day, and sing thanksgiving for its many blessings.* Can anything be more appropriate,

* A translation of this beautiful hymn, from a source not easily accessible to all, may not be unacceptable to our readers, as no translation has appeared in any of our prayer-books:—

"HYMN.

"*Jam Lucis Orto.*

- "The star of morn to night succeeds,
We therefore meekly pray,
May God in all our words and deeds
Keep us from harm this day.
- "May He in love restrain us still
From tones of strife and words of ill,
And wrap around and close our eyes
To earth's absorbing vanities.
- "May wrath and thoughts that gender shame
Ne'er in our breasts abide,
And painful abstinences tame
Of wanton flesh the pride;
- "So when the weary day is o'er,
And night and stillness come once more,
Blameless and clean from spot of earth,
We may repeat, with reverent mirth,
- "Praise to the Father, as is meet,
Praise to the only Son,
Praise to the Holy Paraclete,
While endless ages run. Amen."

more complete, more beautiful, than this? Can any modern substitution answer as well? The hymn is succeeded by three psalms, which never vary, as others do, day by day, which are often added. The first of these (the 53rd in the Vulgate, and 54th in the Hebrew) expresses, in strong and feeling language, the dangers of temptations which await us, the wiles and violences of spiritual foes who will assail us, calls strongly for protection, and triumphantly proclaims confidence in God's power and mercy, grounded upon experience of past goodness. To this feeling cry succeed good resolutions for the day, promises to observe the judgments, the law, the commandments of God, to prefer them to riches, to make them our happiness; and, intermixed, are fervent prayers for grace to do so, acknowledgments of our inability and helplessness without it, and a grateful reliance upon the kindness of our heavenly Father. And all this is not set forth in cold orderly phrases, but in the glowing language of inspiration, in its richly varied imagery, and expression. For this portion of the office consists of two sections of the 118th (or 119th) psalm. This is followed by an exclamation of honour and glory to the God of heaven, succeeded, with sublime abruptness, by a most humble earnestly repeated entreaty for mercy to His Son. Then comes (except on festivals) a series of versicles calling for many graces and blessings through the day; and, after this, the confession of our sins, with its prayer for forgiveness, ending with the proper prayer of the service, begging of God, that, as He has brought us to the beginning of a new day, He would watch over us in it, preserve us from sin, and direct all our words, thoughts, and actions, to the performance of His law. When prime is chorally performed, a very appropriate and very beautiful addition is here introduced. The martyrology for the day is read,—that is, a condensed account of those saints who, on the present day, glorified God by their martyrdom, or found it their happiest day in a holy death, or otherwise honoured it by some great act of holiness. We thus have a series of models placed before us for imitation; we have recalled to mind and suggested to us, as topics of meditation, the actions, varying every day, of mortals like ourselves, who had pleased God and gained Him (for, to a mind read in their lives, the recurrence of their names will recall the memory of their peculiar merits); the communion of saints is individualized, so that we seem, for the day, to walk with a definite company of them, who keep special festival with us,—they in heaven, we on earth; and,

finally, we have special patrons thus allotted to us, who, that day, have us especially commended to them by the Church's commemoration of them. And hence the lesson of the Martyrology is concluded by a prayer, said ever when the lesson is dispensed with, for the intercession of the Blessed Mother of God, and all the saints whose death was precious in the Lord. Again, the cry for mercy is raised, and thrice repeated: for holy importunity is one of the Church's privileges. To this is added a beautiful versicle and response for the divine direction of all our day's work, and another collect, as beautiful as the former one, and to the same purport, placing our bodies and hearts, our senses, speeches and actions, under God's safeguard and guidance. Then comes a short chapter or lesson from Scripture, as a text whereon we may meditate during the day, it being selected with reference to the ecclesiastical season of the year, or the day's festival.

This very incomplete analysis may suffice to turn the attention of those who are not obliged or accustomed to follow the Church offices, towards these beautiful forms of prayer. We will now venture to give a briefer outline of the evening service or Complin, better known among Catholics. The opening blessing expresses the truly Christian view of evening devotion. The analogy between sleep and death, and the danger of passing from one to the other, by a sudden visitation, naturally suggest a double preparation—the advantage and justness of lying down on our bed as though it were in the coffin, of retiring to rest as though we might possibly not wake again on earth. We pray, therefore, to God, to give us “a quiet night, and a holy death—*noctem quietam et finem perfectum.*” Then, as the first preparation, we humbly confess our transgressions, and ask for pardon. The psalms follow, always unvaried. The three first are strongly and feelingly descriptive of confidence in the Divine protection. The expression of this sentiment, in such energetic and feeling tones, is surely the best means of imploring and securing that safeguard. But intermingled are other expressions of thankfulness, both for temporal benefits,* and for spiritual deliverances; † of reproach for our daily folly and vanity, ‡ and secret repentance, before retiring to rest, for the day's frailty

* “Multi dicunt quis ostendit nobis bona,” etc.

† “Verumtamen oculis tuis videbis, et retributionem peccatorum videbis,” etc.

‡ “Fili hominum usque quo gravi corde,” etc.

and failings.* The fourth psalm† is a lively and beautiful call upon those who, in discharge of their ministry or religious duties, will watch the night in God's house, to praise Him on behalf of us who slumber, and draw down blessings upon our helpless state. How appropriate this invitation in a Church wherein so many communities of men and women rise every night to sing the praises of their Lord, and where, in almost every town, the faithful watch before the blessed sacrament exposed to adoration! Then comes the hymn, that never-failing support to waning attention, or fainting devotion; asking more clearly for protection during our rest; and followed up by the apposite chapter or text, which appeals to God for His care, on the ground that we are His living temples, on whom His sacred name has been called down. Then, in alternate verse and chorus, we commend our spirit repeatedly into the hands of the Lord God of truth, who hath redeemed us, and beg Him to guard us as the apple of His eye. The allusion which the dying words of our Saviour thus applied naturally suggest, to the final yielding of our spirit into the hands of our heavenly Father, is instantly taken up, and the canticle of Zacharias, "*Nunc dimittis*," humbly, but cheerfully, expresses our readiness to depart from this our banishment, whenever it shall please God to call us. And thus does the opening idea of our twofold preparation beautifully return to close the service. A prayer is added ("*Visita quæsumus*"), too well known as an essential part of all our evening devotions, to require any particular description. An anthem or hymn to the Blessed Mother of God, closes the public portion of the service.

Such are the evening prayers which the Church has drawn up for her children; and, for our part, we can wish for nothing better. We know not where an improvement could be suggested; and, therefore, we see not why anything should have been substituted for them. One or two circumstances seem to indicate, with sufficient clearness, that the two offices which we have analyzed were intended by the Church for the purposes described by us. For instance, prime commences as complin closes, by the creed, in addition to the usual prayers, the Our Father and Hail Mary; as though to begin and finish the day by the public profession of our faith. But further we may observe, that, while in every other hour of

* "*Quæ dicitis in cordibus vestris in cubilibus vestris compungimini*,"

† "*Ecce nunc benedicite Dominum*."—Ps. cxxxiii.

prayer, the collects and responses vary according to the festival, those of these two offices never change, for season or day, but have manifestly a reference, not to a specific commemoration, but to a standing and daily duty. Their character is thus quite distinct from the others, and shows them intended for a different use. Why should not this use be restored? Why should they not become the standard devotions of all Catholics, whether alone, or in their families? Why may we not hope to have them more solemnly performed, chaunted even, every day in all religious communities, or, where there is a sufficient number of persons, even in family chapels? Thus would be more truly exemplified that resemblance to the Church in the Christian family, which St. Paul intimates, when he speaks of the Church that was in the house of an individual.* Surely, if in other respects the resemblance will hold, it should not be despised in this, that the family united in prayer should speak the very language of the Church; should observe the forms of devotion which she has herself drawn up and approved; and, as in good discipline, in spiritual affection, in communion of good works, in mutual encouragement to virtue, so likewise in the regularity and in the order of prayer, assimilate itself to those religious communities, which, in every part of the Christian world, praise God in her name, and under her especial sanction. We strongly suspect, that many who will join the Church, will hail with joy every such return, however imperfect, to the discipline and practice of the ancient Church; they will warm to us the more in proportion to our zeal for the restoration of its discipline.

It is impossible not to observe how decidedly partial the Church is to the breviary form of prayer on all occasions; for she imitates it in most of her other devotions, by composing them of a psalm and antiphon; then generally the *Kyrie eleison*, Our Father, and a certain number of versicles, followed by one or more prayers. Such is the form of the preparation and thanksgiving for mass, the *Itinerary*, or prayers for a journey for clerks, the grace for communities, the *Asperges*, the close of the great *Litany*, and many others.*

* Coloss. iv. 15.

† This form has been adopted in the "Prayers for the Conversion of England." We have before us a little book entitled "Prayers on the building of a new church," in Latin and English, in which the same form has been observed, but with sufficient irregularities to indicate want of long experience in the compiler. For instance, the little chapter is redundant, there being no hymn.

And this form seems to us by far the most perfect for any prayers, especially such as are to be recited by many in concert. We do not think that the psalms can be too much used in our devotions. Not to say that they are the language of inspiration, they contain almost every possible petition, and the expression of every feeling,—from the loftiest joy to the deepest sorrow,—which can enter into our solemn intercourse with heaven. They should not be confined to great and public offices; they should be familiar to us as “household words;” they should be employed in fulfilment of St. James’s counsel: “*Tristatur aliquis vestrum? oret. Æquo animo est? psallat.*”* In whatever temper our minds may be, there will be some one at least of those sacred melodies which will harmonize with it, accord its jars, soothe its fretfulness, calm its anxieties, cheer its gloom, console its sorrows; or, if it have not sunk below trustfulness and hope, enliven its serenity, or depress its eagerness, and compose the whole soul to that just standard of Christian peace which soars not in pride, and sinks not in despondency. It is not Saul alone, nor only *his* evil spirit, that hath felt the mildening and calming influence of David’s harp; many hearts, troubled like that of St. Augustine at Milan, have been lulled to religious calm by the powerful psalmody of the Church. No composition from man’s hand can ever bear such frequent repetition as these divine hymns; they are ever fresh to the heart, as the solemn tones in which the Church utters them are to the lips and ears: both are calculated for daily, nay, for hourly use, without danger of either losing its peculiar charm. The clergy have them indeed constantly in their mouths, by the recital of the divine office, but, from there being a very small portion of them in our ordinary prayer books, and from the want of suggestions for their use in our bibles, we fear many of our laity are prevented from becoming as familiar with them as they might. At any rate, the composers of prayer-books might, we think, advantageously follow the method adopted by the Church, and give to their devotions more of the form which she manifestly prefers.

We may be thought, perhaps, to have expressed ourselves strongly on the subject of modern prayers, as though of too argumentative and unpoetical a character. Do we, then, think that such a quality ought to be excluded from all petitions? By no means: for we hold that the Church herself

* Jac. v. 13.

has given us the most beautiful possible models of such prayers, as she has of everything else that belongs to religion. We would, then, divide the prayers of the Church into two classes, one which primarily and essentially is of a lyrical, poetical character, and one which bases our petitions upon some premise or ground, expressed in language simple, though not unadorned. The former class occupies by far the greater portion of the Church offices, the latter is chiefly confined to the collects and other very short prayers. Nothing can be more perfect in structure, more solid in substance, more elegant in conception, or more terse in diction, than the collects, especially those of the Sundays and Lent. They belong essentially to the traditional deposit of the Church, being found in the oldest sacramentaries, and *ordos*. It is evident that their symmetrical structure is the result of a rule or principle; so well is it always observed. For each is almost invariably composed of two parts, which may be called the recital and the petition. The first contains either a declaration of our wants, general or individual, temporal or spiritual, or a plea for mercy or for a favourable hearing. Or, it may be itself a prayer; only preparatory to a more specific and important request. In this first portion, nothing strikes one so much as the noble and appropriate terms in which the Deity is addressed, and the sublime greatness with which His attributes are described. What can be more majestic than such expressions as these: "Protector in te sperantium Deus, sine quo nihil est validum, nihil sanctum;" or "Deus virtutum, cujus est totum quod est optimum;" or "Deus innocentiae restitutor et amator;" or "Deus a quo bona cuncta procedunt"? There is, in fact, hardly a collect in which some singular beauty of thought, some happy turn of phrase, is not to be found. The connecting link between this preamble and the petition which follows, is often of the most energetic and most earnest character, being, in fact, the pith and core of the prayer itself, that which makes it a prayer; and, though confined to three or four words, is varied with wonderful richness in almost every collect. The petition itself is ever most solemn, devout, and fervent; often containing a depth of thought which would supply materials for a long meditation. There is no commonplace; but, whether the request refer to the public, or to private, blessings, it is conceived in terms so distinct and appropriate as to give it a character of originality and beauty. The collects, for instance, in Lent repeatedly pray against the same dangers of the season, remissness in its

painful duties, or mere formal observance of them, without the interior spirit of humility and mortification. One of the two collects of each day is almost sure to allude to one or other of these topics; yet the variety which runs through them is surprising. The petition appears new every time it is repeated, from the happy change in the phraseology. They are like variations in music upon a simple theme; more striking, however, than such variations usually are, because they never degenerate into long or complicated modifications of the original strain. The last is as simple as the first. If any one thinks that these prayers, so easy to appearance, require no great power to imitate them, let him try to compose a few, and he will soon find their inferiority to the old ones; he will find that it is far from easy to put so much meaning into such a small compass, and still more difficult to come up to the beauty and greatness of thought generally condensed in the ancient form.

These prayers we consider as the true models, the most perfect specimens of reasoned, unimpassioned, *prose* prayers. They are necessarily short, and occupy but a very small share in the Church offices: far the greater part is composed in a much loftier, warmer, and more poetic strain. We are not now speaking of the hymns or psalmody which enter into them, but of the bulk of the prayers composed expressly for the immediate service to which they belong and refer. The poetical character which pervades these noble services may be viewed in two different lights, as exhibited in the construction of single parts, or in the general combination of these into a whole. Of the former, almost every service of the pontifical affords striking examples. The consecration service for a bishop, for instance, is conceived in a lofty strain of thoughts and expressions that makes it perfectly lyrical. Take the following passage, after mention has been made of the sacerdotal robes prescribed by the Almighty in the old law. "Illius namque sacerdotii anterioris habitus nostræ mentis ornatus est; et pontificalem gloriam non jam nobis honor commendat vestium, sed splendor animarum. Quia et illa, quæ tunc carnalibus blandiebantur obtutibus, ea potius quæ in ipsis erant intelligenda posebant. Et idcirco huic famulo tuo, quem ad summi sacerdotii ministerium elegisti, hanc quæsumus, Domine, gratiam largiaris; ut quidquid illa velamina, in fulgore auri, in nitore gemmarum, et in multimodi operis varietate signabant, hoc in ejus moribus actibusque clarescat. Comple in sacerdote tuo ministerii tui summam,

et ornamentis totius glorificationis instructum, cœlesti unguenti rore sanctifica.”

The action is here suited to the words. The solemn chaunt of this beautiful prayer (for it is set to notes that add majesty and pathos to the words) is interrupted. All kneel, the hymn of the Holy Ghost is intoned, and continued by the choir, while the sacred chrism is poured upon the head of the bishop elect. Nothing can be bolder, or, we should almost say, sublimer, than this sudden break, and the introduction into it of the choral music of the hymn: after which the preface continues, actually alluding to the previous sentence, “Hoc Domine copiose in caput ejus influat; hoc in oris subjecta decurrat; hoc in totius corporis extrema, descendat; ut tui Spiritus virtus et interiora ejus repleat, et exteriora circumtegat.” This explanation of the symbol is strikingly beautiful as it is bold: the prayer that the material unction applied only to the head should flow over and into the entire frame, is resolved into a petition that the invisible unction of the Holy Spirit may pervade the entire man. The way is thus opened for more specific petitions, and these are in the loftiest style. We have only room for a few sentences: “Abundet in eo constantia fidei, puritas dilectionis, sinceritas pacis. Sint speciosi, munere tuo, pedes ejus ad evangelizandum pacem, ad evangelizandum bona tua. Da ei, Domine, ministerium reconciliationis in verbo et in factis, in virtute signorum et prodigiorum. . . . Tribuas ei, Domine, cathedram episcopalem, ad regendam Ecclesiam tuam et plebem sibi commissam. Sis ei auctoritas, sis ei potentia, sis ei firmitas.”*

* “For the attire of that former priesthood notifies to us the ornaments of the mind; and sacerdotal glory is not now recommended by the grandeur of robes, but by the beauty of souls. For even those things which then gratified the carnal sight, claimed attention rather to the things they signified. Wherefore, O Lord, we beseech thee to bestow upon this thy servant, whom thou hast chosen to minister to thee in the dignity of high-priest, that whatsoever in those mystical garments was implied by the glitter of gold, the sparkling of diamonds, and the varied richness of embroidery, may shine in his morals and deeds. Achieve, in thy priest, the completion of thy ministry: and after clothing him with the brightness of all glory, sanctify him with the dew of celestial ointment. . . . May this, O Lord, flow abundantly on his head; may it reach his lips; may it descend to the extremity of his frame; so that the power of thy Spirit may replenish him interiorly; and cover him all around exteriorly. May the constancy of faith, the purity of divine love, and the sincerity of peace, abound in him. May his feet, by thy gift, be beautiful to preach peace, and to carry glad tidings of good things. Give to him, O Lord, the ministry of reconciliation, in words, and in deeds, in the power of signs and prodigies. Let his speech and preaching be, not in the persuasive words of human wisdom, but in the shewing of the spirit and power. Promote him, O Lord, to the episcopal chair, to rule thy Church, and the flock committed to him. Be Thou unto him authority: be thou his power, be thou his strength.”

Then, after a concluding sentence, is intoned and sung the Psalm (cxxxii.) "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell in unity." Seldom is this sublime prayer chaunted or uttered without deep emotion. The present pontiff once performed the consecration of three bishops; but has declared that this function was too overpowering to his feelings to be ever repeated by him. There is nothing in our modern prayers to come near to such fervid, such poetical, yet such majestic, effusions. Yet this is only one part of a service filled with other passages equally noble and equally beautiful. What follows immediately is of the same character, and the prayers at the close, such as the one recited, when the mitre is put upon the head of the elect, are even richer in imagery and diction. To this must be added the ceremonial that accompanies the entire service, independent of the heavenly sacrifice into which it is interwoven; and we hesitate not to say, that no human genius could have devised a rite, to which every art that deals in the beautiful, whether in form or diction, or sound, or thought, has been brought to contribute its choicest charms. If our Anglican neighbours can see a manifestation of some divine agency in the preservation among them of some portions of the old liturgy, and can see in their prayer-book a proof of ecclesiastical life for their Establishment, what must the Catholic think of *his* Church, the services of which, compared with theirs, are as a golden tabernacle, richly jewelled and enamelled, wrought out in all the delicacy of the finest chiselling, and designed on the grandest scale, in all the exquisiteness of pure old feeling,—placed beside the flat tablets of the creed and decalogue, in dead blue and pale gold, over a mahogany communion table?

Time and paper would fail us, in attempting merely to name the splendid passages which every page, opened at random in the same book, presents to us. Catholics, in general, know far too little of it; and we hesitate not to say, that he who knows it not, cannot have any idea of half the grandeur of his religion. Why, there is not a place or a thing used in the worship which he attends, upon which there has not been lavished, so to speak, more rich poetry and more solemn prayers than all our modern books put together can furnish. When he hears the bell, which, swinging in its tower, summons him to mass, he perhaps scarcely knows that a consecration has blessed it, couched in diction which is literally splendid, and expressed by symbolical rites full of the deepest meaning and the finest feeling. What an idea would he not

conceive of the consciousness of power which the Church-Catholic possesses, if he had heard her commit to that brazen herald of her offices, power to dispel, by its deep-toned voice, "the enemy's fiery shafts, the thunderbolt's stroke, the hail-stone's rush, the tempest's destruction"? How lofty would her estimate appear of the holy influence which everything connected with her services should exercise, when even this their iron-tongued harbinger has a blessing prayed for in it, in such terms as these?

"O God, who didst order, that by the blessed lawgiver Moses, thy servant, there should be made silver trumpets, which when the priests during the time of sacrifice should sound, the people warned by their sweet notes should prepare to adore Thee, and assemble for the sacrifices; by the crash whereof encouraged to battle, they should overthrow their enemies' designs; grant, we beseech Thee, that this vessel prepared for thy holy Church, may be sanctified by the Holy Ghost, so that by its stroke the faithful may be invited to their reward. And when its melody shall sound in the ears of the people, may the devotion of faith increase within them: may all the snares of the enemy, the clattering hail, the furious whirlwind, the impetuous tempest, be driven afar; may hostile thunders die away, and windy blasts subside into gentle and wholesome breezes. The strength of Thy right hand cast down all spirits of evil; that hearing this bell, they may tremble, and may fly from the banner of the holy Cross of Thy Son, which hath been painted upon it,—that banner to which every knee bendeth of things heavenly, things earthly, and things below, and every tongue confesseth, that Our Lord Jesus Christ himself, having swallowed up death in the ignominious cross, reigneth in the glory of God the Father, with the same Father, and Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen."*

* Or even in a higher strain, as follows, which we gladly give in the original: "Omnipotens dominator Christe, quo secundum carnis assumptionem dormiente in navi, dum oborta tempestas mare conturbasset, te protinus excitata et imperante dissiluit; tu necessitatibus populi tui benignus succurre; tu hoc tintinnabulum Sancti Spiritus rore perfunde; ut ante sonitum illius semper fugiat bonorum inimicus; invitetur ad fidem populus Christianus; hostilis terreatur exercitus; confortetur in Domino per illud populus tuus convocatus; ac sicut Davidica cithara delectatus desuper descendat Spiritus Sanctus: atque ut Samuele agnum lactentem mactante in holocaustum regis æterni imperii, fragor aurarum turbam repulit adversantium; ita dum hujus vasculi sonitus transit per nubila, ecclesiæ tuæ conventum manus conservet Angelica, frugis credentium, mentes et corpora salvet protectio sempiterna."

The same feeling runs through the following beautiful prayer, by which the water is blessed, to be employed in the blessing of the bell:—

"Benedic Domine hanc aquam benedictione cælesti, et assistat super eam virtus Spiritus Sancti; ut cum hoc vasculum ad invitandos filios sanctæ ecclesiæ præparatum, in ea fuerit tinctum, ubicumque sonuerit hoc tintinnabulum, pro-

What the Church does for the bells which send her invitations to her distant children, she does with even more feeling and beauty of thought and expression, for every portion of the sacred edifice, in which her own small still voice speaks to their hearts. From floor to roof-tree, from lintel to altar, from aisle to aisle, blessings are scattered, like flowers of heavenly brilliancy and hue, on the day of their consecration. It is indeed a pity that every catholic cannot, once at least in his life, witness this holiest ceremony. When performed with that quiet accuracy, and calm dignity, which should characterize every Church function; when all the attendants know exactly their places and their offices; when all the necessary preparations have been made, and all the many accessories provided in good taste; when the processions are decorously ordered, the music is thoroughly ecclesiastical, and the chaunted portions are solemnly given, the entire ceremony is more like a vision of Patmos, than an earthly scene. But we are forgetting that the prayers are our proper theme: although, to say the truth, they are, in this instance, so worked up with action, and this is so grand, so tender, so mystical, so awful, that they cannot justly be considered apart. The consecration of the church and the altar are so blended, and their beautiful prayers run so admirably into one another; the function is carried, with such variety, over every part of the sacred edifice, outward and inward, and is interspersed with such exquisite expressions of feeling, that the whole forms a sacred drama, full of stirring interest and movement, and sustained by the noblest forms and diction. When the relics of martyrs are introduced, in the middle of the service, and greeted first with such anthems as this: "Surgite Sancti Dei de mansionibus vestris, loca sanctificate, plebem benedicite, et nos homines peccatores in pace custodite;" and afterwards, when borne into the Church on the shoulders of priests, and followed by the people, are welcomed by several such apostrophes as the following: "Ingredimini Sancti Dei, preparata est enim a Domino habitatio sedis vestrae: sed et populus fidelis cum gaudiis insequitur iter ves-

cul recedat virtus insidiantium, umbra phantasmatum, incursia turbinum, percussio fulminum, læsio tonitruorum, calamitas tempestatum, omnisque spiritus procellarum; et cum clangorem illius audierint filii Christianorum, crescat in eis devotionis augmentum, ut festinantes ad piæ matris ecclesiæ gremium, cantent tibi in ecclesia sanctorum canticum novum, deferentes in sono præconium tubæ, modulationem psalterii, suavitatem organi, exultationem tympani, jucunditatem cymbali; quatenus in templo sancto gloriæ tuæ suis obsequiis et precibus invitare valeant multitudinem exercitus Angelorum."

trum, ut oratis pro nobis Majestatem Domini: Alleluja;" we have the communion between the ancient and the living Church, and between the militant of all times and the triumphant, so vividly and so feelingly brought home to us; we are so affectionately associated with those glorious martyrs, whom we are burying with honour "beneath the altar of God,"* and whose radiant spirits we must believe to be hovering over us and taking part in our holy service, that the very spark of Catholicity must have been extinguished in the breast, that glows not with warm yet most tender emotions in assisting at the function.

But once more we are allowing ourselves to stray. From the variety, then, of magnificent prayers, with which this service abounds, we will select one, which, though long, will allow us to remark some of the most distinguishing characters of the ancient liturgical prayers. It is the concluding prayer of the blessing, bestowed upon water mingled with other ingredients, to be used in the consecration of a Church.

"Be made holy, through God's word, heavenly stream! be made holy, water pressed by the footsteps of Christ; thou, pent within mountains, canst not be imprisoned, dashed amidst rocks canst not be broken, and spread over the earth, art wasted not! Thou bearest up the dry land, carriest the weight of mountains, and yet art not crushed; thou art treasured in the heavens' summit; thou poured out on every side, washest all, and needest not to be thyself cleansed! Thou, for the Jewish people in its flight, art congealed to a solid mass; and, again dissolved into foaming billows, destroyest the tribes of the Nile, and with thy furious current pursuest the hostile band: thus at once salvation to the faithful, and to the wicked a scourge! Thee the rock struck by Moses rendered up; nor couldst thou lurk within its caverns, when the majestic command ordered thee to come forth! Thou, embosomed in clouds, dost gladden the fields with fertilizing showers! Through thee is poured out, for bodies parched with heat, a draught, delicious at once and quickening; thou, bounding through the earth's hidden veins, furnishest her vital spirits, or her prolific nutriment, lest inwardly scorched and withered she should languishing refuse her appointed produce! Through thee the beginning, through thee the end exults! Or rather it cometh from God that we should know not thy boundaries: yea rather *Thy* boundaries, O God Almighty! whose glorious works we knowingly proclaim, while we celebrate the praises of thy element: Thou art the author of all blessing: Thou the fountain of salvation! *Thee* therefore we entreat suppliantly,

* Apoc. vi. 9.

and pray ; shower down upon this house, in abundant streams, Thy blessing : liberally bestow every good gift ; prosper it, protect it : destroy the demon of evil deeds, appoint an angel of light for its friend, its administrator, its protector. This house, begun in Thy name, finished with Thy help, Thy blessing strengthen, that it may long remain. May these foundations deserve Thy safeguard, the roofs Thy covering, the doors Thine entrance, the interior Thy presence ! Make the firmness of these walls, through the light of Thy countenance, be for the profit of men."

Here the bishop marks the door with the sign of the cross, and continues.

"Be the unvanquished cross planted on its threshold ; may both the door-posts be inscribed with the declaration of Thy favour ; and in the abundance of Thy mercies, may there be given to all who visit Thy house, peace with plenty, sobriety with modesty, superfluity with charitableness. All unquiet and calamity fly far hence ! Want, plague, disease, weakness, and the assaults of evil spirits, retreat before Thy coming ; that the grace of Thy visitation, poured out in this place, may overflow its boundaries, and stream through its surrounding courts : that this cleansing flood may find its way into every nook and crevice, and so there ever reign here the cheerfulness of peace, the kindness of hospitality, abundance of produce, reverence for religion, and plenteous means of salvation. And unto the place where Thy holy Name is invoked, let an ample supply come of all good things, let all temptations to evil be put to flight ; and may we be worthy to have with us, the Angel of peace, chastity, charity, and truth, who may ever preserve, guard, and defend us !"

What an elevated tone is this for prayer ! how full it is of confidence ; how copious and accurate, yet how fervent and enthusiastic are its expressions ! But we wish to note some marked and very strong peculiarities in our Church prayers, which widely distinguish them from modern compositions. It is remarkable, then, how grandly the Church, in her solemn offices, deals with all visible and sensible substances, and enters minutely into their qualities, extracting from them the richest materials for mystical allusions and applications. She seems so to contemplate nature throughout, as subservient to grace,—the outward world as ruled for the sake of the spiritual,—she reads God her Founder and Benefactor, so clearly in every property of matter,—finds such motives for religious gratitude in every disposition of the physical laws,—that she truly raises this lower sphere, through its alliance with faith, into a region of purer and holier existence, where the direct splendour of the Divinity is the sun that warms, and fructifies, gives life and growth. Throughout the preceding prayer, the pro-

perties of water seem to be rather marvellous prerogatives, than of natural attributes; it is represented as a live and busy power, exercising a spontaneous and free agency, a conscious principle: by the intermixture of its physical qualities, with its providential uses in the course of God's dealings with man, both seem to be reduced to one class, and the blessings which we and nature receive through this necessary element, seem part of the order of grace, and only preparatory for the mystical and spiritual application made of it by the Church of God. The same tone of feeling will be found to prevail in all other similar blessings. The salt, or ashes, or wax, or oil, or other substance employed in her ritual, and solemnly blessed on particular days, as on Ash Wednesday, Holy Saturday, or Maundy Thursday, are all treated in the blessing appointed for them, as having in their physical existence a necessary connexion with their intended religious uses: the bee has toiled at her cheerful task, and the olive has been gifted with perpetual greenness and with its rich succulency, chiefly that Christ's spouse might be furnished with what was necessary for her spiritual household.* In our ordinary prayers we speak as men involved in servitude to the material world; we find hindrances and contentions, nay mastery and tyranny in every part of nature; we feel that we are one of the race condemned to stubborn tillage of an ungracious and ungrateful earth; we are ever walking amidst the briars and thorns that spring from our own labours, we are ever spoiling our work with the sweat that drops from our brows. There is a creeping gait, a hiding attitude amidst the shrubs of our vale of tears, when we go to meet the God whom we have offended. The Church takes at once the bold and rightful posture of one who hath been cleansed in the laver of blood beyond world's price, till she is without spot or wrinkle, a *holy* Church;—the Spouse of Him, who held the privileges of sinless man, and never forfeited the rights of paradise; of Him who, in virtue of His lawful power, could command the winds and waves, could strike with blight the tree that bore Him not figs, and could multiply the bread of a family into an army's food. She looks on the elements, whether of earth or of the firmament, as en-

* "Aliter enim liquantibus ceris quas in substantiam pretiosæ hujus lampadis, apis mater eduxit."—Blessing of Paschal candle. "Qui in principio inter cetera bonitatis tuæ munera terram producere fructifera ligna jussisti, inter quæ hujus pinguissimi liquoris ministri olivæ nascerentur, quarum fructus sacro Chrismati deservirit."—Consecration of the Chrism.

gaged, nay as held fast, in her service; she takes the earth as her inheritance, and the fulness thereof; and she commands the former as a lord would rebellious slaves, as *her* Lord rebuked the storms, nothing fearing their loud disdain, or their reluctant mutterings: and from the latter she chuses the richest produce, and claims it as due to her service, as intended for her uses, and she gives them value and sacredness, which in the natural course they possessed not. She does not merely pray that it may be so: but she wills that it be. Blessings are inherent in her words, her supplications carry the force of a compact with heaven. The bread that issues from her granaries, and the wine that flows from her vessels, are gifts too precious to be called by earthly names; and the oil from her press is fraught with a spiritual fragrance, yields a light and an unction which no power in nature could have bestowed. They went into her stores tributes of earth; she has made them, in very various degrees, celestial gifts. This dominion over nature, which the Church so magnificently assumes, is still further illustrated by another reflection. It is, that, while thus praying apparently over one small fragment or portion of a material substance, she seems, through it, to bless the entire element; it is not as though she had selected a certain share for herself, and left the rest to its natural profaneness: but she appears to vindicate to herself the whole, making it all sacred, and all subservient to holy purposes. She keeps no distinction of times and places, but brings together the most distant, in both, in the lofty view which she thus takes of things. The water which she is blessing is that on which the blessed feet of Jesus trod, that which Moses struck from the rock. In like manner, when she commemorates a day or season, she seems to lose count of ages, and treats the most distant eras as though now present. The night, for instance, on which Israel escaped from Egypt, and the glorious morning whereon Christ rose triumphant from the grave, are both celebrated on Holy Saturday, as if centuries had not interposed between the two, and between them and us. And so the day of death seems ever spoken of as though it were that of final doom, and the fearful imagery of the latter is boldly appropriated to the former.

Do we, then, mean to say, that an unauthorized composer of prayers (we do not use the epithet in an invidious sense) should attempt so bold and so authoritative a tone as is used by the Church? Certainly not. But we think, that we should pray more in and with the Church; much more, that

is, in her spirit, and more even in her words. Her example, at least, shows, that we need not be afraid of letting the more vivid powers of the mind and heart have their play; that there is no danger in allowing the imagination to soar somewhat above the flat ceiling above us, and to roam a brief space among visions of past mercies and future glories, prophetic imagery and heavenly revelations, living with saints and angels, as St. John Chrysostom so much loves to do; that we may fearlessly permit the deeper and warmer current of feeling to flow, which our religion alone can unlock,—to flow in sorrow, in gratitude, in love, but in each, earnest, tender, affectionate; and, in fine, that there can be no ground for alarm, if this stream will not be pent up, but must needs find a vent, and so gush out at the eyes in tears, and pour itself out from the lips in impassioned expressions, in half-broken accents, in hymn-like tones. We may learn, that “thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,” are the language of prayer according to the Church’s ideas and practice; and that, whether Englishman or foreigner, her example should be to us a rule that allows no national distinction or exception.*

* “It has also been my wish” (in this compilation) “to modify those expressions of devotion, which, translated from the vocabularies of more energetic nations, appear familiar and even profane to our sober habits of thought, and to expunge all declarations of exaggerated feeling,” &c.—*The Family Prayer Book*, 1st ed. p. iv. The amiable and pious author of this work has not inserted this passage in his third edition. But the prayers composed on the principle here described have remained unaltered. We should prefer the declaration of such a principle to stand, that future readers may know it. For, otherwise, they might attribute the variations in some beautiful prayers to negligence rather than to design. As an illustration of what we take to be the author’s meaning, we will give the first part of what we have always considered a very beautiful prayer, in the original and in its translation. It is a prayer of St. Bonaventure after communion.

“Transfige, dulcissime Domine Jesu, medullas et viscera animæ meæ, suavissimo ac saluberrimo amoris tui vulnerere, vera serenaque et apostolica sanctissima charitate; ut langueat et liquefiat anima mea solo semper amore et desiderio Tui, Te concupiscat et deficiat in atria Tua, cupiat dissolvi et esse Tecum. Da ut anima mea Te esuriat, panem angelorum, refectioem animarum sanctarum.”

“Inspire, most dear Lord Jesus, I beseech Thee, inspire into every recess of my heart, and into every tendency of my affections, Thy dear and saving love; Thy true, Thy calm, Thy holy and apostolic charity: so that my soul may ever long for Thee: may ever raise itself in spirit to Thy heavenly abode: may ever desire to be dissolved and to be with Thee. Oh grant that my soul may ever tend towards Thee, Thou bread of angels! Thou refreshment of holy hearts.”—p. 219.

Compare the two, phrase by phrase, and it will be seen that almost every figurative expression has been suppressed, and the warm poetry of the prayer

The prayers which we have quoted suggest another source of vivid poetical feeling, which is greatly, and, we believe, wrongfully, overlooked in our modern systems of prayer. It was manifestly the sense and conviction of those who composed the prayers of the ancient Church, that we are living in a perfect atmosphere of invisible and spiritual enemies, who disturb nature, thwart the providential direction of things, play foully on our imagination, trouble our peace, and try to pervert our reasons. They meddle with every thing that is of use to man, and endeavour to mar its purposes. They infest every place in which they can tempt and seduce him—from his own dwelling to the house of God itself. Earth, and air, and water, are equally their elements; the first is shaken and convulsed, the second is darkened by thunderclouds, and tortured into whirlwinds, the third is lashed into foaming billows, by their permitted, but most malicious, agency. The doctrine, on this head, is clearly apostolical;* and that it was apprehended by the early Church, in a far more lively manner than by our duller faith, the writings of the fathers clearly prove. Now, the Church, in all her prayers, considers herself appointed to be the antagonist and vanquisher of this hostile crew; and, while she shows her deep and earnest conviction on the difficulties of the contest, she betrays no uneasiness as to its results. She hath power to rule and to quell these spirits of darkness. Moreover, she is not alone in the conflict. Every part of her offices displays her assurance, that a bright circle of heavenly spirits is arrayed around her, for the protection of herself and her children; spirits who can wrestle upon equal terms with those unsubstantial foes, and whose swords are tempered for their subtle natures. There mingle, too, in all her religious actions, legions of blessed saints, who have loved and honoured her upon earth, and who now worship and pray, invisible, with her children. These strong impressions of the incessant conflict going on between the enemies and the friends of God, are clearly and feelingly expressed by the Church, in innu-

turned into cold prose, It is as the rose despoiled of its perfume, as a rich fruit from which the juice has been squeezed out. We trust it is not "profane to our sober habits of thought" to apply the epithet *du'cissime* in one of the "sweetest" sounds of our language, to our B. Lord, the "*Casta lux amantium.*" It is far from our intention to convey reproof on the excellent author; but we find fault with the system under which his and all our modern prayer-books are compiled. We want less fear and more affection.

* Ephes. vi. 12.

merable places. The whole rite of consecration of a Church keeps before our eyes the efforts which will be made by our invisible tempters to spoil God's work. The cross is planted at the door, the walls are purified and blessed, prayers are repeatedly poured out, to shield the holy place and its worshippers against the fraud and violence of wicked spirits. The blessings of bells, of crosses, and of reliquaries, have reference to the same idea. No substance is employed in any solemn rite (except the Eucharistic elements, which are deemed holy from their very destination), without a previous exorcism or adjuration of the enemy, that he quit all hold upon them, and presume not to misuse them. The water, the salt, the oil, consecrated for sacramental unction, are all so prepared; and the blessing upon them, and upon other similar objects, is, that wherever they are presented, sprinkled, or used, evil spirits may be put to flight, and their malice and wiles be confounded. The solemn application of this feeling in the rite of baptism has been well enforced by Dr. Pusey, in his *Tract on Baptism*, where he regrets the loss, in the Anglican ritual, of that portion of the service so calculated to produce strong impressions on the faithful.

There is surely a mysterious sublimity in this idea, the effect of which is most striking, and almost overpowering in these and other Church offices. The priest or bishop, who attentively and devoutly performs them, feels himself necessarily as one dealing with power and authority with a fearful enemy; in the nave of the Church he is striving against him for mastery, he is wresting from his gripe, by a strong hand, one of God's creatures, which he has enslaved; or he is beating off legions of dark, gloomy spirits, who flap their unclean wings, and with sullen flight retreat beyond the precincts from which they are driven, and hovering around it, as vultures kept from their prey, dare not violate the seal of Christ's holy cross placed upon its anointed doors. Prayers, composed to express and exercise this high authority, must have a solemn and most elevated tone; the very idea must fill them with poetry of the highest order. It has often struck us, that "the world of spirits" has been far too much forgotten amongst us; that we think more of the too visible power in the triple confederacy of evil, than of the far stronger and subtler of the three—nay, the master of the other two. We seem literally to have renounced "the devil and all his works," by never troubling ourselves about them. With the exception of one or two prayers, which we have borrowed

from the Church office, an allusion to this state of conflict is seldom met with in our devotions. We fight our spiritual battles as if only with tangible foes, and, consequently, with material weapons; we arm ourself with caution against danger, and with prudence against temptation; we study how we shall avoid sin by shunning men, how we shall escape passion by fleeing from conversation; but we forget that we have an enemy near and around us, whom no foresight or prudence can elude or prevent, who will bring the dangers to us even in a desert, and surround us with temptations even in a cell. The only chance against him is in prayer; but in prayer such as the Church employs, full of deep conviction, that what we pray against is a reality and no fiction, of earnestness proportioned to the perils to be averted, and of loving trustfulness in the protection of the God of heaven, who will make us walk on the asp and the basilisk, and in the guardianship of those blessed spirits, who will bear us up in their hands, through His commission. This commerce, then, between the visible and the invisible world, both for weal and for woe, we would gladly see brought far more home to our every-day thoughts, and to our habitual feelings, in prayer, than is done in modern compilations. The weakening of our faith upon one side, makes it faint upon the other; and the less we are impressed with the reality of our conflict with an unseen host, the less vivid will our thoughts be regarding our no less invisible allies. On this score, too, we think ourselves deficient. Our prayers to them—we mean such as enter into our daily exercises—seem like a formal request for intercession addressed to beings far removed from us—not the cheerful and confident conversation with friends close at hand, praying at our sides, and habitually interceding for us. Our sense of angelic presence, and of saintly communion, would be judged exceedingly dull to estimate it by our prayer-books. How different from the joyous, the friendly, and affectionate intercourse with those serene and kindly creatures of God, which exists in the ancient liturgies of every country, and in the pontifical ritual, and other offices of our own Church. How surely their favourable hearing is counted on, how confidently their protecting might is expected! or, rather, how warmly they are addressed as present; and how boldly does the Church take up their own song as hers; and, joining in choir with them, singing the praises of God, seem to bind them to join her supplicating mercy for herself!

One could not help being struck most painfully a few

years ago, with the manifestation of this defective feeling, made by attacking the Litany of Our Lady, in a Catholic periodical. The chief objection seemed to be the want of connexion, or of continuous sense, and the mystical and obscure character of the epithets applied in it to the Blessed Mother of God. It was considered, that these might be particularly displeasing, and a hindrance to converts or inquirers. Traces of these apprehensions are, we think, observable in some of the books before us,—in the introduction of other new litanies in her honour, with an intimation, in one instance, that no doubt “converts will prefer” the new form. This new form, we do not deny, is a very excellent and accurate condensation of the Church litany, and may serve as an admirable commentary on it; but, for devotional purposes, we should be sorry indeed to see any alteration introduced: nor have we yet met any convert who desired it. Again, our feeling is, what the Church has sanctioned, by universal and constant use, let us not wish to alter; let us be her children, and leave her to judge what is best for us. But this litany must be viewed in its proper light, and then can give no offence. It is, like so many other prayers, not in verse, like the *Gloria in Excelsis*, for instance, or the *Te Deum*, a hymn, a song of affectionate admiration, and, at the same time, of earnest entreaty. The latter suggests the frequent repetition of the cry for intercession; the former, the accumulation of enthusiastic terms and poetical epithets. It is the most natural expression of tender attachment, to be found in every writer, inspired or uninspired, who utters words of love. When the priests approach Judith, after the victory due to her valour, they thus address her: “Tu gloria Jerusalem, tu lætitia Israel, tu honorificentia populi nostri.”* In the Canticles such expressions do not surprise us: “Surge, propera, amica mea, columba mea, formosa mea, et veni.”† Or, to come nearer to our case, we need only refer to St. Cyril of Alexandria, to quote no more, to have authority for what we say. Hear him apostrophise the Blessed Mother of God, in the following terms: “Hail, Mary, Mother of God, venerable treasure of the entire Church, inextinguishable lamp, crown of virginity, sceptre of true doctrine, indissoluble temple, abode of Him who is infinite, Mother and Virgin . . . Thou through whom the Holy Trinity is glorified; Thou through whom the precious cross is honoured;

* Jud. xv. 10.

† Cant. ii. 10, 13, 14.

Thou through whom heaven exults; Thou through whom angels and archangels rejoice; Thou through whom evil spirits are put to flight . . . Thou from whom is the oil of gladness; Thou through whom, over the whole world, Churches were planted; Thou through whom prophets spoke; Thou through whom apostles preached; Thou through whom the dead arise; Thou through whom kings reign, through the Blessed Trinity;”* Now, here is a litany, not unlike that of Loreto, and we have only to say, *Pray for us*, after each of the salutations, to have a very excellent one. This intercalation would surely not spoil it, nor render less natural, nor less beautiful, that address of the holy patriarch. It is evident that, in it, he is more of the enthusiastic poet than of the wary orator. The litany, too, is not a studied prayer, intended to have logical connexion of parts, but, as we have already stated, is a hymn of admiration and love, composed of a succession of epithets expressive of those feelings, the recital of which is broken into, after every phrase, by the people or chorus, begging the prayer of her to whom they are so worthily applied. It is poetry of that class which an oriental would not unaptly compare to a string of loose pearls, each beautiful in itself, but more beautiful from the manner in which it is matched by its fellows; and the whole collection appearing richer from the absence of a more artful and stiffly-connecting setting. Nor, in this sort of poetry, does one think of analyzing coldly every phrase, struck off, as it may be, by a fervid imagination in the warmth of feeling: certain, even remote analogies will often supply metaphors to affection; nor would it be easy to submit to severe tests some of the expressions of St. Cyril. At the same time, we will venture to say, that there is not one term in our litany which does not admit of the happiest and fullest application to its exalted subject.

It may be said, that we have selected our instances of the Church's prayers from more recondite sources, and from offices which can be witnessed or even read by a comparatively small number of the faithful. This is truly so; and we have therein been led by a sufficient motive. We wished to show, though necessarily in a very imperfect manner, that there are valuable stores of devotion not near as much known as could be wished. We would have the ritual and the pontifical in great part made accessible to the laity by good

† Homil. in Nestor. Oper. tom. v. p. II. p. 355. Ed. Aubert.

translations: we would have their services commented upon, both by word and writing. They could not fail to be brought to a deeper sense of their own duties and of their own wants, by frequent meditation on the baptismal, matrimonial, and other services of the one; they would be inspired with more serious and more exalted ideas concerning the worship of God and the sacred character of his ministers, were they made familiar with the magnificent forms of consecration employed in the dedication of places and things to His service, and of ordination, whereby His priests are gradually introduced to the sublime offices of the sanctuary.

But whatever we have said, till now, of any other Church services, will be more strikingly applicable to the sublimest of them all—her liturgy or the mass. This is far too copious a subject to be treated cursorily, or by way of illustration. We have not been surprised, that in latter years there should have prevailed a much greater use than formerly of the missal as a prayer-book, and that even it should be found expedient to print, in other books of devotion, the “*Ordinary of the Mass.*” This feeling, on the part of the faithful, shows their sense of the superiority of the Church-prayers over any substitutes for them. Nor, in fact, can any human genius hope to attain their beauty and sublimity. In these two qualities, the mass differs from all other offices in a remarkable manner. It has, not merely flights of eloquence and poetry, strikingly displayed in particular prayers, but it is sustained throughout in the higher sphere, to which its divine purpose naturally raises it. If we examine each prayer separately, it is perfect; perfect in construction, perfect in thought, and perfect in expression. If we consider the manner in which they are brought together, we are struck with the brevity of each, with the sudden but beautiful transitions, and the almost stanza-like effect with which they succeed one another, forming a lyrical composition of surpassing beauty. If we take the entire service, as a whole, it is constructed with the most admirable symmetry, proportioned in its parts with perfect judgment, and so exquisitely arranged, as to excite and preserve an unbroken interest in the sacred action. No doubt, to give full force and value to this sacred rite, its entire ceremonial is to be considered. The assistants, with their noble vestments, the chaunt, the incense, the more varied ceremonies which belong to a solemn mass, are all calculated to encrease veneration and admiration. But still, the essential beauties remain, whether the holy rite be

performed under the golden vault of St. Peter's, with all the pomp and circumstance befitting its celebration by the sovereign pontiff, or in a wretched wigwam erected in haste by some poor savages for their missionary. What can be more appropriate than the opening psalm and humble confession of sin by priest and people, the former yet standing at a distance from the altar, feeling himself unworthy to approach! Then comes the introit, which seems intended to be the key-note to the whole service, which, being one in its essence, yet adapts itself to all our wants, whether of propitiation or of thanksgiving; whether of evils to be averted, or blessings to be gained. Sometimes this introductory verse is loud and joyous, "Gaudeamus omnes in Domino;" sometimes low and plaintive, "Miserere mihi Domine quoniam tribulor:" in the paschal solemnity, the Alleluja rings through it all, like a peel of cheerful bells; in Passion-tide, even the "Gloria Patri" is silent, and it falls melancholy and dull; when a saint is commemorated, the nature of his virtues and his triumphs is at once proclaimed; if it be a festival of Our Lord, the mystery which it celebrates is solemnly announced. The chord, thus struck, at the opening of the service, returns at given intervals, as if to keep up the tone throughout. At the gradual, the offertory, and the communion, the verses read are in perfect harmony with it; and having, moreover, a corresponding, and even deeper, echo in the collects, gospel, and preface, one feeling is preserved, suited to the devotion which the liturgy, in its essence and main purposes invariable, is intended secondarily to excite. The *Kyrie eleison*,—that cry for mercy, which is to be found in every liturgy of east and west—seems introduced as if to give grander effect to the outburst of joy and praise which succeeds it in the "*Gloria in excelsis*;" it is a deepening of our humiliation, that our triumph may be the better felt. That hymn itself is full of beauties; the best demonstration of which is, that no composition ever lent itself more perfectly to the musician's skill; none ever afforded better play to the rich and rapid succession of every mode, gay and grave; none better supplied the slow and entreating cadence, or the full and powerful chorus. In the simple Gregorian chaunt, or in the pure religious harmonies of Palestrina, it is truly the "Hymn of Angels."

We should feel ourselves wholly unequal to the task of pointing out the excellence of the prayers which occupy the essential portion of the liturgy, from the offertory to the end. It has often struck us, that one single word could not be

changed to advantage in any one of them; that there is more meaning compressed into a small space than in almost any other composition which we know; and that everything is said which could be required or desired. All the prayers connected with the offertory are remarkably short: but they are full of vigour and of feeling: there is in them a most heavenly and sublime simplicity, a mild and tender pathos. When the priest, having completed his oblation, bows himself down upon the altar, and humbles himself in contrition of heart, as unworthy of his ministry, then with a noble confidence rises erect, lifts his hands and eyes to heaven, and solemnly invokes the God who dwells there, saying: "Veni, Sanctificator, omnipotens æterne Deus," and in His name blesses the sacred gift,—there is an awful grandeur in the rite; an assurance of its efficacy in heaven as on earth. It seems as though the priest instantly retired, in order to make way for Him whom he had so powerfully called down to bless his offering, and went to seek still greater purity of hands and heart, so to return to his ministration more worthy to "hear the words of praise" which the Church, in concert with holy angels, is about to sing in her hosannas. The prefaces are all perfect in substance and in form; there could not be a more splendid introduction, with the hymn which closes them to the divine rite that follows. Here we must pause: because the subject becomes too sacred for our pen: the ground upon which we are about to tread is holy, and the shoes must be loosed from the feet of him who will venture upon it. To speak worthily on it, requires language and a mood far removed from the humble office which we are exercising. We stated, at the outset, that we were not going to read a homily upon prayer, but only to act the ungrateful part of critics. We therefore content ourselves with saying, that those who would wish to learn how prayers may or should be composed, should meditate long and deeply upon these apostolic prayers, which have nothing beyond them save God's inspired word.

In all that we have written, we should be sorry to be interpreted as casting blame upon the compilers of our modern works of devotion. This was far removed from our intention. Of the authors whose collections stand at the head of our article we cannot but speak with respect. One is a layman of exemplary life, and zealously attached to the holy religion which he professes. On the plan which he has pursued we may differ, but without any diminution on our parts of kind-

ness and respect. Another is a veteran grown grey in the battles of the Lord, one whose ready pen has seldom been laid down in the cause of truth and piety, and who, by an acquaintance with Protestant theologians rare on our side, has furnished succeeding controversialists with many new arms. Of the third, the truly venerable, learned, and saintly Dr. Challoner, it would be both unjust and ungrateful were any English Catholic to speak in terms other than of profound admiration and sincere respect. He has alone furnished us with a library of religious works, the privation of which would create a void, not easily to be filled up by many other men's writings. The catechism from which we learnt the first rudiments of our faith, those by which we early became acquainted with sacred history, or versed in controversial discussion, the prayer-book with which we have been most familiar, the meditations which have afforded daily instruction to us in families and in communities, many of our most solid and most clear works of controversy, the charming records of our fathers in the faith, the missionary priests, the martyrology of our ancient Church, and many other works, we owe to this really great and good man; and we know not what we should have done, or what we should have been, without them. He supplied, in fact, almost the entire range of necessary or useful religious literature for his Catholic fellow-countrymen; and that at a time when such a supply must have been truly as a boon from heaven. Yes, and at a time when such works were not published without some personal risk and danger. Far be it from us, immensely inferior as we feel ourselves, in every good quality, to this holy bishop, to impair his honour, or speak disparagingly of his merits. Our only surprise and regret is, that we Catholics of this country have never thought of expressing our obligations to him by some monument to his memory: now that we may safely proclaim our feelings as well as our religion.

But while we are grateful for all that we have received, we may be forgiven if we ask for more. Holy desires may grow; and what satisfied their yearnings in their weaker state may not be sufficient food for them in their strength. And we believe sincerely that the longings of our people after the higher spirit of devotion, is, and has for some time been, on the increase. Devotions, formerly but little known and practised, are becoming, thank God, familiar to us, as to the rest of the Church. We may instance the rosary, that favourite tribute of sympathy to God's blessed Mother, from

her affectionate children, which is every day coming into more general use. Other devotions we could name, which evince a growing love for the tenderer and more moving class of religious emotions. These we want to see supplied with wholesome and nutritious food, and not left to pick up, where they can, either a scanty or an unsound diet. It has appeared to us that our present books answer not this craving. The passion, for instance, of our Lord, is but insufficiently presented to the mind and affections. Its merits and the blessings it purchased are fully expressed,—sense of gratitude clearly impressed; but the moving and piercing scenes of that great mystery do not occupy that prominent place which we humbly think they ought. The reciter of our ordinary prayer is not conducted by them to the foot of the Cross; Calvary is not the mountain on which we usually pray. Yet never was soul trained to sublime virtue and tender piety, without much sitting on that hill of sorrows. For we may ask, might not a person, day after day, recite those prayers which form our ordinary exercises, without having his thoughts vividly turned towards those affecting scenes which should form the theme of daily meditation? And, if so, is there not an important want to be supplied? Nor would there be difficulty in supplying it. The writings of St. Bernard, St. Bonaventure, Thomas à Kempis, and many modern contemplatives, would furnish abundance of materials. A little work before us, “Devotions commemorative of the most adorable Passion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, translated from Catholic sources,” published this year by an Anglican clergyman, has collected many beautiful ones, which might have been increased. It is true that separate works, containing prayers on this and other particular subjects, may be procured; but the great body of persons do not think of such devotions, unless they be brought before them in their ordinary books, and as connected with their usual prayers. The introduction of them, and of more prayers to the B. Sacrament, and to the holy Mother of God, would help to add expression of greater feeling to our devotional stores.

After all, this world is dry and weary enough to be as a desert to a religious soul. There is little enough of heart in its ordinary transactions to make one long for some place in which ours may be allowed freely to expand. We have no occurrence of sacred representations and symbols to keep constantly awake our more sacred feelings: no crucifixes on the way-side, no saints at the corners of the streets. We have

little or nothing (with few exceptions in some favoured spots) of the dignity and majesty of religious functions; few of us can witness those moving ceremonials, or attend at those especial services of stated seasons, which work so powerfully on the soul, and, for a time at least, elevate it to noble thoughts, or melt it to tenderness. We have scarcely any of those appliances which abound in Catholic countries, that rouse habitual apathy, or kindle up confirmed lukewarmness, such as spiritual retreats, or missionary preaching. Nay, we are worse off than all this. The holy sacrifice, the liturgy of our Church, is not accessible to many of us as a daily service: distance, or want of time or of opportunity, may prevent our attending it: even the house of God and the adorable treasure which it contains cease to be to us a home, an ever-lighted hearth at which our natural chillness may be daily warmed. On what, then, have we to rely for religious fervour, for affectionate devotion, for all the variety of earnest, of deep, of tender feelings towards our God and Father, towards our Saviour and Judge? Why, almost exclusively on our prayer books. Their contents are the fuel, by which the fire of habitual piety must be kept up and the flame of heavenly charity daily enkindled. And these prayers are to be recited, too, under every disadvantage, while kneeling probably against a chair or the bed which we have just left, without a crucifix or pious image before us, or any other religious association that can call up the idea of a place dedicated to God: or, perhaps, in the very room in which we have all just enjoyed our evening meal, and jested and laughed, or quarrelled, or talked over harassing cares and worldly vexations! Should not our prayers be very pleasing and inviting, and, at the same time, very warm and inspiring, to serve this two-fold purpose,—of cheering the barrenness of this vale of tears, and of keeping alive the fire of heaven in our souls? If this world is a dry and heartless waste, (“fructu vacuum floribus aridum,” as the Church so beautifully describes it), surely, our “Garden of the Soul,” our “Paradisus Animæ,” should be in proportion a green choice spot, a well-watered pleasaunce—a “hortus irriguus,” wherein everything should contrast with the briar-bearing land of exile without. The plants that grow in it must be ever living, ever fresh, ever blooming; and withal most varied in hue, in shape, in fragrance, and in produce. Whether we seek the melancholy shade, or love to bask in the sunny light of heaven, there must be found the same serene atmosphere, the same holy calm; the darkness of the

one must inspire no despondency or dejection; the sparkling beauties of the other must not dazzle, or make us forget our low condition. The blessed feelings which it inspires should rise as incense in the morning up to heaven, and descend as soft dew upon the soul at evening. The tree of life, ever fruitful, ever quickening, should be planted in the midst,—the Cross of our Lord, our refuge in affliction, our staff in weakness, and our chastener in over joy. There should be a choice of prayers for every state, for every season, for every circumstance: but in every case, the same fervour, the same tone of affection, of confidence and of earnestness, should prevail. Our hearts should burn as we recite them; our souls should be associated with the blessed spirits above, while our lips utter only earthly words. The prayer book, in other words, should only be the suggester of prayer; it should form the artificial wings upon which the affections rise, till they reach that sphere in which they are buoyed up without further support, and look on the Sun of Righteousness, and the Eye of heaven, in a region wherein words need not be uttered.

ART. VII.—*Tour to the Sepulchres of Etruria in 1839*, by Mrs. Hamilton Gray. London: 1840.

THE volume before us is written on a subject of no ordinary interest; and we shall add of no ordinary importance. It is a subject also, which is new to a vast number of our English readers; sepulchres are not usually objects of attraction to the continental, much less to the female, tourist; and the very novelty of the present work, independently of its historical value, should make it acceptable to a larger proportion of the reading public. In the crowd of travellers who go each year the round of the continental cities; getting rid of much of their cash, and none of their prejudices; who estimate the motives of men and of actions, and the tendencies of civil and religious institutions, by the narrow and erring standard of their own preconceived opinions, and these not of the most enlightened or liberal description; it is cheering to meet one superior to the sectarian feelings or national prejudices of the country, and disposed to do justice to all, even though their religion should be different from his own. It is not every day we meet a writer who has the hardihood to

assert that the Italians are a noble people, that the canons of a provincial church are intelligent and well-informed gentlemen, and that the sovereign Pontiff himself deserves the gratitude of the world for the services he has rendered to the cause of science and literature.

The attention of Mrs. Gray was first drawn to the subject of Etruscan antiquities by an exhibition of urns, vases, and sarcophagi, some years ago, in Pall Mall, by Campanari, an Italian. The beauty of these relics of an extinct and almost unknown people, excited her curiosity to such a degree, that, on a journey to Italy some time after, she resolved to explore, personally, the locality in which they were found. The collection of Campanari, which was afterwards purchased for the British Museum, was small and insignificant, compared to the magnificent collections to which she had access, in the capital of the Christian world. The Gregorian Museum, begun by the present Pontiff, was especially an object of attention. Private individuals were in possession of many beautiful and extensive collections, and valuable specimens were each day being brought to light by the zeal or the cupidity of the excavators, and to be met with in the public shops and stalls of Rome, exercising the learning and ingenuity of its antiquaries. So numerous were they, that, in the year 1815, the tombs of Tarquinii yielded no fewer than five thousand vases; and so valuable were many of them, that it was confidently stated, that, in three months, no less a sum than forty thousand scudi was realized by three speculators alone.

It is matter of surprise that they should have been so long concealed. For many years it had been suspected that the ruins of Etruria contained many relics and memorials of its former inhabitants, and a few were from time to time discovered. But the excavations were carried on with neither system nor perseverance: the discoveries that have been made are the result of comparatively a few years. A native of Toscanella, about forty miles from Civita Vecchia, and in the heart of the country formerly occupied by the Etruscans, was the first professional explorer of whom we have any record. He entered into partnership with a few other individuals. The papal government gave the necessary permission, reserving only to itself a preference of the right of purchasing any article of value or of interest that might be discovered. The excavations were accordingly commenced; the success of their efforts soon attracted others, and the

results have been such as no one previously could have contemplated. Vases, urns, golden crowns, breastplates and ornaments, paintings, sculptured sarcophagi, scarabei or sacred beetles, gems of curious and costly workmanship, and in every stage of art, from the most rude to the most refined, have been found in such variety and abundance, as to startle many who had been wont to view the nations of central Italy through the false medium of Roman literature. The Romans were never ready to do justice to a rival power. They wished the world to understand, that at all periods of their history no other people could equal them in the great attributes of empire. If they were magnanimous and generous, it was only to the humbled foe who lay crushed and prostrate at their feet, and from whom they no longer had anything to fear; not to the rival, who was their own equal in all but fortune. The labours of Niebuhr have done much to restore to the early inhabitants of Italy that place, of which the jealousy of Rome would have deprived them. He has succeeded in detecting the unsoundness of much that was generally received as history, by observing its contradictions, its incompatibility with other well-established and admitted facts, and the impossible and improbable occurrences which it admitted into its pages. No later than half a century ago, it was with considerable hesitation and timidity that a few adventurous writers could hint a suspicion of the truth of many of its early stories. The majority of readers would as soon doubt the existence of Romulus or Numa as they would the existence of Alfred or of Edward the Confessor. Niebuhr, with that unrivalled sagacity which in him amounted to a species of divination, has done much to separate the mere legend from the fact, and to point out the statements which may be true and those which are more than doubtful.

What reliance, for instance, is to be placed upon records which assign a period of one hundred and seven years to the reigns of the last three kings, and tell us that the Tarquinius who was expelled a hale strong man at the end of that period, was the son of him who ascended the throne in mature age, at the commencement thereof? Servius, too, marries the daughter of Tarquinius, a short time before he is made king; yet, immediately after that event, he is the father of two grown-up daughters, whom he marries to the brothers of his own wife; the sons of Ancus, who murdered Tarquinius to get possession of their father's throne, are made to wait for eight-

and-thirty years before they attempt their purpose; during which period, time and long possession must have been making their case, each day, more and more hopeless, and their claims more and more impracticable. The Roman history makes mention of no great change in the religion of the people after that of Numa; and yet we know that a complete revolution (reformation would, perhaps, be the better word) must have taken place in that respect; for when, in after times, the sacred books of Numa were dug up by accident, near the capitol, they were ordered by the senate to be burned. On being read, their contents were found to be completely opposed to the then prevailing doctrines, and their tendency and spirit subversive of the religion of the people. How imperfect and inaccurate, at least, must be the history which could be silent on a matter of such importance. Again, we find that a great change must have taken place in the extent of the Roman territory; for, by the commercial treaty made by Rome with Carthage in the first year of the Republic, and preserved by Polybius, the cities along the Latin coast as far as Terracina were then its dependencies; while twelve years later all these are independent, and we find the Romans disputing the sea-coast nearer home with the Volsci and the Latins; and the local tribes which, under Servius Tullius, were thirty in number, some time after are found to have dwindled to twenty. These are all conclusive proofs that the cities must have undergone some great religious and political changes by which the established religion was altered, and its territorial possessions diminished, at least one third, from what they are known to have been at an earlier time. The change of government is attempted to be accounted for, but not a word is said of these other important alterations. Even the famous contest with Porsenna, which their writers could not altogether conceal, they have taken particular care to misrepresent; so far from the issue being as is stated by them, that it is now admitted that the city surrendered at discretion.* From the summit of the Janiculum, Porsenna dic-

* Tacitus says, "Sedem Jovis optimi maximi, quam non Porsenna, dedita urbe, neque Galli captâ, temerare potuissent."—Hist. book III. What this *de itio* means, may be seen by the form which Livy has preserved of the surrender of Collatia, and which he states to have been the one usual on such occasions: "Rex interrogavit, Estisne vos legati oratoresque missi a populo Collatino ut vos populumque Collatinum dederitis? Sumus. Estne populus Collatinus in sua potestate? Est. Deditisne vos, populumque Collatinum, urbem, agros, aquam, terminos, delubra, utensilia, divina humanaque omnia in meam populique Romani ditionem? Dedimus. At Ego recipio."—Livy

tated terms to the vanquished people; and believed that he had for ever made Rome powerless for evil, when he stripped it of great part of its territory, when he deprived it of the use of iron, except as far as might be necessary for the purposes of agriculture, and when he made it a mere dependency on the power of Etruria. Yet does the history of Rome make no mention of such a calamity. The heroism of Cocles, the devotedness of Scævola, and the patriotism of Clælia and her companions, beautiful legends though they be, are but a poor and inadequate substitute for the truth which it ought to give us. We of modern times are not interested in the honour or dishonour of these events; we will not receive romance, however beautiful, as a substitute for truth; and therefore we can have little difficulty in tearing away the veil which national pride would draw over the humiliating chapters of this history.

Niebuhr is of opinion that the early portions of Roman history are taken from some metrical romance of the olden time, in which, like Virgil, the writer has assumed the main facts of history as the framework of his poem, and filled it up with many an incident of his own creation. It certainly has more of the life and unity of a poem than of a history; and far surpasses in interest the chronicles of later times. Much of Livy's narrative has been also derived from the traditionary recollections of the families whose ancestors were concerned in the events which he describes. And it is perhaps less difficult, even now, to separate the truth from the large alloy of family laudation, than when his work was written. Each noble family was anxious to ascribe to its own members, whatever of valour, or of patriotism, was exhibited in the senate or the field. The truth was never tested by the criticism or the censure of contemporary or interested persons. Indeed an impartial historian could not have written in ancient Rome. The laws of the twelve tables completely suppressed any free expression of censure or disapprobation. The Right Hon. Francis Blackburn was never more unwilling to have his conduct discussed or his administration found fault with, than were the civil and military officers of the Roman commonwealth. If a man dared to utter a word of censure or of blame against any public character, he was to be for ever incapable of giving testimony in a court of justice, and was deprived of the power of disposing of his property by will.

book i. chap. 38. From this form we may infer the result of the victory of Porsenna over the Romans.

The poet Nævius had to fly from Rome, through the influence of the Metelli, for no severer censure than is contained in this line,

“Fato Romæ fiunt Metelli consules.”

By the influence of these laws, and the yet stronger influence of public feeling, the literature of early Rome received an inevitable tendency to eulogy. So strong and universal has this been, that no eminent person—more especially any one possessed of family influence, is ever spoken of in other terms than those of eulogy and praise. And if we cannot rely on it for the particulars of their own eventful career, how unlikely is it to do justice to a rival power. But Etruria has found a voice wherewith to urge her claims. That voice has reached us from her tombs. In more than one sense is it true, that the dead are demanding justice to their memory.

But we have left Mrs. Gray on her way to the sepulchres; and it is fitting that we should bear her company. Her tour included the cities of Veii, Tarquinia, now Corneto, Vulci, Cære, Farnum Voltumnæ, now Castel D’Asso, and Clusium, the city of Porsenna. We shall give, in her own words, some of the principal objects that attracted her attention. Here is the opening of a tomb at Veii, and the manner in which they are generally discovered.

“Several of our party had been with the men the whole morning, and seen the operation of uncovering the face of the tomb. When *we* arrived we stood upon the brink of a deep pit, probably about ten feet deep, and we looked down upon a rudely arched doorway, filled up with loose stones. It was cut in the hard tufo rock that composes the hill; very different from the rich loose soil which we saw lying all around it; and on each side of this arched door was a lesser arch, leading into a small open chamber, perfectly empty. I entered the tomb; a single chamber, arched in the rock, apparently ten or twelve feet square, and somewhat low. It was so dark that I was obliged to have a torch, which a labourer held within the door, that I might see by myself what was the arrangement of the tomb, and what it contained. The bottom was a sort of loose mud, both soil and wet having fallen in through a hole which existed at the top of the door, owing to the want of a closing stone. In this lay above twenty vases, large and small, of various forms, two of them with four handles, but they were all of coarse clay, and rude drawing, and in that style of art which is considered prior to all others, viz. purely Etruscan, and without any intermixture from Greece or Egypt.”—p. 79.

This tomb had been rifled before; it contained no sarco-

phagus, though the place was marked where one had once stood. In virgin tombs, as they are called, the doors are made of slabs of stone, with projections to fit into the rock, above and below, like hinges, and therefore when opened are always found clean and dry. They are discovered in the following manner.

“The foreman of the labourers took his pickaxe and struck the ground in many places, but it resounded to the tufo (rock of volcanic formation, found generally in the vicinity of Rome.) He went on in the same direction, however, along the hill, and at last the axe stuck in the earth, and he ordered a man to dig. About two feet deep he came upon the rock, and then, of course, desisted; at the distance of a few paces the axe stuck again, and the foreman found the earth deep. He then searched about and distinctly traced upon the grass the part where the rock and soil met upon the upper line of a door. He marked the plan, and the newly-discovered spot would be the scene of his next excavation.”—p. 90.

The following is the description of the “Grotte della Biga,” as it is called at Tarquinii, which as it gives the reader a somewhat correct idea of all, we copy entire, though there are others of greater extent and magnificence.

“It was discovered in 1827, and is so called on account of the principal subject depicted on its walls, which is chariot races. It is a square chamber of about sixteen or seventeen feet in dimension; the roof is vaulted, with a painted beam across it, and diced in red, white, blue, and black, ornamented with wreaths of Bacchic ivy. Over the door are represented two geese and two leopards, both of which animals are sacred to Bacchus, the president of the funeral feasts. The walls are divided into two compartments, an under and upper one, on which are painted different classes of subjects. To the right of the door, on the lower part, are represented the dancers, and four dancing girls, who are animated by the sound of the double flute, which one of them plays. The dancers are clothed in a short light tunic, which leaves free play to their limbs, and the ladies’ dress is at once airy and elegant, being a rich but slight robe, with a beautiful border embroidered in stars, and agitated to and fro by their rapid and fantastic movements. They have ornamented sandals on their feet, and chaplets hanging from their necks, while the men are bareheaded and barefooted. Their feet are twinkling about in rapid motion, and their extended hands beat time in the still scarcely obsolete Italian fashion, as an accompaniment. Between each dancer stands a tree of olive or myrtle, sacred to the dead. In the upper compartment all is bustle and preparation for a chariot race. The Circensian games are here in full activity. There are five chariots, some already starting, guided

by their charioteers, and some in the act of being yoked. At the end is the stand for spectators, with the awning folded back above, to be used if necessary, and having two stories; the one above for the more noble and distinguished spectators; the ladies being dressed in tunic and cloak, and with head-dresses, the men in mantle, without tunic; and the one below for company of inferior note. On the side of the wall opposite the entrance, the under compartment represents the funeral banquet, with three couches, and on each a man and woman leaning on rich cushions; the elegant dresses and highly ornamented furniture indicate the rank and wealth of the deceased. All are crowned with myrtle. Two are raising the goblet to their lips, while the rest are about to eat eggs, with which the Etruscans used to commence their repasts. There is the usual accompaniment of a flute player, and there are two youthful attendants, the one with a myrtle branch and the other with a goblet. Five ducks, an animal sacred to Bacchus, are waiting at the foot of the table for the crumbs. In the upper compartment there is a continuation of the stands, which we have described, on the other wall; but here, instead of chariot races, the spectators are entertained with various gymnastic exercises and games; such as wrestling, playing with the cestus, leaping, equestrian 'tours de force,' &c. Above these compartments there is a third subject, just beneath the vault of the roof, viz. a bracket surmounted by a large vase, on each side of which stand two women with dishevelled hair, one holding a small vase, the other a sacrificial instrument, as if about to pour out a libation. On each side of them is stretched a man, leaning on double cushions; the one bearded and crowned with myrtle, the other beardless and crowned with olive. On the wall to the left of the entrance, the under compartment represents a group of dancers, and the upper, gymnastic sports; such as boxing, throwing quoits, hurling the lance, and foot-races, all similar to those which have been already described on the other side. In this, as in the other painted tombs, besides the real door there were painted doors at the sides and at the upper end opposite the entrance; these were of a red colour, and studded with white spots, not unlike the heads of large nails."—p. 165.

This is only one of many that are found thus decorated. The paintings give us representations of the manners and domestic habits of those who lived more than two thousand years ago, and present to us every variety of subject and story, from the scene of household grief at the loss of a loved parent to that of riot and sensual enjoyment, which, by a strange anomaly, are, as we have seen, found depicted on the walls of these sepulchral chambers. A very remarkable tomb is that which has been called "*Grotta delle Inscrizione*," from the number of inscriptions which are engraved upon its

walls. The meaning of these it is as yet impossible to decipher. The characters are of the oldest Latin form, are read from right to left; but the language, of which they constitute the expression and the record, has been lost, and, like the characters of Persepolis, they are probably destined to remain a mystery for ever. In the time of Augustus it was understood only by a few; and even then some words were utterly unintelligible; and where the savans of Rome were at a loss, it would be presumption in us to expect to discover a meaning. It was in one of these tombs that Signore Avolto, a professional excavator, had for a few moments a glimpse of one of the ancient Lucumones. In the course of his labours he was exploring one of the tombs; on removing a few stones, he looked through the aperture to discover its contents, and behold! (it is a true story), extended in state before him, lay one of the mighty men of old. He saw him crowned with gold, clothed in his armour. His shield, and spear, and arrows were by his side, and the sleep of the warrior seemed to have been but of a day. But while the signore gazed in astonishment, a sudden change came over the scene; a slight tremor, like a passing breath of air, seemed to agitate the figure, it crumbled into dust, and disappeared. When an entrance was effected, the golden crown, some fragments of arms, and a few handfuls of dust were all that remained to mark the position in which it lay.

Many of the sepulchres, more especially those on the site of the ancient Agylla or Cære, were in the interiors of earthen hillocks, raised to some height above the ground. These barrows were surrounded on the outside by walls of stone, which went round each, and contained the doors leading into the different tombs. Above this wall the earth sloped gradually away, until it came nearly to a point on the top, which was generally surmounted by the figure of a lion. On the summit of the wall, in like manner, just where the earth began to slope, there were ranged, at short distances, figures of this description. In the centre of the barrow, but above the level of the tombs, to which access was to be had through the doors of the surrounding wall, was the tomb of the principal person, to whose memory it was erected, the lower apartments generally containing the remains of his followers, dependents, and, it may be, the members of his family. Such was the tomb at Agylla, generally termed by the English in Rome, General Galassi's grave,—not because the general was buried there, but because it was first dis-

covered and excavated by him, in conjunction with Father Regolini, the rector of the neighbouring village of Cérvetri, —which no doubt the general thought much the more agreeable reason of the two. The interest of the excavation arises not so much from its construction, as from the curious and valuable remains of antiquity which have been discovered there. It presented, externally, the appearance of a natural hillock, to which, no doubt, it owed its preservation. The experienced eye of the antiquary soon detected its nature, and suspected the purposes to which it had been once applied. Around the base, after removing the earth, they soon came to the external wall, which, as we have before said, always surrounds an Etruscan tomb in its restored condition. This went all round the tomb, having doors in it at certain distances, leading to graves within. The graves consisted of three chambers each, connected together by short, narrow passages. These doors were in the Egyptian style of architecture. There were figures of lions and griffins on the cornice above the doors. Had our space permitted us, we should have extracted the entire account, as we at first intended, but find that we must content ourselves with a brief description. Suspecting that there must be another chamber, besides those already mentioned, they excavated from the top, until they came at a slope, which by steps led them down to a massive stone door, towards the centre of the barrow. On breaking this they came upon the expected prize. The portico led them into a chamber about ten feet square. Along the sides, and on a sort of shelf beneath the immense stones which formed the roof, were found ornamented shields of bronze. Mingled with them were arrows, a bundle of which lay close to a bier. This bier had four short feet, and was made of cross bars of bronze. It stood close to a walled-up door, the top of which was open; and in this were four vases, two of which were of silver. At the head and foot of the bier were small altars for sacrifice, surrounded each by a number of small images: some bones also were on the bier, and by its side lay a very curious inkstand, having upon it an alphabet of thirteen consonants and four vowels, repeated in syllables, like the first lessons of a primer. This latter is especially valuable, as forming the key to all we know of Etruscan inscriptions. Opposite the bier stood the small household carriage, in which the corpse had been conveyed to the grave, and the sides of which were ornamented with lions in bronze, in the style of early Greek workmanship.

One vase of bronze, for perfumes, also stood near the entrance, consisting of three globes, one above the other; near to which was something like a candelabra, and a tripod, for burning incense during the funeral ceremonies. But their discoveries did not terminate here. From this an entrance was effected into an inner, and a more curious, sepulchre. Here were vases of bronze, still hanging on the walls by nails; a tripod, containing a vase for perfumes; a large vase, ornamented with massive heads; some bronze vases of different forms, hanging from the roof; and, in a sort of recess at the end, were two large stones, about five feet from each other, on which had been placed the head and feet of the body buried there. Upon the stone next the end wall lay an extraordinary gold ornament, consisting of two disks, with animals carved upon them, and two gold fillets; and, sunk down below the stone, or half leaning upon it, was the superb golden breastplate already alluded to. On each side, where the wrists had once depended, lay broad golden bracelets, richly worked in relievo, and below it lay a clasp composed of three spheres of gold, and at various distances between the stones were little lumps of the same metal, which had been probably interwoven with the dress of the deceased. Attached to the wall, behind the head, were two silver vessels, covered with Egyptian figures, and some vases, on which was inscribed the name of *Larthia*. From this name Mrs. Gray supposes—nay, takes for granted,—that the deceased was a woman. We think that this conclusion has been rather hastily come to. The termination of the word may lead to such an inference in Rome, though not necessarily even there; but in Etruria it is anything but certain; nay, if she looks at one of her previous descriptions of a painted tomb in Tarquinia, she will find that this very same name is written over one of the male figures on horseback. This tomb at Agylla is supposed by competent judges to have been constructed many years before the fall of Troy, which event took place eleven hundred years before the Christian era. It was constructed before the invention of the arch, for the architects seem as if they would have made an arch in many places if they could; and it must have been made before the custom of burning the bodies of the dead was known, or even the more ancient mode of inclosing the remains in a sarcophagus had been devised.

We shall now bring before our readers another species of sepulchre, one more immediately connecting Etruria with the

East than any we have yet seen. After leaving Agylla, our authoress went to visit the monuments which were said to be visible at Castel d'Asso, and which have been hitherto almost unknown to the literati of Europe. It is believed, with much probability, to be the site of the ancient Voltumna, the precise position of which has been hitherto unknown, and which was the great gathering place of the Etruscan chiefs. Here it was that their great national assembly was held every year, for all purposes, whether of politics or religion, if, at these early times, a distinction can be drawn between them. Here, too, was the temple of Voltumna, the protecting divinity of their race and country, though the precise spot on which it stood can be no longer ascertained, if it be not that on which the oratory of San Giovanni now stands, and which has from time immemorial been a place of devotion to all the neighbouring country. The monuments at Castel D'Asso bear a strong resemblance to those of the Egyptian kings at "Biban el Melek," near Thebes, and consist of two rows of sepulchral chambers, cut out of the solid rock. These chambers face each other, like the sides of a long and magnificent street, and extend about a mile on each side of the steep valley, in the middle of which rise the rock and castle from which it derives its name. They would be like the tombs of Petra, described by Laborde, but for the sculptured figures with which the latter are adorned. Unlike that of Petra, where not a blade of grass is to be seen, the valley of Castel D'Asso is so overrun with trees and underwood that the ruins are not immediately perceived, and Mrs. Gray was at first about to turn back in despair;—but we shall allow her to describe her feelings on the occasion.

"We walked on about twenty yards, and then sat down to try and make out if there really was anything remarkable within our view. We walked on twenty more, and then began to copy what we saw. We walked on twenty more, and we fairly fell into ecstasies worthy of Orioli or Marini, or any other scavant who may have written upon Castel d'Asso. They [meaning her guides] had their revenge. 'Ay,' said one guide, 'this is just the way Signor Dodwell went on. He was a learned Englishman, who visited this place twenty years ago. He at first saw nothing, and then he began to draw, and then he measured, and then he talked, and then he held up his hands like you!'

"We condescended at last to approach these rocks, that we might examine them more closely, and found beneath each engraved door if I may use the expression, an open one, six or eight feet lower,

which led into the burial chamber. It would appear that these cavern mouths had formerly been covered up with earth; and that nothing remained above ground but the smooth face of the rock, with its false Egyptian door and narrow cornice. We entered several of these sepulchres. Of those we did enter the greater part consisted of a single low chamber, and the roof was hewn out of the rock, and was either vaulted or flat; some consisted of two chambers, the inner one being lower than the outer. Almost all, if not every one of these caverns, had a ledge round it; sometimes grooved, for vases or other ornaments, at others merely for sarcophagi; and in some instances with stones laid across the ledge, on which the uncoffined body had been placed, like the grave of the Larthia, at Agylla. The further we advanced, and the more we saw, the stronger was the impression which these caverns made upon us, and the more solemn and exalted became our ideas, as to the grand and magnificent conception which had first dedicated them to the memories of those whose fame they were intended to render immortal. We met with two or three that were very little injured. They were large and perfect in form, and deeply hewn, and we thought them truly noble monuments from their very simplicity. About a quarter of a mile from where we had first detected the hand of art, we began to perceive deep regular lines of inscription in the rocks. The letters were a foot high, and sometimes chiselled two inches deep in the stone; they were all in the oldest Etruscan character, and evidently intended to be read at a distance, perhaps even from the other side of the valley. We were shown one or two, which on account of the difficulty of access we did not attempt to enter, but which have an upper chamber above the vault, ascended by a spiral staircase cut in the rock. In the inside of some we saw the remains of a very narrow cornice, cut in the stone, and going all round beneath the roof; and in one of them the roof itself had some ornamental squares. The fortress is seen from all the tombs that we entered; and, indeed, even commanded and protected the sacred gorge. We could not help thinking it probable that the sepulchres in this glen were all the tombs of noted warriors, laid in front of the castle. Those of the centre might be of kings and statesmen, those nearer the temple of high-priests. These valleys of hallowed dust, these cliffs which were supposed to eternize the names and deeds of the mighty, whose spirits had fled, give rise to noble ideas; and so much did they grow upon us the more we considered them;—and so profound was the impression they left, that at this moment I feel as I did before we set off to visit them, that I had rather have seen the glens of Castel d'Asso than any other spot in Europe, except Rome."

These extracts may give the reader some idea of these monuments of an extinct people; and even those who may not have it in their power to consult the original work of Mrs.

Gray, and the plates by which it is illustrated, will admit that they are well entitled to the attention of the learned world. Even previously to the discovery of these remarkable remains, the Etruscans occupied a distinguished place in early European history; and the evidence which these monuments present of their civilization and refinement, has but deepened the interest with which we regard a people so singular, powerful, and enlightened, as they must once have been. They must have had a literature, or at least a written language, if we are to judge from their remains; they must have been wealthy and luxurious, if we may infer from the representations depicted on their walls; their streets must once have been lined with the busy hum of industry and commerce; and we know that their sway extended from Genoa to Venice; and from Naples to the Alps. What was their origin? How were their wealth and knowledge acquired? And how has that knowledge been subsequently destroyed, and destroyed so utterly, as to leave scarcely a memorial behind, save those which the persevering zeal of the speculator and the antiquary have extracted from their tombs?

There is no part of ancient history more obscure than the migrations of those early races of men, by which the world was first possessed and peopled. The origin of the Etruscans, as of the others, can at best be nothing but a plausible conjecture. The traditions of the Greeks would derive them from the Pelasgians, and thus claim their civilization as kindred to its own. In early times, long before the Trojan war, traditionary legends would say, there dwelt in Greece, a peaceful and industrious race of men; a branch they were of a wide-spread people who possessed the countries northward to the Danube. Quiet and unwarlike in their habits, they preferred agricultural labour to the excitement and peril of war; and would rather derive subsistence from the fertility of the soil, than extort it by force, from the weakness and timidity of others. What Manco Capac was to the Peruvians, the Pelasgi were to the original inhabitants. They made them acquainted with the mysteries of agriculture; they taught them to sow the seed, to reap the corn, to gather and to save the produce, to know the fitting times and seasons, to prevent the mountain stream from carrying desolation through their fields, and from being a minister of destruction, to make it even an agent of fertility. Their quiet and industrious habits, coupled with their unskilfulness in war, made them more than once a prey to their more savage neighbours, and compelled them

so often to abandon their well-tilled fields and seek more peaceful settlements elsewhere, that their very name became synonymous with wanderer, and was used to designate the man who had neither a home nor a residence in the land. A branch of this wandering people, the legend says, set sail for the shores of Italy; and after many perils by sea and land, despite the opposition of the natives, and after many a reverse of fortune, succeeded at length in finding a resting-place in the territory of the Siculi. They built the cities of Agylla and Pisa, Saturnia and Alsion, and sowed the seeds of that future eminence, which was attained by their successors and conquerors the Etruscans. This vague tradition does not assume the consistency of history, but supported as it is by the testimony of later times, and by the monuments of remote antiquity which Agylla itself affords, it will justify us in asserting that the Pelasgian migration into Italy, must be something more than a legend, and that this city must have been among the original seats of Etrurian civilization; that before the Trojan war it must have attained a considerable degree of refinement, and prior to the domination of the Etruscans, was probably inherited by an earlier race of people. But our purpose is with the Etruscans. By some, and more especially the Greek writers, they have been confounded with the Tyrrhenians, from whom they were altogether distinct. The Romans called them indiscriminately Etrusi and Tusci, and their country Etruria. By themselves they were called Rasenæ, and their country Rasena. Pliny derives their origin from the Rhetian Alps, while others would have us believe, that the course of their migration was in an opposite direction. Müller and Micali, with much ingenuity, suppose them to have been an aboriginal people of the Apennines, who, abandoning their mountain homes, established themselves in the valleys of the Tiber and the Arno, and thence, after having become a powerful and enlightened and numerous people, to have colonized the rich plains of Lombardy, and extended their sway to the Alps. Between these opposite and conflicting statements, supported, respectively, by some of the greatest names of ancient and modern times, it is impossible to ascertain the truth. When they do come within the domain of history, they are found in occupation of the best and richest part of central Italy; constituting several great federal republics; one in northern Italy, another between the Tiber and the Arno, in what we may call Etruria proper; and another to the south of Rome, though the

existence of the latter is denied by Niebuhr. Each of these republics was independent of the other, and was itself subdivided into twelve divisions, or cantons; for we may convey our meaning more clearly by employing a modern illustration. Each of these cantons consisted of a principal city, and of several dependencies; and was subject to a chief magistrate, elected for a term of years, and by the suffrages of the people. He is known by the peculiarly Etruscan term of *Lucumo*. The cities of the confederacy on the right bank of the Tiber are better known by our classical readers. They are those which have been visited by Mrs. Gray, and are intimately connected with the history of Rome. The Etruscan power, in its greatest extent, (which is supposed to have been at the time of the Roman monarchy), comprehended the greatest part of central Italy. The cantons at the foot of the Alps are said to have been connected with those of Campania by an unbroken chain of tributary principalities. The Etruscan fleets were not unfrequent visitors in Ionian Greece, and in the cities of the Nile; while from Sicily to Gibraltar, they had no rivals but those of Carthage. The commerce of the western coasts of the Mediterranean was engrossed by these two maritime powers, and the Greeks have preserved the memory of several commercial treaties, which were in all probability directed chiefly against themselves. The establishment of the Greek colonies in Sicily, and on the western side of the Italian peninsula, enabled them first to compete with, and then to undermine, the Etruscan superiority by sea. It seems never to have recovered the loss sustained in the naval victory obtained by the Greeks at *Cumæ*, and after a brief struggle to have resigned its legitimate commercial character, and to have sunk into that of privateers. Their rivalry and the subsequent defeat of the Etruscans, had their source in the jealousy of their commercial interests. Each power was anxious to crush the other. However extensive may have been the intercourse of the trading nations of antiquity, their commerce was never conducted on those enlarged, and, if we may use the word, Catholic principles, which it is the just pride of modern times to discover, and however partially as yet, to some extent at least to act on. The commerce of Tyre, and Carthage, and Etruria, and Greece, was, as far as the respective powers could make it, a strict monopoly. They would permit none else, if possible, to share it with them. The ports frequented by their traders, and the sources of their wealth, were, as far as in them lay, a mystery to the

nations. No eye but their own was to see where their mines of gold, and tin, and silver lay, or to search the deep from which their amber was extracted. The "El Dorado" was only to be arrived at through the perils of many a stormy sea, and by braving the fury of many a dragon and monster dire, that kept its watchful guard over the charge committed to it. The golden apples of the Hesperides were to be won only by valour and perseverance more than human. The commerce of the ancient world was professedly exclusive. It would have no traders but its own; no merchandize but what was freighted in its own vessels; these traders must have the market entirely in their own hands, and buy and sell at their own prices alone. Acting on this principle, the Etruscans wished to destroy the commerce of the Greeks, by the destruction of their settlements in Sicily. Failing in that attempt, and probably overrating their own strength, they were vanquished and crushed themselves, and had their commercial existence destroyed, by the operation of the very same principles of monopoly and exclusiveness, by which they themselves were governed, and impelled.

The remains of Etruscan art will enable us to trace their progress as a people. In the rude simplicity and massiveness of some of their architectural remains, may, we think, be traced the work of those who introduced the first knowledge of the arts. The similarity of style and construction would class them with those remains which are found in Greece, which are discovered in Thessaly and Epirus, and which, by general tradition, are said to have been the work of the Pelasgi. These remains, which Sir William Gell has traced along the line of the Etruscan cities, are undoubtedly the work of those who first introduced the knowledge of the arts into Western Europe. The tomb of Atreus, at Mycenæ, seems to have been built by the same people who erected the tomb at Agylla. The advantages of their position must have necessarily directed their attention to nautical pursuits. The remembrance of their early voyaging can not have vanished from their minds; and we thus find, that, in very early times, they are bold and adventurous navigators of the seas. The success of their first efforts, and the wealth with which their enterprise was rewarded, must have stimulated them still further to exertion, and excited many of the neighbouring cities to an honourable rivalry of gain. How far this advance in nautical skill is to be attributed to the Etruscans, or their predecessors in the occupation of the land,

it is not, at this distance of time, and with our imperfect means of information, possible to ascertain. The frequency of their intercourse with Egypt may be inferred from the strong infusion of Egyptian art which is visible in all their more ancient remains. Even though we admit that its first development was owing to the intellectual vigour of the people, still there cannot be a doubt that its after-studies were formed in an Egyptian model. To Egypt belong the numerous sarcophagi, the scarabei or beetles of gold and precious stones, which were always objects of veneration in the latter country. The style of architecture, too, has evidently had its origin on the banks of the Nile. The paintings of Tarquinia are in the manner of colouring similar to those on the tombs of the kings, near Thebes; and the admission of females to their banquets, on terms of social equality, are peculiar to Egypt and Etruria alone. The very construction of the door is that by which an oriental artist would secure the sepulchre from intrusion, as may be seen in Thebes, and in those which are called the tombs of the sons of David, near Jerusalem. This Egyptian character is so strongly manifested in the productions of Etrurian art, that the impression made on the minds of those who see them for the first time is that they are admitted to a collection of Egyptian antiquities. But this Egyptian character is not found in all, and least in those of later times. If we have the sarcophagus and scarabeus, and the images of Osiris and Horus, we have also the illustrations of Grecian story, and the fables of its mythology; we have the story of Œdipus and the sphynx, and the expedition of the Argonauts, and many an inscription in Grecian letters and language bearing testimony to the country of the artist. These vases and works of art are precisely similar in shape to those which once were made at Corinth, and which, after the destruction of the city, were dug out of the sepulchres by the Roman colonists established on its ruins. These pieces of art were purchased by the curious in ancient Rome at exorbitant prices, as those of Tarquinia and Veii are by the curious and wealthy of our time. The date of this great improvement in the arts must have been contemporary with the Roman monarchy, which was also the most brilliant period of Etruscan sway. The intercourse of Etruria with Greece was frequent, when wealthy citizens of the latter country, like Demeratius, the father of Tarquin, took refuge there when driven from their own by violence, and the contempla-

tion of the matchless productions of Grecian art served to enkindle the zeal and to correct the taste of their artists. We meet several instances of Greek artists having been employed in Etruria and in Rome, and the influence they exerted was eminently salutary. Greece was at this time becoming a noble school for the artist. To Egypt was she also indebted for the elements of her civilization and the rudiments of the arts; but on the banks of the Ilyssus and the shores of the Ægean they found a more genial home. Art came to the shores of Greece arrayed in the uncouth habiliments of Egyptian symbolism, stiff and distorted, from the monstrous and unnatural forms which it had been compelled to assume, and chilled by its connexion with the sarcophagus and the tomb; but the quick, imaginative genius of the Greek soon set the captive free. From the gloom of the temple, and the loneliness of the sepulchre, she was led by her votary abroad in the bright gleam of the summer sun, and by the brink of many a crystal stream and fountain, and was worshipped in the still repose of many a wooded dale, and was induced to shed her graces on the light enjoyments of the domestic hearth, and by his own fireside, and, in the very seclusion of his home, to become the handmaid of his happiness and refinement. Art was not, as in Egypt, the servile minister of a crushing despotism, or the organ of a gloomy superstition, leading, by the majesty and power of its creations men's hearts and souls away from the best impulses of nature and the rights of social life. In Greece it was an active and useful element of society; and as it was the record and the monument, so was it among the sources, of some of its noblest achievements. The humblest citizen could look forward to the day when his name too would be inscribed on the chronicles of his country, when the memory of his deeds would be preserved on the canvas, or engraved on the marble. As he passed along the streets, or repaired to scenes of public festivity or private relaxation, the monuments of departed excellence were ever before him. The image of the patriot of other times looked on approvingly from its pedestal, and even the lips which moved not sent forth their mute encouragement. Theirs was a noiseless eloquence, which supported the sufferer in his country's cause, which discoursed sweet music to him in the hour of his darkest despondency; when his heart was heaving within him with the bitter feeling of injustice, when his actions were misconstrued, his motives suspected, or, like the virtuous

Aristides, he became the injured victim of popular envy, the sustaining influence of Art came soothingly over his soul, supporting him in the hour of his adversity, cheering his sinking spirits, and, like a herald from on high, telling him of other times and of other men who would do justice to his character.

In Etruria it would have exercised the same influence, and been productive of the same results, had not the national mind been more akin to that of Egypt. We find traces of the same serenity of thought, of the same national gravity of character, of the same gloomy massiveness—to use the word—of the public taste. Etruscan art seems never to have completely emancipated herself from the thralldom of Egypt, and, to her very latest development, to bear the impress of her dependence. All her great public works seem to speak of the subjection of the masses of the people, by whose toil they were constructed, and are but echoes of that sepulchral voice, which, in a grander scale and in louder accents, is addressed to us from the pyramids of Cairo and the palaces of Carnak.

If we strip the Grecian mythology of some of its most fanciful and legendary stories, we shall have an idea of what the Etruscan divinities were in times of old;—we shall have their gods, but under different names. Who would recognize his old acquaintances Jupiter, Juno, Venus, and Mercury, under the strange Etruscan names of Tina and Talne, Turan and Turms? The latter name is evidently the Hermes of the Greeks. The Egyptian mythos also was substantially the same, though the names and symbolical representation of the respective deities were widely different; and was, in all probability, the parent stock from which the others were derived. The religious rites and ceremonies of the Etruscan worship are known to us through the medium of the Roman ceremonial, the latter having been avowedly derived therefrom, and formed on the Etruscan model. The practice of augury, or divining by the flight of birds, was also Etruscan. This people were deeply imbued with a feeling of moral responsibility. The paintings in the chambers of Tarquinia, are conclusive evidence of their belief in a judgment to come,—and in a future state of rewards and punishments. One painting represents a procession of souls to judgment, conducted by good and evil genii. Some of these souls are light and cheerful in the consciousness of innocence; others seem afflicted with the apprehension of approaching calamity. The tears are seen to flow as the evil genius brings to the mind the tor-

turing remembrance of the deeds done in the flesh. This evil genius is represented with almost a Christian accuracy of outline: the artist has given him, as did probably the general belief, a negro configuration of countenance, and a more than negro darkness of colour; while round his temples is coiled a serpent, the head of which is brought close to the ear of the individual whom the evil genius is addressing. Another evil genius, yet more black and ugly, has his eyes depicted as very coals of fire. They are conducted by a good genius, whose colour and appearance are quite the opposite of the others. These paintings are done in fresco, and in an excellent style of art: they are especially valuable, as telling us how clear a conception this people must have had of a future judgment. This great fragment of the primitive tradition seems to have been carefully preserved among them. A few, in the pride of their intelligence, may have disputed and denied its truth, as they subsequently did in Rome; and as many, in the pride of their philosophy, have done at the present day, mistaking, for the prejudices of education, what was but the witnessing of the Divine voice within them; but the great body of the people always retained some sense of their future responsibility. With their incorrect sense of moral duty, it could have had but little moral influence; but an influence of some extent it must have had and exercised. To the partial influence of this belief are generally ascribed those virtues of the natural order which distinguished the old Roman character. They were indebted for them to this maxim of their religion, which in its definite form they borrowed from the Etruscans. But while acknowledging the purity of their belief in this great truth, we must admit, that they are strongly suspected of mingling with their religious rites, the horrible and revolting practice of human sacrifices. This abominable rite was probably introduced among them from their intercourse with Carthage, where it prevailed in its foulest enormity; though it may not improbably be assigned to the frequency of their intercourse with the people of the eastern coast of the Mediterranean, where the rites of the Canaanite superstition were practised, and where every grove and altar was stained with the abominable crime of Moloch.

The Etruscans were wealthy, and wealth creates in its owners many wants of which they would not otherwise be susceptible. Their remains disclose to us many of the contrivances by which a wealthy and a luxurious people are wont to gratify their desires of amusement and relaxation.

They were skilled in all the well-known games of the circus. The numerous combinations and varieties of horse and chariot racing were not unknown among them. One of their vases gives us a perfect racing sketch. We see depicted thereon—the race-stand, the judges, the sporting gentlemen of the day, the jockeys, “*et hoc genus omne*,” as if the artist had taken for his subject the race-course of Epsom or Doncaster. Boar hunting was also a favourite amusement, as we may see by another sketch, where sportsmen are seen in all the ardour of the chase; dogs, seemingly in full cry, and crowds of peasants, armed with axes and poles, hastily seized on the occasion. They are said to have had two principal meals in the day; and to have admitted the fair sex to an equal participation in the honours of the dining-table. This singular deviation from the practice of antiquity is found only in Etruria and Egypt: it is brought very vividly before us in one of their paintings, where persons of both sexes are at table together. One of the ladies is in the act of breaking an egg; another is eating some food, while a dog is looking up in anxious expectancy for a portion. On these festive occasions, the ladies seem to have been far more attentive to the quality, than the quantity of their habiliments:—some of them appear quite at their ease, in a costume which would make ladies of the present time, to say the least of it, exceedingly uncomfortable. The guests were entertained with concerts of instrumental music. The lyre was in much request, as was also an instrument bearing a close resemblance to a double flageolet. To the music of those instruments a company of dancers keep time with their feet and hands. Some of these are represented in most lively and animated gestures; but, we regret to add, that some of the representations confirm the accounts which early writers transmit to us, concerning the corruption and licentiousness of many of their festive entertainments. They had also periodical assemblies for the arrangement of their public business, as well as for general amusement. One of the most celebrated of these was the gathering of the noble families at the temple of Voltumna. Scenic representations were also in use, and a singular custom prevailed among them of permitting insolvent debtors to be pursued in the streets by groups of children, with empty purses in their hands, who worried the wretched pauper by the demand of money.

That they had a written language is evident from their numerous inscriptions, of which several may be seen in Sir

William Gell's work on the topography of Rome, and a few in the volume of our authoress. They are read from the right to the left, but, as we before remarked, are utterly unintelligible, with the exception of a few oft repeated words,—such as the affecting and almost Christian termination to all their monumental inscriptions, “Adieu in peace,” or “Rest in peace.” The only other specimen of their language which has reached our times, are those tables of brass which were dug up near Gubbio, and which are thence called the Eugubine tables; but which, like their sepulchral inscriptions, cannot be deciphered. The sculptured inkstand which was discovered at Agylla has, we believe, been found of use, in ascertaining the power and nature of the characters, and in enabling them to be copied in Roman characters, but beyond this, notwithstanding the anticipations of Mrs. Gray, we do not see that it can possibly be of utility. What pretensions they had to the possession of a literature we cannot now ascertain. It is a misfortune that they have left no historian to record their achievements, or to chronicle their deeds, for the information of after times; but it is a misfortune which it is now useless to deplore. They have left us much “engraved in the hard rock with a pen of iron,” but we need a Daniel to discover their import and reveal it to the world. Their history has been an eventful one; it has been diversified with many trying incidents by sea and land. How different would have been their fame, had there been a Virgil or a Homer to surround them with a halo of light, or a Thucydides to consecrate them with the immortality of genius! The record of the marble, imperishable as it is, forms but a poor substitute for the undying record of a nation's literature. The sepulchral eulogy of the Lucumones, the sculptured obelisk of the Pharaohs, or the mysterious chronicles of the Persian kings, as seen on the ruins of Persepolis, have not been able to preserve their names and deeds from the ravages of time. They cannot compete with that lustre which the human mind is able to impart to the hero it embellishes, in the action it records. Etruscan literature has left us no trace of its existence. The industry of a few Roman writers attempted to supply this deficiency, and the emperor Claudius deemed Etruria a theme not unworthy his imperial pen. But the twenty-four books which were the fruit of his labour, have perished, with the exception of one solitary fragment, and the writings of the less noble penmen have not been more enduring than those of their sovereign. The stream of time has

washed over them all, and with them have disappeared our fullest sources of information as to the origin and history of the Etruscans.

There is a point in connexion with this subject to which our authoress has not alluded, but which is well deserving of attention. The Campagna in which the cities of Etruria lay, and which was once crowded with a dense and industrious population, is now visited for some months of the year by a pestilential malaria, which is destructive of human life, and which makes even the natives desert it for a season. The few shepherds, who remain in charge of the cattle, may be known by their wan and emaciated features; for even they are not exempt from its influence. Yet was this country once the abode of a numerous population, and covered with busy and thickly peopled cities. Veii was as large as Rome, and the size of Tarquinia may, to some extent, be inferred from the magnitude of its necropolis, which is said to contain no less than two millions of sepulchres. But there can be little doubt that the climate of the Campagna is not now the same as it was in times of old. Had it been then as subject to the malaria as it is at present, the fact would have been mentioned by some of the Roman writers. Yet, while they expressly mention the unhealthiness of particular districts, they are silent on that of the entire country. The virulence of the malaria, nay, its existence, arises from the absence of moisture, for while the wet grounds are comparatively free from it, the dry and sandy downs are particularly unhealthy. Not alone in the Campagna di Roma, but in every country in Europe subject to its influence, a wet summer is proved to neutralize its noxious properties. It is probable that the climate of Italy, two thousand years ago, was more exposed to cold and wet than it is now. The uncleared forests of Germany, and of Italy itself, must have contributed powerfully to this effect, by preventing evaporation from the surface of the earth, as in America at this day. The temperature and the dryness of the atmosphere depend much less on the degree of latitude than on local peculiarities, which are always liable to change. Many of the rivers of Europe which at one time were frozen every winter, are now never closed up for a day. So late as the time of the Roman empire, the barbarians were wont each winter to avail themselves of the freezing of the Danube and the Rhine, to make predatory incursions on the northern provinces;—and Pliny says, that the severity of winter was such in Rome, that the olive could not be cultivated in the open air.

Nothing is more usual, at the present day, than to see the olive growing in the open air in the vicinity of Rome. But even admitting it to have been as unhealthy as now, is it certain that, despite its unhealthiness, it could not be thickly peopled? It was the native soil of the millions who dwelt there. It was the air they were from infancy accustomed to inhale; and from the power of habit it is likely that the malaria would have lost much of its malignity. The shores of Africa are unhealthy beyond comparison, as are the islands of the West Indies, yet these are not the less thickly peopled. Even the collieries and manufactories of England are known to shorten considerably the average duration of human life, yet are there thousands who are willing to brave all dangers, and to encounter, for subsistence, the perils of the factory and the mine. Peculiarities of diet and of dress, with which we are not now acquainted, may have been of use in enabling the inhabitants to defy its noxious influence; and much, also, may have been done by the general cultivation of the soil and the spread of human dwellings. Were its rich plains to be divided among a hardy and industrious peasantry, and covered with crops of golden grain, its effects on the human constitution might be very different from that of the present dreary solitude.

We have seen that the Etruscan power included nearly the entire of central Italy, and extended from Naples to the Alps. There was a time too, though not acknowledged by her chronicles, when Rome itself was numbered among its dependencies. It is now the most probable opinion, that the reigns of the three later kings was a period of Etruscan domination; and it may be, that even these kings are, as Müller suppose, but representatives of three Etruscan dynasties, who succeeded each other in regular order. It was during this period that those great architectural works were executed, whose magnitude and solidity have scarcely been exceeded by the later works of the empire. The *Cloaca Maxima*, which may be called the "Thames tunnel" of the ancient world; the temple of Jupiter, on the Capitoline hill; the walls of Servius, which continued to be the walls of the city for eight hundred years, down to the time of Aurelian; all combine to demonstrate the power and extent to which it attained under Etruscan sway. They are collateral testimony to the certainty of that evidence which their sepulchral monuments afford. But like every earthly institution, Etruria was doomed to decay. In the arrangements of Providence it was to give way to its more

fortunate rival. Its maritime strength was destroyed by its defeat at Cumæ; its internal strength was wasted away by internal disunion, as well as by outward hostility. When the Gauls poured forth from the defiles of the Alps, in the northern cantons of the Etruscan confederation, the southern states were solicited for aid, but the appeal was made in vain, and one half of Etruria was for ever blotted from the page of history. The other continued to maintain an unequal contest with the encroaching power of Rome. The name of Porsenna alone stands out in bright relief from the darkness that hangs over his people, and surrounds with a passing glory the period of their decline. The cities of Veii, and Tarquinia, and Clusium, and Agylla, sunk one by one; Roman colonies occupied their ruins for a time; some preserve a sickly existence over the graves of the Larthia and the Lucumones; but the sites of others are no longer known. They are looked for in vain through the dreary solitude of the Campagna, and save the sepulchral remains of their past greatness, Tarquinia is but a name, and Veii but a recollection of the past.

We have done with the sepulchres of Etruria; but before we close this article we cannot forbear extracting one brief passage, in which our authoress contrasts the practical influence of the Catholic and Protestant religion in their followers. In the entire volume there are but two or three casual expressions from which we could infer that her religious convictions are decidedly opposed to the former.

“Many and many an accomplished and highly educated Englishman speaks and acts as if Christianity had nothing to do with his future being; and this, because while he is instructed in all other things, religion forms no part of his education. In the common intercourse of high life, Christianity is treated as a very respectable set of customs; but it is considered to be as little of a reality, and as truly a superstition, as any of the notions of the heathen. Amongst our masses in low life, on the other hand, the meaning of Christianity is scarcely known; and I have often wondered if numbers of them had ever heard of another life, or had any conception that they possessed within themselves a part which would never die; a spirit which has existed in essence the self-same thing, through every tongue and nation under heaven, from Adam until now. In Israel, Greece, and Rome, this spirit speaks to us in its loftiest strains by writing; in Egypt and Etruria in accents little less sublime, by the chisel and the graver. It ought to answer in each one of us by the voice of conscience; and will not the men and women of these monuments rise up in judgment against us at

the last day, if, with all our light, we make no more intimate acquaintance with heaven than they did? These reflections were forced upon me by what I saw in the house of a Roman Catholic priest; and whilst I looked at him in his peculiar dress I could not but acknowledge that however much I might differ from him in many points of faith, these remarks did certainly not apply to Catholics. They are not ashamed to profess, loudly and publicly, upon every occasion, that they are not, and cannot, be saved like the heathen; that their dependence is not upon themselves and their own merits, but upon another, and upon that which may have merit as done upon his account. Even the fiercest Protestant must admit that in this matter even the most mistaken Roman Catholic is sounder than many of ourselves, and that however the Roman Catholic Church has hid 'the oil and wine' of the Scriptures, it has never put them away. I have known many Protestants among our fashionables, who were ashamed to go to church on a Sunday, though they made every allowance for such an observance in their guests; and I have known others who would attend divine service in a particular chapel, for the sake of setting a good example, though unless the thing was good in itself I never could understand how the example was to benefit; but I never knew a Roman Catholic who did not go to mass; and I never heard one boast afterwards of having done so as an act of self-denial. The Protestant constantly feels that he is attending a religious service of no use; whilst the Roman Catholic is convinced that when he performs what he calls 'an act of faith in Jesus,' he is performing an act for his own peculiar and personal benefit."

Would that every tourist were animated with similar feelings of candour and impartiality, and disposed thus to give honour where honour is due, and the meed of praise where that praise is deserved. We have gone with Mrs. Gray through five hundred pages of a narrative equally instructive and interesting, pleased with her antiquarian zeal, profiting by her judicious and often profound observations, and amused with the lighter incidents which she occasionally relates. Should she venture before the public again, we should with much pleasure hail her appearance amongst us. She is an authoress of much promise, and literature has a claim on her services.

ART. VIII.—*Address of the Loyal National Association to the People of Ireland.* Dublin: September 1842.

OF the five objects for which Mr. O'Connell has lately proposed to his countrymen to agitate, we look upon that with regard to the fixity of tenure to be the most easily attainable, through the Imperial Parliament, and calculated to effect the greatest amount of good, in the shortest time, for the mass of the population. There are few Irish Catholics who are not convinced that the repeal of the Union would be the greatest possible blessing to their country—but few of them, in the present aspect of affairs, consider it speedily attainable. Every dispassionate disinterested man must see that before Ireland can know internal peace, before Irishmen can cease squabbling about points of faith, and combine, like reasonable human beings, for the common good of their country and themselves—that source of all their woes—that symbol of their disunion and degradation, the Established Church, must be abolished. But when or how that consummation shall be obtained, it would be now difficult to determine. The amendment of the Poor-law and of the laws with regard to the municipal system, are topics of so secondary a character, as scarce to deserve to be mentioned in conjunction with the above. To the four last subjects we may possibly advert on future occasions; for the present we shall confine ourselves to the consideration of the first.

We would, above all things, impress upon those who wish to effect, through the Imperial Parliament, a practical improvement—and in the shortest possible time—in the condition of the mass of the Irish people, that they must turn their thoughts to such means as will not meet with the decided hostility of the English portion of that body. They must not dwell on justice, humanity, and policy, in the abstract, but say to Englishmen, “Such was the condition of your own countrymen some years back, and such were the measures you adopted to improve it; and all we ask of you is, to try the same with us.” It is utterly useless to expect that Englishmen can ever be induced by classic euphuisms about their own iniquity in the misgovernment of this country, and the wisdom and policy of treating her according to the dictates of common sense, humanity, and justice, to subvert any of the settled principles of the laws of property, or civil liberty, or to violate any of the great landmarks of what is called the Constitution. All that we should aim at ought to be to

endeavour to induce them to give our countrymen the full benefit of the principles of the common law and the constitution, and the provisions of the English statute-book, and to adopt towards them the same measures which they adopted for the protection of their own countrymen. We can ask more when we are in a position to demand it.

On comparing the present state of this country with the state of England during the latter part of the fifteenth, and the entire of the sixteenth century, we are struck with the extraordinary similarity which presents itself. In England there was the same misery and the same want of employment, arising from the same cause: the same hostility to the established law, and the same spirit of outrage, which now characterize the peasantry of Ireland. There they lived, in like wretched hovels, or, driven from them, wandered about in the same state of homeless indigence. There, as here now, they sought a redress of their grievances by agrarian insurrections and rebellions. There they broke down inclosures, for the same purpose as here they dig up the pastures. But there a paternal legislature having at length interfered for their protection, and given them that relief to which they were entitled, industry, plenty, and order, succeeded to idleness, poverty, and outrage; and famished rebels became well-fed and loyal subjects.

There are few of our readers who are not aware that all the agrarian insurrections in Ireland are the result of the extravagant powers of oppression conceded by the law to the landlords—and of the heartless and reckless manner in which those powers are exercised;—who have not heard of the course of depopulation, pursued in that country for years, under the title of the Clearing System—and who, perhaps, also, have not heard all the barbarian atrocities of that system justified on the pretext, that as the law gave the land to the landlords, they ought not be prevented from converting it to what uses they pleased; “as every man has a right to do what he likes with his own.” We shall show what was thought and done on the subject in England, when Englishmen were the victims of the same course of oppression.

Towards the middle of the fifteenth century, a system of depopulation was commenced in England, and carried to as great an extent as has been of late years attempted in Ireland. The causes which led to it were various. In preceding times, as every nobleman's importance depended not so much on his wealth or the extent of his estates, as on the number of his

tenantry, and their ability and willingness to support him in his quarrels, he spared no means to increase their numbers, and to attach them to him and his family by kind treatment. Hence every estate was cut up into the utmost possible number of small farms, each just merely sufficient, by good cultivation, to support a family in comfort. The wars of the Roses, and the forfeitures arising from them, made many estates to change masters. The new owners, of course, could not have the same feelings of attachment towards the tenantry as the former had; or they perhaps looked upon them with hate and suspicion, as the hereditary adherents of those to whose property they had no better title than success in battle, fortified by legal forms. The change in the law with regard to the opening of entails, transferred also many estates to new owners by devise or purchase. The importance of numerous retainers was also daily diminishing, while the rise of woollen manufactures at home and in the Netherlands increased the price of wool, and made the rearing of sheep more profitable than the raising of corn. These and some other causes led the great proprietors to *clear* their estates, *i. e.* to drive off the tenantry, level their houses, and convert their well-tilled gardens into sheepwalks. These pastures were commonly known by the name of *inclosures*, a phrase, of which, as it will frequently recur in the course of this paper, we may here give a brief explanation. As in preceding times, from the smallness of the farms, it was necessary to keep them in tillage for the purpose of raising provisions enough for each family, and the cattle of all the tenants of the estate grazed upon the one common, the several farms were not divided, or *inclosed*, by walls or hedges, as in England or Ireland now, but were merely distinguished from each other by some known marks or bounds, as still continues the practice in France and other parts of the continent. The result of this arrangement was, that no one tenant could convert his tillage into pasture without going to the expense of *inclosing* his farm with a wall or hedge, to prevent his cattle from trespassing on his neighbours, and that, consequently, all the farms were kept in tillage; and that now, when it was desired to convert them into pasture, it was necessary to *inclose* them. The phrase was used also to express the encroachments on the ancient commons, made by means of walls or inclosures. This system of depopulation was soon carried to such an extent, and produced so much misery, that John Rous, the celebrated monk and antiquary of Warwick, presented a

petition to parliament in 1450 against it, and was afterwards induced to continue his *History of the Kings of England* by the desire to denounce and repress it,* and that he mentions the names of sixty-five towns and hamlets, within twelve miles or a little more of the town of Warwick, which had been already destroyed.† This system, he says, threatened to become the ruin of the kingdom: he compares the authors of it to basilisks, as they destroy everything they look on, and make all a desert around them, and infers, that as the law hangs up thieves, so God would chastise those “destroyers of towns,” by dreadful calamities here or eternal punishment hereafter.‡ He quotes several passages from the civil law against the depopulators of towns and houses, and one from the canon law, which declares that all persons are entitled to the protection of sanctuary, except only two—a public robber and a devastator of lands and highways.§ He says, the canons also refuse such persons Christian burial; and it is, he adds, only reasonable that those who withdraw themselves from the living by the destruction of towns should not communicate locally with them in burial. He travels over the story of Naboth and Achab, repeats the denunciation of the prophet Elias to the latter, apostrophises the depopulators, and tells them their crime is the same, but that it will be more severely punished, as they had not been amended by former examples, and narrates, from preceding writers, the history of two other oppressors, one of whom was buried alive in a vineyard of which he attempted to rob a poor widow, and the other was seen burning in a well of sulphur in hell. This last personage was really worthy of the enlightenment of modern times, as, when remonstrated with on his oppressions, he replied, “If I am predestined to heaven, no sins can deprive me of it, and if to hell, no good works can save me.” After these episodes he again apostrophises “the oppressors of the people, the destroyers of towns, who unjustly possess the lands of free tenants, driving them from the hereditary seats of their fathers, grandfathers, great-grandfathers, and great-great-grandfathers, and exposing them to beggary, theft, and other miseries. The world hates you for this,—God and all the host of heaven detest your infamous society, and the devil only with his satellites can with pleasure admit you to his company.”|| He cites several

* See p. 120.

† P. 122.

‡ Pp. 39-44.

§ “Scilicet latronem publicum et devastatorem agrorum et viarum.”—p. 88.

|| Pp. 95-6.

passages from the Decretals, Institutes, and other works, to show that they act contrary to the first principle on which states are founded, that the advantage of the entire community is to be preferred to that of a few individuals—to the maxims of all the wise men of ancient times—to the principles of Christian charity and mercy, and to the command of God—"Increase and multiply, and replenish the earth;"—proves, in a plain, sensible, practical manner, that their conduct is opposed not only to the public interest, but even to their own; states that the country, which was formerly well inhabited, was then a desolate waste, and the highways, which had been safe, because thronged with honest passengers, and running through innumerable populous towns and villages, were then beset with highwaymen, who robbed and murdered with impunity; tells them that they begin and end their works with the curses of the people, and that they are sure to be punished in the next world with the eternal pains of hell; that, as they love neither God nor their neighbour, they are sure to perish, according to that passage in the Epistle to the Romans, "He who lives without the law shall perish without the law;" combats the notion that a man can do what he likes with his own; says a man cannot use his own food or wines to excess, or kill himself with his own knife, without incurring God's wrath; and that therefore men must be particularly careful, under pain of damnation, not to expend their means to the detriment of the public. Madmen, he says, are not allowed by their friends to use their own swords and knives as they wish; but these are worse than madmen, and if they abuse the privileges with which they are invested they ought to be deprived of them. Certain games and dresses are prohibited by act of parliament; much more ought this practice to be prohibited, which is so detestable in the sight of God, and destructive to the kingdom. He warns the king of his duty to his subjects; tells him not to be a consenting party, by his silence, to this iniquity, and begs of him to endeavour to put a stop to it, and assures him that by so doing he will obtain here the blessing of God and the good will of the people, and in the world to come life everlasting.*

The misery and turbulence created by this system at length compelled the legislature to interfere, and the statutes which they passed are certainly deserving of the attention of those

* See pp. 113-137.

who would put an end to the same system in this country. So much did the governing powers of the state sympathise in early times with the sufferings of the poor, and so little did they consider them disposed to rebel through mere wantonness, or the innate wickedness of their natures, that Fortescue, who was for twenty years chief justice, and for some years Chancellor of England, says, "Nothing may make the people to arise but lacke of goods or lacke of justice. But yet certeynly when they lack goods they will arise, sayyng they lack justice. Nevertheless, if they be not poor, they will never aryse, but if their prince so leve justice that he gyve himself al to tyrannye."* It was in consequence of these benevolent, wise, and merciful views, regarding every insurrection of the poor as the result of poverty or injustice, that we find all the early popular outbreaks suppressed with such extraordinary clemency as to excite the surprise of all modern writers, and that we find Henry VII and his parliament appeasing the people by removing their grievances, and not by barbarous penal laws and military executions.

It would appear that the common law opposed restraints and penalties enough to the progress of this evil practice, had those who were entrusted with the administration of it possessed the honesty to enforce it. The 4 Hen. VII, c. 12, which provides certain remedies for persons who could not before obtain redress, in consequence of the negligence, favour, and misdemeaning of the justices of the peace in the execution of their commissions, sets out the mischiefs arising from this misconduct; and states that they tend to displease God and to subvert "the policy and good governance of the realm; for by these enormyties and myschefes his (the king's) pease is broken, his subyettes disquieted and impoverished, the husbandre of this londe decayed, wherby the church of England is upholden, the service of God continued, every man hath sustenance, and every inheritor his rent for his londe;" that there were sufficient laws already in force to repress them, but that the subjects were "litell eased of the saide mischefes by the saide justices, but by many of them rather hurte than helped." As prior to this period we find no act against depopulation and inclosures, the laws alluded to in the statute must have been the provisions of the common law. Tillage appears to have been particularly favoured by our early legislators. Coke tells us that "the common law gives arable

* Absolute and Limited Monarchy, c. 12.

land the precedency and pre-eminency before meadows, pastures, mines, and all other grounds whatsoever;”—that it ought, therefore, to be named in a *præcipe* before all others, and that even “*averia caruæ*, beasts of the plough, have, in some instances, more privilege than other cattle have.”* By the 51 Hen. III, *de Distractione Scaccarii*, and 28 Ed. I, c. 12, beasts of the plough were not to be distrained if other distress could be had. In the three principal law dictionaries, Jacob’s, Cunningham’s, and Tomlyn’s, we are told that “so careful is our law to preserve it (tillage) that a bond or condition to restrain tillage or sowing of lands, &c. &c. is void.” 11 Rep. 53. In the case to which these eminent writers thus refer, it was resolved “that at common law no man could be prohibited from working in any lawful trade, for the law abhors idleness, the mother of all evil,” &c. &c. “And that appears in 2 Hen. V, 56, a dyer was bound that he should not use the dyer’s craft for two years, and there Hale held that the bond was against the common law, and by G—d, if the plaintiff was here, he should go to prison till he paid a fine to the king; and so for the same reason, if an husbandman is bound that he shall not sow his land, the bond is against the common law.”† The 39 Eliz. c. 1, declares that “the decayes of towns and habitations have been by the ancient laws of this realm esteemed an high offence.” As the canon law deprived the *depopulatores agrorum* of the privileges of sanctuary and Christian burial, so the common law deprived them of the benefit of clergy.‡ Even after the statute *De Clero*, when all other felonies (with the exception of arson and *insidiatio viarum*) and petty treason were clergyable, their crime was not. The reason which Hale says, he heard Noy, then the king’s attorney, give for it (the exclusion of these offences from the benefit of clergy), in the King’s Bench, about 7 Car. I, was that they were “by interpretation of law hostile acts.”§ “It appeareth by the statute,” 4 Hen. IV, c. 2, says Coke, “that *depopulatores agrorum* were great offenders, by the ancient law. They are called *depopulatores agrorum* for that by prostrating or decaying of the houses of habitation of the king’s people, they depopulate, that is, dispeople, the towns.”|| Depopulation “is now the apparent effect of enclosing lordships and manors, by which means several good populous old vil-

* 4 Rep. 39. Co. Litt. 85 b.

† Ipswich Tailor’s case, 11 Rep. 53 b.

‡ Poulter’s case, 11 Rep. 29 b. Staundf. P. C. 124 a.

§ P. C. vol. ii. 333.

|| 3 Inst. 204.

lages have been reduced from a great number of sufficient farms to a few cottages.”* It was not till the 4 Hen. IV, c. 2, that even clergymen guilty of this offence were entitled to benefit of clergy. By that statute it was provided that the words *Insidiatores viarum et depopulatores agrorum* should not be thenceforth used “in any indictments, appeals, or impeachments, nor that by force of any such word, or term, any clerk, religious or secular, nor any other of the king’s liege people,” should be charged before any secular judge, “but that the justices may take and receive before them indictments, arraignments, and appeals of felonies, containing in them the effect of the said words and terms,”—and that clerks (not laymen) so charged should be allowed their clergy. So great was the severity with which even churchmen were prosecuted for this offence, that the above statute was passed on the petition of the clergy themselves, and after they had agreed that the ordinary should take measures for the adequate punishment of each offender. Such was the light in which depopulation was viewed, and such the manner in which it was treated, in early times. Even after the Reformation, when the richer classes had become more indifferent to the sufferings of the poor, and were committing this offence on the most extensive scale, and the various husbandry acts which we shall presently notice, had impliedly abolished its felonious character, by providing for its repression only by fines and the compulsory restoration of the lands to tillage, and the re-edification of the houses which had been suffered to fall to decay,—Sir Edward Coke names it as one of those offences against the public weal which the king cannot pardon. After observing that “the law so regards the weal public, that although in actions popular the king shall have the suit solely in his own name for the redress of it, yet by his pardon he cannot discharge the offender, for this, that it is not only in prejudice of the king but in damage of the subjects, . . . as if a man ought to repair a bridge, and for default of reparation it falls into decay; in this case the suit ought to be in the name of the king, and the king is sole party to the suit, but for the benefit of all his subjects. And for this, if the king pardon it, yet the offence remains; and in any suit in the name of the king, for redress of it, the offenders ought (notwithstanding the pardon) to make and repair the bridge for the benefit of the weal public; but, peradventure,

* Cowell’s Interpreter—Depopulation.

the pardon shall discharge the fine for the time past; and with this agrees 37 Hen. VI, 46, Plow. Com. in Nicol's case, 487;" he adds, "the same law, and *a multo fortiori* in case of depopulation; for this is not only an offence against the king but against all the realm; for by this all the realm is enfeebled; idle and dissolute people, which are enemies to the commonwealth, abound; and for this cause depopulation and diminution of subjects is a greater nuisance and offence to the weal public, than the hinderance of the subjects in their good and easy passage by any bridge or highway; and for this, notwithstanding the pardon of the king, he shall be bound to re-edify the houses of husbandry which he hath depopulated; but, peradventure, for the time before the pardon he will not be fined, but for the time after, without doubt, he shall be fined and imprisoned, for the offence itself cannot be pardoned, as in the case of a bridge or highway, *quia est malum in se.*"* The Star-Chamber, we also find, long after the repeal of the husbandry acts, declaring that depopulation was punishable at common law, and punishing it severely by fine and imprisonment. Fine and imprisonment are not at all mentioned as a punishment in any of the husbandry acts. If any one be disposed to cavil with us for citing a decision of the Star-Chamber, we should remind them that it was the same Star-Chamber that settled the law of libel as it has remained to the present day. We also find, long after the repeal of the husbandry acts, Charles issuing commissions to repress depopulation; and his keeper of the Great Seal annually directing the judges to inquire into and punish it, on their several circuits. When we thus find it to have been a felony without benefit of clergy, in early times, and a high misdemeanour, at least, in the times of the Stuarts, we must not be surprised at the extraordinary statutes which the legislature, following out the spirit of the common law, adopted for its repression. Did we not know that they were merely declaratory of the common law, and framed to afford less penal, but, perhaps, more efficacious remedies for the evil, which it held in such abhorrence, we might be amazed at their arbitrary, and—as modern political parroters would say—unconstitutional character. But, knowing this, we shall probably consider them all "too mild and gentle," as the 5 Eliz. c. 2, describes two of the severest of them. But we shall leave our readers to their private judgment of them.

* 12 Rep. 30.

The first statute which we meet directly forbidding depopulation and inclosures, is the 4 Hen. VII, c. 17, which provided that whereas the Isle of Wight had been depopulated, by towns and villages having been let down, and lands inclosed for cattle, and many dwelling-houses and farms having been taken into one man's hands, "that of old tyme were wont to be in many and several persons holdes and handes, and many several householdes kept in them, and thereby moche people multiplied, and the same isle thereby well inhabited, the which now, by the occasion aforesaid, is desolate and not inhabited, but occupied with bestis and catal, so that if hasty remedy be not provided, that isle cannot be long kepte and defended, but open and redye to the handes of the king's ennemyes," &c., no man should take more farms "than that the ferme of them altogidre" should not exceed ten marcs—that those who held more should, before Michaelmas 1490, make their selection of those they would retain, "the remenaunt to cease and to be utterly void," and the occupier to be discharged of the rent, but to be intitled to compensation for repairs and buildings, "as right and good conscience requiren."

In the same session another act was passed applying to the entire kingdom. It recites that "great inconveniences daily doth encrease by desolacion, and pulling down, and wilful waste of houses and townes within this realme, and leyeng to pasture landes which custumably have been used in the tylthe, whereby ydelness, groundes and beginning of all myschaefs, dayly do encrease, for where in some townes two hundred persones were occupied, and lived by their lawful labours, nowe be there occupied two or three herdemen, and the residue fall in ydelnes; the husbandrie, which is one of the greatest commodities of this realm, is gretly decaied, churches destroyed, the service of God withdrawen, the bodies there buried not praid for, the patrone and curates wronged, the defence of this land ageyn owre ennemyes outwarde febled and impaired:" and provides that any person who had any houses that at any time within the preceding three years had been, or thereafter should be, let to farm with twenty acres of land or more, in tillage or husbandry, should maintain "houses and buildings upon the seid ground and lond necessarie for mayntenynge and upholdynge of the seid tillage and husbandrie," or forfeit half the issues and profits to the king, or the other next lord of the fee. That this act was merely declaratory of the common law, we have a proof in Coke's naming all the evils arising from the decay of tillage, almost

in the same words, and adding, "all this appeareth by our books."*

The great and sagacious Lord Bacon eulogizes the wisdom of the king and parliament in passing this statute, as "profound and admirable." After mentioning the evils of the depopulating system, and the provisions of the act—he says, "By this means the houses being kept up, did of necessity enforce a dweller; and the proportion of land for occupation being kept up did of necessity enforce that dweller not to be a beggar or cottager, but a man of some substance, that might keep hinds and servants and set the plough on going. This did wonderfully concern the might and mannerhood of the kingdom, to have farms as it were of a standard, sufficient to maintain an able body out of penury, and did in effect amortise a great part of the lands of the kingdom into the hold and occupation of the yeomanry or middle people, of condition between gentlemen and cottagers, or peasants."† In another work he refers to this statute as a master stroke of policy, in maintaining, as he says, houses of husbandry "with such a proportion of land unto them as may breed a subject to live in convenient plenty, and to keep the plough in the hands of the owners, or at least usufructuary, and not hirelings and mercenaries, and thus a country shall merit that character whereby Virgil expresses ancient Italy,

'Terra potens armis atque ubere glebâ.'

It appears, in short, that these views were constantly recurring to him as profound political axioms.‡

The system of depopulation continuing, notwithstanding the act of Henry, we find another act (6 Hen. VIII. c. 5), passed against it in the sixth year of Henry VIII. This was to continue only to the Christmas following. In the next session, however, so loud were the complaints against the inclosers, that another act was passed almost in the same words as the last, but with this material difference, that it was to be perpetual. This statute (7 Hen. VIII, c. 1), set forth the evils daily arising from the desolation and destruction of towns and houses, and the conversion of land which had been "*customably*" tilled into pasture, "whereby idleness doth increase; for where in some townes cc persons, men, women, and

* Co. Litt. 85 b. 4 Rep. 39.

† Life of Henry VII, pp. 63-4.

‡ See Preface to vol. iii. of the edition of his works, by Basil Montagu, p. xxix.

children, and their ancestours out of tyme of mynde were dayly occupied and lyved by sowing of corn and graynes, bredyng of catall, and other encrease necessarye for manys sustenance, and now the said persons and their progenyes be mynysshed and decreasyd, whereby the husbandry, which is the greatest commodite of this realme for sustenance of man, ys greatly decayed, churches destrued," &c. &c. "cities, market townes, brought to great ruin and decaye, necessaries for manys sustenance made scarce and dere, the people sore mynysshed in this realme, whereby the powre and defence thereof ys febled and empayred, to the displeasure of God and against his laws, and to the subversion of the common weale of this realme and the desolacion of the same:" and it provided that if any towns, boroughs, hamlets, tything houses or other habitations "whereof the more part the first day of this present parliament was or were used and occupied to tillage and husbandrie" should be wilfully suffered to decay and fall down, the owners should within one year, and at their own cost, rebuild them "mete and convenient for people to dwelle and inhabite in the same," and that all tillage lands which since the first day of that parliament had been or at any time thereafter should be "enclosed and toured only to pasture," should within one year be restored to tillage under the penalty of forfeiting half the profits to the next lord of the fee, or, in case he neglected to enforce it within a certain time, "to the next immediate lord above them."

These statutes do not appear to have produced much effect. They were enforced only on the lands held of the king, and therefore, by the 27 Hen. VIII. c. 22, the forfeited moiety of the rents and profits was transferred to him from the lords of the fee in counties therein named. To those who are practically acquainted with the agricultural state of Ireland we would submit the feeling preamble of 25 Hen. VIII. c. 13:—"For as moche as dyvers and sundry persons of the kynge's subjectes of this realme, to whome God of hys goodness hath disposed greate plentie and abundance of movable substance, nowe of late within fewe years, have dayly studyed, practised, and invented ways and means how they myght accumulate and gather together into few hands as well great multitude of fermes as great plenty of catall, and, in especial shepe, putting such landes as they can get to pasture and not to tillage, whereby they have not only pulled down churches and townes, aud inhansed the old rates of the rentis of the possessions of the realme, or els brought it to such excessive

finer that no poure man is able to medell with it, but also have raysed and enhansed the prises of all manner of corne. catall, woll, pygges, geese, hennes, chekynes, eggs, and such other, almost double above the prises which have been accustomed, by reason whereof a mervaylous multitude and nombre of the people of this realme be not able to provide mate, drynke, and clothes necessary for themselves, their wyfes, and children, but be so discouraged with misery and povertie that they fall dayly to thefte, robberie, or other inconvenience, or pitifully die for hunger and colde. And, as it is thought by the kynges most humble and loving subjects that one of the greatest occasions that moveth and provoketh those greedy and covetous people so to accumulate and keep in their hands suche greate portions and parties of the grounds and landes of this realme from the occupying of the poure husbandmen, and so to use it in pasture and not in tyllage, is only the great profette that commyth of shepe, which now be comyn to a few persons handes of this realme in respecte of the holle number of the kynges's subjectes, that some have xxiiii thousand, some xx thousand, some x thousand, some vi thousand, some v thousand, and some more and some lesse, by the which a good shepe for vytall that was accustomed to be sold for iis. iiii*d*. or iiis. at the moste, is now solde for vis., or vs., or iiis. at the leaste," &c. This act provided that no man should have more than two thousand sheep under a penalty of 3*s*. 4*d*. for every one above that number—half to the king, half to the informer, or take two farms, unless "he be dwellyng within the parishes where such holdings be."

These enactments were not efficiently enforced, and therefore gave little relief to the poor; and even when the king was induced to issue commissions against inclosures and the decay of husbandry, many of the gentry are said to have obtained, by bribes, from Wolsey, licenses to retain their inclosures.* The measure of the misery of the poor was filled to over-flowing by the suppression of the monasteries. These establishments had been in all times the best of landlords; even to the present day, notwithstanding the glare of Gospel light, which has shown mercy and charity to be the superstitious foibles of dark and barbarous ages, the tenants of church lands look upon their possessions as secure as if they had the fee. On the suppression of the religious houses, and the alienation of their possessions, the new owners expelled the

* Hollingshed, vol. ii. 862.

tenantry wherever they could, and turned their lands to pasture; though, by the 27 Hen. VIII, c. 28, s. 17 and 18, they were bound to keep as much land in tillage as had been commonly kept in tillage, within twenty years next before the passing of the act. It is impossible to give any adequate description of the amount of misery caused by this heartless oppression. So many were driven from their homes, and compelled to live by begging and thieving, that, in that one reign, 72,000 were hanged for thieving, and that it was no uncommon thing to see twenty suspended on the one gallows.* Of the state of the people generally in this reign, the Protestant memorialist of the Reformation gives the following account: "Both the gentry and clergy grew extremely covetous. As for the lay sort, they fell to raising their old rents, turned their arable into pasture for grazing sheep, and inclosed commons, to the great oppression of the poor. This may be best understood, by reading what one writes who lived in those days: 'How do the rich men, and especially such as be sheepmongers, oppress the king's liege people by devouring their common pastures with their sheep, so that the poor people are not able to keep a cow, for the comfort of them and of their poor families, but are like to starve and perish for hunger, if there be not provisions made shortly. What sheep-ground scapeth these caterpillars of the commonweal? How swarm they with abundance of flocks of sheep? . . . If these sheepmongers go forth as they begin, the people shall both miserably die for cold, and wretchedly perish for hunger . . . Rich men were never so much estranged from all pity and compassion towards poor people as they be at this present time. They devour the people as it were a morsel of bread. If any piece of ground delight their eye, they must needs have it, either by hook or by crook. If the poor man will not satisfy their covetous desires, he is sure to be molested, troubled, and disquieted, on such sort, that, whether he will or not (though both he, the careful wife and miserable children perish for hunger), he shall forego it, or else it were as good for him to live among the furies of hell, as to dwell by those rich carles and covetous churles.' This writer proceeds to say, that by the depopulating system, whole towns became desolate, and like to a wilderness traversed only by a shepherd and his dog, and that he himself knew 'many towns and villages sore decayed, so that whereas in times past there

* See Fortescue de Land. Leg. Ang. by Amos, p. 174.

were in some towns an hundred households, now there remained not thirty: in some fifty, there were not then ten: yea, which was more to be lamented, some towns so wholly destroyed, that there was not stick nor stone standing, as they use to say. Where many men had good livings, and maintained hospitality; able at all times to help the king in his wars, and to sustain other charges; able also to help their poor neighbours, and to bring up their children in godly letters and good sciences: now sheep and conies devour altogether, no man inhabiting the foresaid places; so that those beasts which were bred of God for the nourishment of man, do now devour man.' Those 'greedy wolves and cumberous cormorants,' as he styles the sheep-masters and feeders of cattle, 'abhorred the names of monks, friars, canons, nuns, &c.; but their goods they greedily griped: and yet, where the cloisters kept hospitality, let out their farms at a reasonable price, nourished schools, brought up youth in good letters, they did none of all these things.'"*

Styve introduces his readers also to a little book, which appeared in 1546, addressed to the king, and entitled, "*A Supplication of the Poor Commons*," to which was added, "*A Petition of the Beggars*." In this, after abusing the monks and friars for their idleness, calling them "sturdy beggars," &c., they proceed: "Instead of these sturdy beggars, there is crept in a sturdy sort of extortioners: these men cease not to oppress us, your highness' poor commons, in such sort, that many thousand of us, which herebefore lived honestly upon our sore labour and travail, bringing up our children in the exercise of honest labour, are now constrained—some to beg, some to borrow, and some to rob and steal—to get food for us and our poor wives and children. And, that is most like to grow to inconvenience, we are constrained to suffer our children to spend the flower of their youth in idleness, bringing them up, other to bear wallets, other else, if they be sturdy, to stuff prisons and garnish gallow trees. For such of us as have no possessions left to us by our predecessors and elders departed this life, can now get no ferm, tenement, or cottage, at these men's hands, without we pay unto them more than we are able to make. Yea, this was tolerable, so long as after this extreme exaction we were not, for the residue of our years, oppressed with much greater rents than hath of ancient times been paid for the same grounds. For

* See Styve's *Ecc. Memor.* vol. i. pp. 60-6-7.

then a man might, within a few years, be able to recover the fine, and afterwards live honestly by his travail. But now these extortioners have so improved their lands, that they take of 40s. fine 40*l.*, and of 5 nobles rent 5*l.* : yet, not sufficed with this oppression within their own inheritance, they buy, at your highness' hand, such abbey lands as you appoint to be sold. And when they stand once seized therein, they make us your poor commons so in doubt of their threatenings, that we dare do none other than bring unto their courts our copies taken of the convents, and of the late dissolved monasteries, and confirmed by your high court of parliament. They make us believe, that, by virtue of your highness, all our former writings are void and of no effect, and that, if we will not take new leases of them, we must forthwith avoid the grounds, as having therein no interest." The supplication proceeds to state, that when these "possessioners" could see nothing to be purchased of the king, they obtained leases of abbey lands, and, by similar threats, compelled the tenants to surrender their former leases, "and to take by indenture for twenty-one years, overing both fines and rents beyond all reason and conscience. . . . So that we, your poor commons, which have no grounds, nor are able to take any of these extortioners' lands, can find no way to set our children on work now, though we proffer them for meat and drink, and poor clothes to cover their bodies. Help, merciful prince, in this extremity. . . . Employ your study to leave him (Prince Edward), a common weal to govern, and not an island of brute beasts, among whom the strongest devour the weaker. If you suffer Christ's poor members to be thus oppressed, look for none other than the rightful judgment of God for your negligence in your office and ministry. For the blood of all them, that, through your negligence, shall perish shall be required at your hand. . . . Endanger not your soul by the suffering your poor commons to be brought all to the names of *beggars* and most miserable wretches. . . . Prevent the subtile imaginations of them that gaily look after the crown of these realms, after your days. For what greater hope can they have, as concerning that detestable imagination, than that they might win the hearts of us, your highness's commons, by delivering us from the captivity and misery that we are in." They complain of the clergy also, and say of both them and the landlords, "We see daily such great increase of their unsatiable desire, that we fear lest, in process

of time, they will make us all beg, and bring to them all that we can get."*

During the reign of Edward VI, the system of clearing estates and raising rents to the most exorbitant amounts, was carried to such an extent, that not a year passed without an insurrection. The insurgents always began with tearing down the inclosures, and exhibited "a wonderful hate against gentlemen, and took them all as their enemies."† Edward himself attributed the outbreaks of the poor people to the rapacity of the gentry. In his "Remains" we find comments on the conduct of those dealing with land, which are surprisingly applicable to Ireland. After observing that the gentry generally raised their rents exorbitantly, he adds, "But most part of true gentlemen (I mean not those farming gentlemen and clarking knights), have little or nothing increased their rents. The state of landed men is ill looked to, for that estate of gentlemen and noblemen, which is truly to be termed the estate of nobles, hath alonely not increased the gain of living." And again,—"'The husbandmen and farmers take their ground at a small rent, and dwell not on it, but let it to poor men for triple the rent they take it for. . . . The farmer will have ten farms, some twenty, and will be pedlar merchant."‡

The court preachers all unanimously attributed the rebellions to the rapacity of the rich. Lever, in preaching before the king in 1550, inveighed against their "taking of fines and heightening of rents."§ Latimer says, "Restore them sufficient unto them, and search no more the cause of rebellion. Fear not these giants of England—these great men and men of power. Fear them not; but strike at the root of all evil, which is covetousness. . . I fully certify you, extortioners, violent oppressors, engrossers of tenements and lands, through whose covetousness villages decay and fall down, and the king's liege people, for lack of sustenance, are famished and decayed; they be those which speak against the honour of the king. You landlords, you *rent-raisers*, I may say, you *step-lords*, you *unnatural lords*, you have for your possessions yearly too much. Well, well, this one thing I will say unto you,—from whence it cometh I know, even

* Strype's Ecc. Memor. vol. i. pp. 615-18.

† Letter of the Protector to Sir P. Hoby. Strype, Ecc. Mem. vol. ii. part 2, p. 425.

‡ Pp. 101-2.

§ Strype, Ecc. Mem. vol. ii. part 1, p. 410.

from the devil." "Surveyors there be that greedily gorge up their covetous goods; they make up their mouths, and the commons be utterly undone by them: whose bitter cry ascendeth up to the ears of the God of Sabaoth. The greedy pit of hell-burning fire, without great repentance, doth tarry and look for them. A redress God grant. For surely, surely, but that two things do comfort me, I should despair of redress in these matters. One is, that the king's majesty, when he cometh to age, will see a redress of these things so out of frame; giving example by letting down his own lands first, and then enjoin his subjects to follow him. The second hope I have, is, I believe, that the general accounting day is at hand,—the dreadful day of judgment I mean,—which shall make an end of all these calamities and miseries; a dreadful, horrible day for them that decline from God, walking in their own ways, to whom, as it is written in the twenty-fifth of Matthew, is said "Go, ye cursed, into everlasting punishment, where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."* Bernard Gilpin, in a sermon before Edward, in 1553, said, "Now the robberies, extortions, and open oppressions of covetous cormorants have no end nor limits, nor banks to keep in their vileness. As for turning poor men out of their holds they take it for no offence, but say the land is their own; and so they turn them out of their shrouds, like mice. Thousands in England, through such, beg now from door to door, who have kept honest houses. Oh, Lord! what a number of such oppressors, worse than Ahab, are in England, *which sell the poor for a pair of shoes.* (Amos ii.) Of whom, if God should serve but three or four as he did Ahab, to make the dogs lap the blood of them, their wives and posterity, I think it would cause a great number to beware of extortion; and yet, escaping temporal punishments, they are sure, by God's word, their blood is reserved for hell-hounds. England hath of late some terrible examples of God's wrath in sudden and strange deaths, of such as join field to field, and house to house. Great pity they were not chronicled, to the terror of others."† Roger Ascham says, the authors of the misery prevailing in his time were those "who join house to house, who pile together the plunder of the poor, and who greedily eat the fruit of their labour;" those "who have now everywhere in England got the farms of the monasteries, and have increased their profits

* Strype, vol. ii. part 2, pp. 133-5.

† Cited in Strype, *ib.* pp. 135-6.

by most oppressive rents. These men plunder the whole realm. The farmers and husbandmen everywhere labour, economize, and consume themselves to satisfy their owners. Hence so many families dispersed, so many houses ruined, so many tables common to every one taken away or shut up in holes and corners. Hence the honour and strength of England, the NOBLE YEOMANRY, are broken up and destroyed. Existence is no longer a life, but a misery. Now many apply to one care only, how they may scrape together that money which they have not, to satiate a few traders. All know by experience that the misery of all is infinite. Abject wretches crawling on the ground endure the most painful feeling of this evil, as they cannot relieve themselves, and scarce dare to ask assistance from others. But there sits one in heaven who forgets not the poor. God will at length arise, on account of the groaning of the poor.”*

Strype, in illustration of the state of things in this reign, introduces his readers also to *An Information and Petition against the Oppressors of the Poor Commons of this Realm*, published, in 1550, by Robert Crowley, “a man of letters, and bred up in Oxford, an earnest professor of religion, and who, a year or two after this, received orders from Bishop Ridley.”† In this we find the following passages:—“If the possessioners would consider themselves to be but stuardes, and not lordes, over their possessions, this oppression would soon be redressed. But so long as this persuasion taketh in their minds,—‘It is mine owne; who shall warne me to do wyth myne owne as me selfe lysteth?’—it shall not be possible to have any redress at all. For if I may do with myne owne as me lysteth, then may I suffer my brother, his wife, and his children to lye in the strete, except he will give me more rent for myne house than ever he shall be able to pay; then may I take his goods for that he oweth me, and keep his body in prison, turning out his wife and children to perishe, if God wyll not move some man’s herte to pittie them, and yet keep my coffers full of gold and silver. If there were no God, then would I think it lawful for men to use their possessions as they lyste; or, if God would not require an accompt of us for the bestowing of them, I would not greatly gainsay if they took their pleasure of them whylse they lived here. But forasmuch as we have a God, and he hath declared unto us by the Scriptures that he hath made the possessioners but stuardes of his

* Epistles, pp. 294-5.

† Strype, *Ecc. Mem.* vol. ii. part 1, p. 217.

ryches, and that he will holde a streight accompt wyth them for the occupying and bestowing of them, I think that no Christian ears can abide to hear that more than Turkish opinion. . . . Behold, you engrossers of fermes and tenements, the terrible threatenings of God, whose wrath you cannot escape. The voice of the poor (whom you have with money thrust out of house and home), is well accepted in the ears of the Lord, and hath stirred up his wrath against you. He threateneth you with most horrible plagues. . . . And doubt not ye, you leasemongers, that take groundes by lease to the entente to lette them again for double and tripple the rente, your part is in this plage; for when you have multiplied your rentes to the highest, so that ye have made all your tenants poor slaves, to labour and toyle, and bring to you all that may be plowen and digged out of your groundes, then shall death suddenly strike you; then shall your conscience pricke you; then shall you think, with desperate Cain, that your sin is greater then that it may be forgiven. For your own conscience shall judge you worthy no mercy, because you have shewed no mercy. Yea, the same enimie that hath kindled this same mischievous, outrageous, and unsociable covetousnes shall then be as busy to put you in mind of the words of Christ, saying, ‘The same measure that you have made unto others shall now be made unto you.’ You have showed no mercy; how can you then look for mercy? . . . God hath not sette you to survey his lands, but to play the stuardes in his household of this world, and to see that your pour fellow-servantes lacke not their necessaries. . . . And if any of them perish thorowe your default, knowe then for certeyntye that the bloud of them shall be required at your hands. If the impotent creatures perish for lack of necessaries, you are the murderers, for you have their inheritance, and do not minister unto them. If the sturdy fall to stealing, robbing, and revering, then are you the causers thereof, for you dig in, inclose, and withhold from them the earth, out of which they should dig and plough their living. For, as the Psalmist writeth, ‘All the heaven is the Lordes; but as for the earth hee hath given to the children of men.’ . . . What a sea of mischifes hath flowed out of this more then Turkish tyrannie?” The work concludes thus:—“If you let these things pass, and regarde them not, be ye sure the Lord shall confound your wisdome. Invent, decre, establish, and authorise what you can, all shall come to nought. The ways that you shall invent to establish

unitie and concord shall be the occasions of discord. The things wherby you shal think to wyn praise through all the world shall tourne to your utter shame, and the wayes you shall invent to establish a kingdom shall be the utter subversion of the same."

In another work, published the same year, we find the following passages on this subject:—"We are commanded to love God above all things, and our neighbours as ourselves. But how do we love our neighbours as ourselves, when we put them out of their houses, and lay their goods in the streets? . . . Who in these days are such oppressors, such graziers (turning arable land to pasture), such shepherds (keeping sheep instead of ploughing for setting poor men on work), such enhancers of rents, such takers of incomes, as are those which profess the Gospel? . . . Would to God that in these days men would be as careful for their poor brethren as they are for their dogs."*

In 1548, a rebellion broke out in Cornwall. After its suppression, says Strype, "that these insurrections might be prevented for the future, occasioned in a great measure by the poverty and discontent that reigned in the country, by reason of the decay of tillage, and the inclosing of land for pasturage," "a commission was granted to inquire into these abuses; and on the 1st of June, there went out a notable proclamation against inclosures, letting houses fall to decay, and unlawful converting of arable ground into pastures." This proclamation set forth, that the king and privy council had been "advertised" "as well by divers supplications and pitiful complaints of the king's poor subjects, as also by other wise and discreet men, having care of the good order of the realm, that of late by the inclosing of lands and arable grounds in divers and sundry places of the realm, many had been driven to extreme poverty, and compelled to leave the places where they were born, and seek their beings in other countries with great misery and poverty, insomuch as in times past, where ten, twenty, yea in some places one hundred or two hundred Christian people have been inhabiting," &c. &c. "now there is nothing but sheep and bullocks; all that land which was heretofore tilled and occupied by so many men," &c. &c., "is now gotten by the insateable greediness of men, into one or two men's hands, and scarcely dwelt upon by one poor shepherd, so that the realm is thereby

* See Strype, *Ecc. Mem.* vol. ii. part 1, pp. 226-7.

brought into marvellous desolation, houses decayed, parishes diminished, the force of the realm weakened, and Christian people by the greedy covetousness of some men, eaten and devoured of brute beasts, and driven from their houses by sheep and bullocks,"—that though complaints had been often made of these abuses, and many laws provided against them, yet "the insatiable covetousness of men," did not cease "more and more to waste the realm after this sort, bringing arable grounds into pasture, and letting houses, whole families and copyholds to fall down, decay and be waste," and that therefore he had appointed commissioners to enquire "of all such as, contrary to the said acts and godly ordinances, have made inclosures and pastures of that which was arable ground, or let any house, tenement, or mease, decay and fall down," &c. &c. The proclamation notices the "great rots and mur-rains, both of sheep and bullocks," which "as it may be justly thought by the due punishment of God for such un-charitableness, have been lately sent of God and seen in the realm."

From the charge of Mr. John Hales, one of the most zealous of the commissioners, on the opening of his commission, we shall give a few extracts that may prove useful if not interesting. After mentioning that the decay of tillage, &c., had already produced a "wonderful diminution of the king's subjects, as those can wel declare, that confer the new books of musters with the old, or with the Chronicles;" so that "where there were in few years ten or twelve thousand people, there be now scarce four thousand—where there were a thousand, now scarce three hundred, and in many places where there were very many able to defend our country from the landing of our enemies, now almost none;"—after inveighing against the rapacity of the rich, and pointing out its inutility even to themselves, as "evil gotten worse spent," after regretting "that there should be so little charity amongst men," and that one Englishman should be set to destroy his countryman," and recommending his auditors to consider nothing "profitable that is not godly and honest, and nothing godly and honest wherby our neighbours and Christen brethren, or the commonwealth our country is hurted or harmed,"—he says God's word is full of threats and curses against the oppressors of the poor. "Woe be unto you," saith He, "that cannot be contented that other men should live by you and with you, but put men from their livings, join house to house, and couple field to field: what do you

mean? Think ye to live alone in the midst of the earth? No, no, the people be mine, I have a care and respect to them; I will not suffer them to be devoured at your hands, . . . I am their defender, I am their ayder, and I will not suffer them to perish.”*

“Such was the greedy avarice of the gentry,” and so successfully did they thwart the execution of the commissions, that all the endeavors of the court and the commissioners were unavailing; “the severe effects of which appeared,” says Strype, “the next year, in insurrections throughout the kingdom.” In anticipation of these outbreaks, and through compassion for the poor, the king issued several proclamations and commissions against the inclosures, but the people were so harrassed by their sufferings, that they rose in rebellion in Cornwall, Devon, and Norfolk. After some partial success, they were suppressed with great slaughter, and at an expense to the crown of 27,330*l.* 7*s.* 7*d.*† Strype attributes the loss of the outworks of Bologne, and the sale of that town, to these troubles, not permitting the king to send forces in time to its relief.‡ He also informs us, that the nobility and gentry were greatly disgusted with the Protector for issuing the proclamations and commissions, and acting leniently towards the poor people; that they thought the establishment of martial law, the issuing of special commissions of *oyer* and *terminer*, and hanging up the “ripest knaves” in each county, the best means of securing the peace; and that the mildness of his courses which were condemned by the “lofty domineering nobles and gentlemen, whose covetousness made them afflict and oppress the inferior sort,” was one of the causes of his downfall.§

It is unnecessary to go into a detail of all the rebellions, that occurred in this and the two subsequent reigns on account of the gentry thus clearing their estates. All that we need say is, that scarce a year passed in the reigns of Edward and Elizabeth, without an insurrection in some corner or other of the island—or complaints being made of a famine, or at the least a scarcity of provisions,|| and that so prominent a feature was agricultural distress in every insurrection, that even in the homily against wilful rebellion, the first standard of rebellion mentioned is a flag with the plough, and the motto “God speed the Plough.” The state of things in England then bore

* Strype's Ecc. Mem. vol. ii. pp. 351-9.

† Ib. 279.

§ Ib. 237, 286.

‡ Ib. 278.

|| See Strype, *passim*.

the strongest possible resemblance to the state of Ireland for the last century and a half—the only difference being, that in England the government always sought to remove the cause of the popular discontent, while here it has studiously encouraged the oppression of the poor, shut its eyes to their wrongs, and contented itself with sabreing and hanging them when famine drove them to rebellion.

In the reign of Edward, the depopulators had too much power to allow the people to obtain any relief from their oppressions, and in 1546 threw out three bills brought in by Hales the commissioner for the protection of the poor against the graziers, and for the maintenance of tillage and husbandry.* The only statute passed on the subject in that reign was the 5 and 6 Ed. VI, c. 5, which provided that so much land should be annually tilled in each parish as had been kept in tillage for the space of four years at any time since the first year of Henry VIII, under a penalty of 5s. an acre “for every year so offending,” and that commissioners should be appointed to inquire what lands were in tillage. In the reign of Mary, we find two valuable acts, to which we would specially call the attention of the depopulators and their abettors.

The 2 & 3 Philip and Mary, c. i. “for the better habitacion, restoring, and reedifying of the castelles, fortresses, and fortes, lettes, villages, and houses, that bee decayed within the counties of Northumberlande, Cumberlande, Westmoreland, and the bishopricke of Durham, and for the better manuring and employing the groundes within the same, and for the more increase of tillage,” provided that a commission should be issued from and after the 1st of December then next following, as often “as nede shall requyre,” to inquire into those evils and to remedy them at the discretion of the commissioners. The act sets out the form of the commission, and virtually gives up to the discretion of the commissioners all the property in those counties, as well crown lands as others—and is enough to startle those who fancy that “every man has a right to do what he likes with his own.” That act, however, applied only to those counties which, perhaps, were in a worse condition than any others in the kingdom. The next in the statute book, (the 2 and 3 P. and M. c. 2), applied to the entire kingdom. This act confirmed for ever the 4 Hen. VII, c. 19, and extended its operation to all houses decayed or to “bee decayed,” that had or should have “twenty acres or more to

* Strype, *ib.* p. 211.

them lying or belonging," whether the same or any part thereof had been used in tillage or not, and authorized the crown, at all times, as often as should seem convenient, to appoint commissioners to hear and determine all offences against the 4 Hen. VII, c. 19, and 7 Hen. VIII. c. 1, and to inquire of all grounds converted from tillage to pasture, and "of all grounde in or neere any corne feilde newly converted to the keeping of conies, not being lawful warren." The powers of these commissioners, though not so great as those of the commissioners for the four northern counties, were still very extensive. They were to bind the parties guilty "of any of thaforesaid decays or defaults, and then being and continuing owner," &c. &c. "in such sommes of money as to suche commissioners shall seem reasonable for the reedifying of such decayed houses, and for the converting of such ground so converted from tillage to pasture into tillage again, and for the diminishing and destroying of conies within such convenient time and in such maner and fourme as to the same commissioners shall seem mete;" and if "the offender or offenders cannot be gotten to be bound by recognizance," then to "take such other order for the reedifying, &c. &c. as shall bee thought mete by their discretions;"—and if the place in which the decayed houses should be situated, should be found in the hands of any other than the original offenders, then to compel those to reedify, &c. and to assess and tax all and every person having any particular estate in the lands for term of life, years, &c. in such sums of money as to the commissioners should seem reasonable, to be paid by way of contribution, according to the nature of their estates, to the person ordered to rebuild, and (sec. 4) to compel the occupiers of the grounds converted to pasture, or "employed to the keeping of conies," "to turne the same again into tillage, or to destroy or diminishe the said conies" within such time and upon such paynes as by them shall be limited and appointed,"—and (sec. 12) "if the grounds to be reconverted into tillage should be chargeable with any rent reserved since the time the said ground was converted from tillage to pasture, and which was reserved and made greater in consideration that the same was so converted from tillage into pasture or stored with conies," to abate and apportion according to their discretion "all suche rents, if they be greater than the ground turned into tillage or by reason of the destruction of the conies, is worth"—any "writing, agreement, or promise whatsoever to the contrary notwithstanding;"—and (sec. 14) if the houses when rebuilt

should not be let to farm within two years, with twenty, or at least ten, acres of land “lying convenient for the said house,” “to demise and let the said house and landes to any person or persons having no other ferm or tenements within the same parishe, nor having any accion or suit at that present against the owner, and requiring the same for seven years at the most, for such reasonable rent, and upon such reasonable covenantes as the said commissioners shall think mete forbothe parties,”—“upon which lease thowners of thouse and lands so letton, their executors and assigns and every of them for the time being, and also every such lessee, &c. &c. shall have such remedy and actions thone against thother as they should or might have had if they themselves onely had been parties to the said leases.” The twenty-fourth section imposed a fine of 5*s.* for every acre that should be thenceforth converted from tillage to pasture.

Severe as this statute would now appear, it and the 5 and 6 Ed. VI, c. 5, were repealed by the 5 Eliz. c. 2, as “being in some partes thereof imperfect, and in some places too milde and gentle, and thereby not having brought to the decayed state of tillage and houses of husbandry that long-looked-for remedye which was then hoped for.” This statute confirmed for ever the 4 Hen. VII, c. 19, 7 Hen. VIII, c. 1, 27 Hen. VIII, c. 22, and 27 Hen. VIII, c. 28, sec. 17, 18, and provided that all lands tilled for four years successively at any time since the 20 Hen. VIII should be kept in tillage under a penalty of 10*s.* an acre, to be recovered by the next heir, the remainder-man, the lord of the fee, or the crown, or in default of these successively, by any one who should sue, &c. &c.; and also, that all lands converted to pasture between ann. 7 and 20 Hen. VIII should be restored to tillage within one year, and that commissioners should be appointed, from time to time, to enquire of offences, &c. &c. &c. By the 13 Eliz. c. 25, this act was made perpetual, but by the 14 Eliz. c. 11, 27 Eliz. c. 11, 29 Eliz. c. 25, 31 Eliz. c. 10, and 35 Eliz. c. 7, was continued only to the end of the next session of parliament. This seemed to be productive of much mischief, for, in 1597-8 we find two acts passed on the subject. The first (39 Eliz. c. 1), enacts that one half of the houses of husbandry decayed for more than seven years, and all those decayed within seven years, should be rebuilt, and forty or twenty acres of land laid to them under a yearly penalty of 10*l.* for not rebuilding the houses, and 10*s.* an acre for not laying the lands to them. The second (39 Eliz. c. 2), begins with the following admi-

nable recital:—"Whereas the strengthe and flourishinge estate of this kingdome hath bene allways and [is] greatly upheld and advanced by the maintenance of the ploughe and tillage, being the occasion of the increase and multiplyng of people, both for service in the wars and in tymes of peace,—being, also, a principal meane that people are sett on worke, and thereby withdrawn from ydlenesse, drunkenesse, unlawful games, and all other lewd practises and conditions of life: And whereas, by the same means of tillage and husbandrie, the greater parte of the subjects are preserved from extreme poverty in a competent estate and maintenance, and means to live, and the wealth of the realme is kept dispersed and distributed in manie handes, where yt is more ready to answer all necessary chardges for the service of the realme: And whereas, also, the said husbandrie and tillage is a cause that the realme doth more stand upon itselfe without dependinge upon forraigne countries, either for bringinge in of corne in tyme of scarcitie, or vent and utterance of our own commodities, beinge in over greate abundance: and whereas," since the discontinuance of the husbandry acts in the thirty-fifth year of her reign, "there have growne many more depopulations by turning tillage into pasture than at any time for the like number of years heretofore." This act increased the penalty on the conversion of tillage to pasture, or not reconverting pasture to tillage, from 10s. to 20s. per acre, and made the penalty recoverable at once by whoever would sue for it. By another act of the same session, the 5th Eliz. c. 2, was made perpetual.

The administration of the law was then as corrupt in England as it was during the last century, and up to a very recent period, in this country; and therefore acts of parliament were powerless against the exterminators of the poor; and the natural consequence was that thieves, "sturdy beggars," and vagabonds were as numerous there as they ever have been in this country. So dangerous did Elizabeth consider the crowds of "vagabonds" about London, in 1595, that she ordered "the most incorrigible" to be executed by martial law.* In her reign, and in those of her father and brother, several acts were passed, much worse, perhaps, than any coercion bills ever enacted for this country. Some of those provided, that "sturdy beggars and vagabonds" should be whipped (22 Hen. VIII, c. 12); that they should for the

* Lingard, vol. viii. p. 409.

second offence have the upper part of the right ear cut off, and for the third suffer death as felons (27 Hen. VIII, c. 25); that they should be marked with a V on the breast with a red-hot iron, and be adjudged slaves for two years to any one who would take them, and have iron collars put on their necks, legs, or arms as marks of ownership; for the second offence, be marked in the same manner on the forehead or cheek with an S, and be slaves for ever; and for the third suffer death as felons (1 Edw. VI, c. 3); and that they should be whipped, and burned through the right ear with a red-hot iron "of the compass of an inch about;" for the second offence suffer death as felons, unless some one would take them into service; and for the third, suffer as felons absolutely. (14 Eliz. c. 5.) In spite of these enactments, and the innumerable executions that took place every year, the number of the idle poor was continually increasing, nor did the country enjoy anything like peace or security till after the enactment of the celebrated poor law of 1601, which gave every man a right to relief if he were in want of it. By the 21 Jac. I, c. 28, all the husbandry acts then in force (except the 25 Hen. VIII, c. 13, concerning the number of sheep each person could keep), were repealed. This seems to have restored the old abuse in all its ancient virulence, for we find a writer, in 1636, describing its effects in the same language as the earlier writers, and denouncing it with the same vehemence, as being opposed to every law, divine and human,* and summing up all the evils of it in these lines, which we copy, chiefly from fancying that they will be words of good omen for our own afflicted countrymen.

"Rex patitur, patitur clerus, républica, pauper;
Et non passurus depopulator erit?"

"But now *passurus est* depopulator: you have heard him discovered, described, arraigned, and convicted, and, ere long, you shall hear his sentence. His crime is no less than high treason against the Sacred Trinity of Heaven, in compassing about violating, and cancelling of that great charter of *terram dedit filiis hominum ut operarentur*,"* and he "must not think that such a grand transgression against God, the

* "Depopulation arraigned, convicted, and condemned, by the lawes of God and man: a treatise necessary in these times. By R. P. of Wells, one of the societie of New Inne."

† He gave the earth to the children of men, that they might labour.

king, the Church, the State, and the poore, can be expiated by a parlor sermon of a stipendiary schoolmaster, who must sow *downe* under his patron's elbowes; *ulcus est ne tangas*; he must not touch this maladie for fear he should lose his salarie." (p. 78.)

It appears that the husbandry acts having been repealed, the law advisers of Charles relied on the provisions of the common law for the repression of this crime, for we find that the judges were every year admonished, before going on their circuits, to be particularly assiduous in inquiring into and punishing it. The writer whom we have above quoted complains, that though the judges had, in pursuance of these instructions, been always careful in directing the justices of the peace and the grand juries to inquire into and present these offences, yet no presentment had been ever effectually prosecuted, in consequence of the great influence of the guilty parties and the connivance of "the countrey justices;" and he rejoices that they were at length to meet with their deserts, as the Star Chamber had resolved to take up the subject. We find the lord keeper Coventry, when admonishing the judges before going the summer circuit of 1635, to inquire into depopulation and inclosures, "a crime of a crying nature, that barreth God of his honour and the king of his subjects," making the same complaint of the inefficacy of their former exertions, in consequence of "depopulation being an oppression of an high nature, and commonly done by the greatest persons, that keep the jurors under and in awe;" but adding, "yet his majesty willeth that you do not cease, but inquire on still, for it is his resolution, against all opposition, to make all men see he hath a care of this over-spreading evil, and of the means of his people, having churches and towns demolished, and his people eaten up like bread to satisfy the greedy desires of a few who do waste as profusely as they gather unconscionably, and bring unto their posterity that woe which is pronounced against those that "lay house to house and field to field," to dwell alone in the midst of the earth."* Whether the judges had more success on this than on preceding occasions we cannot say; but we learn that Charles, in the following year, by virtue, we must suppose, of the powers vested in him by the common law, issued commissions into most of the counties of the kingdom, to inquire "What and how many burroughes,

* St. Tr. vol. iii. 832-4.

townes, villages, parishes, hamlets, farmes, farme-houses, or other messuages or houses, since the tenth year of the late queen Elizabeth, have been and are now depopulated, destroyed, and ruinated, or converted from the habitation of husbandmen to other uses, and what lands and tenements have been converted from tillage and plowing to pasture," and that the commissioners were commanded to order the persons interested in the depopulated lands to cause, within a time to be limited by any two or more of the commissioners, the houses of husbandry to be repaired, the separated lands to be restored to them, "the lands converted from tillage to pasture and *other unlawful purposes*," to be restored to tillage, "and to admit of husbandmen to be tenants of those houses, *prout hactenus fieri consuetum fuerit*."* We know not what was the result of these commissions, nor have we materials or time for tracing satisfactorily the further progress of this blighting crime in England, and we shall therefore close this notice of it by transcribing from R. P. a decree of the Star Chamber, which may teach the Irish exterminators, that, however they may set at defiance the laws of God and the dictates of charity, they may at last meet with condign punishment at the common law. "In Michaelmas terme, 10 Car., upon an information exhibited by his majestie's attorney-general against a gentleman of note and worth, for *depopulation*, converting great quantities of land into pasture, which formerly, for the space of about forty years, had been arable, used to tillage, and occupied as belonging to severall farme-houses or houses of husbandry, and suffering the farme-houses, with their outhouses, to bee ruined and uninhabited, and a water corn-mill to decay and go to ruin; for that it appeared upon evident prooffe that there were many servants and people kept upon those farms when they were used in tillage," &c. &c.; "and for that the defendant had then of late years taken into his owne occupation all the said farmes, and converted all the lands formerly used for tillage unto pasture, and had also *depopulated* and pulled downe three of the said farme-houses, and suffered the other two to run to ruin, and to lye uninhabited," &c. &c.; and for that the defendant had suffered the mill to go to decay, to the prejudice of a neighbouring town. "Upon grave and deliberate consideration, the court did, with a joynt consent and opinion, declare that the defendant was

* Depopulation, pp. 93-6.

clearly guilty of the said depopulation and conversion of arable land into pasture before expressed, and that the same offences were punishable even by the common law of this kingdom, and fit to be severely punished the rather for that it was a growing evil," &c. &c.; "and therefore their lordships did think fit to order, adjudge, and decree, that" the defendant should be committed to the Fleet prison, should pay a fine of four thousand pounds to the king, acknowledge his offences in open court at the next assizes for his county, that his sentence should be there publicly read, that he should pay the relator as recompense for his trouble one hundred pounds, besides costs of suit, another one hundred pounds to the minister, and a third one hundred pounds for the poor of the parish; and should, within two years, repair and build the farm-houses, and out-houses, and the mill, "fit for habitation and use, as they were before;" restore the lands formerly let with the farm-houses "unto the farm-houses again; and let and demise the same severall farmes to severall tenants for reasonable rents, such as the country would afford; and that all the said lands should be again plowed up and used to tillage as formerly it had been."—(pp. 84-89.)

The similarity between what is now every day occurring here and what formerly occurred in England is extremely striking. It being useless to refer to the early periods of British rule in this country, we shall draw our illustrations chiefly from the history of the last eighty years. It appears that, at the time of the Revolution, Ireland was "the most improved and improving spot of ground in Europe."* The measures adopted in William's reign for destroying her manufactures and commerce, first laid the foundation of her ruin. The people, thus driven from manufactures and commerce, had for their only resource the cultivation of the land; but this was soon virtually forbidden to such of them as were Catholics, by the enactment of the penal laws. The descriptions given of the annual famines, and fevers, and other disorders produced by this system of legislation, are most heart-rending and almost incredible. Prior to 1762 the poor bore their afflictions with all the patience and humility of martyrs. In that year they first resorted to outrage and insurrection as a means of redress. Their first act is sufficiently indicative of the cause of their turbulence, and

* Lord Sydney's speech from the viceregal throne, in 1692. Irish Com. J. vol. ii. p. 577.

of the object for which they confederated. "In the month of January 1762 the White Boys first appeared, and, in one night, DUG UP TWELVE ACRES OF RICH FATTENING GROUND, belonging to Mr. Maxwell, near Kilfinnan, in this county."* Though a special commission was immediately issued, and two men were hanged, the execution did not check the unfortunate people: the insurrection spread as extensively as the grievance, and became very alarming. The cause of the disturbance is thus narrated by a very eminent historian:—

"Various causes about this period concurred in reducing these forlorn peasantry to the most abject misery. An epidemic disorder of the horned cattle had spread from Holstein, through Holland, into England, where it raged for some years; and, in consequence, raised the prices of beef, cheese and butter, to exorbitancy. Hence pasturage became more profitable than tillage, and the whole agriculture of the south of Ireland, which had for some time past flourished under a mild administration of the Popery laws, instantly ceased; and numerous families, who were fed by the labour of agriculture, were turned adrift without means of subsistence. Cottiers being tenants at will were everywhere dispossessed of their scanty holdings, and large tracts of land were let to wealthy monopolisers, who by feeding cattle required few hands, and paid higher rents. Pressed by need, most of these unfortunate peasantry sought shelter in the neighbouring towns, to beg that bread which they could no longer earn; and the only piteous resource of the affluent was to ship off as many as would emigrate, to seek maintenance or death in foreign climes."†

Dr. Campbell in his *Philosophical Survey*, adds his testimony to that of Plowden, as to the principal cause of agrarian insurrection.

"After considering all this, yet seeing, at the same time, that the greater, and certainly the best part of what I have seen, instead of being in a progressive state of improvement, is verging to depopulation, and that the inhabitants are either moping under the sullen gloom of inactive indigence, or blindly asserting the rights of nature in nocturnal insurrections, attended with circumstances of ruinous devastation and savage cruelty; must we not conclude that there are political errors somewhere?..... There is no necessity for recurring to natural disposition, when the political constitution obtrudes upon us so many obvious and sufficient causes of the sad effects we complain of. The first of these is the suffering avarice to convert the arable land into

* *History of Limerick*, p. 129.

† *Plowd. Hist. Rev. of the State of Ireland*, vol. i. part 1, p. 336.

pasture. The evils arising from this custom in England were so grievous, that Henry VII enacted a statute to remedy them; but the mischief still continuing, Henry VIII revised all the ancient statutes, and caused them to be put into execution. Yet notwithstanding all this care, so great was the discontent of the people, occasioned by decay of tillage and increase of pasturage, that they rose in actual rebellion in the reign of Edward VI; and instigated by indigence and oppression, demolished in many counties the greatest part of the inclosures."

After observing that "the rebellion was not altogether fruitless," as it produced an inquiry into the cause of it, he quotes the proclamation of Edward VI, saying "it is so remarkably apposite to the present state of the south of Ireland, that I cannot forbear citing an extract or two from it;"—and recommends that a similar course should be adopted to repress the rapacity of the Irish landlords, and remove the misery that was the immediate and only cause of insurrection.—pp. 292-3, &c.

But though "the suffering of avarice to convert the tillage land into pasture," and depriving the people of the means of eking out a subsistence by the cultivation of the soil, were the obvious causes of insurrection, and had been met in England by the benevolent measures which we have above mentioned,—the hardhearted oligarchs of Ireland refused to listen to the complaints of the poor, and contented themselves with suppressing each successive insurrection with the sabre, the gibbet, and the transport-ship; thus, in the words of Grattan, "referring the poor to the hangman for regulation, and to Providence for relief." They passed coercion bill on coercion bill, and enforced marshal law with such frequency and severity, that it is only within the last ten years that the people have begun to look on themselves as British subjects, or bound to obey the established law a moment longer than there were troops to support it. From the treatment they received they could not but regard their rulers as their enemies, and their enactments as entitled to no more respect than the bye-laws of banditti.

In two preceding numbers of this Review (No. XIX, pp. 212-17; No. XX, pp. 519-37), so many authorities were collected, proving to demonstration that from the first agrarian insurrection in 1762, down to the last in 1840, each and every one was attributable solely to the oppressions of the landlords, their ejection of their tenants, and refusing them land even at the most exorbitant rents, to raise potatoes for their support,

that we must regard that as a proposition which can be no longer controverted; and we will, therefore, attend only to the system of legislation pursued on the subject by those who looked solely to the wishes of the landlords, and thought that every facility should be given to the process of *clearing* estates of their human incumbrances.

From 1793 to 1816, the poor enjoyed some intermission of oppression. When Catholics were restored to the franchise, those who were anxious for political influence, crowded their estates with forty shilling freeholders, and the great price of corn caused by the war, having rendered tillage more profitable than pasture, created employment for a great number of labourers. But as soon as the war prices had fallen, and the cultivation of corn had ceased to yield its prior extraordinary profits to the growers, pasture became more profitable than tillage, and sheep and oxen were thought to be more useful as well as ornamental occupants of the soil, than the wretched labourers, who had been collected on it, while their assistance was required to render it valuable. It was then, of course, necessary to enable the landed proprietors to *clear* their estates of the helots. Their happiness or misery was a question which it would have been beneath the dignity of their Spartan masters to take into consideration. They feared not their power—or, if they did, they knew that famine was a more effective, and according to modern notions a more feasible and reputable mode of destruction than the general massacres of earlier, but less hypocritical, generations. In 1816, a law was passed enabling landlords to recover possession of all tenements, on which the rent reserved did not amount to 20% a year, by summary process of ejectment, requiring only thirty days' notice before the assistant barrister at quarter-sessions.* In 1820, the amount of rent for which this summary process was allowed, was raised to 50%.† and as if this proceeding were not summary enough, in 1836, another act passed, reducing the interval between the service of the process and the time of trial from thirty to fifteen days.‡ The entire expense was, and is, considerably under 2%. Thus the greatest portion of the tenantry of Ireland can be dispossessed within one fortnight after they receive notice of their landlord's wish to get rid of them, and at an expense certain not to amount to two pounds.

* 56 Geo. III, c. 88.

† 1 Geo. IV. c. 41.

‡ 6 and 7 Wm. IV, c. 75.

When we consider the character of the courts, and the course of proceeding by which the system of extermination is carried on in this summary form, we shall see further reasons for wishing that such a jurisdiction never existed. Each court consists of a single judge called the assistant barrister, from being appointed to assist the magistrates in the discharge of their duties in criminal business. Up to the vice-royalty of the Marquis of Wellesley, the government always conceded the appointment to the county members*—thus making him the nominee at second-hand of the landed gentry, between whom and their unfortunate tenantry he was expected to preside as an independent and upright judge. He must be a barrister of six years' standing. He has a fixed salary of 400*l.* a year—but various small fees raise his annual receipts into sums varying in different counties, from perhaps 700*l.* to 1500*l.* Few men of station or business accept the office—and whenever any man rises while in it to station or business, he throws it up. It is generally looked upon in the same light as a mastership in Chancery—an hospital for invalids. The assistant-barristers decide all civil cases without the aid of a jury, except in a few instances where they may impanel two or three bystanders to arrange complicated accounts, or to estimate the credibility of conflicting testimony. The infallible rectitude of their decisions may be inferred from the fact, that Conservatives and Liberals alternately accuse them of determining all questions affecting the registries according to their *political bias*. In the exhibition of the good or bad qualities of their nature or education, they are not restrained by the presence of a vigilant and independent bar. As no fees are allowed for barristers, none attend; and as those allowed for attornies are the lowest ever yet offered in any country to professional men, no attornies attend except those who cannot get business elsewhere. The salutary influence which the presence of a good bar has on the conduct of the judges in the superior courts, here and in England, is well known; but here in all questions between the landed gentry and their poor victims, attornies of the humblest class are considered sufficient checks on the country justices and their chairmen. In the ejection proceeding, also, there are no technical forms which can give the tenant a chance of success or respite. All that is necessary is a printed form settled by act of parliament, which when filled

* Edinburgh Review, vol. xliii. number for February 1826, art. 10.

up with the names of the plaintiffs and defendants, and a loose description of the subject of demand, serves at once for writ and declaration:—but as even in this some discrepancies occasionally occurred between the statement and the proof of the case, and it was necessary to give to all the occupants of a farm notice of their intended extermination, by the late act all such trifles are dispensed with, and the barrister is allowed to overrule all objections of form, and dispose of every poor man's property according to his notions of equity and conscience. Unfortunately, also, he gives very little time to his conscience to deliberate. It appears that the thirty-four barristers have 614,500 cases to decide in each year.* In 1825, Mr. O'Connell in his evidence before the committee on the state of Ireland, said, "as to the mode of proceeding in the civil bill-court, the hurry is excessive. There is no poetry in saying that justice is frightened away. Six thousand cases have been decided in a week. I am in my conscience thoroughly convinced, that if a society were instituted to discourage virtue, and countenance vice, it would have been ingenious indeed if it had discovered such a system as the assistant-barrister's court." This evidence we find cited with approbation in the *Law Magazine* (a periodical of strong Conservative tendencies), for May 1841, pp. 322-3.

It is impossible for any Englishman to form the remotest conception of the facilities, or rather provocatives, to ejectment afforded by this system—by the character of the court—the mode of trial—the absence of legal forms—the smallness of the expense—the ease with which a decree of ejectment might be obtained, or *stolen*, as the phrase went†—and the shortness of the time between the first service of the ejectment process, and the expulsion by the sheriff, police, and military, of the heartbroken tenantry, from the lands which they and their fathers had held for ages. We have looked in every quarter—in every parliamentary paper—for a return of the number of ejectments which have proceeded from the Quarter Session courts since this jurisdiction was first conceded to them—but in vain. We could find returns of every earthly character, except a reckoning of the oppressions of the poor. This stain on the character of our representatives will, we trust, be blotted out next session; in the mean time, we shall lay before our readers such details as we have been able to collect. The average number of ejectment

* *Law Magazine*, No. lii, p. 313.

† *Ib.* p. 320.

processes in the county of Donegal, for the three years preceding May 1827, were 407 entered for trial, of which 237 were decreed, and 28 dismissed. For the three years ending in December 1826, in Roscommon, the entries for trial were 504, and the decrees thereon 329.† In 1836-7-8 more than 330 ejectment decrees issued from the Quarter Session court of Longford,* besides those from the superior courts. For the six years previous to 1833, the returns for Galway and Wicklow were—for Galway, entries (that is, processes entered for trial with the clerk of the peace) 507, decrees issued 401,—for Wicklow, entries 253, decrees issued 158. In Galway, in 1833, 161 civil bills were brought against 753 defendants; in 1834, 223 against 887 defendants; and, at the January sessions for 1832, one proprietor brought civil bills against 347 defendants, whose rents amounted together to only £522, and obtained decrees of possession against all. In Kilkenny, from 1827 to 1833, there were ejectment bills entered against 5293 defendants.‡ From the following tabular summary for the seventeen following counties, from 1827 to 1833, the reader will be able to form some conjecture as to the extent to which this system of extermination by the forms of law is carried. We give the summary as we find it in the second supplement to appendices D, E, and F, to the first Report of the Poor Law Enquiry Commissioners, p. 358. “Entries,” at the head of the first column, means, as we have said already, the civil bills entered for trial with the clerk of the peace.

			Entries.	Decrees Issued.	No. of Dfts.
Mayo	835	460	2828
Sligo	540	301	1021
Carlow	279	189	719
Kilkenny	782	653	2305
King's Cross	418	199	987
Queen's Cross	619	372	1713
Longford	188	175	528
Louth, including Drogheda	§	...	382	266	813
Meath	527	426	1302
Clare	738	312	1894
Cork	1429	947	2062

* App. to 17th Rep. on Courts of Justice in Ireland, pp. 56, 105-6.

† Digest of the Evidence before the Roden Committee, by D. Leahy, Esq. p. 10.

‡ Rep. Poor Inquiry (Ireland) Com. App. II, part 2, p. 30.

§ From Drogheda there was no return for 1828.

Cavan	1295	...	862	...	3842
Donegal	797	...	518	...	2250
Down	1102	...	669	...	2180
Fermagh	546	...	280	...	1382
Londonderry	1063	...	721	...	2427
Monaghan*	1123	...	—	...	2754

Altogether, the reader will find the number of defendants to be 31,007. If, then, he will reflect, that the other counties, from which no returns were made, had a far larger Catholic population than all these together; and that, in Tipperary alone, there are as many ejections in one year, as in the average of the others for seven years, the depopulation being nothing less than wholesale, and the assistant-barrister himself having declared, before the late Roden Committee, that he had had more than 150 ejections at one quarter sessions;† he will admit that the number of defendants for those seventeen counties did not amount to within 10,000 of those for the remaining thirteen. However, suppose them equal, and you have for all Ireland 62,000. Altogether you may take, at the lowest computation, including those expelled by process from the superior courts, 2,000 defendants, as the average number for each county, in every period of seven years, or about 285 annually; and, if you assume each defendant to represent a family of six persons, you will easily find the gross annual amount of individuals whom these courts drive to misery and despair.

However great the above number may at first sight appear to any one not practically acquainted with this country, we fear that it is rather under than over the mark, as it is founded on the returns from 1827 to 1833 inclusive, which cannot be equal to those for any subsequent period of seven years; for, since the 40s. freeholders were disfranchised in 1829, the landlords have been sweeping them off their properties, as if they were locusts: it is chiefly since that time we have heard of Protestant colonization societies, and the various other devices for substituting Protestant for Catholic tenants; since the introduction of poor-laws was rendered probable, the avarice of the landlords has been most powerfully stimulated, to clear their estates of those who might, at a subsequent period, become a permanent burden on the parish; by the late census, it appears that the population

* The number of decrees for Monaghan could not be made out.

† See Dublin Review, No. xx. p. 522.

has not increased in its former ratio; and, by the exports of cattle to England, which amounted, in 1826, to 57,000 head, and amount now to 180,000 annually,* it would seem, that the amount of land devoted to feeding cattle is now two-thirds more than it was in 1826. From what has been done in one county, the reader may judge of what has been done in all. In Meath, we learn from the Report of the Poor Inquiry commissioners, that, in one place, the holdings of twenty families, amounting to 164 acres, were given to two graziers; in another, those of fourteen families, occupying from five to fifteen acres each, were given to an individual already holding 800 acres; and, in a third place, those of twenty families were converted into one grass farm of 200 acres.† Thus, where there had been fifty-four families, there are now three graziers.

We shall now state what is the law in England on the subject of ejectment. By the policy of the common law, so well and deservedly described by Coke, as “the perfection of reason,” and which, as we have already shown, made depopulation an unclergyable felony, every conceivable difficulty was thrown in the way of the landlord endeavouring to expel his tenantry, and everything doubtful was decided in their favour, and they were even frequently saved from ruin contrary to the express stipulations into which they had entered. For the last two centuries the legislature and the courts in both countries have been removing the difficulties which formerly beset the landlords’ path, in prosecuting ejectment, until now it is as smooth, and short, and easy, in England, as it is desirable to make it, with security to the tenant, and advantage even to the landlord; and until, in Ireland, all tenants, at rentals less than 50% a year, are deprived of all protection from the law, and left entirely at the mercy of the landlord. However, in England, up to the present reign, they had never allowed a man to be deprived of his property by any summary proceeding, except only in one case, where the rent reserved being a rack-rent, or, at least, “full three-fourths of the yearly value of the demised premises,” and the tenant being in arrear for a whole year’s rent (11 Geo. II, c. 19, s. 16), or a half-year’s (57 Geo. III, c. 52), should desert the premises, and leave no sufficient goods for a distress. In such a case, by the above statutes,

* M’Culloch’s “Memorandums on the proposed importation of foreign beef and live cattle.” London : 1842.

† Append. II, part 2, p. 23.

two justices might make a view of the premises,—post a notice of the day, at least fourteen days distant, on which they would make a second view,—and then, if no one appeared for the tenant, put the landlord into possession. An appeal was given to the next judge of assize; or, if in Middlesex, to the King's Bench or Common Pleas. This statute was so little known or enforced, that, in *Adams on Ejectment*, we find it mentioned merely in a note, as an act which “it may be useful to notice;” and that we have been able to find only a few decisions in the superior courts bearing upon it. This was the only case in which a landlord could recover his lands, except through the assistance of the superior courts, up to the accession of her majesty. By the 1 & 2 Vict. c. 74, two justices are enabled to give the landlord possession, where the tenant holds over after the expiration of the tenancy; but in cases only where the tenancy is at will, or for not more than seven years, and at no rent, or a rent not exceeding 20*l.*, and without any fine. It was under the powers of this act that a couple of Surrey magistrates gave Punter's cottage to lord Grantley, and that that nobleman's bailiffs pulled it down, precisely as such things are done every day in Ireland. Yet strange, we believe that that one case, and that levelling of that poor man's cottage, excited a greater sensation in England than all the thousand cases of extermination and levelling that have ever occurred here. All England rang with the sufferings of the man who was deprived of his cottage without a regular proceeding at law, and by a couple of magistrates at petty sessions: he was encouraged to bring an action—obtained 250*l.* damages from a common jury; and when the noble lord, having got a new trial, on the ground of the damages being excessive, and submitted his case to a special jury, under the fancy that they would be a little more lenient to him than a common jury, the verdict was 275*l.*; one of the jury declaring expressly, that the additional 25*l.* was for interest on the detention of the 250*l.* awarded by the first verdict. Since that time few persons have attempted to avail themselves of the provisions of that statute, and still fewer magistrates have been willing to assist them. The Whig government proposed last year in their Local Courts Bill, to give the new courts jurisdiction between landlord and tenant in cases where the rent not exceeding 20*l.*, and the term having expired, or been determined by a notice to quit, the tenant should refuse to deliver up possession. We shall content ourselves with one speci-

men of the views of Englishmen on this proposition. A writer in the *Law Magazine* for May 1841, after comparing the proposed courts with the Irish Civil Bill Courts, says, "The Irish Civil Courts, we repeat, have been made the most expeditious engines of oppression and extermination that were ever yet tolerated in any country making pretensions to Christianity or civilization;"—he then gives a summary of the Irish Civil Bill ejectment system; and adds, "By this system the landlords have been enabled to effectuate those extensive and extraordinary clearances which occasionally attract attention even at this side of the channel. The unfortunate tenantry, taken by surprise, through the shortness of the notice, unable to pay their rents, or to adopt the proper measures for availing themselves of the few and slender chances of defence left them in the Assistant Barrister's Court, are voted out of their possessions, in a style and fashion of which no one can have any conception who has not seen seven or eight ejectment cases disposed of in half an hour; and then, in the characteristic wanton perversity of their nature, they refuse to bow down and worship the majesty of British law, and resist the execution of the decrees of the courts of—justice! Now, could any man conceive that the day should ever come when a British minister could be found to propose the adoption of the same system for the people of this country? Gravely to propose that every man in this country paying not more than 20% yearly rent, might be turned out of his home by the vote of a single judge, and on ten days' notice? Such is Mr. Fox Maule's proposition." After stating the precise nature of this proposition, the writer observes—"The inevitable result of these provisions will be to place every poor man who cannot get sureties to pay the cost of an action, at the mercy of every scoundrel who may wish to take advantage of these sapient specimens of cheap justice legislation—to make the poor of this country as much serfs and slaves as the Irish have been, and to produce among them the same misery and oppression, and consequently the same turbulent resistance to the law which have characterized the Irish."—(pp. 328-9-30.) Such are the views of Conservative Englishmen on the extension to their country of the system of ejectment which has prevailed here for the last quarter of a century.

We are not without English authority for saying that this system is too bad even for the Irish. Mr. Bicheno in his "Ireland and its Economy" (p. 164), says, "It admits, I think, of more than doubt, whether the system which England has

pursued of strengthening the hands of the gentry against the tenantry on every occasion, contributes to bring about a reconciliation between them. Whatever increases the power of the landlord is employed, first or last, to draw more rent from the land. Profit being almost all he aims at, every new project is favoured, as it assists him to obtain this end. The laws in his favour are already more summary and stronger than they are in England; and he is yet calling for additional assistance. The ejectment of a tenant here is a tedious and difficult process, which usually takes the best portion of a year, and sometimes longer; and costs a sum of money so considerable, that landlords are very generally deterred from the proceeding." After mentioning some of the many acts which enable the Irish landlords to exercise greater powers over their tenantry than the English landlords possess, he observes, that "every fresh law exonerates the proprietors more from the necessity of cultivating the good opinion of their dependants: and, moreover, removes the odium of any oppression from the individual, who ought to bear it, to the state:" and cites Mr. O'Connell's evidence before the Parliamentary Committee of 1825, to the effect that "before the Civil Bill ejectment was allowed by act of parliament, a landlord was cautious of bringing an ejectment; for even if defence was not made it would cost him fourteen or fifteen pounds, at the cheapest, to turn out a tenant; but the Civil Bill ejectment has very much increased the power of the lower landlord, for by means of that he can turn out his tenant for a few shillings"—and that it had, consequently, increased the tendency to disturbance. Thus we find a disinterested and impartial Englishman adopting Mr. O'Connell's evidence in corroboration of his own independent convictions.

Reflect for a moment on the extraordinary contrast between the positions of the owners and occupants of the soil in both countries. In England, where the landlords and tenants are on the best possible terms, where the landlords are invariably the friends of the tenantry, where both regard each other as fellow-countrymen and fellow-Christians, where the landlords are not disposed to tyrannize, or to *clear their estates*, they cannot recover possession of their lands without going through the somewhat tedious process of an action of ejectment in the superior courts. Thus the title of the tenant is rendered secure; he has time to guard against the caprices of a tyrant; he cannot be taken by surprise; and the landlord is deterred, by the expense, hazard, and delay of an action, from indulging his passions, speculations, or

aversions. But, in Ireland, where the state of both parties is precisely the reverse, where the landlord generally hates his tenantry, and looks on them as his natural enemy, where he has not the slightest regard for their happiness or welfare; where political and religious rancour are continually exciting him to *clear* off the papist paupers; where art and nature combine to make him regard them as mere brutes, designed for no nobler purpose than to make high rents for their Egyptian taskmasters; every facility is given him to indulge his malignity, his avarice, his whims, and speculations. Instead of waiting for the process of an ejection through the superior courts, he can at once take any tenant by surprise and eject him, before he has time, perhaps, to cut the corn wherewith to make his rent, or, if cut, to prepare it for market, or to secure a home or a shelter elsewhere, or, in short, according to the common phrase, to look about him. In one fortnight the landlord can turn him and his industrious family on the world, pennyless, houseless beggars, and then cant about the rights of property, the necessity of vindicating the law, the beauties of political economy, and the dangers of a superabundant population. Such is the wretched state of the Irish cottiers and farmers. Those who have not the slightest sympathy with their sufferings,—not the slightest interest in their welfare,—but every inducement to gratify against them all the passions of unpropitiable tyrants, are enabled by the legislature to riot in all the wantonness of despotism. And when the legislature has thus, in defiance of the dictates of charity, humanity, sound policy, and justice, and in reliance solely on its military superiority to enforce obedience to its enactments, made all the laws for the advantage of the landlord, and the oppression and extermination of the tenantry, can we wonder if the latter should resort to the same brute force in self-defence?

Let us appeal for a moment to the gentry of England, Whig and Conservative, and ask on what grounds do they support the Irish landlords in the commission of exactions and cruelties, by which they would consider themselves eternally disgraced? Why do they give the Irish landlords powers over their tenants which they do not ask for themselves? Having secured to the Irish landlords all the property of the native Irish, ought they not to compel them to treat it as all landed property is treated in England? Are they to allow the landlords to keep the country for ever in a state of civil war? It will not do for them to say that they will not interfere at all, for they have already interfered too much; and it is they who have passed all the statutes of

which we now complain. Neither will it do to say that it is a question between Irish and Irish, and that they must leave the landlords to their own good feelings;—for they know that the landlords are, for the most part, a mixture of English and Scotch, with, like all mixed breeds, all the bad qualities of each, and none of the good qualities of either race; and that Ireland can claim no more kindred with them than Prometheus could with the vultures that preyed upon his vitals. If the Irish landlords insist that they have a right to do what they like with their own, let them answer that they are content, but that they will repeal all the laws passed since confiscations gave them their titles, and leave them only the same remedies at law which they enjoyed on the first acquisition of the property. If they will not interfere to compel the Irish landlords to act like gentlemen and Christians,—if they will still persist in setting the dictates of charity, policy, and justice at defiance,—if they will use their military superiority solely for the purpose of giving the sanction of legal forms to oppressions and extortions, such as it would be a disgrace to human nature that any people could bear without resistance,—if they will continue to treat the Irish poor worse than ever the Jews were treated by Pharaoh, the Helots by the Spartans, or the Fellahs of Egypt by the Turks;—must they not expect that their victims, driven to desperation, will oppose force to force, and carry on from time to time, for self-preservation, a sort of Guerilla warfare, called, in the language of the victors, agrarian insurrection?

We are not aware of the nature of the measures which Mr. O'Connell, and Mr. Crawford, intend to propose next session, for remedying the evils arising from the present relations between landlords and tenants in this country. We have no doubt, but that they will be well adapted for the ends which they are designed to attain—but we fear much, that by going too far, and being too good, they may be lost altogether to the country. Should this be their fate, we would recommend to these gentlemen then to take up some one of the Tudor husbandry acts, and ask the parliament to revive and extend it to Ireland. If the legislature refuse even that demand, they might then ask them at least to repeal all those recent statutes which give the landlords here facilities of ejectment, which are not enjoyed by the landlords of England; and if they should find it difficult to procure the total and permanent repeal of them, they might at least ask the government to try what might be the effect of their suspen-

sion for four or five years on the peace of the country. It is not probable that the government would refuse so reasonable a request. The landlords could not complain. None of their vested interests would be affected. The laws of property would not be overturned. That perennial bugbear the Constitution would be unscathed—and, in short, they would not be prevented from doing what they liked with their own—but could only do so in the same manner as the landlords of England. We believe that Mr. O'Connell has no occasion to fear a repulse on such a demand from the present government. The English Conservatives have been hitherto the most decided opponents of the oppressions of the Irish landlords. Mr. Sadler denounced them with as much vehemence as Captain Rock himself could. The quotation from the *Quarterly Review*, in our number for February 1841, could not be surpassed in indignant denunciation of their rapacity. The Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, who is generally considered one of the principal conductors of that periodical, and whom from his long absence from this country, we may now set down as an English Conservative, when first he went to London, wrote a work on the condition of the Irish peasantry, which a literary friend once declared to us was the best, most vigorous, and scathing exposure of the iniquities of the Irish landlords that he had ever read. It was soon withdrawn, and we have never been able to get a copy. Lord Stanley is the best landlord in Tipperary. Lord Fitzgerald and Vesey is an excellent landlord. Sir Robert Peel is the first British minister who ever yet doubted publicly the righteousness and propriety of the exterminating system, and we have strong hopes, that he will soon give the Irish landlords as good lessons in "moral principle and Christian duty,"* as he has given his entire party in common sense, and political and commercial reform. Already the Conservatives have struck the most effectual blow at the depopulating system, by the admission of foreign meat and cattle into the home and colonial markets. It was the great profits of pasturage, that hitherto deprived so many poor men of employment, and prevented them from getting land at even 8*l.* or 10*l.* an acre to raise potatoes for themselves and their families.† This was one of the checks to the rapacity of the "land-sharks," which always forced itself on the attention of every one who was practically acquainted with the condition of the poor. We ourselves (the writer of this paper), feel some pleasure in

* See the quotation from his excellent speech in our twentieth number, p. 525.

† See Abstract of Evidence, by D. Leahy, Esq., p. 2.

having demonstrated its efficacy three years since,* when almost all writers seemed to be carried away with the then current notions about emigration and suberabundant population, and all such nonsense. Mr. O'Connell himself has hailed the new tariff in this light. Why then should he fear repulse from the present government, if he should attempt to carry out his own long-established conviction, that the landlords of Ireland should have no greater powers of oppressing or ejecting their tenants, than the English landlords enjoy? And never could he demand the suspension of these ejection statutes with a better grace than from the present government, and at the present moment—for in justice and mercy they are bound to afford some protection, or at least some breathing time, to the tenantry, whom by the operation of the new tariff they have rendered unable to pay the rents contracted during the former high prices. We believe that not one tenant in ten will be henceforth able to pay his former rent—and if then the government allow the landlords to eject them by wholesale for not paying rents which the government themselves have disabled them from paying, on whose head will the guilt be when they resort to outrage for that protection which is denied them by their rulers? But we cannot anticipate such conduct on the part of the government. Should they, however, refuse so just and reasonable a demand, we cannot conceive it possible that they should oppose a motion for a committee to enquire into the relations between landlords and tenants in Ireland. Such an inquiry, which would be the first, strange as it may appear, ever held on the subject by the Irish or the Imperial Parliament, would disclose such a series of crimes on the part of the landlords, as would excite a burst of indignation from one end of England to the other, and compel any ministry to put some check to their iniquities. But whatever the present or any other ministry may be inclined to do, we have not a doubt, but that Mr. O'Connell, if he turn his attention vigorously to the subject, will soon procure some redress. He has never yet failed in any thing on which he fairly set his mind, and we are confident that he cannot fail in a cause so righteous and holy as this.

But even supposing, which is very improbable, that the legislature will refuse all interference, let our readers recollect the light in which depopulation is viewed at common law—which common law, we need scarcely tell them, is the same in both countries—and ask themselves if a body of “Irish

* In the Monthly Chronicle for November 1839.

Papists" were by some means to get possession of a few counties of England, and were to commence expelling their English tenantry, would not the provisions of that law—however much they may now appear to have fallen into desuetude—be at once appealed to; and would not Coke, and Noy, and Hale, and Staunforde, and the Star-Chamber, be summoned up to convict them? Let us also observe, that the 4 Hen. VII, c. 19, having been extended to Ireland by Poyning's law, the 10 Hen. VII, c. 22, and not having been repealed here before the Union, or by the Imperial Parliament since, is still the law of the country, and that wherever the head landlord is opposed to the nefarious system of extermination, this statute will enable him to repress it; and even should he not enforce its provisions, it is a well-known principle of law, that an indictment will lie for an offence prohibited by a statute, though that mode of punishment be not mentioned in it, and a pecuniary penalty be provided by it.

Perhaps some of our readers fancy that we over estimate the advantages derivable from reducing the Irish landlords to a level with the English, as to the power of ejecting their tenantry. We are well aware that this is a very poor remedy indeed—but it is the most practical and useful that we think the British Parliament are likely to pass. Let us see what would most probably be its effect in this country. The expense of proceeding to execution against each defendant, through the Superior Courts, would be at least 20% on the average. This, according to our former calculation of the number of defendants, would cause an annual expense of 5,700% in each county, and 182,400% for all Ireland—and a gross expense, on the average of every seven years, of 1,234,480%. Can any one fancy that the landlords would be insane enough to carry on their exterminating litigation on such a large scale if it were attended with such expense? But try it as against an individual landlord. We commonly see in the newspapers accounts of 100 or 200, and sometimes 300 processes having been served by one landlord on his tenants for one sessions. We have seen, by the reports of the Poor Inquiry Commissioners, that one proprietor brought civil bill ejectments against 374 defendants, all whose rents amounted to only 522%, at one sessions, at Galway. Is it conceivable that he would run a-muck at once against so many if he should thereby expose himself to an expense of 6,940%? But it is not only the expense of success that would deter them from such proceedings—but also the expense of possible defeat, and paying, perhaps, to a tenant's attorney, as much money in costs as would cover many a year's rent. The

tenant, too, would have several chances of success in the Superior Courts from niceties in pleading, practice, and evidence, of which he is now altogether deprived in the Quarter Session Court.

While the denunciations of the early Reformers are still fresh in our recollection, we would beg of their successors in this country to imitate their example, and would say to them: Endeavour to forget that you are the chaplains of the military owners of the soil: look on yourselves as ordained to teach the truths of the Gospel to all, without distinction of rank or race. When you see any of your congregation about to drive a poor family, houseless beggars on the world, be not ashamed to tell them what Latimer, Lever, Jewel, Gilpin, and Crowley would have told them—gloss not over their oppressions, but condemn them boldly before the assembled parishioners; tell them that there is in reality a God in heaven, who attends to the groanings of even the Irish poor: tell them with the Apostle, that without charity, faith and hope are as nothing: remind them of Him, who will say, “Come unto me, you blessed of my Father, for I was hungry, and you fed, I was naked and you clothed me, I was thirsty and you gave me to drink,” &c., and do not indulge in vague speculations in the metaphysics of theology, to make them fancy that if they believe whatever doctrines you conceive best calculated to take them to heaven, they can ever go there if their practices be those of demons in human form; recollect, if you really wish to convert the population to your religion, you can never succeed while you allow, without rebuke, those who profess your doctrines to act as they have hitherto acted—and above all things, remember that plain people must judge of the tree by its fruit, and that if that Established amongst them produce nothing but avarice, extortion, oppression, and all uncharitableness, they must conclude it to be an offshoot of the parent trunk of all these.

In conclusion, we would say to the statesmen of England—If you wish to secure the peace of Ireland and its permanent connexion with England, rescue its poor from the greedy gripe of the landlords, and suffer not these to pursue the career of exaction and extermination which they have so long followed; else, in the words of that honest-hearted Reformer, Robert Crowley, “if you let these things pass and regard them not, be ye sure the Lord shall confound your wisdom. Invent, decree, establish, and authorize what you can, all shall come to nought. The ways that you shall invent to establish unity and concord shall be the occasions of discord.

The things whereby you shall think to win praise through all the world, shall turn to your utter shame; and the ways you shall invent to establish a kingdom shall be the utter ruin of the same."

Note to p. 507, Vol. XII.—Review of the Life of Frederick the Great.

IN our article on Frederick the Great, our readers will recollect that we referred to the opinion of Mercier, that D'Alembert, in his correspondence, applied the phrase "écrasez l'infame" to our blessed Redeemer. We find that a reference to this passage in our pages is contained in a notice of D'Alembert, which will be found in the Biographical Dictionary recently commenced under the auspices of the Society for Promoting Useful Knowledge. It appears to us that the writer in the Biography has sufficiently shown that the phrase was not intended to be applied to our blessed Saviour, and consequently, that the opinion of Mercier to which we alluded is erroneous. As we should be most unwilling to circulate, without refutation, any opinion which will not stand the test of investigation, we think it right to insert this note, in order that we may do all that lies in our power to relieve the memory of D'Alembert from so dreadful an imputation, regretting, at the same time, that so large a burden of guilt should still rest upon his memory.

"The first time the phrase is used is in Voltaire to D'Alembert, of June 23, 1760; we give the original:—"Je voudrais bien que vous écrasassiez l'infame; c'est là le grand point. Il faut la réduire à l'état où elle est en Angleterre . . . vous pensez bien que je ne parle que de la superstition; car pour la religion, je l'aime et la respecte comme vous." D'Alembert to Voltaire, May 4, 1762: "Ecrasez l'infame, me répétez-vous sans cesse; eh mon Dieu, laissez-la se précipiter elle-même, elle y court plus vite que vous ne pensez." Voltaire to D'Alembert, February 13, 1764: "Ils (les philosophes) ne détruiront certainement pas la religion Chrétienne, mais le Christianisme ne les détruira pas . . . la religion deviendra moins barbare et la société plus douce. Ils empêcheront les prêtres de corrompre la raison et les bons mœurs. Ils rendront les fanatiques abominables, et les superstitieux ridicules . . . travaillez donc à la vigne, écrasez l'infame." The unvarying use of the feminine article in conjunction with the word "infame" is by itself alone destructive of the peculiarly offensive meaning with which it has been construed. The first time it occurs, it is with a desire to reduce the "infâme" to the state in which she was in England: and, be it observed, the recommendation to crush "the infamous" (the reader may put his own substantive) occurs in one place in the same paragraph with a declaration that the philosophers would certainly not destroy the Christian religion."

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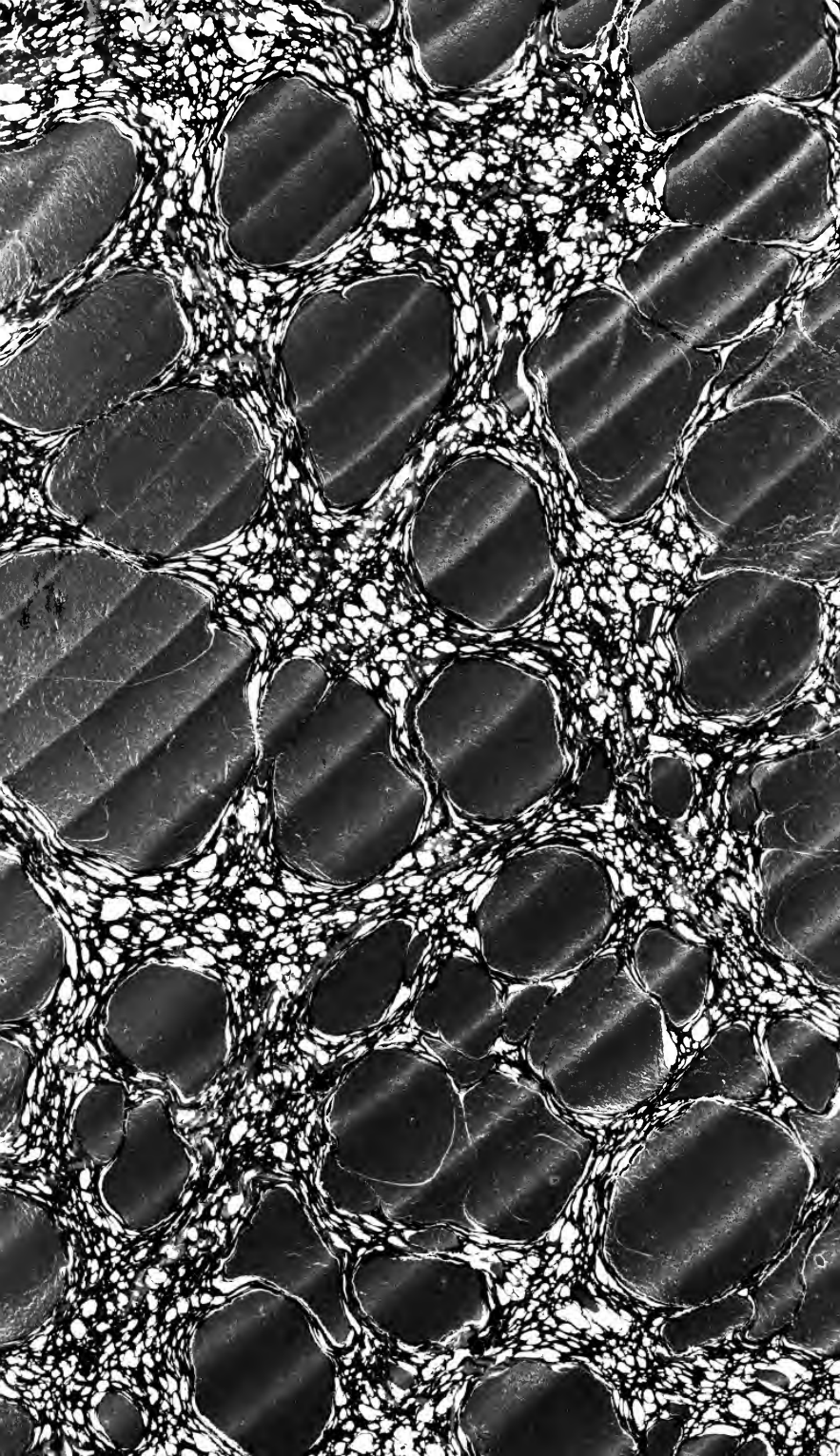
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