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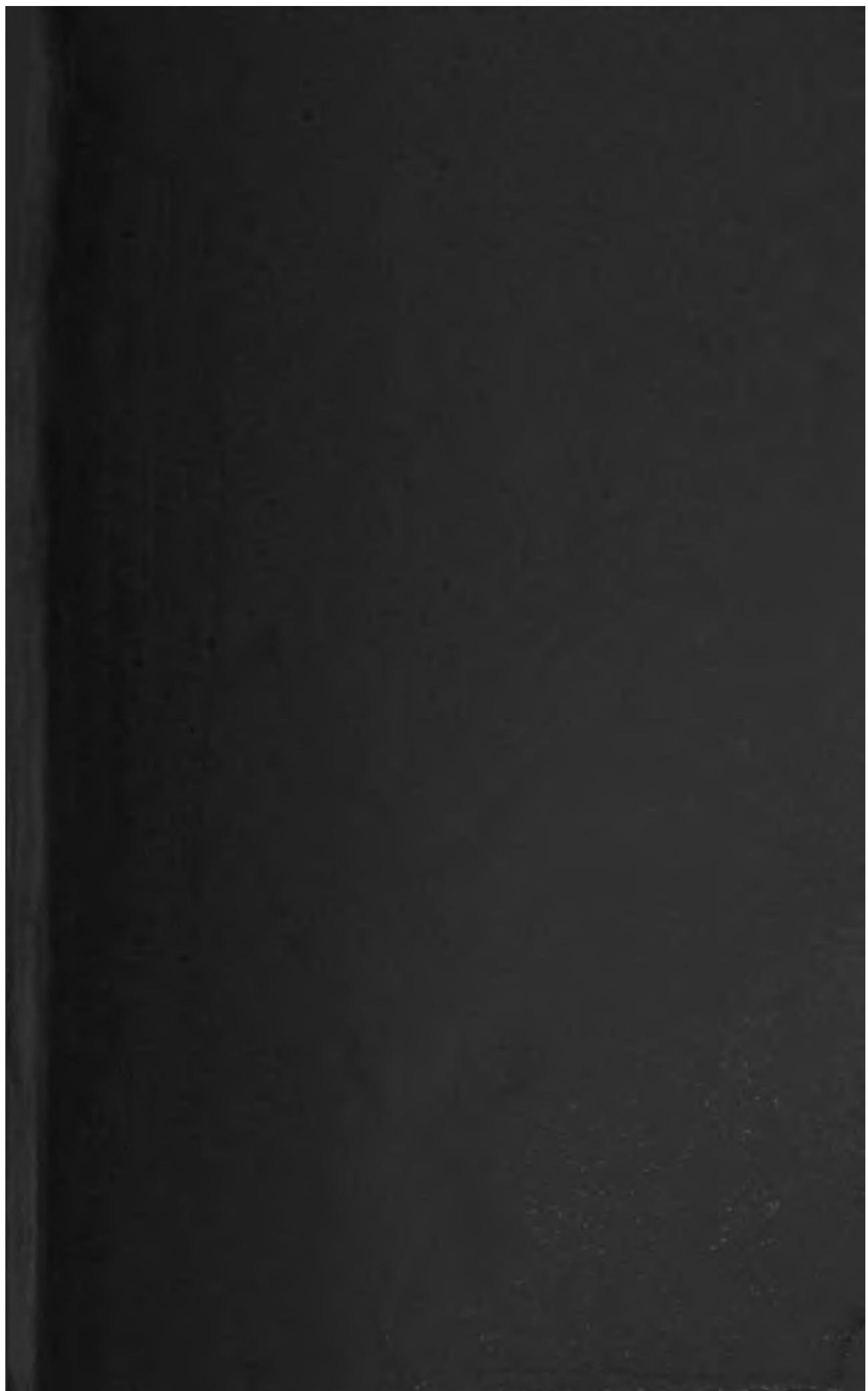


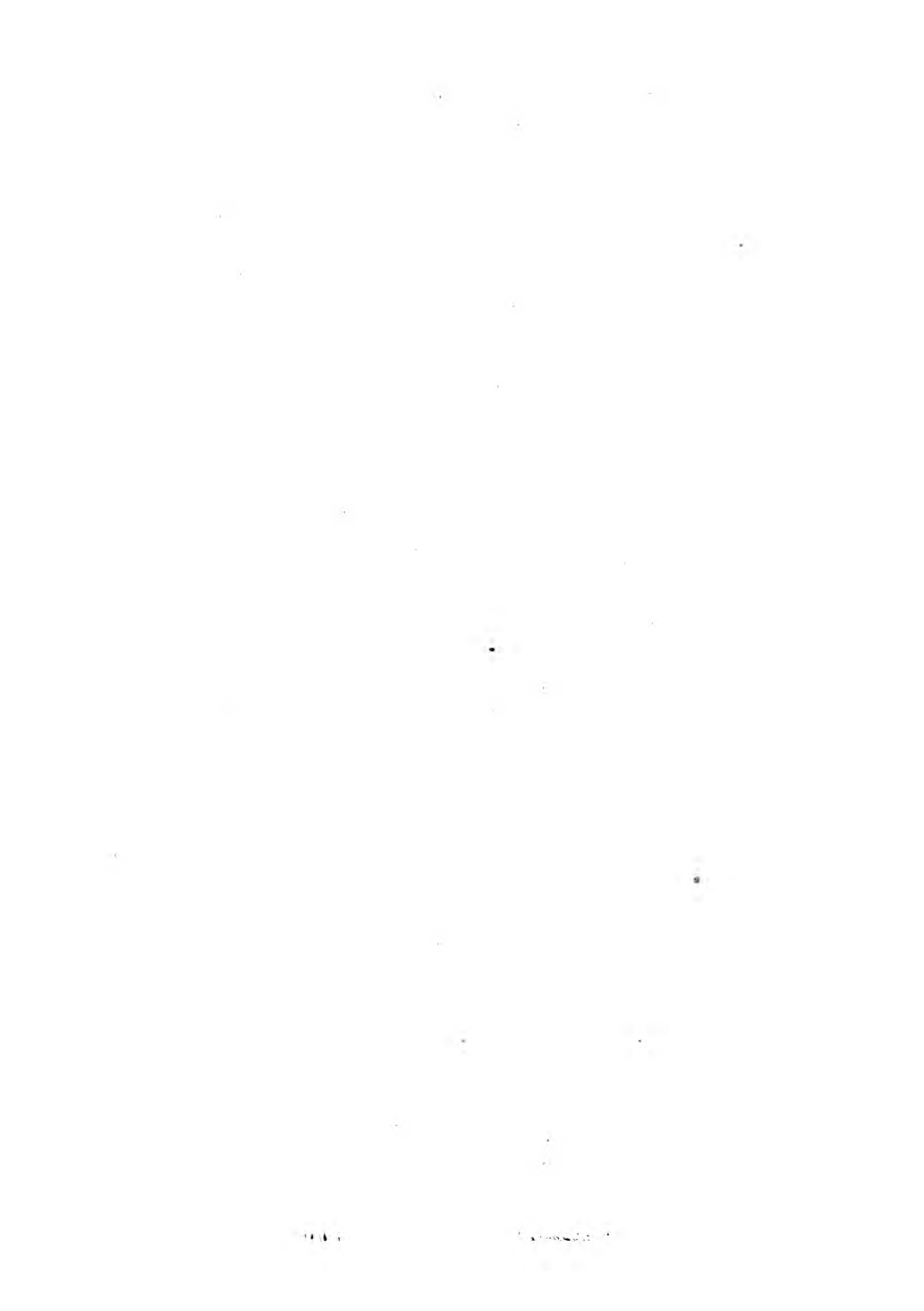
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READINGS IN THE HISTORY

OF WESTERN CIVILISATION.







EUROPEAN LIFE:

READINGS IN THE HISTORY OF
WESTERN CIVILISATION.

BY
REV. ALEXANDER MACLEOD,
GLASGOW.

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PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

THE following pages are the first half of a series of Lectures on the Civilisation of Western Europe. They were prepared originally for the history-class of a Mechanics' Institute, and were intended principally to excite an interest in certain accessible books, in which that subject is treated. It was as a reader of history, not as a historian, or philosopher on history, the lecturer addressed his class. What he attempted, was to embody for those who heard him—working men for the most part—the impressions and views on this particular subject which he had himself derived from the books he commended to them. It will be a satisfaction to him if he can induce any who read the lectures to study the same books. Few though they are, the man who shall read and master them, may justly claim to be ranked among the educated classes. To read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Neander's "Church History," Guizot's "Lectures on Civilisation," Schlegel's "Philosophy of History," and the writings of Arnold and Carlyle, (to name only these,) is itself an education.

It ought to be added, that the subject of European life borrowed an interest from passing events, at the time the Lectures were delivered, which it might have

failed to secure by an appeal to books. Only two years had passed since Louis Philippe had arrived in England as "Mr Smith." Hardly a year had elapsed since treachery and brute-force had snatched from Kossuth the victory within his grasp. Louis Napoleon was President of the French Republic and master of the army which suppressed the Republic in Rome. The lectures which recounted the story of the first French Revolution and reviewed more recent events, are not included in this volume. Written under the excitements of the time, they almost inevitably took on a tone and colouring which gave them a different aspect and purpose from those reprinted here.

ALBANY TERRACE,
GLASGOW, 1863.

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I.

Prologue.

A

“Obscure but important movements in the region of eternal twilight ; revolutions, of which history has been silent, in the mysterious depths of Asia ; outpourings of human rivers along the sides of the Altai mountains ; convulsions up-heaving remote realms and unknown dynasties, shock after shock throbbing throughout the barbarian world, and dying upon the edge of civilisation ; vast throes which shake the earth as precursor-pangs to the birth of a new empire—as dying symptoms of the proud but effete realm which called itself the world ; scattered hordes of sanguinary grotesque savages, pushed from their own homes, and hovering with vague purposes upon the Roman frontiers,—constantly repelled, and perpetually reappearing in ever-increasing swarms,—guided thither by a fierce instinct, or by mysterious laws. Such are the well-known phenomena which preceded the fall of Western Rome.”—MOTLEY.

PROLOGUE.

IN his notes to Thucydides, and elsewhere, the late Dr Arnold has very carefully developed the parallel between the life of individual man and society. Society is born, grows up to manhood, grows old, just as the individual does. History is simply the biography of society. Take any nation ; it has its birth, its boyhood, its time for sowing wild oats, its daring manhood, its wise middle life, its senility, and death. Take any family of nations ; it is the same. The body of life, if one may use such a phrase, is larger, but it goes through all the periods.

Is it possible to illustrate this growth as manifested in the development of European civilisation? Can the facts which constitute such an illustration, or any sufficient portion of them, be so grouped and interpreted, as to evoke, in minds unaccustomed to the study, an interest which shall abide? At least, may the books in which the subject is handled be introduced to your notice, and commended to your regards? I venture, not without hope, to make the attempt. And my hope is founded on this, that one, whose own mind has been nourished by such books and studies, may succeed in imparting to others the interest in them felt by himself. I restrict myself to the Europe of the west.

To the Europe of the Slavonic and Tartar races—

Russia, Hungary, and Turkey—I shall hardly refer. The area within which my materials lie, is the Europe of the Romanic and Germanic races—the Europe of Rome and Scandinavia—of France, and Spain, and England. Within these bounds I shall attempt a brief delineation of the rise and progress of European life. Do not expect any connected survey of European history. Even the faintest outline of such a survey, I do not engage to indicate. A growth, a rising out of chaos, an advancing towards order, will be indicated, I trust, throughout ; but it will have to be by single chapters—single leaves even—taken here and there out of the great book of European history.

Let us at the outset endeavour to fix in our minds the characteristic features of the social life of Western Europe as we find it in and around ourselves. One is apt to conclude that it is simply life *in* Europe, that it is connexion with the soil, which gives its name to European life. It is not so. At this moment, European life is stirring at the heart of India, at the gates of China, at the Cape of Good Hope. North America is full of it. Australia and the islands of the Pacific are becoming accustomed to its hum. Not every nation which has taken root in Europe was a development of European life. This is a thing by itself—a social development, differing from all previous, from all existing developments. There was a people, for example, whose history, as we shall see, has had a vast influence upon the character of European society—who themselves lived in Europe a full thousand years, and spread their influence over the richest half of it. I refer to the Romans. If you can recall the continental map of Europe to your

minds, you will remember a natural line, formed by the Rhine and the Danube, which cuts Europe almost diagonally across. Of all the countries lying *below* this line, Greece, Italy, France, Spain, and besides these Britain, the Romans became masters. And yet the Romans were not a people of European development. It is supposable that this people, instead of extending their conquests into the East, as they did, had completed the conquest of geographical Europe. But even in that case, so little connexion has the possession of the soil with the character of a people's life, their history would have continued to be Roman, and Europe would have answered to no name but "Rome." European society could not have arisen under their supremacy. They had no idea of a development so free and varied, so rich in self-government and mutual trust as ours. They wanted the moral life to comprehend or allow it. The domination of Rome filled their thoughts. It was the one principle of their development as a nation. Subjection to the Eternal City was the boon they offered to the world. Their extension was the extension of this subjection. Their progress, a monotonous repetition of conquests, ending in accretions of glory to Rome.

Indeed, in stating this, I touch a distinguishing feature of Roman and all ante-European civilisation. It was civilisation growing out of a solitary root. The eminent Frenchman, Guizot, has a most masterly illustration of this distinction in his lectures on "European Civilisation"—a book every student of history should read. According to this philosopher, the characteristic feature of the social life of the ancient world was monotony. Wherever we study it, we find it spring-

ing from one dominating principle. The life of modern Europe is entirely different. It is the result of a combination of principles. It is rich in developments of the widest variety. Of all the social life which has yet existed on the globe, therefore, European life alone is not monotonous—not the result of development from a single principle. If you were to stand for a moment on the streets of Calcutta, and observe the natives as they passed, you would be pained by the signs of sameness, by the tokens of social monotony which would meet your eye. The son repeats the father, in all castes, down to the latest posterity. An iron mould, like the shoe of the Chinese damsel, presses the young child from the first, and beyond its measure he cannot grow. Go back to ages when they were not a conquered people, you encounter the same phenomenon. Over all Asia, under all denominations, in all ages, it is the same—monotony of social development. Look even at the Bible Jews; what a uniformity there is! One principle lives at the centre of their politics and their lives—a single principle, doubtless a far-reaching one, but one only—the principle of the Theocracy. A perfect Jew, a Jew who has reached the height of his development, is, and can only be, a Theocratic man.

Come to historical Greece. Here, in a land, on all shores indented by the sea, and overshadowed by precipitous hills, man received a development into which variety was necessarily forced. But there was a monotony in the very variety. If we examine their remains, one ever-recurring principle meets us at every step. In their sculptures, their philosophy, their elo-

quence, their poetry, in their very language, it is the Beautiful—the perception of beauty, the worship of beauty, the embodiment and enforcement of beauty. A perfect Greek is simply an Artist.

We pass to Rome—the Rome of the Romans. We are in a sphere entirely different. The eternal polishing of thoughts and words and marbles which we find in Greece has given place to the stir of arms and political assemblies. We are made to feel that we are in the presence of Rome. In India you would have felt yourself in the presence of a temple ; in Greece, of beautiful objects ; but here, it is Rome—Rome, active, ambitious, restless, with a hand in everybody's concerns, with a lust for the dominion of the whole world. Surely, here there is variety ? There is the entirest absence of it. It is Rome at the centre ; it is Rome out to the extremities ; it is a Roman who sits in the senate ; it is a Roman who goes forth to fight ; it is a Roman who owns wife and child. The Roman principle, the principle of Rome's supremacy, comes out over the entire life, public and private. A perfect man, under this dominion, is simply a perfect Roman. Man, properly so called, has not an existence here. In a far deeper sense than we can well imagine, the ability to say, " I am a Roman," was felt to be a higher, prouder one, than the ability to say, " I am a man." You remember the amazement of the centurion in Jerusalem to find a Roman citizen in the Paul whom the Jewish crowd were chasing. " Thou a Roman ! With a great sum bought I this honour." It was the expression of a universal homage. Romans themselves believed in the worth of

Rome, and they taught such provincials as this century to count it the highest honour upon earth to possess the Roman name.

Turn now to a modern European. Take him in any land, at any work: felling woods in America, fighting Sikhs in the Punjaub, publishing newspapers in Paris, spinning cotton in Glasgow. You find a man who has escaped out of such limitations—who is no longer subject to monotony—who acknowledges no mould, no hindrance, no artificial standard; whose life is determined beforehand into no fixed shape, but is free to grow and bear fruit up and out to the topmost and widest reach of humanity. In other words, you find A MAN. Jews, Greeks, Romans—Theocrats, Artists, Soldiers—have passed away, and Men, beings sensible that they are above all other things human, have come upon the scene. This lies at the heart of European life, of European history. Monotony—development under the influence of one principle—has disappeared, and in its stead we have life gathering to itself all influences, and bringing out on every side what is highest and best in humanity.

The result has been an endless variety of development, and a variety which manifests itself in nations, in individuals, in languages, in thoughts. It was a European who depicted the “Inferno”—a spiral descent sheer down from heaven through the nethermost abyss. Another European built Pandemonium—a region dim, immeasurable, vague, like the mists on northern hills. The inductive philosophy, the printing-press, the steam-engine, the telegraph, are products of European life. Take any European nation, our own for example, and see how this variety manifests

its presence. Our language is a perfect jungle—Gaelic, Saxon, French, Latin, and Greek ; technicalities, provincialisms, and Yankeeisms—all mingled, compounded, twisted, intertwined, with meaning upon meaning, each giving forth new branches, and each branch taking root for itself, and sending up new shoots. Look at our literature ; here a Shakspeare, there a Hume ; the one all life, the other all logic. Open the plays of Shakspeare—Lady Macbeth, Dame Quickly, Imogene ! Hamlet, Sir John Falstaff, Prospero ! An endless and rich variety ! Go to the works of Hume—scepticism, philosophy, history, wit ! In every mind, over all our literature, this element of variety. Turn to our politics. What a hubbub salutes your ear ! All principles, all passions, craving to be heard. Theocracy, monarchy, oligarchy, democracy—Toryism, Whigism, Chartism—tearing, pulling at one another, apparently wishing to destroy each other, and yet in the end pulling all the same way. So with our ways of life. So with everything English. And yet the English character is not hindered by these things, but rather forwarded and developed. All these things are laid hold of, appropriated, turned to good account—the peculiar genius of our race rising above all, and by means of all,—yet submitting to none, saying rather to each, “Thou art here to forward me on the path which is the best.”

The same phenomenon would strike you if you had looked at any other nation, especially the nations of Germanic origin. You will see it if you compare nation with nation. No one is a repetition of the other. Each has a development, a character, a worth of its own. There is the practical sagacity of the English,

the percipient sagacity of the French, the metaphysical sagacity of the Germans: the first represented by a Cromwell, the second by a Voltaire, the third by Immanuel Kant.

It is this healthy variety—this commingling of all elements, which gives to European life its distinctive character. Every party has an opposition—every principle a representative. In passing from the societies of ancient history to those of modern Europe, we seem to be stepping from a scene where all is rigid formula, to one where there is perpetual turmoil, and yet perpetual progression. For the first time, that mighty combination of all powers in one, that manifoldness of purpose and outward shape, which strikes us in material life, finds its complete counterpart and expression in human history. Society is free, multi-form, and yet harmonious. In travelling over the few fields of European history we propose to traverse—if we listen with wise heart—the soft breathing of spring influences, the rich fulness of harvest, the bleak severity of winter, the singing of little birds, the still awfulness of stars, and the melancholy laughter of the sea, will occur to our minds continually, as the befitting types and symbols of that perpetual variety which lives and works in the bosom of European life.

It will be convenient if we fix in our minds the seventh century as the birth-date of European life. Before that century there was no Europe. The elements which were to compose it existed, lived, and wrought on its soil, but they lived apart and repelling each other. From that period they began to unite. The nations which now constitute Western Europe had

either begun at that period to move towards their homes, or had actually taken their position. The last movement of the kind occurred in the middle of the eleventh century, when the Norman William took possession of England. The first may be dated at the close of the fourth century, when the barbarians crossed the Danube to smite at the Roman empire. Between these two periods the nations of Western Europe "were born," took root on the soil, began to develop and have a history.

The interval is one of wild grandeur. A great power—the Roman empire—is passing from the earth. Town life is a succession of assaults and pillage: country life a wandering hither and thither of armed bands—chaos, confusion, darkness everywhere, and yet

"Even now we hear with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom,
The spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with life."

But before I enter on any description of this interval, or of the elements which then began to combine, there is one other word which demands to be said by the way of prologue—a word concerning the clearing of the ground for this new development of social life. We are in the habit of hearing that Rome was destroyed by the barbarians. Our imagination has been taught to picture out hordes of savages, flowing, wave after wave, upon Roman civilisation, until it was submerged. An impression tantamount to this is left upon our minds in rising from so true a picture of the actual fact as we have in Gibbon's immortal work. Not

that Gibbon ministers to it. Never for a single moment does that penetrative eye of his lose sight of the internal sources of decay. But the dramatic unity of the book—the splendour and fulness of the grouping—and especially the mental confusion arising from confounding the time taken to peruse the history, with the actual time in which the events were accomplished—combine to leave upon our minds the idea of mighty bands of rude men overcoming the empire by brute force. It is a false idea. Rome *was* smitten by the barbarians; but this is not all the truth. It is the mere outside of the truth. It wants the impression of the inner fact, that it *deserved* to be smitten—that it had not in itself any more continuance. Destruction does not so come upon nations. In God's world no society is the sport of circumstances. If they decay, there is a reason in themselves to explain it. Decay, dissolution, is a central fact. It is not the result of an external stroke; it is the vital energy growing weak; it is the sap, the soul, the inner life, departing. And then only, when this inner spiritual force is loosening its grasp, does the hour of dissolution prepare to strike. There was a soul of strength in the Roman state, or it would not have so grown as it did. From the most unpromising beginnings—from being a refuge for outlaws and robbers—Rome rose to power and wide empire; surrounding cities were swallowed up by it; surrounding peoples subdued; “the weight of its shadow,” as a Gaulish poet once said, fell upon the fairest parts of Europe, and they became its provinces. Distant countries paid tribute to it; the Mediterranean Sea was changed into a Roman lake. And by the force of this one fact in their history, I

believe that Roman citizens had an aim, a purpose, which they revered, for which they sunk their individual wills, which they believed in—the purpose of having Rome supreme. I say, they believed in this purpose. The supremacy of the city was not a hope, it was a faith to them. They did verily believe that it was supreme. And the leading men well knew that the secret of their prosperity lay here. Note how careful they were to betray no fear of the state's ultimate triumph in times of reverse. At Cannæ they sustained a terrible defeat. Fifty thousand Romans were left dead upon the plain. The consul fled disgracefully to Venusia. The victorious Carthaginian was within eighty leagues of the city. Defeat had followed defeat. Not a murmur was heard in Rome. The women were forbid to bewail their husbands. The senate refused to redeem the prisoners. The wrecks of the defeated army were ordered to Sicily to fight there. What is the death of fifty thousand? what are the prisoners? what is an army to Rome? The senate closed this mighty exhibition of confidence by carrying to the fugitive consul their thanks "*for not having despaired of the Republic.*" The consul himself, however, and this will shew you the same faith in an individual mind, would never after accept the command of an army. "Give your employment," he always said, when solicited, "to generals more fortunate than Varro."

We, with our clearer notions, incline to characterise this devotion of the old Romans to Rome as idolatry, and wonder how greatness could ever spring from thence. But there was a time when it was not felt to be idolatry—when Romans believed that Rome de-

served to be worshipped—that it was, as a town, divine. At the time to which we refer, Jupiter was supposed to have his dwelling on the Capitol; by virtue of *his* presence, the city was divine. A divineness rested on the hills on whose sides the houses clustered. A divineness made sacred the gateways by which the troops went out to battle. A very harsh divineness!—without mercy, without nobleness, narrow, municipal! But, so far as it went, was there not truth in it? A very imperfect adumbration, I admit, but still an adumbration of a pagan groping after this truth, that “the Lord builds the city,” that all city life has its roots in the divine.

This was the sap of Roman life. A time came when it had ceased to be believed that Rome was divine, when intelligent Romans smiled at the notion of Jupiter living on the Capitol. But even then it was felt that the secret of Roman strength lay in this faith—that Rome ceased to be strong from the hour it was abandoned. Accordingly, the republic placed an Emperor at its head, and decreed divine honours to him—at bottom, a government attempt to restore the old faith! The Emperor was the new Jupiter. The attributes of the dead god were transferred to the living sovereign. “Behold your god,” the senators said to the people; “our city is still divine; a god resides in it.” But no man believed the lie. The people ceased to worship Rome. Their life sundered from the source of its former strength, each man sunk back into individual selfishness, into savagism. Rome was left to provincials, to freed slaves. Romans flocked to the provinces in search of plunder. Divineness perished from their ways of life. No man wrought

with another for good. Lust and infidelity defiled the home. The city was full of lies. The poor were oppressed ; the rich rioted in swinish pleasure. The sap was gone ; the soul was fled. "The weapons which subdued the world dropped from their feeble hands." The barbarian stepped out from his woods, went up to the seat of this huge empire, tried the arm which had rolled out the half of Europe to construct a state map, and found that its strength was already gone. This share the barbarians had in the destruction of Rome—this, and no more.

It is good to know this. To the outward eye it sometimes seems that the nations retrograde. Civilised states are often overborne by states less civilised than themselves. The Jewish kingdom is conquered by the Syrian Greeks—the Greeks are subdued by the Romans—the Romans by the Barbarians. In the presence of conquests like these, a painful thought presses into the mind. We, too, are the inheritors of a civilisation. Are we to understand that all civilisation—that this rich European life we are here to study—tendeth to such destruction? Or that the history of the nations must ever be a history of retrogressions? What law is revealed to us in this connexion of physical force with decaying civilisations? Why is there a barbarian present at the death-bed of nations?

In "Hyperion," that fine fragment which Keats bequeathed to us, this very question is proposed for solution. The poem turns on the overthrow of the earlier gods of Greece. Gods younger than they have displaced them. They are overwhelmed by their misfortune. The ocean god has seen his successor, has

“ We fall by nature’s law
. . . . On our heels a fresh perfection treads :
A power more strong in beauty, born of us,
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old darkness
Doth the dull soil
Quarrel with the proud forests it hath fed,
And feedeth still, more comely than itself?
Can it deny the chieftdom of green groves?
Or, shall the tree be envious of the dove
Because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings
To wander wherewithal and find its joys?
We are such forest trees. And our fair boughs
Have bred, not pale and solitary doves,
But eagles, golden feather’d, who do tower
Above us in their beauty, and must reign
In right thereof ; for ’tis the eternal law,
That first in beauty should be first in might.”

Without doubt, the poet has here opened the secret of all social change. However much appearances may make against the law, it is not brute-force, but beauty, which carries the day. Even of the brute-force which does succeed, it always is discovered in the end that it was beauty at the core. It was not wholly savagism and civilisation which came into conflict at the birth of Europe. That civilisation concealed a nature corrupt, abominable, worthy of death: that savagism, as we shall see, was but the rude exterior of a humanity fresh, buoyant, simple as a little

child, and worthy to receive the talent taken from unfaithful Rome.

Let us not doubt that behind all barbarian attacks, all apparently retrogressive movements, there is substantial progress. Nations and individuals attain a certain culture ; it spreads from them into the general life of humanity. Nothing which is noble is allowed to die. The Roman perished ; his civilisation remained. The Greek philosophy, too, (the highest reach of the human intellect, working in its own sphere,) fell into the keeping of a generation of Greeks unworthy of it. At that juncture it passed into the Roman mind. A time arrived when there were no Ciceros to preserve it there, when Romans were no longer worthy of this mighty charge. The Roman empire in that very hour divided, and the philosophy of Greece found a refuge in the empire of the East. Here, for a thousand years, it was preserved, until Western Europe was educated for its reception, and at that term the Turks destroyed the Eastern empire. The teachers of the Greek philosophy flocked back to Europe, and that epoch in European history began which is known as "the revival of letters"—the gray dawn of the Reformation.

There is a meaning, a law, in facts like these. It is not to some new invasion the nations are moving on. The law is progress—progress of what is best. Contradictions, exceptions, are only so in appearance. In clearer light these will disappear. Towards a high destiny move all the nations—towards union, broad, universal—based no longer upon treaties indicating selfishness, but upon love. "Until this has been

attained," writes the eloquent Fichte, "until the existing culture of every age has been diffused over the whole habitable earth, and every people be capable of the most unlimited communication with the rest—must one nation after another be arrested in its course, and sacrifice to the great whole of which it is a member, its stationary, retrogressive age. When that first point shall have been attained—when thought and discovery shall fly from one end of the earth to the other, and become the property of all—then, without further interruption, halt, or regress, our race shall move onward, with united strength and equal step, to a perfection of culture for which thought and language fail."

II.

Original Elements.

“Three distinct periods are discernible in the peopling of Europe. First, that of the Aborigines, a Hamite race, or one, at least, speaking languages akin to those of the Basques and Finlanders, which occupied the intermediate districts, as proved by the substratum of words common to those languages still existing in the Celtic tongues. Secondly, that of the Hindoo or Sanscrit nations, who poured down on the Aborigines, occupying the plains, and driving them into the mountains, or the distant coasts, where they subsist still—to wit, the Basque race, and the Finns and Laplanders, and perhaps some of the outcast tribes of Cagots, &c. And thirdly, that of the Medo-Persian, or Teutonic nations, who, descending like their predecessors from Central Asia, pierced through them like a wedge, driving the Slavonians to the north, and the Celts westward, into the mountains overhanging the Atlantic.”—LORD LINDSAY.

ORIGINAL ELEMENTS.

I HAVE drawn your attention to a characteristic feature of European life—its many-sidedness and fulness. It is necessary now to give you some account of the elements which compose it, and out of which this fulness and variety grew. An account of all these elements down the stretch of fourteen centuries would be, in any circumstances, a formidable undertaking. In ours it is impossible. There are elements of locality, of time, of religion, of politics, of trade, of language, which branch out in endless detail. For example, our insular situation and religious wars, in the formation of our own national character. Into elements such as these, affecting particular developments, even although these ultimately affect the whole, it is not intended to enter. A few of them will demand notice as we proceed. For the present, our study is limited to those main elements which, between the fifth and seventh centuries, conjoined to give birth to European life.

There are four such formative elements which require to be considered in every new development of social life:—Place, the Previous Occupants, Race, and Religion. With respect to European life, we have first of all, the conformation and position of Europe itself; next, what its predecessor, the Roman empire, bequeathed to us; next, what we have inherited from the Barbarians; last, Christianity. I

shall go over these, in the order named, and describe as simply as I can what the general life received from each.

THE ELEMENT OF LOCALITY.

The life we are studying found a befitting home. Its other elements, in different circumstances, without such a home, would have had an inferior development. Of all the seats which civilisation had hitherto occupied, Europe was the best fitted to bring out the capacities and excellences of the populations on its surface. For one thing, it has a large and well-indented seaboard ; for another, it has ample interior scope. Fine rivers, flowing in every direction, offer an outlet to whatever wealth and energy may exist in the interior. Its sons have sea and land labours open to them. Its climate is neither too hot nor too cold for the continuance of labour. It does not enervate its inhabitants by hot suns, nor dwarf them by months of frost and snow. Unlike the East, it does not clothe itself twice in one season with spontaneous vegetation. It only answers to persistent toil, and then with but a single, though ample, harvest in the year. It is not too great to be conquered. It is neither the bed of earthquakes nor the site of impenetrable forests. It lies all open to the glance, all free to the foot, of those who dwell upon it. It has mountain ranges lofty enough to evoke the energy of those whose business it is to cross them ; not too lofty to divide its populations from each other. On the green slopes of those ranges, the children of liberty can build their pastoral dwellings. At their bases are wide champaigns on which cities and fac-

tories can spread. It has sites for all varieties of labour. It has within itself the sources or the equivalents of all desirable wealth. But there is one peculiarity which deserves a more special notice. While its coasts are such as favour the growth of seafaring populations, the coasts which are most fitted to bring this result, enclose the narrowest portions of the continent. A time is certain to arrive, therefore, periodically, when these narrow dwelling-places must send forth their inhabitants to search for other homes. In this one circumstance we have an explanation of the warlike migrations which overflowed the Roman empire in the centuries we are studying; and no less of the peaceful migrations westward which characterise our own times. By the very exigences of its native locality, European life is destined to overspread the world.

THE ROMAN ELEMENT.

The first historical occupant of this territory was Rome. Roman life was the predecessor of the life we are studying. It became a portion of European civilisation. It lies at the basis of European life, although it is not itself the basis. In the languages, literature, and laws of Europe, with very little digging, we ever strike upon Rome. The languages of Spain, Italy, and France, which began to be formed while strong influences of the empire were at work, are almost simply the modernised Latin of these provinces. And even after these influences had decayed, there remained vitality enough in the Latin to give a very large proportion of words to the German nations, among which our own is included. Along with words

came those things which words represent—Roman thought, Roman ways of life ; but that one thing which came most palpably from that quarter, which Rome pre-eminently contributed to European life, was municipal institutions—town life. It would be no exaggeration to say that Rome existed to prepare town life for Europe, and then, its task being ended, it passed from the earth. Indeed, its entire history has been characterised as nothing more than an account of the taking and the building of towns. The vast empire was simply an aggregate of towns. Its extension was an extension of towns. Like the Greeks, who preceded them as colonisers, they succeeded in planting a “fringe on the skirts of barbarism.” But it was a fringe of municipal life. The shores of the Mediterranean resounded with the clang of their towns. But twenty miles from these shores, the only signs of civilisation were the great military highways, which penetrated wastes of nature and human life, which their makers never attempted to reclaim. There were whole classes of the populations they conquered, they never dreamt of treating otherwise than as serfs ; whole districts, they never attempted to civilise. The roads—stretching, in our own country, from the Clyde to the Land’s End—on the Continent, from the coasts of France and Spain to the walls of Jerusalem—merely connected the towns they conquered. They were divided by milestones, they were travelled daily by posts ; but they existed for no other purpose than to convey soldiers and state messages from town to town. No roads led, like our parish roads, through country districts for the sake of these districts. Rome had no country life, or rather, for the statement is only different in form, its country

work was managed by slaves. But by this very preference it was enabled to perfect town life. Everything municipal—the government, adornment, and amusement of towns—came to a state of great finish under its domination. Baths for the citizens, aqueducts for the city, theatres, courts of law, lawyers, municipal law—everything, in short, that related to the rights and duties of citizens—the whole framework and management of municipal society, were prepared and delivered over, we might say, “in working order” to European life. Assuredly a great bequest! Great by all the excess of difference which there is between the raw savage stalking through the woods, with his club in his hand, in search of food, and the rich burgher going unarmed along crowded streets to his house or his office,—the representative of right and duties,—knit by interests, by inclination, by habits, to the purveying, building, self-governing organisation of society, familiar to us by the name of “town.”

THE ELEMENT OF RACE.

“Town life,” then, we are to understand as the bequest of Rome. What did the Barbarian contribute? HIMSELF, I answer. Above all other things, Himself. He contributed laws, language, even institutions, as well as the Roman; but this over and above, this which the Roman could not contribute, manhood, humanity, fresh, new blood, for the Europe that was about to be.

It is sometimes attempted, by examining the primitive customs of the Barbarians, to state the precise institutions we owe to them. The war chief, for example, sharing among his followers the lands he has

conquered, and by these lands binding them ever after to his service, is the germ of the more modern "baron" and the feudal system. Another deduction as commonly made is, that as from the Romans we inherit the feelings proper to citizens, the feelings, namely, of submission to enacted laws, of respect for the rights of the neighbours with whom we live ; so, from the Barbarian, accustomed to roam through the forest and swim the river, and fight for his future home, we derive the peculiar energies to which we give the names of "self-help" and "independence." More palpable than either of these is our debt of language. The northern languages of Western Europe, the Norwegian, Danish, German, and English, are principally derived from this source. But when we wish to know precisely what we have which we would not have had if the Barbarian element had not been drawn up into European life, the answer is not, "laws, feelings, or language," but that which I have already given. Before European history could begin, a European *man* was wanted—a man fresh from the presence of nature—and the Barbarian of the north was that man. Roman life was corrupt—could be the beginning of nothing good. A *race* was needed which would redeem from its unworthy possessors whatever was worth preserving in Roman civilisation, and absorb it into the general life of humanity ; the Barbarians were that race. And for that mighty element which I have placed last in our list—for that mustard-seed, which to the eye of man was then of all seeds the smallest—a *soil* was needed ; fresh, deep, expansive ; wide enough for its spreading roots, strong enough to bear the burden of

branches which were to cover the whole earth ; and that soil came to us in the Barbarians.

Who, then, were the Barbarians? In books on European history you are perplexed by the various names they receive. They appear now as Gauls, now as Celts—as Cimbri, as Teutons, Saxons, Goths, Burgundians, Franks, and Normans. If I might recapitulate these in the order in which they appear in history, they would fall into four waves. First, The Gauls or Celts, whom the Romans found in Spain, France, and Britain. Second, The Goths, who came down upon the empire from the north-east. Third, The Franks, (literally the *freemen*, from whose own designation of their way of life we derive our modern word “franchise,”) who lived in modern Germany and France. Fourth, the Normans, (North-men,) who came into Normandy from Norway. And, for the sake of the history of our own country, might be included, as appearing between the Celts and the Normans, the Anglo-Saxons ; the people, say the etymologists, who used the *sax* or *sæx*, a short sword, and came to Britain from the *angle* formed by the jutting out of Holstein and Jutland from the German seaboard. Hence the Angles, Angle-land, England. But, after all, these names distinguish merely different tribes or incursions of the two great Celtic and German races. In relation to our subject, it is only necessary for me to name the three races which confronted each other in the early scenes of European history. We have the Roman race—itself a child of the aboriginal Iberian, the Etrurian, the Pelasgic, and other races. We have the Celtic race, whose sites have already

been named. And we have the German race, which had its home on the Northern seaboard, and was preparing to overflow all Western Europe with its surplus populations.

Gibbon and others have been at pains to trace the origin of these Germans to the east. In reading "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," one is never allowed to see the waves of the Barbarian invasion dashing against Rome without having his eye directed far east to the wall of China, where these waves receive their impulse. The ethnologists, comparing the European and Asiatic languages, have placed this eastern origin beyond a doubt. But it is not as easterns the Barbarians take their place in history. They come direct from the north, the north claims them for its own. "The snows of winter are as pleasant to them as the flowers of spring," said an orator of them once ; and in Rome's earlier struggles with them, when *they* were the weaker side, they were seen by Roman soldiers "sporting almost naked in the midst of glaciers, and sliding on their shields from the summit of the Alps over precipices."

Let us look at one of these northern savages. We stand in the presence of our common ancestor, the Adam of European life. He is blue-eyed, his cheeks are ruddy, his hair blonde, his bones are the bones of a giant. In the depths of forests lies his home ; it is a hut built of a few branches, thatched with reeds. Town life is foreign to his habits. He would scorn to be confined by walls, as townsmen are ; he must have room to breathe, to roam. He builds his rude dwelling on the banks of a river, on the slope of a hill, in the hollow of a marshy vale ; wherever his fancy

prompts, if only it be under the shadow of trees. It is his genius to spread, to take possession of the earth, to rely upon the strength of his own right arm.

Let us enter his home. The giant reclines upon skins of the reindeer, perhaps upon the bare ground, sluggish, inert, a man waiting his true vocation ; consuming the interval, it may be, in gambling and intemperance. But mark that big-boned partner of his life ; that mother from whose breasts our milk of life has flowed. No sluggishness here ! She prepares the land for the seed ; she cares for the cattle ; she reaps the harvest ; and, in the dead of winter, she breaks the ice of the river for fish. In return for her labours she is mistress in her sphere. The Roman's wife was a slave. The mother of German children is a wife. When a Roman bride went to her future home she was lifted over the threshold and allowed to drop into the arms of her husband, to signify that she was falling, literally falling into the hands of the man (*in manum viri*) as goods and chattels into the hands of a master. When a German savage went for his bride he gave presents of oxen, arms, and war-horses to her friends ; indicating, by gifts of those things he most loved himself, the value and the place he counted due to her ; and, from that time forward, in the rude household of the forest she held a high place. The wife was the counsellor ; the healer of wounds. If need were, she fought in the battle. If the battle turned against her husband, she knew how to preserve the purity of the family blood ; beside the corpse of their father, she spilled the blood of her children and her own, counting it an everlasting reproach to await the humiliation of foreign slavery.

The child of such a mother could not long be idle and worthless. Already in war he was swift, terrible, irresistible. It was his glory to die in battle. "Lift me up," said Siward the strong, when he was attacked by disease, "Lift me up, that I may die standing like a soldier, and not grovelling like a cow. Put on my coat of mail, cover my head with my helmet, put my buckler on my left arm, and my gilded axe in my right hand, that I may expire in arms." Even difficulties were yoked to their service. "The force of the storm," sang their poets, "is a help to the arms of our rowers; the hurricane carries us the way we would go." There has been preserved to us from the ninth century the death-song of a Danish Viking, the famous Regnar Lodbrog. He invaded Britain about the middle of that century, and fell alive into the hands of the Anglo-Saxons, whose king, Ælla, shut him into a dungeon with vipers and serpents. The song was not his own composition, although these old sea-kings did often cultivate the art of poetry; but it is an expression of the mind of his people, was sung at a funeral ceremony in his honour, and passed from mouth to mouth across his native land, as an appeal for vengeance. The chorus is, "We hewed with our swords;" and each stanza places some action of his daring life before the mind. As the narrative proceeds, the dying Viking pauses ever and again to tell how the vipers were gnawing his flesh. Here are two stanzas, in such turgid, Ossianic translation as we can procure :—

"We hewed with our swords !

"The warriors dropt their bucklers. Brands, the riflers of life, flew wrathful from their scabbards against the bosoms of the brave. At Scarpa Skeria cruelly hacked the trenchant battle-

axe. Red were the borders of our moony shields, until King Rafn died. The tepid blood, spurting from the temples of the valiant, was drifted on their harness.

“We hewed with our swords!

“In fifty and one battles! Methinks no king has truer cause of glory. But now I find that men are the slaves of fate. A viper is tearing open my breast and piercing to my heart. I am vanquished. Let the javelins of my sons transpierce the ribs of Ælla. I sing no more. Celestial virgins, sent from the hall of Odin, invite me home. I am going to drink beer with the gods in the highest seats. The hours of my life are ebbing. The viper has reached my heart. I am smiling under the hand of death.”

Some writers, including such masters in history as Robertson and Guizot, have depicted these grim Norlanders, who “hewed with their swords, and smiled under the hand of death,” as mere copies of the modern savages of North America. In one chapter of the latter’s “History of Civilisation in France,” he places in parallel columns quotations from Tacitus, who has left us a Roman’s view of the ancient Germans, and descriptions of the American tribes by modern travellers. Thus—the Germans disliked the confinement of towns: so did the Americans. The Germans left the work of the field to the women: so did the Americans. The Germans gave dowries for their brides: so did the Americans. And thus a specious picture is got up—a resemblance is proved. But a resemblance of what? Of savage life with savage life! An incidental matter—a matter very much aside from the actual knowledge of the Germans which we require. Why, the conclusion is shattered when we only point to this fact, that the American races are passing out of the earth. Carry the Iriquois, the Blackfeet, the Snakes, the Mohicans back into the

German forests, when Rome is crumbling to the ground, will *they* put new blood into Europe? No, we venture to say, they would melt away as the salted snail does, beneath the influence even of degenerate Rome. What is that perpetual sighing of theirs after the graves of their fathers—that vague groping towards the far away, after the great white spirit—that ferocity and low cunning which come out in all their actions, even before the white man spoiled their haunts? Evidence, I think, of a development already superannuated and incapable of revival. There are no sighs for the far away or the past in the savage of the north. The present is his, and he rejoices in it. He walks to his purpose right on. If he fail, he can “smile under the hand of death.” He is fresh, young-hearted; ready, although he knows it not, for new developments when the hour shall come.

Schlegel has noticed that the Germans are acquainted with the use of iron, and money, and an alphabet, when we first meet with them, while the Americans are not. Whatever force may be in this fact, between the two races there is this constitutional, enormous difference, which the physiologists point out, that the German has a brain of Caucasian mould, the American not. In this German brain there is growth, manhood, refinement. It will become Dantean, Shaksperian, Newtonian. It is the brain of Luther, and Bacon, and Goethe undeveloped; whereas, the highest reach of the American brain is a development terminating in sentimental, puling girlhood. The Germans are strong from the very first. They have all the buoyancy and freshness of growing youth about them. A frank openness, a broad boyish humour,

come out in their whole deportment. Take these two glimpses of them, illustrative of this. It is the close of the ninth century. A German race has long dwelt in France. A band of Norwegians, (Germans also, of course,) driven from their own land, seek a home in this territory of their fortunate predecessors. News of their ravages having reached the court, ambassadors are sent to them. The Norwegians are encamped by the brink of a river. With wise precaution, the ambassadors keep on the other side. "Hillo! brave warriors," they shouted across, "what is the name of your lord?" "We have no lord," replied the warriors. "And wherefore have ye come here?" "To make this our country." "But our king will give you lands and honours if you settle peaceably, and be subject to him." "Go back and tell your king," was the answer, "that we will be subject to no one, and that all we can conquer shall belong to ourselves, without reserve."

Twelve years after, the influence of the higher civilisation which they found in France having softened their manners, these same soldiers agreed to settle down and become feudal men to the king. At the ceremony of agreement, they were ordered, in token of submission, to kiss the king's foot. "Never!" said their principal man, Rollo. The French lords insisted. The Norwegian beckoned one of his followers forward, and gave him, by a peculiar sign, the necessary instructions for the offensive service. The man stooped, but, without bending his knee, took the offered foot of the monarch in his hands, and lifted it up towards his lips—higher! higher! still higher! The Norwegians burst into open laughter at the issue

—the king was fallen backwards to the ground. Such were the men, frank, daring, young-hearted, and full of rough humour, who were the growing bones in the womb of destiny, of the European man. I should rather have said, "Such was the outside of the men," for I have yet to speak of that in them out of which their peculiar freshness flowed.

Reference has already been made to a connexion between these Germans and Christianity. We shall be wholly unable to understand this connexion—the connexion between good soil and good seed—unless we enter somewhat into the character of their primitive religion. The savage Druidism, with which the earlier chapters of our national history have made us familiar, must be put out of view. This, with its human sacrifices and horrible incantations, was, if correctly reported to us, undoubtedly a natural development of the general Germanic faith; but it was a development confined to the Gael or Celt, a race comparatively exhausted, without the power and freshness of the Anglo-Saxon and Norman branches, when we first encounter them. Almost everywhere the Celt is conquered. He is driven into the Highlands of Scotland, Wales, Ireland, France. A stronger race—a race with a younger faith, takes his place. The faith of the Norwegian Viking, of the German worshipper, was essentially Druidism, but Druidism in its elements. And at this stage, there was that in this religion which wrought together with the general healthiness of the Germanic physical constitution to beget a fitness, a receptivity for Christianity, possessed by no other people to the same degree.

The impression first received in studying this old

religion, is one of something huge, dim, far-stretching, like that left upon the mind by endless depths of forest. The Greek had a beautiful temple, a beautiful statue, for his worship. So that it were beautiful, his religious craving was satisfied. German worship could not abide so much restraint. It struggled outwards, upwards, out of all confinement, as if it panted for breath. Its temples were the tops of mountains, the sky for their roof. There, or amid the sombre shadows of woods, where the everlasting twilight and the far-receding avenues of trees gave a character of illimitableness to the scene, the German chose to worship.

The same groping after the illimitable is apparent in the objects of their worship. Giants, gigantic gods, fill their universe—beings good and evil, who bulk out immeasurably before the imagination. The observation, often made, that those beings are representative of natural phenomena, carries us a good way into the character of the old Germanic faith. Their giants, their giant deities, are all realities, real existences, to these simple worshippers. Not a giant amongst them all who does not present himself to their mind in some phenomenon of the actual world in which they live. Fire, frost, light, darkness, the visible workings of all nature, assume the forms of giants, and take their place in that old mythology. Thunder is *Thor*, (from whom our Thursday, *Thor's-day*, is named;) Sunlight is *Balder*; Fire is *Loke*; Frost is *Thrym*, *Hrym*, (or *Rime*, as it is even yet called.) The head of all is *Odin*, a deified man who had been bard and warrior. Our Wednesday, *Woden's* or *Odin's-day*, owes its name to him. The whole earth is simply a giant slain and

distributed over different quarters. The sea is his blood, the land his flesh, the rocks his bones, the sky his skull, the clouds his brains ; and the gods themselves dwell in Asgard, the shadow of his eye-brows.

Very stupid all this, Carlyle exclaims, when one looks only from without ! But not at all so stupid, when we perceive that we also live amid giant forces, although we name them differently. I may mention, in passing, that you will find a translation of an Icelandic poem, in which the old Northern cosmogony is detailed, in the appendix to Henderson's "Visit to Iceland," published many years ago under the superintendence of one of our Bible societies. You will enjoy the fine summary of the details, in the lecture on Odin in "Hero-worship," better after reading it.

The worship which daily contemplated these forces, even when so disguised, was not an unhealthy worship. It was imperfect, limited, earthy enough, but, so far as it went, healthy. It brought the mind of the worshipper into daily contact with nature, in this very thing preparing that mind for the reception of a higher life. The Romans noticed, or at least fancied, that the Germans offered sacrifice to, the earth, "the goddess *Hertha*," it was supposed to be called, and that "they looked upon themselves as descended from *Mannus*." From Man ? Or, still more probably, from the man Odin ? Revolve these hints in your minds. Vastness—huge vagueness—giants toiling in all directions—*Hertha* the object of worship—*Mannus* the first parent ! Are we not carried a step further than the theory that that old mythology was a mere embodiment of the visible forces in nature ? "It is easy

to say, These giants only express the struggles and throes of nature, cultivation contending with barrenness, spring succeeding winter. But why," asks the distinguished thinker we are now quoting, Mr Maurice, (in his "Religions of the World and the Religion of Christ,") "why are they giants? Why do they take this personal form? Why, if winter and spring were chiefly in their minds, did they not speak of winter and spring?" We believe that this thinker has here opened a new deep into that old religion. The Germans believed themselves to be the descendants of Mannus. They felt that Man is the appointed inhabitant and subduer of the earth. They reverence Hertha because it is the home of man, the scene of his life-toils. Out of Hertha come their corn and pasture, their bread and water. And spring warring with winter, light with darkness, heat with cold, they recognise as so many forms of the great battle which man has to wage on the bosom of the earth.

From the first there has been a strong consciousness of humanity in the German mind, (*e.g.*, *Baron* from *Bairn*, the war-chief retaining in his very name a testimony to his being, whatever else, a man.) Their religion is an expression of this consciousness. Odin, the man, has risen into Asgard. Man, the worshipper, is encompassed by giant forces, of which Odin is lord. It is the human instinct groping upward towards the primal home of our spirit—reaching outward over our dominion. Those mighty forces of visible nature, the flash of lightning, the eruption of the burning mountain, the hard grasp of winter, frost binding the flood in chains, have their hour. Another hour is coming when

the descendant of Mannus, the Odin in Humanity, lays his strong hand upon them, and rises above them into Asgard, into Valhalla, the dwelling-place of the gods!

Already they are in possession of symbols, rude, vague, unshapely, but veritable symbols of that One whom the Christian Missionaries were soon to proclaim in the very presences of their Odin-trees!

III.

The Christian Element.

“Another theatre was opened at this period for the world-transforming activity of the gospel, and we see it operating in a new and peculiar manner. . . . It is the most remarkable feature in this later movement of Christianity, that the new creation did not connect itself with a culture already existing, and derived from another root. On the contrary, here all springs forth fresh from the very root and essence of Christianity itself, and we come to the source whence flowed the whole peculiar life of the middle ages and modern culture.”—NEANDER.

THE CHRISTIAN ELEMENT.

OF this fourth element I proceed to speak, with the conviction that a description of its essential character would be, to a Scottish audience, a needless occupation of time. I also, but for a different reason, feel that I must shut myself out from speaking of the manifold conflicts into which Christianity was obliged to enter on its first appearance: the conflict, for example, with the Stoic, the man who held that he was the subject of an iron necessity, which it was wisdom to recognise and submit to; the conflict with the Platonist, the spiritual thinker, who looked upon his outer form as only the symbol of an inner and more real one, the word or *logos* of the Creator, and upon his whole existence as a stream out of the fulness of the divine life, into which, at death, it would be absorbed again; the conflict with the Epicurean, who held it to be the highest good to enjoy the present as we wish. All this would be interesting and instructive, but it belongs to the history of Christianity rather than to that of European Life.

I have to satisfy myself with stating the fact, that Christianity did encounter such men, and men in all possible conditions of thought and life. It brought to each thinker the true interpretation of his thought; it led thoughtful men in all directions towards the one rest. Biographies of such men have come down to us

from that period. They were the victims of unrest. Questioning all nature and the soul within them, they received no answer. "Whence am I? Whither do I tend? Wherefore am I here? What is that force which binds me on every side, which brought me into being, which stirs my soul with perplexed imaginings, which dismisses me into the grave? Have I any connexion with it but that of a slave? Am I brother to rocks, and trees, and insensate things? And shall I sleep with the worm? Or do these stars shine for me, beckoning my spirit upwards to a better sphere?" When men, exercised with such perplexities, turned to the religions and schools of philosophy around them, they found no relief. There, all was hollowness, word-splitting, idolatry. When they turned to the governments, to the condition of society, signs of decay, of approaching dissolution, met their eyes. The whole world seemed to be falling to pieces, to be grasping at dead traditions, to be decrepit, ready to die. The clamminess of the grave was about it, like a Nessus shirt. But in the midst of this decrepitude, the roads which had been laid down for Roman armies, and the places of resort in towns, began to be used by the Christian missionaries. To distracted hearts were proclaimed the glad tidings of a "rest prepared" for such; to worshippers of the Nameless, these words—"The God whom ye ignorantly worship declare we unto you."

Of what is usually styled "the rapid diffusion of Christianity in the early ages," we have this to say, that it was not in Europe—the Europe of European Life—it was so diffused. Christians spread with great rapidity; so did Christian preaching, but so did not

Christianity. It was the eleventh century before all Europe became Christian. (Even so late as the fourteenth century, the worship of the serpent existed in some nooks of geographical Europe.) The work of conversion was slow, difficult, like the growth of oaks and beech-trees.

Only consider. Christianity had the intellects of the thoughtful to satisfy. It had the interests of existing governments to confront. It had the Jew coming up behind its back, from its own birthplace, and saying, "Thou art a lie." And it had the savage hearts of Roman citizens—hearts buried in lust, finding their highest excitement in the conflicts of human beings with wild beasts—hearts impure in to their deepest centre, and brutal, to win over and change. We blame such men as Nero for putting hindrances in the way of Christianity. But every Roman was a Nero. They hated Christianity. It stood up against their entire life, and proclaimed it to be rottenness in the face of God. It said to the mistress of the world, that she was living in pleasure, but dead while she lived. And the worshippers of this mistress, the Roman citizens, replied by demanding the Christians for the wild beasts. Even if persecution had not arisen, there was that in the condition of the public mind, when Christianity first encountered it, which made rapid progress an impossibility. One of the very commonest challenges thrown out to the Christian preachers was an illustration of this condition. It was said to them, "Shew us your God; you are preaching about a Being we cannot see." And any one who has ever tried to demonstrate a hidden fact—the fact of the earth's motion, for example, upon its

axis—to a mind accustomed to believe only what the outward eye can see, will know what a mighty work had to be achieved by Christianity, and how necessarily slow its progress must have been before the sensualised mind of Rome could look into “the things which are not seen.”

Lately I heard a very intelligent missionary, who had returned from the East Indies, stating that, on his arrival in this country, he was most of all struck by the existence of “credit,” of trust reposed in each other, which he found amongst us. “A man gave me a cheque,” he said, “and it was instantly cashed at the bank. If I went into a shop for anything, it was placed before me on the counter before I even shewed my purse. In India, among the natives, such things do not happen. Each man believes his neighbour to be dishonest. There is no trustfulness; no credit.” And the missionary gave this as one of the reasons why Christianity made so little progress in the district where he had been labouring. And he was right. There must be a good soil as well as good seed; and the Christian faith had to wait seven hundred years for this.

We all know how Christianity turned away from the Jew. It will be remembered how little receptivity there was in those Greeks who listened to Paul on Mars’ Hill. And that apostle must have been thinking of a similar flippancy in the Roman mind, when he wrote, “I am not *ashamed* to preach the gospel to you who are at Rome also.” To us there is something very solemn in this fact. The Jew, the Greek, the Roman—the minds of highest culture in

the world at the time—putting away the new faith from them. Deep calleth unto deep. The Jewish mind, with all its recollections of holy times, was not receptive ; neither was the Grecian, with all its subtle appreciation of beauty ; neither was the Roman, with all its sense of binding law and social order. In these minds there was not depth ; there was not honesty enough. For long centuries, Christianity, the word of the new creation, had to brood over the wrecks and chaos of past culture before it found a mind fitted to receive it. Not that it waited in idleness. There were individual conversions without number ; there was leavening of human thought ; there was the acquirement of outward respect (from hollow Constantines and such like ;) above all, there was the absorbing into itself whatever was good in ancient civilisation. It abode in Judea until it had identified itself with Moses and the Prophets ; it lingered in beautiful Greece, in those churches of Ephesus, and Corinth, and Philippi, until the aroma of Greek wisdom was inhaled ; it hid in Roman catacombs until all that was worth in Roman institutions had passed into its grasp, studying all the thought of that half-eastern world, and all its ways of life ; and then, with its mighty burden of life, old and new, it was led up from the wilderness towards the north, to meet those men who had been preparing to receive it, and were even now coming down. It found in these Germans a freshness, a child-like openness—“honesty of heart,” in fact. It found them in possession of a faith which did not contradict Christianity, but only sought from it its true interpretation. It found in them a nature

inured to hardship, uncorrupt, and the German people "received it gladly." Let one illustration serve for all.

When Paulinus, the Christian missionary, invited our Anglo-Saxon fathers to embrace his faith, an old warrior rose up in the national assembly, and argued thus before the king:—"On some dark night, O king, when the storm was abroad, and rain and snow were falling without, when thou and thy captains were seated by the warm fire in the lighted hall, thou mayest have seen a sparrow flying in from the darkness and flitting across the hall, and passing out into the darkness again. Even so, O king, appears to me the life of men upon the earth. We come out of the darkness, we shoot across the lighted hall of life, and then go out into the darkness again. If this new doctrine can tell us aught of this darkness, and of the soul of man which passes into it, let it be received with joy."

Thus met these two elements of European life—Christianity and the German nature.

And thus—summing up all I have said—into this fit home of a great life, into this Western territory of Europe, came first the Roman, and with him municipal institutions—town-life. This was the laying down of European roads, of social ways of life. Then came the Barbarian, the strong nature, the fresh humanity, which was to use these roads. And, last of all, not in time, but in effect, came Christianity, with affinities for all that was worth preserving, with the power of leavening, or combining, or elevating. It seized what was Roman—it conveyed the German towards it. It gave the German a new faith, and in

that a principle of continuance. And European life arose.

It is one of the disadvantages of taking up a subject like the present, that the actual condition of society cannot always be kept before the mind. Having to deal with large surfaces, with centuries, and races, and slow developments, we are apt to lose sight of what may be called the flesh and blood of history, the workings of every-day life. Allow me, therefore, if with no further practical result than the acknowledgment of the inevitable defect, to give you a glimpse, and it can be no more than a glimpse, of the condition of society in Western Europe from the fifth to the tenth centuries—the period during which the elements of European life were gathering and flowing into one.

The description will not hold true of Eastern Europe. There, so many of the old influences were still at work as to give a distinct character to the condition of society in that direction. On that side the empire had been invaded by the Goths. These Goths entered into alliance with the Romans at a very early period. And thus, if they came sooner than the Germans of the north under the influence of Christianity, they came also sooner under the influence of Roman manners. In fact, they became very much Romanised, and had consequently only a secondary part to play in the shaping out of Europe. Their strength melted away under the eastern effeminacy of life which prevailed in the empire ; and to give them still less weight, the Christianity they had was Arian.

In France, Germany, and Britain it was different.

A stranger would have been struck especially with the presence of a mixed population. He would have seen that there was no hearty blending of fortunes among those who lived together ; that, on the contrary, there were classes living painfully separate, and cherishing the worst passions towards each other. In country districts, he would encounter a class, as the traveller in "Ivanhoe" encounters Gurth, the swineherd, engaged in the lowest drudgery, the born thralls of the possessors of the soil. These thralls are the original natives of the land, and, generally, Celts. If he entered the rude homestead of the possessor of the soil, the stranger would be confronted by a representative of the highest class, the descendant of the tribe which last ravaged and conquered the land. Between these two extremes (both of Germanic origin) some schoolmaster, a priest, or travelling merchant, would turn up to represent the old Romanic population. The next thing that our stranger would have noticed would be, that this tessellated pavement of human beings lived in the continual expectation and exercise of war. Inroads were frequent. New descents from more northerly countries things of constant dread. Property was held by no securer tenure than the sword. By the sword it had been bought; by the sword it might be lost. It was the same with personal freedom. The sword was king. Physical force presided over European society. Perhaps, while our stranger is completing his examination, the shouts of war may ring through the land, and homesteads which were gained a hundred years before have to be defended against a new incursion from the north.

Thus, in our own land, the Roman subdued the Celt, the Saxon put out the Roman, the Norman overcame the Saxon. It was the condition of all Europe for more than six hundred years. Roman Europe was to the men of the north what America is to us. It was their new world and future home. From the region of icebergs and perpetual snow, the confined populations pressed, band after band, during all these centuries, toward the sunnier south. Europe was in continual motion. Here, a Roman population wasting out ; there, a German migration arriving to fill its place. Here, the Germans of an earlier incursion growing effeminate ; there, a new band presenting their greater strength, as a title of right, to dispossess them. No man nor people was at rest. No nation knew its own limits. No nation, properly so called, existed. All was flow and reflow ; tides beaten back by the wind.

Attempts to escape from this unsettled existence were made from the beginning, some of these consciously, some unconsciously. Quite consciously wrought Christianity. Its voice was lifted up for order. In many ways its influence was exerted. Even at the early period at which the foregoing picture is taken, Christianity is leavening European life, elevating it, delivering it from savageness ; but its effects are hidden, and will continue so for centuries to come. Consciously also wrought Roman civilisation. Unconsciously wrought the Barbarian element. But the relation between the chief and his men was a germ of order, and began to exhibit fruit in the feudal system.

In the eighth century appeared a man who gathered

into himself, in a wonderful manner, all these elements of order—as to race a German, by faith a Christian, by his coronation a Roman emperor—into whose mind entered the vast conception, that the tides of violence around him might be arrested, and Europe bound into a mighty whole. This man was Charlemagne. The history of his reign is the history of an endeavour to realise this conception. France, Spain, Italy, Germany, even as far as Hungary, yielded to his sway. At the head of his brave Franks he repressed disorder on all sides. The necessity of his reign was order. His reign was a protest and appeal against confusion. Victorious abroad—at home, in his beautiful Rhineland, this great king established schools, encouraged literature, committed laws to writing. He invited the learned of all countries to his court. He fostered religion and watched over the churches. He met with the bishops, chastised indolent pastors, rewarded faithful ones. His capacious soul took in at one glance the Europe which ought to be, and the minutest details of local interest. He bequeathed to European life a grand ideal of European unity. In our own England the same attempt on a narrower scale was made by Alfred. While these men lived, the strong hand of authority bound the masses into something like a whole. At their death, these masses escaped from the bond. Migratory habits prevailed once more. Europe again resounded with the wars of race and tribe. But influences were already at work by which new and surer ties were to be formed.

IV.

Growth.

“The great fight then began, which has continued ever since ; now slumbering, now blazing out anew—often asleep—never dead—the struggle between order and anarchy, between civilisation and barbarism. Setting out of view the interposition of an overruling Providence, (which a historian has no right to limit as a cause of any *particular* issue,) it is owing to the wisdom and vigour of Charlemagne, and to the success of that party of which he was the leader and the type, not only that the Germanic race is lord of the ascendant in Europe, but, perhaps, that Europe has set up the standard of mind against brute force—has identified its existence with Christianity, instead of the worship of the groves and of Odin, or the doctrine of the prophet of Islam.”—
COSMO INNES.

GROWTH.

RECALL the parallel drawn in the first Lecture between the life of individual man and that of society. Both lives have their natural period. Each period has its separate peculiarities, of taste, of receptivity, of capability. The boy follows other ends than the grown-up man—is differently affected, expresses himself differently. What would be foolish in an old man may be beautiful in a boy. What would pall an old man's appetite may be the cause of growth in a boy. What even a young man might esteem as common, to a boy will seem a very opening into heaven.

Take this familiar illustration. When we pass what Dante calls the keystone of life, and begin to travel on the descending curve of the arch, we pucker up our lips as people who should know better, and smile at the fondness of young lovers. "That foolish time!" we exclaim, winking to our peers. But this does not alter the fact which encompasses our two lovers. They cannot afford to smile at it. It is—not on the authority of novel-makers, but of the Maker of us all—a life-and-death business for them. The beautiful, the lovely, have gathered all their rays into one focus; and each of these two sees the other in the heart of that. If the boy walk across the green, we will not see a difference in him from other boys; if you point out the girl, we may not be overwhelmed with any

surpassing beauty in her. But, to their own eyes, each is bathed in beauty, and circles for ever on in it, as the morning star does. It is the time of love. Influences which would not touch them at other periods find receptivity in them at this, and they go through a business—taken in detail, made up of trifles—which, at a later date in life, they will speak of as a waste of time. This will help us to understand the present portion of our subject.

Crusades—Wars of the Cross—wars for the recovery of the holy sepulchre from the keeping of Moham-medans—would not succeed with Europe now. Even in the fifteenth century they could not succeed. The same means which roused Europe in the eleventh were resorted to ; but Europe went on its way unheeding. Europe had outgrown them—had left them behind in the magic past—and was now girding itself for the sterner tasks of Reformation and Revolution.

Before touching on the history of these Wars of the Cross, then, I shall endeavour to fix the proper life-date of Europe at the time. I do not mean the particular year in which the wars commenced. As to this, they began at the close of the eleventh century, and lasted almost precisely two hundred years. I refer to the time of life in which the Crusades occurred. Was Europe man or boy? I may note, in passing, that some nations were later than others in being affected with the Crusade spirit—our own, for example. The Franks were first. In our country, therefore, that period at which Crusades were gone into, as a perfectly serious business, was later of arriving than in France.

This being preluded, I open the inquiry : At what

period has European life arrived at the close of this eleventh century? Of the Europe hitherto described, I might say, it was Europe in embryo, Europe in the cradle, Europe making efforts to walk. Individually considered, we had many strong men before us ; but the collective life of these men was what I have just now called it.

I shall go back to the beginning of the period surveyed in the previous chapter for one glimpse of this life. A second can be obtained through the feudal system. The Crusades themselves will yield a third. In each of these, you will see distinctly impressed the features of different periods, and each rising naturally out of the other.

1. The baptism of the first Frank king took place during the Christmas of 496. The history of his conversion is as follows :—He had married a Christian wife. In the fall of the Roman empire, he beheld a proof that his wife's God was feeble ; in the success of the Franks, that their God was strong. So like a child did he reason ! His own eldest child died. "A powerful God," he said to his wife, "would not have suffered a child baptized into His name to die." A battle was going against him ; he called on his own god, Odin. The foe still prevailed. In his distress he bethought himself of his wife's God, and called on Him ; the battle at that moment turned in his favour. So like a child did he act ! A bishop assured him that the battle was a miracle ; Clovis believed him. The bishop went on to instruct him in the Christian faith ; and, amongst other things, drew a touching picture of the sufferings of the Lord upon the cross. "Ha," interrupted our European child, "if I and my

brave Franks had been there, how we would have chastised these rascal Jews!" The baptism was performed at Rheims. "The streets," says Thierry, "were adorned with tapestries ; hangings of various colours, stretching from roof to roof, intercepted the heat and glare of the sun. The pavement was strewn with flowers, and perfumes were burnt to refresh the air." The bishop, dressed in embroidered garments, walked by the monarch's side. "Holy father," exclaimed the latter, astonished by all this magnificence, "is THIS the kingdom of heaven to which thou hast promised to conduct me?" What do you see behind this morsel of biography? It is the story of the conversion of the foremost European soldier of his day, a man of thirty years of age, strong, practical, brave. You see a distinction of lives. The material life is mature ; but it conceals another—a life far from maturity. It is a child's life. Its thoughts, its acts, are childish. It is your own Walter or Willie making his first visit to the church. "Hush, my boy, you are in the church." An awe comes down upon the boy's heart. But if you ask him what the church is, you will find it is the wood of the pulpit, and the fine dresses of the people, and himself. European life was at this stage when Clovis was baptized.

2. Let us come down four hundred years. The boy is beginning to be respected in the house. Home-life is about him, and penetrates him. Outwardly, there is confusion enough. The empire of Charlemagne has gone down in darkness. The migrations have broken out afresh. All Europe is in motion. There are no boundaries, no dikes ; tides of people are rushing upon each other. In the midst of this welter-

ing rises the feudal keep. It is the representative building of the period. The wrecks of old empires, of attempted kingdoms, are floating about. But nothing hurts that keep. The Noah of European life is there. The waves dash in vain against it ; it rides on the top. Do not look at these keeps through your modern politics. If there had not been need for them they would not have arisen. The German tribes brought from their woods respect for women and the law of primogeniture. The feudal system was the sphere in which these were to be developed into our modern family life. Accordingly, if you look closely at this system, you will find that its principal aim was, protection of the oldest son. There was in it, indeed, protection and nourishment of others besides him—of serfs, of fighting men, and kinsfolk. The titles which have come down to us from these times are monuments of this. Earl, *yarl*, was “the strong one,” the man able to protect ; lord, *hlaf-ford*,* was “the loaf-giver,” the provider of bread to the protected. And the lord’s wife received her title from the share she had in this mode of charity. Because on set days she was the distributor of the loaves, *she* came to be the *hlaf-dig*, “loaf-day,” *lady*. But all this points ultimately to the heir. For his sake, the old baron protects the fighting men ; for his sake, the lady gives bread to their families ; for him the walls of the keep are built massy and strong ; for him the baron lives in a confinement foreign to his ancestors. The whole

* “*Lord* would be nothing but an empty title in England, unless we could discover its original form and meaning in the Anglo-Saxon *hlafford*, ‘giver of bread,’ from *hlaf*, ‘a loaf,’ and *ford*, ‘to give.’”—Müller, *Science of Language*, p. 112.

current of feudal life runs towards the training and protecting of this boy.

It fits into this view that the mother has a very large share of importance in the feudal system. If the father were slain before the heir was of age, the mother became regent. Even in the father's lifetime she had a fair portion of influence. In his absence on the hunting expedition *she* ruled. Children and domestics came thus to look up to her as their head. Her sphere, her character, were elevated. Napoleon once asked a lady what the French people stood most in need of. "*Good mothers*," replied the lady. During the feudal period, this instrumentality in the training of the life of Europe was developed. You remember the old ballad, "Black Agnes of Dunbar." In her husband's absence the castle was attacked by the English. She held out for nineteen weeks, and then compelled them to raise the siege :—

"Upon the castle wa' she stood,
The Yirl o' March's sturdy marrow !"

Montague tempts her with dress and English state :—

"And you sall be Dame Montague,
And I'll gi'e you a weddin'-ring."

She answers—

"Your rings o' gold I carena by,
Nor care I for your falcons free ;
I carena for your horse and hounds,
Nor for your pages twenty-three.

"An' ye may tak your lordlings brave,
An' deck *them* wi' your claith o' gold ;
For while my ain gude lord's awa,
My yetts fast lock'd I mean to hold."

Montague, in wrath, brings up his war engines :—

“The mangonels play’d fast and free,
Brocht down big stanes frae aff the wa’;
Black Agnes, with her napkin fine,
Leuch loud and dicht the stour awa!”

I do not quote this as history. It is the mere conception of a poet, and a poet of a later time; but it exactly represents what happened in Scotland in the fourteenth century. And Scotland, during that century, presented a very fair picture of the feudal times of European states earlier in developing. I have quoted the ballad to illustrate the functions and spirit of the European mother at that period. A system which afforded scope for conduct like Lady March’s could not be otherwise than promotive of the family bond. And, in fact, it was so. What do we gather from this? We gather that European life had not yet passed out of the home-sphere—that the European man, if the bull might be excused, was still a boy.

The history of the institution of knighthood would still farther illustrate this fact. Great attention began to be paid to boys. Your boy is sent to my house, mine to yours, to learn obedience—to learn to be a *miles*, to serve—*militare*, to be a knight. The great event in our families is the introduction of these boys to the rank of knights; and when they have become knights, their business of life is the very soft one of defending women.

3. Something was wanted to lift European life out of the seclusion and narrowness of the home circle—something which could appeal to the natural poetry and spirituality in the human heart, and be a quicken-

ing into manhood for all Europe. At this crisis, the Crusades were preached.

The immediate occasion of these Crusades was this. Towards the close of the ninth century, an expectation began to be entertained in Europe that the Lord would return to the earth when the thousand years after His ascension were expired. This time was at hand. It was generally believed that the scene of His birth would be that of His second advent ; and European Christians, men and women, went to Jerusalem "to meet their Lord." The expected hour went past ; but a pilgrimage to Jerusalem had become a European habit ; and during the eleventh century, the Holy City continued to be visited by pilgrims who had left the extreme bounds of Europe, and toiled thither on foot. Unhappily for them, the Holy City had long been in the hands of Mohammedans. The arrival of pilgrims was a source of revenue too palpable to be neglected. A piece of gold was charged for entrance. The pilgrims—poor, many of them, when they set out from their homes, still poorer when they had traversed unsettled Europe—had to return often from the very gates of that Jerusalem they had come thousands of miles to see, because they were unable to pay the toll. Sick and weary with fatigue and disappointment, they filled Europe with their murmurs. As they passed on to their homes, they left their tale of oppression and persecution in the castles which gave them shelter for the night. The fierce baron listened to their stories when the hunt or the raid was over. He, too, was stirred with indignation. Let the word once be spoken, and the young Europe will fly to arms.

Among the pilgrims who returned was one who had been successively soldier, priest, and hermit—Peter of Amiens. Simple, abstemious in his food, in appearance mean, it was given to this humble instrument to speak the word. He was a little man, with flashing, peculiar eyes. “While out of doors, he wore ordinarily a woollen tunic, with a brown mantle which fell down to his heels,” leaving his arms and feet bare. “We saw him,” says the eye-witness quoted above, “passing through towns and villages, preaching everywhere, the people surrounding him in crowds,” plucking, for relics of so esteemed a man, the very hairs from his mule’s hide. He was no great orator, as to style—he was rude and illiterate rather, as most people then were. But he could speak to the hearts of fighting men; and all Europe answered as he beckoned his skinny arm.

The Church took up the cause. At Clermont, in one of the great squares—no house being able to contain them—priests, princes, fighting men, scholars, ladies, people of all ranks, are gathered at the close of the eleventh century. The Pope of that time, Urban II., was a very eloquent man. He spoke to them of the land of their Saviour’s birth—of their Eastern fellow-Christians oppressed therein—of the hardships encountered by holy pilgrims. “Jerusalem,” he said, “has become the habitation of devils. The Saracens tyrannise over it; the holy places are defiled; the believers are overwhelmed with injuries; the temple of the Most High is desecrated; priests and deacons are slain; women are grossly insulted in the very sanctuary; and ye, Christian men of Europe, are wasting your strength in idle quarrels! Arm! To

the rescue of your oppressed brethren ! Against the enemies of your faith turn the weapons you unjustly employ against each other. Pillage and burning are charged against you ; murder and robbery shut many of you from the kingdom of God. Arise ! Redeem by this service your ungodly lives ; the crimes of the soldier of the Cross are pardoned ; the dying Crusader goes up to heaven."

From prince and peasant, from men and women, there rose a mighty shout. "*God willeth it !*" the whole assembly cried. The purpose of the speaker was secured. The baron rode back to his castle to arm his retainers. The speech of the Pope was repeated from mouth to mouth. Europe was stirred to its depths. So unanimous was the enthusiasm, so quickly did it spread, it came to be a popular belief, that the shout which greeted the close of the Pope's appeal had been heard at the same moment in the remotest parts of Europe.

I would convey a very false impression if I left you to suppose that the struggle in which Europe was about to engage was either accidental or temporary. From the very cradle of European life it has had to struggle against Mohammedan aggression. Even at the date of the first Crusade, the struggle was far from being new. Exactly four hundred years before, it seemed to depend on the issue of a battle whether "the fourth element" of European life was to be Christianity or Mohammedanism.

While the northern immigrations were still flowing down, and before the conquerors were secure in their conquests, they were confronted by armies of swart, black-eyed soldiers, the propagators of a new religion.

From the African shore of the Mediterranean, at the Straits, the successors of Mohammed sent a small detachment across to Europe, under the command of a soldier named Tarik. He overturned the kingdom of the enervated Visigoths in Spain. Their king fled from the field of battle, and the victorious Arabs pursued their conquests until the Bay of Biscay stopped their march. It took more than seven hundred years to undo the work of that army. To this day we recall the name of its leader, when we mention the rock on which he first landed, Gibraltar—*Ghebel al Taric*, the rock of Taric. From Spain the Arabs pressed into France, at that time the centre of European civilisation ; but here they were checked. Young Europe, rude and untaught, was stronger than full-formed Mohammedanism. For a moment, however, the issue was doubtful ; but almost only for a moment. A Frank who, on account of his heavy blows in war, received the surname of *Martel* or *Hammer*, defeated the Mohammedans in the memorable battle of Tours. Charlemagne effectually repressed their subsequent advances. Eventually they were shut up into Spain.*

* “ A victorious line of march had been prolonged above a thousand miles, from the rock of Gibraltar to the banks of the Loire ; the repetition of an equal space would have carried the Saracens to the confines of Poland and the Highlands of Scotland ; the Rhine is no more impassable than the Nile or Euphrates, and the Arabian fleet might have sailed without a naval combat into the mouth of the Thames. Perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and the truths of the revelation of Mohammed. From such calamities was Europe delivered by the genius and

fortune of one man. Charles, the illegitimate son of the elder Pepin, was content with the title of Mayor, or Duke of the Franks, but he deserved to become the father of a line of kings. . . . No sooner had he collected his forces, than he sought and found the enemy in the centre of France, between Tours and Poitiers. His well-conducted march was covered by a range of hills, and Abderame appears to have been surprised by his unexpected presence. The nations of Asia, Africa, and Europe advanced with equal ardour to an encounter which would change the history of the world. . . . The victory of the Franks was complete and final; Aquitaine was recovered by the arms of Eudes; the Arabs never resumed the conquest of Gaul, and they were soon driven beyond the Pyrenees by Charles Martel and his valiant race."—*Gibbon*, chap. lii.

V.

Conflict with Mohammedanism.

E

“Contrast with the sword about to be unsheathed by Mohammed the grand principle for the propagation of His faith pronounced by Jesus before His heathen judge : ‘ My kingdom is not of this world : if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight that I should not be delivered to the Jews ; but now is my kingdom not from hence.’ Jesus was ‘from above,’ and used heavenly weapons ; Mohammed ‘of the earth,’ and leaned upon earthly means. Islam is human ; Christianity, divine.”—
MUIR’S LIFE OF MOHAMMED.

“ Mohammed’s truth lay in a holy book,
Christ’s in a sacred life.
“ So while the world rolls on from change to change,
And realms of thought expand,
The letter stands without expanse or range,
Stiff as a dead man’s hand.
While, as the life-blood fills the glowing form,
The spirit Christ has shed
Flows through the ripening ages, fresh and warm,
More felt than heard or read.”

R. M. MILNES.

CONFLICT WITH MOHAMMEDANISM.

WE may well turn aside to examine the character and genius of a power which appeared in the world at the very moment Europe was being filled with its future populations, and which ultimately left to the influence of Christianity only the western half of the Roman empire. An internal history of Mohammedanism itself would exhibit a creed laying hold of different tribes, nations, races, and elevating to power those of most warlike genius. It will be enough for our purpose if we can gather from the people in whom the faith first took root, one or two of the more prominent features of the life which it develops. We shall require to transfer ourselves to new scenes. The shadows of deep forests, the mists of hills, by which the men of the north are environed, are behind us. We are now in the land of the palm-tree and the camel. Stripes of green pasture alternate with sand-wastes, at the base of grim mountains. Nothing has changed since the days of Job. There is the same nomad life, the same family feeling, the same incursions of robbers. You live in tents; your wealth is in flocks and herds. In the evening, you see clouds of dust in the distance: before an hour has gone past the well where you are resting is surrounded with tents, and flocks, and shepherds armed. From that land how many of our most familiar stories have

come! Our school-time favourite, the "Arabian Nights," was the product of a later age, and of somewhat different circumstances; but the faculty of poetry and story-telling which it exhibits is native to the child of the East. Eastern travellers describe the Bedouins of the present, grouped around the fire of their bivouac listening with attentive ears, their necks stretched out, their fiery eyes fixed upon some companion reciting passages of their national poetry, or telling some story of his own. So in all ages it has been.

Before the birth of Mohammed, Ishmael was the great man of the Arabs. For them, he, not Isaac, was the true son of promise. They held him in esteem as the martyr, the one wronged man in human history. All other men received rich lands at the general distribution of portions. He, with his mother, had to go out into the desert. Notwithstanding this, Abraham is their father. They have many things in common with the Jews—annual pilgrimages to a holy place, for example, and prayer with their faces turned thither. "In the times of their ignorance," as they call the days before Mohammed, they prayed towards Jerusalem. Since his day, their *kebla*—direction of prayer—is Mecca, his birthplace. Here, according to tradition, still bubbles up the well of Hagar, and here their great mosque or temple is built.

Although the men who tried to spread this worship in Europe came from the East, they were strangers to the luxury we associate with Eastern climates. There is a healthy freshness and homeliness about them which almost rival the characteristics of the northern tribes. The prophet Mohammed mended his own

shoes, although he was a man of wealth. The Caliph Omar, his second successor, and his chief men, supped rice-porridge together every morning, out of a wooden platter which dangled at his camel's side, when he and they were on a journey. To this same Omar complaint was once made, that the governor he had sent to Hems would not grant an audience before sunrise, nor attend to petitions during night-time, and that he was invisible one whole day in every month. "O Omar!" said the accused governor, "I keep no servant, and must therefore before sunrise bake my bread. After sunset, I pray and read the Koran until sleep overtake me; and one whole day every month, because I possess but a single shirt, I am employed in washing and drying it!" Sometimes this simplicity of manners took quite a different turn from the ridiculous. At the close of an engagement, a Greek general seated himself on a throne in the grand style of the Roman East, to receive some Arab soldiers about an exchange of prisoners. Cushioned seats were set for the Arabs, but they preferred to sit cross-legged on the ground. "You vulgar clowns," said the Greek, "who but yourselves would prefer to sit upon the filthy earth?" "The seat which God has prepared for us," replied the chief soldier, "cannot be filthy. The earth is of His making; your purest tapestry is not so pure."

But it is chiefly as a brave people, and a people whose bravery is the result of religion, that they come before us. They are the Puritans of the East. Fighting, to them, is life-work—work done under the eye of God. Their battle-cry, "Allah Acbar!" is a sort of appeal to God for victory. Their early history is full of

illustrations. Derar is sent forward to reconnoitre the Christian army. Thirty Christians are detached to capture him. He feigns to fly. The thirty straggle after him. He turns about upon them, and one by one unhorses seventeen. "Did I not warn thee not to put thyself in danger?" said his general. "Well, Kaled, [this was the defence,] they came out to take me, and I was afraid God should see me turn my back to the enemy." Every battle these men fought was linked in their eyes to eternity. "O general," said this same Derar to Kaled, who had returned for a fresh horse from a single-handed encounter with one of the enemy, "you have already thrown away too much strength fighting with that dog ; rest here and I will go in your stead." "Rest !" exclaimed Kaled, by no means the finest specimen of Arab-warrior, "we shall rest in the world to come." (Recall the fine words of the Port-Royalist, hundreds of years later—"We shall have all eternity to rest in.") The conviction that their fighting was not vanity—not something which they might do or leave undone at their pleasure, was very strong in them. They felt that their condition in eternity depended on their conduct in the battle. Kaled would sometimes tell his men that "Paradise lay beneath the shadow of swords." And when Mohammed proclaimed war against the Romans of the East, and the Arabs murmured, "We are worn out ; the harvest is coming on ; the weather is hot," the prophet's reproof was, "Ay, but hell is hotter." Indeed, religious fighting is the proper development of Mohammedan life. Up to this it carries men, and no further. When Mohammedans leave the battle-field and try to live in towns, they go to decay. They prosper as robbers—as fighters, not otherwise. Their life-purpose is to

spread their faith by the sword. One of the first converts Mohammed made,—an eager boy at the time,—professed his faith in this style: “I, for one, will be thy vizier, [*lit.*, helper.] Whoever rises against thee, I will dash out his teeth, tear out his eyes, break his legs,” &c. So, practically, did every true Mohammedan profess. The conqueror of Morocco was checked in his progress by the waves of the Atlantic. He spurred his horse into the sea, and raised his eyes to heaven and exclaimed, “Great Allah, if my course were not stopped by these waves, I would still go on to the unknown kingdoms of the west, preaching the unity of Thy name, and putting rebellious nations to the sword.” In almost all cases, the perfect Mohammedan is nothing more than an armed propagator of his creed.

At first sight, nothing can be more astonishing than the spread of Mohammedan power. In the beginning of the seventh century, Mohammed, at that time a merchant in Mecca, and about forty years of age, rises up after dinner, and informs his kinsmen present that God has commissioned him to convert them from idol-worship to the faith *that there is one God, whose will we are bound to obey*. By all his guests, except the boy Ali, referred to above, this intimation was received with laughter. Before a full hundred years were ended, Arabia, Syria, Persia, Egypt, and part of the east and west coasts of Africa had received his faith. “From the confines of Tartary and India to the shores of the Atlantic Ocean,” there were souls and nations who believed that Mohammed was a prophet.

With the power thus founded and wide-spread, young European life was now to contend, and that on

ground sacred to the Mohammedan and itself. The battle-field was transferred from Europe to the Holy Land. The era of the Crusades had come.

Before saying the little I mean to say of the grapple of European and Mohammedan life in the Crusades, it may be well to put the following question :—*How, when Christianity was in the world, within a stonecast, one might say, did Mohammedanism—a narrower faith, a mere echo of itself caught up at the fairs of Syria—succeed in seizing the whole Eastern world, and confining for many ages European life to Europe?* Not by imposture, not by quackery, I freely answer, quoting Thomas Carlyle. But neither by “Hero Worship,” as is virtually maintained by him.

Readers of Carlyle must bear in mind, as I shall have to point out further on, that his book on Heroes, full of genius, as everything he has done, is, besides being an exposition and vindication of his besetting faith, also an exhibition of his philosophy of European history. He works out his theory with European materials. Odin represents the German element, Dante the Roman-Ecclesiastical. Shakespeare is the Feudal system evolved to music; Luther embodies the Reformation. The lecture on Mohammed finds place as Carlyle’s word on the early struggle of European and Mohammedan life. As German strength was the worship of Odin, Mohammedan prowess was the worship of Mohammed.

In the hearty appreciation of the Arabian prophet which we find in the second lecture on “Hero Worship,” the old notions about Mohammed are satisfactorily brushed away. “He did *not* found a sensual religion; only curtailed the sensuality he found existing.”

Neither was he himself *a sensual* man. He had faults—faults of the kind David had, “but we shall err widely if we consider him a common voluptuary.” In his frugal household, “his common fare was bread and water. Sometimes, for months together, not a fire was lighted on his hearth.” “Not a *bad* man” either, or these wild Arabs would not have revered him so. “He stood face to face with them; bare, not enshrined in any mystery—visibly clouting his own cloak, cobbling his own shoes, fighting, counseling, ordering in the midst of them. They must have *seen* what kind of man he was. No emperor with his tiara was obeyed as this man in a cloak of his own clouting. During three-and-twenty years of rough actual trial! I find something of a veritable hero necessary for that.” And so there was. The *man* Mohammed must have been a better, truer man than any Arab of his day, or he would not have obtained the influence and homage he did.

But we have not the secret of his religious success in this. No doubt it carries us a good way. All men are incarnations, either of good or evil; the “hero,” the incarnation of good, is the highest figure upon earth while he is present. But, after all, it is not the “hero”—the incarnation—which is the working power in social influences, but that which makes him heroic—the truth of which he is the incarnation. Mohammed himself was still an object of hatred to Omar, when that kinsman and future caliph was converted by a verse of the Koran. He was dead, and a mere name, when Persia, Syria, Egypt, and Africa, received his faith. We shall look, therefore, not into the man, but into the faith which the man had, for the secret of its

brilliant success ; and concerning this success there are three things to be said.

The first is, *that Mohammedanism displaced nothing better than itself.* This is abundantly plain with respect to the religions which it superseded in Egypt and Persia, for they were at the time decrepit, worn out, and ready to die. In the prophet's own country, where his religion had its first and sorest battle to fight, it displaced sheer idol-worship. At Mecca the old mosque was full of idols ; and, standing without, there was an idol for every day in the year—an army of idols which Mohammed in his old age threw down and broke to pieces. In the Koran, he protests again and again against idol-worship. I have been much struck with one chapter, in which he is dealing with the Sabeans, or star-worshippers. “What *can* your star-god do for you?” he asks. “Behold him, he rises, he sets ; *a true god does not set.* Remember Abraham,” he continues ; “star-worship did not suffice for him, neither did the clay idols in the house of his father Terah : ‘O father,’ said Abraham, ‘these images are not gods.’ He went out on the approach of evening ; the heavens rose over him, piercing far upwards into eternity ; and the young man cried for God. A star came out and stood on the breast of the sky. ‘My Lord ! my Lord !’ cried Abraham. But the heavens drew the star back into its darkness. Then rose the moon, beautiful, two-horned, like a living face in the liquid deep. ‘My Lord ! my Lord !’ again cried the adoring youth. The moon also set. High over the summits of far-receding hills came the tints of morning. Flaming into daylight rose up the sun. ‘My very God, at length !’ said Abraham, and

he bowed down to worship. In the evening, this god too departed, and it was night once more. 'No!' exclaimed the worshipper, 'nor sun, nor moon, nor star, shall be god to me ; my soul seeketh after one who never sets.'"—In parables such as these, Mohammed preached that there was no God but one, and he no idol dumb and dead, no creature-star, but the living Maker of heaven and earth. With parables such as these he displaced, not better, but worse than he gave.

It is said that one sect among the Arabians had some notion of a hereafter before his time. When one of this sect died, his camel was tied to his grave, and allowed to starve, that it might follow its master into the other world, and serve him there. Mohammed put the Koran in the place of the famishing and solitary camel. Most decidedly a better way of proclaiming a hereafter! A better way, I would also add, of setting forth the character of God than by stars, and blocks of wood and clay! And in itself, moreover, a proof of Mohammed's practical worth as a prophet. For, with a very scant education himself, he yet saw so truly into its necessity as to make it a part of religion to study a book—to have cultivation and learning enough, at least, for that.

The great difficulty, with respect to the proposition I have advanced, is Christianity ; but this difficulty decreases the moment we remember that the Christianity with which we are acquainted did not exist in that age. Recall the extent of the Roman empire to your minds. At the death of Constantine, it broke into two parts—Rome the centre of the one, Constantinople the centre of the other. Around Rome gathered the Roman Church ; the Greek Church, with

a patriarch or pope of its own, took its rise in Constantinople. A word or two on the state of religion in these churches will shew you that Mohammedanism displaced nothing better than itself.

In the Western, or Roman Church, Christianity was still striving to lay hold of Germanic life, and was working its slow way almost imperceptibly through pagan thought and feudal lawlessness into the human principle beneath. It had hardly obtained more than an acknowledgment of external ordinances when the Arabs appeared in Europe. Its inner meaning at that moment was misunderstood; it was not felt that it had an inner meaning. And yet, feeble though its hold was, external though it was, in Western Europe Christianity could say to Mohammedanism, "Depart, I am stronger than thou."

In the Eastern, or Greek Church, again—the Church which had the main battle-ground of the Crusades under its jurisdiction—Christianity had degenerated into superstition and idolatry. The places of worship were full of pictures and images; actually, there was the adoration of dead images. The Greek Astarte had become the Virgin Mary, and was paganly prayed unto. In true, simple statement, Christianity did not exist here. And do not wonder at this. Remember what I had occasion to say about the "honest" or receptive heart. There was no such heart in the East. Christianity found only voluptuousness and luxury, which refused to be leavened. Even the ascetics, the monks, who at that time were seeking in desert places, away from the bustle of city life, the "peace which passeth understanding"—what were they? Voluptuaries too! Men too luxurious to take their part in

the battle of life, and help to turn confusion into order. Then, the bishops of the Greek Church, the men who were to be ensamples to the flock ;—what of them? If you open a Church History, and turn to the chapters which portray *their* pastorate, you will not know which to loathe most—the unblushing avarice and lust of power they displayed, even to the length of arming their partisans in their cause, or the trifles and worse than inane nostrums which were the staple of their preaching. Mohammedanism *did* displace all this. Constantinople is at this moment full of mosques instead of churches ; but anything short of actual irreligion—and Mohammedanism is very far short of that—deserved to displace the sort of Christianity which the propagators of Islam found there.

The second thing I have to say will require less space to say it in. Some of you know the meaning of the word *heresy*—literally, a choosing, a choice ; theologically, the choice of a particular doctrine. It is not necessarily the choice of a false doctrine ; but only, as Coleridge suggests, a false choosing—a choosing of one truth out from the organic whole to which it belongs, and cleaving to it in its separated, isolated state.

As we all know, heresies do not usually die in the birth. They step into the world with certain signs of robust perseverance, which make them always formidable to the orthodox. They have vitality, and root, and power of spreading ; their progress is brilliant, rapid, extensive ; and by virtue of this obvious quality, that they do not demand so much—do not appeal to so much of our mind as the truth does. Truth covers our entire being ; heresy appeals mostly to the under-

standing, always to a mere portion of our faculties. We receive it with greater ease, and submit to it more readily than is possible with the truth. The natural development of heresy is sectarianism. Every sect represents some half-truth—some doctrine wrenched from its place, and lifted into undue prominence. The doctrine believed in is a truth ; in most cases, undeniably so. Attention is directed to it. It is clear, simple, easy of apprehension, credible. The sect is formed, and goes on spreading, just so long as its members continue ignorant that they have left the universal temple to find shelter under one of its stones.

We give this as the secret of the rapid spread of Mohammedanism. *It was not falsehood. It was heresy—a religion built upon a single doctrine.* There is a will above man's will, above nature's—one will—the will of God. This is *Islam*, the doctrine on which Mohammedanism stands. Taken by itself, it is true—a virtual portion of all truth. It is the Arabian way of saying, "The Lord reigneth." There are other things in the Koran ; but this is the kernel of it, Islam—submission to God's will, practical recognition of "Not my will, but Thine." Who submits to this will is a true Moslem, or Mussulman ; who does not is an infidel, and has denied the faith. For we are not free to act as we choose. This will has a lord's place over us. It streams through all nature. It is supreme ; it is God. The will has no moral character. It is not, as the Bible puts it, a father's will—a will of love and mercy ; it is simply *will*.

Now nothing but my understanding is appealed to by this doctrine. My moral life is hardly touched. I am to remain a wild soldier—a robber, if I please—

provided I rob those only who do not yield to this will. The controversy which Christianity had with the military life cannot be understood by Mohammedanism. Military life is its highest, freest development. My conversion to this faith is a sort of external enlisting; is not, cannot be, inwardly a difficult process. What I am asked to do—to submit to a will higher than my own—is not a wrong thing. What I am asked to believe is truth, unequivocal truth. Islam? My intellect receives it without protest, welcomes it even as actual light, and is not lowered, but exalted, by possessing it. It is in the nature of things, therefore, that Mohammedanism should have spread more rapidly than Christianity.

The third thing I have to say grows out of this second, and is part of it. *It did not humble a man to become a Mussulman*—did not require him to make large spiritual sacrifices. Mr Carlyle finds great fault with Prideaux and others for describing Mohammedanism as “an easy religion.” He speaks of its “fasts, lavations, strict, complex formulas, prayers five times a day, abstinence from wine;” but we wonder that he, of all others, should fix on these things as proofs of its being a difficult religion—he who has so pilloried the rotatory calabash species of worship. External things are always easy. At one time it was counted easier to build the Tower of Babel than lead the life which God required. Fasts, lavations, formulas! If these had been ten times as numerous, the religion which prescribes them might nevertheless be an easy one. It is within the sphere of the moral conduct alone you can determine whether a religion is easy or not. What does religion require of the man

there? How *much* submission? Submission of my whole being—of my feelings, wishes, thoughts—of my very self, as in Christianity. This *is* difficult. Less than this is less difficult.

Read Oakley's "History of the Saracens,"—a veracious history, I venture to affirm, by internal evidence alone. It is a history of conversions. The greatest number of the conversions take place on the field of battle, and one is the description of all. There was but one alternative. "Islam and paradise, or death?" "Wilt thou become a Mussulman—yea or nay?" "Yea." "Arise, be a sharer of our spoil." "Nay;" the sabre glances through the neck. One of the texts which Mohammed quotes with precision from the Bible is that word in the thirty-seventh Psalm, "The meek shall inherit the earth." The Mohammedan exposition was, that "the meek" were the children of Ishmael, and the inheritance of the earth was conquest. And everything else in their history chimes in with this. There was a perpetual pandering to the external, the sensual, in them. When the report came to the Caliph Omar that Antioch was taken, and that the army was removed to a distance because the men wished to possess themselves of the Greek women of that place, the caliph, with true Mohammedan instinct, lamented that his general had been so hard upon the Mussulmans, and ever after remembered to direct his generals differently. "Be kind to the Mussulmans," he would say; "God does not forbid *to them* the good things of this life." It is said these are the faults, not the realities of that faith. I do not doubt but they are. I am at present shewing how this religion succeeded; and I give this as the complement of my second

reason, that it did not rebuke, but tolerate and sanctify these faults.

In maintaining thus much of the old theory, however, I have no wish to continue the notion that the man Mohammed proposed those easy methods to himself as a means of his own getting on in the world. His sincerity need not be called in question. If he duped his followers, it was because he was himself a dupe. He believed himself sincere. To him, undoubtedly, Islam was all truth—was the centre and ground of life. There is a great deal in what Carlyle says, that he did not *invent* the sensuality of his religion, but only limited what of this he found existing. Neither is there any need to deny that he was a prophet. In so far as he was a speaker of truth he deserved the name ; and truth to some extent he did speak, as we have seen. Moreover, he seriously believed himself that he had a divine commission. After the banquet in Mecca, his kinsman sent Abu Taleb, his uncle, to remonstrate with him. They were keepers of the old mosque ; his preaching would hurt the family interest. “Our craft will be destroyed.” “No,” said the prophet ; “if the sun should stand on that side, and the moon on this, and bid me cease, I would not obey them.” They resolved to assassinate him. Each kinsman was to give one stab, so the guilt would be diffused and fasten upon no *one*. When they burst into his bed-chamber for this purpose, he was fled. His nephew Ali, his brave young vizier, had taken his place. In this flight the prophet was accompanied by Abubeker. Among other adventures, they lay three days in a cave. The pursuers came seeking them into its neighbourhood. “We

are but two," said the timid Abubeker.* "*Three*," answered the prophet; "you are forgetting God." The assassins stood at the very entrance. In the interval, a pigeon had laid two eggs on the "step," and a spider had woven a web across the mouth. "They are not here," they said, "or they would have broken these in going in." Mohammed was right. There *were* three in the cave.

In the battle-field he reminds one of our own Cromwell. He preached to his soldiers as well as fought; and he knew how to make use of passing occurrences as tokens of the will of Providence. More than enough has been said about his numerous wives. It should be remembered that he lived in the East, and was *not* a Christian. Moreover, these eleven wives were married when he was turned of fifty. Up till this age he was the husband of one wife, a wife older than himself. When he was twenty-five, his mistress, the widow of a rich merchant, offered to marry him for his faithful management of her business; and he was true to her while she lived—a rare virtue in his day and generation. He never was ashamed of his old wife, never disowned his love for her. She was his first convert. The young Ayesha, his favourite among the eleven who succeeded, said once to him, "Your first was old and ugly; you have younger, more beautiful, better wives now!" "Younger, more

* Abu Bakr, *lit.* the *Second of the Two*, from his being Mohammed's sole companion in the flight. In the same way, Asmâ, Abu Bakr's daughter, came to be honoured as *She of the two Shreds*, from her having torn her girdle into two to tie the Prophet's wallet and fasten it to his camel, when he was setting out from the cave for Medina.

beautiful, indeed," said Mohammed, "but not better—by Allah, not better—there never was a better. She became my friend when I was poor and friendless, and she believed in me when no other did." *

A few days before his death he went up to the pulpit and said, "If I have wronged any man, let him now speak ; if I owe aught, let it now be told : better now than at the judgment." A man cried out that he owed him three drachms. They were paid, and with thanks. The angel of death found him reclining on the ground. Mohammed lifted his eyes to heaven, and, as a man truly hoping after his own paradise, uttered, in broken sentences, these words, and fell asleep—"O Allah!—pardon my sins—yes—come—among my fellow-citizens on high."

So died the man whose word, embodied in Mohammedan soldiery, four hundred years thereafter, was to confront European life on the slopes of Calvary.

* *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. v., p. 516, Bohn's Edit. Gibbon's chapter on the Prophet, the fiftieth of his great work, contains and has anticipated nearly all that has been said, on any side, about him since.

VI.

Influence of the Crusades.

“And on his breste a bloody cross he bore,
The deare resemblance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he bore,
And dead, as living, ever Him adored :
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For soveraine hope, which in His helpe he had.
Right, faithful, true he was in deed and word ;
But of his cheere did seem too solemne sad ;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

“Upon a great adventure he was bound.”

SPENSER.

“In sleep I seem'd
To sail with Arthur under looming shores,
Point after point, till on to dawn, when dreams
Begin to feel the truth and stir of day.
To me, methought, who waited with a crowd,
There came a bark that, blowing forward, bore
King Arthur, like a modern gentleman
Of stateliest port : and all the people cried,
'Arthur is come again : he cannot die.'
Then those who stood upon the hills behind,
Repeated—'Come again, and thrice as fair,'
And further inland, voices echoed—'Come
With all good things, and war shall be no more.'
At this a hundred bells began to peal,
That with the sound I woke, and heard indeed
The clear church-bells ring in the Christmas morn.”

TENNYSON.

INFLUENCE OF THE CRUSADES.

I SHALL not fatigue you with a narrative of the wars in Palestine. Of all histories which have been written, the history of the Crusades is the least satisfactory. It would be a difficult history to write. The historian has to deal with people who, to a certain extent, are all heroic, yet produce no thorough hero. The aim they proposed to themselves is grand only when we examine it in relation to the faith of those who sought it. In itself it is rather a paltry aim. In the attempt to accomplish it, too, the Crusaders fairly break down ; on the very threshold of the business the leaders sputter into quarrelling about precedence. At one moment, in Asia, these leaders would have returned to Europe and abandoned their enterprise, if the common people had not protested ; in their entire conduct they acted like headstrong youths, which, socially, as we have seen, they still were.

We must forget names and contemplate the movement in mass in order to be interested. Up to precisely such a movement the religion that was in the European mind could carry the people. It was like fighting for the grave of one's mother ; it actually was that. Had not Mary—the ideal mother—lived in Bethlehem ? Wherever her foot, and the foot of her Son, had trod—Bethlehem, Jerusalem, all Palestine—was holy ground. To us it would not be religion ; to

them it was. "The way of God" was supposed by them to lead towards the material Zion. "The Mohammedan shall not be allowed to defile the sanctuary of God," they said. The rich became poor that they might join the soldiers of the Cross. The poor became rich, finding that they had lives to give to the cause. Each man hastened to wind up his affairs that he might devote himself to the blessed work. All Europe was stirred by it. It was the first great event in the life of Europe ; the first time that its different peoples and classes had wrought together towards one aim.

How the excitement searched into the chambers of European life ! Not a district where it failed to find soldiers to fight and priests to pray for them, ready to set out ! In our newspaper and electric telegraph days, when news is tossed from one land to another with almost the speed of light, we have seen excitements spreading, and did not wonder. The advertisement of a "share-list," some years ago, drew ventures from all classes and countries. It is only the other year that New York and London simultaneously sent ships to California for its newly-discovered gold. But when every morsel of intelligence had to be carried from mouth to mouth, through woods infested with banditti, by horsemen who had no roads, or by pilgrims on foot, the enthusiasm which gave birth to the Crusades, and the ideas which nourished it, overspread all Europe, and took possession of the hearts of all ranks.

At length the movement gathers to a head. An eye-witness shall place it before our minds :—"The greater part of those who had not determined upon the journey joked and laughed at such as had ;

prophesied that their voyage would be miserable and their return worse. Such was ever the language one day; but the next—suddenly seized with the same desire as the rest—those who had been most forward to mock abandoned everything for a few crowns, and set out with those whom they had laughed at but a day or two before. Who shall tell the children and the infirm that, animated with the same spirit, hastened to the war? Who shall count the old men and the young maids who hurried forward to the fight?—not with the hope of aiding, but for the crown of martyrdom which was to be won amid the swords of the infidels. ‘You warriors,’ they cried, ‘you shall vanquish by the spear and brand, but let us at least conquer by our sufferings.’ At the same time one might see a thousand things, springing from the same spirit, which were both astonishing and laughable. The poor shoeing their oxen as we shoe horses, and harnessing them to two-wheeled carts, in which they placed their scanty provisions and their young children, and proceeding onward, while the babes, at each town or castle that they saw, demanded eagerly whether that was Jerusalem.”

Under the leadership of Peter the Hermit, of Walter the Penniless, of Godfrey, of anybody who would take the lead, these masses of human beings, old and young, capable and incapable, undisciplined, unfurnished, began to move towards the Holy Land.

The issue was most disastrous. If we could credit the numbers we find in the old chronicles, more than a quarter of a million perished through sheer *mis*-guidance, without reaching their destination. They had carried the loose notions of the times about pro-

perty along with them. They ate when they were hungry, without asking leave. Farmers who offered opposition were put to the sword ; towns which did not provision them for the next stage were sacked. The religion which carried them through toils and dangers to fight with Mohammedans, left room within them for open pillage and murder. The first bands passed through Hungary. The Hungarians would not tolerate their extortions and freebootery. Carloman, the king, being the head of a Christian people, would give these pilgrims free passage, but not free licence. The Crusaders would not hearken to reason ; and the first of the holy wars had to be fought between Christians. It was said that "the waters of the Danube ran red for days together with Crusaders' blood." And yet, in 1097, only two years after the Council at Clermont, seven hundred thousand Europeans, soldiers and pilgrims, met in the vicinity of Constantinople to prosecute the enterprise of the recovery of Jerusalem from Mohammedans.

The great bulk of these were to perish by the way. By thousands and tens of thousands they sank exhausted on the burning soil of Asia. Then women, children, horses, dogs, and falcons began to die daily for the want of water. Still the survivors move on towards Jerusalem ; through storms of Mohammedan valour, through obstacles material and spiritual, through long sieges and hard-fought battles, they continue to advance. At length, on a summer morning, Jerusalem is in view. The dream is a reality ! The golden city rises before them—*there*, precipitous, crowned with the hateful crescent. They are on holy ground. The air resounded with their mingled cries : "Jerusalem,

Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" shouted some ; others had no words to utter ; many knelt down and prayed.

The siege was terrible. But Christian Europe, wasted, weary, decimated by famine, though it was, was stronger than Mohammedan Asia. A brave knight plants the banner of the cross on Olivet ; the walls are breached in a hundred places ; the Crusaders pour in through the breaches, and Jerusalem is won ! A Christian kingdom was set up in Jerusalem, which lasted some ninety years : a beggarly affair. At the end of that time the city fell into the hands of Saladin ; the crescent once more displaced the cross, and managed to maintain its place from that time forth.

I have only referred to the first Crusade. There was a second, a third, a fourth ; some count as many as eight. One is the picture of all the others. Brave lives sacrificed for what seemed religious ends ; brave shocks of arms disturbing the silence of the desert : this is the recurring story. In the discipline of the contest, Mohammedan life, on the one side, flowered up into the noble Saladin ; European life, on the other, matching it, into the lion-hearted Richard. At length Europe leaves the field ; not vanquished, but wiser.

The youth has become a man. Forethought and experience have supplanted enthusiasm. European princes discover, while they are fighting in Palestine, that their own countries are lying waste. Philip of France pretends sickness, and abandons the third Crusade. Richard of England, who had vowed to continue while he had the flesh of a war-horse to eat, turned back in the vicinity of Jerusalem. At a distance he tried to obtain a glimpse of the Holy City ;

choking with emotion he hid his face behind his shield ; but, nevertheless, he broke his vow.

The blunder was discovered. The holy land of home is revisited. And the efforts of European chivalry are henceforth given to redeem *that* from foes worse and more deadly than bands of Saracens in the East. All the glory attending Crusades can never bring them back. In the fifteenth century, when the Turks took Constantinople, the Pope preached a new Crusade. He tottered down to the harbour of Ancona to bless the mariners who should set sail. He would embark himself, if needful. The mariners did not lift their anchors. The time of Crusades was past.

I propose, in the sequel, to point out the influence which these wars exerted in the development of the life of Europe. And here we require to distinguish between material effects, by which I mean effects traceable to the material facts of the Crusades, and effects of a spiritual kind ; effects which flowed out of the very character of the movements, which these movements and no other could produce.

I have seen it gravely set forth as an effect of the Crusades, that they drew away hundreds of thousands of fanatics out of Europe, and consumed them in Palestine ; that they were, in other words, a sort of religious safety-valve for the foul gas which had been gendered in Europe !

On very different and far surer ground go those historians who give us statistics of the extension of commerce which the wars operated. You can easily understand how this would take place. The European armies would require provisioning ; commissaries would discover that supplies need not be taxed

with the expenses and hazards of carriage from Europe. Corn as good was growing in the East. Some agent would start up to be a go-between. Merchants may make money although princes are wasting it ; and thus trade would be opened between the buyers and sellers of the West and the East. When the wars were ended, the trade would still run in its old channels. Returned Crusaders would like to taste in their own countries, the dainties to which they had been used abroad ; and merchants would find their profit in continuing relations with their old correspondents.

In political writers, again, the result which is insisted on is the change in the organisation of European society. Before the Crusades, Europe was covered with castles ; the family was the most real organisation manifest. After the Crusades, the family organisation, or, what is the same thing, feudal life, is absorbed into national life, and, instead of castles and barons, kingdoms and monarchs meet our view. Of material results, we look upon this as beyond comparison the most important. Feudalism was only the stepping onwards. It could not be a resting-place. I have already endeavoured to shew how, by shutting up the baron, with his wife and children, in the castle—by giving scope and opportunity to the maternal functions—family-life was developed ; but I require now to add, that, as an organisation of European society, feudalism was a very inadequate affair. In fact, it was not European at all. It was local, unsatisfactory, partial. The atoms of society were larger ; but society was still a congeries of atoms. If I could maintain myself in my castles, *well* ; if not, *not well*,

Nothing bound me and my neighbours together. We did not belong to each other ; we did not love each other. There was no common aim in which we were yoke-fellows ; each stood separate and alone. We can still see this for ourselves. The walls of the old castles are standing to the present day. What does their architecture tell us of the social life of their inhabitants ? The most of them are built on steep, inaccessible rocks, and command a wide view. They are all surrounded by water, naturally or artificially. Try to restore one of these old ruins. Here is the picture of an actual one, built when the feudal ages were passing away, and, in consequence, when architecture was beginning to put on the features of a softer time. It is a high pile ; it rises from a rock furrowed with ravines and precipices. A river winds around the base. "The door presents itself, all covered with heads of boars or wolves"—actual ones—"flanked with turrets and crowned with a high guard-house. Enter, there are three enclosures, three moats, three draw-bridges to pass. You find yourself in a large square court, where there are cisterns, stables, hen-houses. Below, there are cellars, vaults, and prisons : above, are the dwelling apartments. Above these are the magazine and larders. . . . All the roofs are bordered with machicolations, parapets, guard-walks, and sentry-boxes. In the middle of the court is the donjon, which contains the archives and treasures. It is moated all round, and can only be entered by a bridge, almost always raised. Although the walls, like those of the castle, are six feet thick, it is surrounded, up to half its height, with a chemise, or second wall, of large cut stones." Wherefore these

double walls, this triple girdle of moats, these guard-walks, and sentry-boxes? Protection? Defence? Rapacious neighbours? Good. But the rapacious neighbours are themselves within moat and draw-bridge, and six-foot walls. Each man has rapacious neighbours; each man is a rapacious neighbour. There is no concealing the uncomely fact. Neighbourliness is a thing unknown to feudalism. The baron has got no further than freebooting. He defends his family, he protects his retainers. So far, no farther, extends his worth. In relation to European society, he is simply an Armstrong, a Rob Roy, a Robin Hood; in plain English, a considerable black-guard.

You can understand, this being the case, what a mighty help it was to Europe, when a power higher than the baron arose. And the Crusades did help us to such a power. They altered the baron's notions about his own importance. In his own castle he was a king; in Palestine, he could be this no more. One man must lead, or the enterprise would go to wreck. The men of large territorial property got the chief places; their immediate neighbours had to follow them. How naturally these relationships, formed in the East, would rise up to memory when the parties returned! "Tancred was my dux." "Boemond was mine." "For years, in Palestine, we said *captain*, *duke*, *lord*, to these men. For years we fought under their banners. It is not easy to abandon old habits; one does not readily cease from saying *lord* to them still." But if I were to do so—if I were to meet Tancred in Europe, and call him only *Tancred*, how very naturally on his side, will he bring old things to my

remembrance! How, almost as a matter of course, will he step in and assert a lord's place over me; and, if I should fall in the battle, or the hunt, or die prematurely, take my boy to his own house, and my estate to himself!

In point of fact, these very results came out. Small estates began to merge into large ones; barons to be fief-holders of kings; kingdoms stretched out; nations arose; kings grew into new importance; the war-cries of the Holy Land were repeated in the battle-fields of Europe—and feudalism from that hour began to be impossible. This result shewed itself, by a very simple token, even before the Crusaders returned to Europe. In the first Crusade, the badge of the war—the cross upon the soldier's shoulder—was invariably *red*. Europe went forth as one mass to the work. In the third Crusade, only the French had retained the red; the Flemings had *green*, the English had *white* crosses. Europe was developing into nationalities, and the colour of the crosses was their visible sign.

But we find ourselves moving on the mere surface when enumerating results like these. Kingdoms would have arisen, commerce spread, fanatics died out, without Crusades. We want to know what we have, which we would not have had, unless there had been Crusades—what has flowed out to us from the character of these wars. What from their occurrence at the particular stage of development which the European mind had reached? I believe that I gather into one statement the entire result when I say, —there [was accomplished by these wars *the union between European valour and European faith.*

At a later period of development, this union could only have taken place in an indirect way, if at all. The faith of Europe repudiates the sword—says plainly to men, “He who takes the sword shall perish by the sword.” Not one word of countenance did the horrid reprisals of the Crusaders in Palestine find in Christianity proper. But Christianity proper was not known to these men; only its scenery was. The Holy Sepulchre was their Jesus; the Virgin-Mother their creed. The thing which they did believe with all their heart, which was wrought in through their whole being, which they had brought out with them from the German forests, was the worth of brute-valour—of wielding well the battle-axe and the sword. This was bravery, worth, manliness in their eyes. And at this point, while European men believed that the serious business of human life lay on the battle-field, a religious direction was given to their lives. Mark how this consummated the union I have referred to. The European man was living within his six-feet walls, in the habitual exercise of his war weapons. He was training up his boy to the same material life. Of all things, he believed this the most heartily, that his sword was his own—his to strike, his to let rust, his for whatever purpose his soul lusted after. And he was led out from this falsehood. A cause, that seemed holy to him, beckoned him towards the East. Beyond the sphere of his immediate selfishness there was occasion and work for his sword. The word came into his heart that it was God’s will he should so use it; and he was by this means, and for ever after, lifted into a new and better faith, the faith that his sword was God’s. Everything connected with the Crusades

served to purify and deepen this faith. Individual Crusaders, on leaving home, partook the sacrament, and mingled their farewells with religious ceremonies. Bands of them were publicly blessed by the Church. Many of the armies even turned aside to Italy, that they might pass through Rome, and so obtain this benediction from the Pope himself. And in the actual shock of battle, the presence of priests, and the daily recurrence of priestly ceremonies, still farther leavened with the religious element the life of the European warrior.

The institution, as all readers know, by which this new fact in the life of Europe was both expressed and nourished, was knighthood. It would be incorrect to say that this institution had not come under the influences of religion before the Crusades. To some extent, in some places, it had ; but not until the Crusades began was the influence universal. The very flower of all knighthood, the Normans, were accustomed in the eleventh century—the century of the first Crusade—to flout at the knight whose sword had been girded on by a priest. We hear nothing of this contempt for religious services after they entered into the Holy Wars. To the Normans and all German tribes alike, to all European soldiers, the admission of a young man into the rank of knighthood was no more than a military ceremony before these wars. Afterwards we find it accompanied by church offices. “The candidates,” says Sir Walter Scott in his “Essay on Chivalry,” “watched their arms all night in a church or chapel, and prepared for the honour to be conferred on them by vigil, fast, and prayer. They were solemnly divested of the brown frock, which was

the appropriate dress of the squire, and having been bathed, as a symbol of purification of heart, they were attired in the richer garb appropriated to knighthood. They were then solemnly invested with the appropriate arms of a knight; and it was not unusual to call the attention of the novice to a mystical or allegorical explanation of each piece of armour as it was put on. The novice being accoutred in his knightly armour, but without helmet, sword, or spurs, a rich mantle was flung over him, and he was conducted in solemn procession to the church or chapel in which the ceremony was to be performed, supported by his godfathers, and attended with as much pomp as circumstances admitted. High mass was then said, and the novice, advancing to the altar, received from the sovereign the *accolade*, or stroke which conferred the honour. The churchman present of highest dignity often belted on his sword, which for that purpose had been previously deposited on the altar, and the spurs were sometimes fastened on by ladies of quality. The oath of chivalry was lastly taken, to be loyal to God, the king, and the ladies."

Knighthood had its peculiar laws and morality. The vows of the young knight were religious. He engaged to speak truth, to act with honour, to lead a pure and manly life, and generally to use the armour with which he was invested for the service of the Church and the ladies. The description which Paul gives of the Christian warrior in Ephesians, served to remind him why sword and helmet and breastplate had been bestowed upon him. In the expulsion of a knight from the order—a very serious affair indeed in those days—the same religious element appeared.

“His spurs were cut off close to his heels with a cook’s cleaver. His arms were baffled and reversed by the common hangman. His belt was cut to pieces, and his sword broken.” He was placed on a hurdle and covered with a pall, and amid the chanting of the funeral service and the tolling of the death-bell, he was sent either to his grave, or back into the herd of serfs as a man dead to knightly honour. In everything connected with the institution, the union I am pointing out revealed itself.

And even more strikingly than by these ceremonies did this union seek expression in the military brotherhoods of the Holy Land. You have heard of the Knights of Malta? They originated in Jerusalem, in the following way :—A few wounded crusaders, found by King Godfrey when visiting the Hospital of St John there, were endowed with an estate for their support. The poor brothers of the hospital, in gratitude, proposed to use this unexpected wealth for the relief of pilgrims and sick crusaders. They formed themselves into a religio-military order—had knights, clergy, and serving brothers—became fashionable, and wealthy, and numerous. Their order, known at first as the Order of the Knights Hospitallers or Knights of St John, spread into Europe, and became powerful. (Their last refuge was Malta, from whence their more familiar name.) Now the peculiarity of this order consisted in the union between the functions of a religious and a military society. The knight hospitaller was both a monk and a soldier; he renounced all worldly goods, bound himself to the sole service of his order, and became an instrument for ecclesiastical purposes. In different circumstances, but with a precisely similar

union of war and religion, arose another very famous order of knights, that known as the Order of the Red Cross or Knights Templars, devoted to the freeing of the highway of Palestine from robbers, that pilgrims might have safe access to the Holy Sepulchre.

I have referred to the peculiar character of these orders, and detailed the ceremonies which accompanied the entrance into knighthood and the expulsion from its rank, that readers might be able to discern for themselves the presence in European life of the new fact, the union between faith and valour, which has been named as the grand result of the Crusades. That is never an imaginative or unsubstantial result which possesses emphasis and energy enough to express itself in institutions.

I will not presume to estimate the precise influence which this union itself had on European life. Like everything else which is spiritual, its influence is incalculable. But I will submit to you a few details by means of which glimpses of its fruit can be obtained.

In the death-song of Regnar Lodbrog, already quoted, the singer was represented as shut up in a pit with vipers and serpents. Thus, before valour was joined to religion, did the European man deal with a prisoner of war. How afterwards?—With courtesy and gentleness. It was an English king who shut up Lodbrog with the vipers. Another English king, of a later age, Edward the Black Prince, fought hand to hand with a French knight under the walls of Calais, and vanquished him. The vanquished Frenchman was entertained as a guest; and when supper was ended, Edward took the chaplet of pearls from his own brow and placed it on his adversary's, saying,

“Well hast thou fought, Sir Eustace! Wear this for my sake; and accept your freedom as a token of my good-will.”

In general manners and personal bearing the change was no less striking. Tacitus has introduced us to the German in his original home. It is a man you see—but a man rough hewn. To leap upon a horse, to hunt the boar, to wield the sword, are his highest employments. In leisure hours he gathers his fighting men about him; and the ox, or the stag, roughly roasted, is as roughly eaten, by men to whom quantity is of more value than quality. If you take the same man on the eve of the Crusades, when he has submitted to the constraints of a castle, he is still rude; all the rough edges remain; he lives among inferiors; he is accustomed to rule; his heart is full of pride. Now look at this same man in the middle ages. Froissart, to whom we owe so many of the traits of chivalry, gives us in his “Chronicles” an actual portrait. It is that of the Earl of Foix:—“I have in my time seen many knights, kings, princes, and others, but never one like him. He loved that which ought to be loved, and hated that which ought to be hated. He was a wise knight, of highe enterprise, and of good counsayle; he never had miscreant with him. . . . He said many orisons every day; he gave five florins in small moneys at his gate to poor folks for the love of God; he was large and courteous in gifts; he could right well take where it parteyned to him, and deliver again where he ought. . . . He was of good, easy acquaintance with every man, and amorously would speak to them; he was short in counsayle and answers. . . . He loved hunting, but not folly; took regular account of his revenues; had four secretaries

at his hand every morning. . . . And at midnight, when he came out of his chamber into the hall to supper, he had ever before him twelve torches burning, borne by twelve varlettes standing before his table. . . . The hall was ever full of knights and squires, and many other tables were dressed to sup who would. There was none should speak to him at his table but if he was called. His meat was lyghtly wilde fowle, the legs and wings alone ; and in the day he did but little eat and drink. He had great pleasure in harmony of instruments ; he could do it right well himselfe ; he would have songs sung before him ; he would gladly see concerts and fantasies at his table." During the twelve weeks that Froissart lived with this earl, he had himself to read songs and ballads after supper to his host. "And while I read there was none durst speak anything to interrupt me, so much did the earl delight in listening."

At heart this is the same man described by Tacitus. We mean, there is not less of manhood, of valour, in him ; but otherwise, how different ! Goethe says, "Being is ever a glorious birth into higher being." Behold the proof in this earl. The European man has become gentle, courteous, wise ; a beautiful spirituality enfolds him, shines forth from him ; his life is higher, nobler, truer ; there is greater breadth, greater worth, greater harmony in it. With men like these society will progress faster. The strength which loved to shew itself in feats of individual prowess, in giving and accepting challenges to battles—in self-will, and outer hardihood—is now used to draw in the rough excrescences, and to polish and beautify the life. In the old time society was a cart of broken metal ; it would move only when the cart was upturned. Now,

it finds its likeness in the invisible globules of the river ; the individual life is rounded and softened ; the whole moves onward, by the law of nature, on slight declivities. We trace this change to the spiritual influences of the Crusades. The poets of the middle ages appeared to be awake to the same fact. In their poems, the courtesy of Charlemagne was tried to be accounted for by the fable that he, too, had been at the Holy Sepulchre.

It may be that some strong youth is reading these lines, for whom these facts have pointed meaning. Let us set such an one before our minds :—a young man of strong intellect, of strong body, with courage to announce his strength. He believes it to be manly to make his individuality felt, to let every person in the company understand that he specially is present ; he turns with ineffable disgust from a young man who should put his pride in dress. If you speak to him of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, he cannot express himself for scorn. My closing word, in connexion with the Crusades, shall be addressed to this youth. Others as well as you are far from placing Chesterfield on the same shelf with the Bible. Very few people in the world *thoroughly* like the young man given to dress. But of what is that dressiness, that excessive politeness, symbolic ? People did not all at once resolve to be dressy and polite ; there is an aim, a groping after something in this. Our tailor once said to us, "A man's worth is known, sir, by the make of his coat." What did this tailor virtually mean when he said this ? What is the ideal which unconsciously possesses the mind of the dressy youth ? What true thing is it which gives to these letters of Chesterfield the continuance

they have? This, that humanity has not given us its highest expression when a *man* stands before us; that this man is but the trunk of better things; that out of him, if you take care, you may produce the *gentleman*.

A brave thing to be a man; a base thing to be unmanly. But if this rough manhood, this block from nature's quarry, has a manhood within its manhood, a purer form, a statue waiting to be brought out to light, will you still prefer your roughness? Is it a wrong thing for a brave youth like you to be a gentleman? to bring out of your *manly valour* (what you name "independence") *gentleness*, the fruit of faith?

There was valour in that heart which said—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp :
A man's a man for a' that."

But it was that same heart that turned the plough aside lest the "wee mousie" should be destroyed. We have had few men in whom manly valour found so energetic an expression as Samuel Johnson. It was the manliest act of English life at the time to refuse the patronage of Lord Chesterfield for his dictionary. "Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door. The notice which you have (now) been pleased to take of my labours, had it been earlier, would have been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it—till I am solitary, and cannot impart it—till I am known, and *do not want it*." Yet it was this same Johnson who filled his house in Bolt Court with miserable people picked up on the streets; who, when his means were counted by shillings, gave pence to houseless children whom he

found sitting on stairs by night ; on whose coming out the poor waited, certain to be assisted. A man, rough, rough as a bear—but with all his roughness a *gentle-man* !

No ; you will not turn aside to bad courses by striving to be gentlemen. It is not needful that your coat be black or red ; that you be of the order of the Bath or the Garter to attain it. Since our fathers fought in Palestine we are all born knights. Disorder, ignorance, lust, are our Saracens. Life is our Holy Land. Let us do our task with manly vigour, but with free-working, noble gentleness, no less. For gentleness is just the world's word for "Love one another." And therefore we shall commend this aim ; we shall ask you to educate your valour up to gentleness. Our daily life is not without examples to urge you on. In steamboats, in omnibuses, in the bustle of market-places, from the common acts of plain men, by forbearances, by timely and unsought kindnesses, by the helping of the feeble, and the sympathy with the sorrowing—there flash forth upon you gleams of a quality which puts vulgarity aside. It is the genius of European life announcing the wealth below. It is the aboriginal pity of the Germanic nature, sanctified by Christianity, coming up out of its fountain for the service of daily life. When such instances occur to you, perhaps you will remember how our ancestors had to buy this secret with their life's blood at the gates of Jerusalem. And you will cherish in your heart no thought, and in your life no evil habit, that shall hinder the European man in you from ripening into the European gentleman.

VII.

**Ecclesiastical Life of Europe :
Hildebrand and the Church of Rome.**

“The characteristic of Latin Christianity was that of the old Latin world—a firm and even obstinate adherence to legal form, whether of traditionary usage or written statute; the strong assertion of, and the severe subordination to, authority. Its wildest and most eccentric fanaticism, for the most part, and for many centuries, respected external unity. It was the Roman empire, again extended over Europe by a universal code and a provincial government; by a hierarchy of religious praetors, or proconsuls, and a host of inferior officers, each in strict subordination to those immediately above them, and gradually descending to the very lowest ranks of society: the whole with a certain degree of freedom of action; but a constrained and limited freedom, and with an appeal to the spiritual Cæsar in the last resort.”—MILMAN: *Latin Christianity*.

ECCLESIASTICAL LIFE OF EUROPE : HILDEBRAND AND THE CHURCH OF ROME.

OF Europe Ecclesiastical—literally so—not Europe receptive of certain doctrines, but European life within the organisation of the Church, I am next to speak. I might name my subject, the Church-life of Europe. This life has manifested itself hitherto only in the Roman and Protestant Churches. Of these Churches, then, I have to speak. And first, since it was first in point of time, *Of the Church of Rome.*

I do not hesitate to confess that it is difficult for us of Scotland to speak of this Church as it deserves. We do not belong to it ; generally speaking, we do not love it. What Bishop Thirlwall says of his treatment of Greek mythology, that, after all his pains, and just because he did not believe in it, it must be wanting in life and freshness, may well be repeated of a Scotchman's description of the Church of Rome. We are not believers in it. We see it only at the moment when corruption had crept over it, and a reformation was needed. Before we begin our study of it, therefore, I shall use the liberty of saying, that we are bound to approach it, at present, exclusively in the capacity of students of history. Elsewhere we might be free to approach it otherwise—as persons having certain convictions on matters ecclesiastical—as Protestants ; here, it would be improper.

It would be a very impertinent affectation of liberality on my part to ask you to forget, much more to forego, those convictions for a little while ; but, without any offence, I may remind you that in lectures like the present, such convictions have no call to express themselves. I will go still further, and say, that you will not lose but gain by looking at the Roman Church in a purely historical spirit. In this country we have hitherto looked at it mostly in a controversial spirit—in a spirit anxious to discover faults in it. To controversy, working in its own sphere, be paid all the homage which it deserves. The function of the controversialist is destruction and proselytism. It belongs to the student of history to apprehend honestly what actually occurred. Controversy can pick up many a little brickbat where history finds none. There is the fine story of the female pope, Joan, for instance, who began her reign in the year 855, and reigned until she became a mother—a Catholic story originally. Luther saw her statue as a pope, when he went to Rome. How often, even yet, on platforms and in the corners of newspapers, is this lady hurled at the head of the Papacy ; and yet more than two hundred years have passed since David Blondel, a Protestant, completely exploded her. Here are private letters, he said, written in that very year, testifying that Benedict was pope. Here is a coin of Benedict's minted that year. Here, again, is proof that it was not till three hundred years after, that Roman histories of the popes began to refer to her existence. And, last of all, here are satires on popes of the name of John, depicting them as *effeminate* and dissolute, from misconstructions of which the fable very probably originated—*Joanna* being read

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for *Joannes*. But the great sin of controversy is, that it is content to deal with fragments of things—with bits of facts broken off from the whole to which they belong—with the corruptions and abuses of things; and you all know, to present a fragment of the truth, under the name which expresses the whole, is to speak falsely of that whole. Take our Protestant conception of monks and monasteries. Generally speaking, this conception is formed upon observations made during the age which preceded the Reformation. I believe that pious Roman Catholics deplore as earnestly as any can, the corruptions which overspread the monasteries during that century. But how unfair a proceeding is it for a controversialist, to describe an entire class, and its institution,—having an existence spread over many centuries,—by the evil conduct of individuals, or the condition of the institution at a particular period!

Is *the actual monk* of history before us when impure monks are? Are *monasteries*, when those of a particular age are? Assuredly not! We owe it mainly to monks, and, let us recollect it with pride, pre-eminently to English monks, that Europe is filled by Christian peoples. Laziness?—superstition?—celibacy? It is easy to repeat these words; but they convey no reproach against the European monk. Speaking for myself, I find no heroes to compare with him in the early centuries of European life. Put all connexion with the Eastern monk—with the man who retired into deserts, and stood upon pillars, and built his body into walls—out of your mind when you are looking at him of the West. Except the name, there was none. The monk of the West was an active, practical man. He proposed to himself for work, the conversion of

heathens—the taming of their fierce nature—the stopping of war—the cultivation of land—the building of churches—the setting free of slaves—and, by means of these things, the subduing of his own corrupt nature. We have listened to quite too much against his celibacy. One naturally asks, how, with a wife, the monk could have accomplished what he actually did? Their life was spent amid morasses and in deep forests. They had to live now here, now there, amid the wild races (*heath-ens*, those who lived on the *heath*) they undertook to educate; and I maintain, it was wiser, it was more practical, for a man who had often to lie in the open field, with a fire to keep away the wolf at night—who, to-day, had to go up with an axe to the tree where Druids celebrated their rites, and smite it, to convince the poor Frieslanders that it was a tree; and, to-morrow, had to tell Burgundian Theoderics that adultery was inexcusable, even in kings—it was wiser, safer, nobler, I say, for men having such work to do, to deny themselves to marriage than to use it.

As to monasteries, again, I find nothing good in European life, if they were not. Agriculture owes its dignity in these lands to them. They became great landholders, and diffused a taste for agriculture. Until they arose, the land was tilled by slaves: they removed the chain, granted the land on lease, and the serf became a husbandman. The site of the monastery was determined with a view to this end. The monks themselves taught the serf to use the plough; and then the time came when they did not require to do manual work at all. This, too, was good. It was labour dividing itself, that all its parts may be well

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done. A new activity opened before the monasteries : untamed nature first—next, untamed humanity. They became the schools of Europe. Suspected at their origin by the Church, they rose into such importance, that popes, and archbishops, and chancellors of kingdoms, were sought amongst those who had received a training within their walls ; and one noble trait in their history is, that they existed for no particular class. Self-supported by their lands, they could afford to receive whoever had an aptitude for instruction ; and hence it came to pass, even in the first ages of European life, as in the last, that the children of poor peasants had opened to them a path which led up to the highest dignities in Christendom. Hildebrand was the son of a carpenter in Tuscany ; Luther, a monk also, was the son of a Saxon miner.

Now, in acquiring this knowledge of the monasteries, the student of history does not altogether put away from him what the Protestant controversialist makes use of ; but he estimates it, finds it of very minor value—finds, in fact, that the controversialist is looking only at a house in the ruins, while he more wisely takes in its entire existence, from the choosing of a site, upwards. And, therefore, I ask you to come to the study of the Church of Rome, not as controversialists, but as students of history.

From the beginning of the fifth, until the sixteenth century—1100 years—this Church maintained its place. It had entered into union with the Roman Empire. The Empire fell, and it was left alone. Barbarian after barbarian traversed all Europe, yet this Church maintained its place. In the eighth century, the hordes of the north were pressing in from the west ;

the Arabs devastating Europe from the east ; both rushing on towards Rome ; both anxious to pillage the Church—yet it maintained its place. Amidst a continual deluge of physical force, Paganism, Moham-medanism, it had to force its way. It surmounted all obstacles. It waved back the Arab to his east ; it converted the German from his idolatry ; it rose up to power, to large worth ; it softened and tamed down the fierce ways of savage tribes ; it watched over their settlement, superintended their growth, introduced humanity and religion into their laws, and ultimately gathered every European nation within its walls. It sent its priesthood into every land. Priests mingled with all ranks ; they were the leaven of society—the representatives of order and humanity, when society was still rude and undisciplined. You would find a priest's influence in the hut and in the palace. For good or for evil, Europe was schooled by priests.

The Church which did all this could not be all rottenness and corruption, as we have too often been taught to suppose. There are many aspects in which it might be studied. I shall select two :—*First*, The Church of Rome in relation to the European State. *Second*, The Church of Rome in relation to the Ideal of a Christian Church.

First, The Church of Rome in relation to the European State.—I must at once refer to the connexion which subsisted between the bishops of Rome and the Frankish and Germanic sovereigns. Before the eleventh century, this connexion assumed three aspects :—1st, The connexion between two powers struggling into existence, which required help from each other. The Bishop of Rome needed, in

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the general upbreking of European society, the assistance of the strong arm of physical force, and Charles Martel gave that arm to him. The Germanic kings, on the other hand, living and trying to rule amid the weltering restlessness and lawlessness of the immigration period, needed the sanction of the Church to their authority, and the pope gave them this sanction when he crowned them. In the middle of the eighth century, Pope Zachary thought that the man who possessed *the power* of king, was king, and commanded Boniface (the martyr) to anoint Pepin, son of Charles Martel, king of the Franks. 2d, This connexion assumed a new aspect at the moment that the aged Charlemagne was crowned Emperor at Rome. It is to the title of the extinct empire of the old Romans he succeeds. He represents a vast unity; but the pope who crowned him represents a unity as vast. The one is the political head, the other the ecclesiastical head of Europe; the one stands for the State, the other for the Church. It is the league of two established and independent powers. The emperor is defender of the republic of God. His wars are at once wars of aggrandisement and conversions. Not by any preconcerted plans, but so it happened, that wherever the monks penetrated among heathen tribes, the emperor followed to acquire that territory. On the other hand, the pope is to back the emperor. The enemies of the one are to be the enemies of the other; where the sword is too feeble, excommunication is to reach. 3d, Let us not lose sight of the actual state of society in Europe whilst this connexion exists. We are so accustomed to think of Church and State as separate abstractions

—as words representing distinct powers, that we are apt to transfer our notions into the past, and conceive of the Church as free to develop in its legitimate way, and the State again in the way most proper to it. Unhappily, this was by no means the case. You saw in our previous studies that nationalities first dawned upon European society under the walls of Jerusalem. In the tenth century, it is only by courtesy we speak of nations. They did not exist; they could not exist. Their boundaries were not marked; their principal nobles were each for being a king. There was no law—nothing but the strong arm of the fighter; and the chief who called himself king and emperor invariably had to maintain his place by arms. Around the walls of Rome—in Rome itself—things were in the same condition. The Roman nobles were full of rapacity. They resolved to seize the Papacy itself. A period of disaster followed. In the ninth and tenth centuries the papal power was assumed by Tuscan nobles. Popes were forced upon the apostolic throne by the sword, and by the sword removed. “Two were murdered, five were driven into exile, four were deposed, three resigned their hazardous dignity. Some of these were raised to that pre-eminence by arms, some by money. Two received it from the hands of princely courtezans; one was self-appointed.” A boy of twelve, a young lad of eighteen, were made popes. Things the most atrocious, deeds the most licentious, were wrought by ungodly Italians, who assumed the name of “Father of the Universal Church.”

What inevitably followed a state of things so wretched? What were true members of the Roman Church, true bishops of the Christian Church in every

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land, likely to desire in such circumstances? Unquestionably, the very thing which happened: the interference and supremacy of the power who helped the Church in former troubles—the Germanic emperor. Otho was crowned emperor 2d February 962, at Rome. He deposed the licentious pope who crowned him, put an upright man in his place, and exacted from the clergy and people of Rome the promise, that no pope would henceforth be elected without the consent of himself, or his successors. In the first half of the following century, the emperor, Henry III., also deposed intruders upon the Papacy, and nominated, and maintained in power, four successive popes of the Germanic blood. But, if there was good in this supremacy, there was also evil. The eleventh century dawned upon a Church *subordinate* to the State. The papal dignity finds itself lower than the imperial.

At this crisis Hildebrand appeared. A monk—a man of pure life—he had risen from the masses to be Abbot of Clugny. In his retirement, he had studied, with a profound interest, the characteristics and tendencies of his age. Around him rolled hither and thither the contradictory elements of society. Holy things were venal; kings sold bishoprics to the highest bidders; the people of the Roman streets claimed to elect, in conjunction with their clergy, the spiritual head of Europe; emperors wrested this power from their grasp, but claimed it for themselves; simony and licentiousness overspread the Church. The heart of Hildebrand was sick; there was no resting-place for his soul in the actual. A grand ideal swelled up before his mind. The Church is corrupt, he said, because it is subordinate to the State. Bishops are

venal, because kings make bishops as they will. The Church shall rise out of her thralldom ; nor king, nor emperor shall vex her more ; high over all powers the Church shall sit ; the head of the Church shall be head for all Europe ; European states shall be hands and feet to him ; in him all shall be united ; from him all law shall flow ; he shall be God's vicar over kings and people ; and one sublime confederacy, theocratic in element, shall flow down over all Europe—over all the world, from the footstool of his throne.

It was in 1048 he left Clugny for Rome. For five-and-twenty years after, he was, in subordinate station, the right hand, the soul of the Papacy. Five popes, during that brief space, descended into the grave. At length, in 1073, while the corpse of Alexander was still stretched out in the Vatican, the shouts of the Roman populace proclaimed that Hildebrand should now be pope. He had worn no masked character before. While legate in France to the second of the five predecessors, he cited before him the French bishops, and charged them all with simony. One man protested his innocence. "Repeat the doxology," said Hildebrand—"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the ' ' "—— But that name he had defiled by giving money for his benefice could not be pronounced. The culprit fell before Hildebrand, and confessed his guilt. The stern man was loved by the people for his sternness. "Here, at least," said those poor hearts of theirs, "is one who loves us—who has an interest in our well-being—who does the work of a pastor over us, and not that of a wolf."

It seemed to him that much of the self-seeking

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amongst the clergy arose from their family ties ; it seemed that the priests would be freer to minister to their flocks, if those ties were broken. The fathers of the Church had recommended it, the monks had long practised it. "So ever after shall the clergy," said Hildebrand, (Gregory VII. now,) the moment he ascended the papal throne. "Not only is celibacy from this time forth recommended—not only enjoined ; but priests actually married shall put their wives away." The law was passed ; the thing was done. Legates went through all Europe enforcing the stern rule. Bishops and priests had to put their wives and families away. The people hooted and pelted with filth those who delayed to do so. And with this law, Hildebrand begins to work out his ideal. Note here, the characteristic of greatness : *he begins at home*. The ultimate design is, Church above State. But not yet ; not so long as the Church is corrupt ; not while these venal and sensual bishops rule over it ; not until this bad leaven is purged away. And now it is done, and the struggle with the State begins.

In all lands, kings had been asked to confirm the election of bishops. In Germany, especially, it formed a very principal privilege of royalty. The bishop whom the king favoured was pretty certain to favour the king. In times of war he was to assist him with troops and money. "It shall be so no more," said Hildebrand. "No bishop, no prelate, shall receive from a temporal prince his office—shall take no oath to him of allegiance ; from me and my successors alone he shall receive confirmation, and to us, henceforth, shall take the oath of allegiance." The papal system was near completion. The Church stood separate

from the State, dignity rising above dignity, the pope supreme. Look down through all its ranks, no hand of king or emperor can be seen. The temporal power is shut out; the ecclesiastical power is all. But what was all this, if the supreme head itself depended on the empire? Hitherto the pope was either elected in Rome, by Roman influence—by the influence often of a Roman mob, the partisans of the nobility, or else by a German emperor. In either case, his election was under constraint. It was enacted by Hildebrand, that the election should be confined to the College of Cardinals—originally the parish priests of Rome—and those cardinals were nominated by the pope. What more remains? The Church has withdrawn, within her own management, the election and discipline of the clergy. From the pope all sanction is to descend. The cardinals are to elect the pope. The system is complete; the Church *is* separate from the State. But the ideal is not yet achieved.

The German emperor of that day was Henry IV. His father was a brave man, and might have striven with Hildebrand successfully. He died at the moment the Papacy was to assert its pre-eminence. His son was but six years of age at his father's death; and between that and his majority, how much had been achieved by Hildebrand! Hildebrand himself was the second pope elected without consent of the empire. The bishops who had bought their office were deposed. When Henry assumed the sceptre, he found the best privileges of his crown absorbed into the Papacy. All historians have been struck by this. Ideas which had been gathering to a head for centu-

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ries, found at this moment a genius capacious enough to realise them, to convert them into institutions, and a minority in the empire to allow them to develop.

Unfortunate Henry! All things had gone wrong in his minority. First of all, he himself had gone wrong—had led a wild licentious youth. His Saxon subjects were revolted; the bishops he had sold benefices to were excommunicated; the privilege of confirming the choice of pope, had passed from his hands; his privy councillors were laid under the ban of the Church; and he was himself cited to Rome, to answer there for his corrupt life, and his encouragement of simony in the Church. He was a brave man too. His licentious life ceased with his minority. He girded himself for the battle. He called a synod of bishops at Worms. Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII., is solemnly deposed. What was done at Worms, another synod at Placenza confirmed. A messenger goes to Rome with the deposition. Sir James Stephen, in his eloquent article on Hildebrand, has given a superb picture of his appearance there:—

“It was now the second week in Lent, in the year 1076. From his throne, beneath the sculptured roof of the Vatican, Gregory, arrayed in the rich mantle, the pall, and the other mystic vestments of pontifical dominion, looked down the far-receding aisle of the sacred edifice on the long array of ecclesiastical lords and princes, before whom ‘Henry, king of Germany and Italy, calling himself emperor,’ (the pope had not crowned him in Rome,) had been summoned to appear, not as their sovereign to receive their homage, but as a culprit to await their sentence. . . . The ‘Veni Creator’ was on the lips of the papal choir, when Roland, an envoy from the synods of Worms and Placenza, presented himself before the assembled hierarchy of Rome. His demeanour was fierce and his speech abrupt. ‘The king and the united bishops, both of Germany

and Italy,' (such was his apostrophe to the Pope,) 'transmit to thee this command—*Descend without delay from the throne of St Peter. Abandon the usurped government of the Roman Church.* To such honour none must aspire without the general choice, and sanction of the emperor.' Then addressing the conclave—'To you, brethren,' he said, 'it is commanded, that at the feast of Pentecost ye present yourselves before the king, my master, to receive a pope and father from his hands. This pretended pastor is a ravenous wolf.' A brief pause of mute astonishment gave way to shouts of fury. Swords were drawn, and the audacious herald was about to expiate his temerity with his blood. But Gregory descended from his throne, received from the hand of Roland the letters of the synods, and, resuming his seat, read them in a clear and deliberate voice to the indignant council. Again the sacred edifice rang with passionate invective. Again swords were drawn on Roland, and again the storm was composed by the voice of the pontiff. He spoke of prophecies fulfilled in the contumacy of the king, and in the troubles of the faithful. He assured them that victory would reward their zeal, or divine consolations soothe their defeat; but whether victory or defeat should be their doom, the time, he said, had come when the avenging sword must be drawn to smite the enemy of God and of the Church. Henry's mother was by his side. She too was against her son. Hildebrand turned to her for approval. Then, amidst the breathless silence of that assembly, the old man, in the name of God and the apostles, interdicted to King Henry the government of the whole realm of Germany and Italy, absolved all Christians from their oaths and allegiance to him, and bound him with the bond of anathema, that the nations may know and acknowledge that thou (the interdict was in the form of an address to the apostle Peter) art Peter, and that upon this rock the Son of the living God hath built His Church, and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

It was a new thing to go forth against the head of the German people; but the power of interdict was not new. A doom, very terrible in those days, was wrapped up within it for him on whom it fell. He was outlawed from Christian society. The mark of

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Cain was on his brow. The people shrank from his company, as the brooks from their channels in summer's heat. "Anathema maranatha" was upon him. If he was a monarch, his office, his councillors, his power, mouldered away from his side. He was left alone. A new election took place ; and masses of armed men, the soldiers of the defenders of the Church, took possession of his land in name of his successor. The land itself was made to wear the signs of desolation ; a perpetual Lent was proclaimed ; the people were forbid all games, all pleasures, even salutations in the street and market ; beards were to remain unshaven ; gay clothing to be forborne ; marriages to be performed in churchyards ; public worship was made to cease ; altars, churches were despoiled of their ornaments ; pictures, images, relics, were thrown upon the ground and covered over with sackcloth or brushwood ; except baptism and extreme unction, all religious rites were withholden ; even the bells were removed from the steeples ; and, to wind up the list of calamities, the very dead were interdicted their wonted resting-places, and thrown out into ditches or buried in unconsecrated ground. Often, during the century and a half which went before, emperors had deposed popes. Never till now was the step taken which Hildebrand did ; and it was no mere fulmination of ecclesiastical authority. A new emperor, proposed by the revolted subjects of Henry, was already in the field. Henry was powerless. The excommunication surrounded him as with a poison atmosphere. He could not lift a sword until it was withdrawn. A diet of German nobles was summoned at Augsburg for the 23d February 1077. If Henry was

still under the displeasure of the Church, the new emperor was to be elected.

It is already December. In ten weeks more it will be too late. Henry and his queen, in the garb of pilgrims, crossed the Alps to solicit pardon. Alone, unfriended, their way preceded only by a few hired peasants, had these two to toil through snow and ice, to climb the grim passes in the dead of winter, that they might reach the terrible old man. The unwise bishops who at Worms and Placenza had ventured to depose their spiritual head, also had to come, to be confined in solitary cells, and to a fare of bread and water, for their folly.

The pope was at the fortress of Canossa, a stronghold of the Tuscan sovereigns. Hither came the emperor and his faithful Bertha. He came as a penitent. Hildebrand shut himself in the castle and refused to receive the royal suppliant when he came. Henry waited in the outer court—waited as a stranger—waited standing under the wintry sky and among the snow. One whole day passed, a second came and went, and then a third, and still the door was shut, which divided the suppliant from the earthly fount of mercy. It is impossible to defend this severity, except on the supposition that Hildebrand was himself compelled to it by the force of his spiritual convictions. On any other ground, it was unpolitic as well as pitiless. But Hildebrand really believed that he was acting out the divine will. He was under the most awful sense of his position and the duties which pertained to it. For him, it was no conventional tradition, but a living faith, that he was God's vicar upon earth. And it is easy to see how,

under the influence of this faith, it may have been borne in upon his soul, that the abasement he inflicted on Henry was a necessity for the king himself, and for the Church and the world. But at length it was ended. On the fourth day the penitent was admitted ; and, under solemn obligations for the future, the absolution was conditionally pronounced. Then followed a scene which powerfully reminds us of the distance of those times from ours—a scene so characteristic of the times and the actors, that even Neander becomes pictorial in describing it. When the absolution had been pronounced, the pope and the king, the bishops and the courtiers, and a great crowd besides, repaired to the chapel. The pope celebrated mass. In the midst of the service, he referred to the accusations which had been heaped upon him in Germany. And then he solemnly appealed to the present judgment of God. If he was guilty of the things laid to his charge, let that judgment descend on him there and then, and before all those witnesses. No light appeal in those days ! But he made it, confident of his integrity, and then partook of the supper calmly, waiting the issue in peace. The great crowd was stirred to its profoundest depths, and when the Pope had finished the service, the church rang with the shouts of the people. Would Henry submit *his* conduct to a similar ordeal ? The Pope appealed to him to do it. Poor Henry shrank from it in terror. That day, Hildebrand's triumph was complete.

Henry was very far from being a sincere penitent. He left the presence of the Pope to wage a war of life and death with him. Free from his excommunica-

tion, he appealed to his people. The sympathy which was denied to the licentious boy was freely granted to the unfortunate man. He roused the empire. His rival was slain in battle ; he nominated a new pope ; he came to Rome, and was crowned there. Hildebrand had to flee. He died in exile, exclaiming, "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile." And yet Hildebrand had triumphed. The Papacy was supreme. He died in exile ; but he left the Papacy the topmost power in Europe. I cannot refrain from closing this account with a sentence or two from Ranke's admirable analysis of the struggle, in the introduction to his "History of the Reformation :"—"The life of Henry, from this time till its close, has something in it which reminds us of the antique tragedy, in which the hero sinks, in all the glory of manhood and the fulness of his powers, under an inevitable doom ; for what can be more like an overwhelming fate than the power of opinion, which extends its invisible grasp on every side, takes complete possession of the minds of men, and suddenly appears in the field with a force beyond all control ? Henry saw the world go over, before his eyes, from the empire to the Papacy. An army brought together by one of the blind popular impulses which led to the Crusades drove out of Rome the pope he had placed on the throne ; nay, even in his own house, he was encountered by hostile opinions—compelled to abdicate ; the aged warrior went broken-hearted to his grave."

There remain to be set forth some further developments of this first aspect of the Roman Church—*its relation to the European State.*

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I have traced the steps by which Hildebrand raised the Papacy to be the topmost power in Europe. We have just seen Henry and himself passing from their struggle. But the work of Hildebrand remained. From his time forward the Papacy continued to ascend. It was in the mind of this vast genius that the full conception of an armed European league against Mohammedanism first arose. A few years after his death, his idea embodied itself in the Crusades. Crusaders passed through Rome to obtain the blessing of the pope. The Crusades drew away from Europe the lawless valour which had hitherto opposed the Papacy. Crusaders perished; the Crusades went wrong; but the papal power continued to ascend.

In the century which followed that of Hildebrand, an English monarch wished to add Ireland to his dominions. He was not a pious monarch, yet he dared not touch his prey until he sent to Rome for leave. Listen to a few sentences from the bull permitting him: "Thou wouldest enter the island of Hibernia, to subject that land to obedience. . . . We hold it acceptable that thou make thy entrance, and there execute, at thy discretion, whatever thou shalt think proper for the honour of God. . . . Let, therefore, the people of that country receive thee, and honour thee as their sovereign lord and master." Who speaks in this missive? No ordinary sovereign, as will be perceived, but one who feels himself to be the superior of our English king. And the head of the Roman Church might well feel himself to be so, when this bull was written. He was the topmost dignitary in Europe. A king held his stirrup when

he mounted his palfrey ; kings addressed him as their spiritual father and lord. He held them and their armies bound to obey his behests. Ambassadors from every court waited in Rome. Roman legates were found in every land. Directly or indirectly, the pope had the control of all the diplomacy of Europe. His subordinate ecclesiastics held all the offices of state under the king ; he claimed to be consulted in the election of elected monarchs ; he deposed kings once and again. In his court, it had become usual to say, that the papal authority was the sun, the regal, the moon ; “and as the moon receives her light from the sun, so does royalty borrow its splendour from papal authority.”

You should now be prepared to understand the nature of that relationship in which the Church of Rome stood to the European State. We have seen the rise of a mighty ecclesiastico-politico power in Europe. We have been enabled to look upon the struggle which determined its final triumph. It enters into my present purpose to shew wherein the ascendancy of the papal power forwarded, and wherein it hindered, the growth of European society. But, before I can do so, with any hope of conveying information worth retaining, I must go into the inquiry, *What was it that triumphed, in Hildebrand and the Papacy ?*

Accommodating myself to current language, I have spoken of the triumph of Church over State. The language is correct, if it be remembered that it is the *Roman* Church and the *European* State I am speaking about. Otherwise, it would be incorrect ; for it was not the Church, but specially the Roman Church,

which triumphed; and I have now, therefore, to inquire, *What that was, which dominated over the European State, when the Church of Rome rose to the supremacy I have been trying to depict?* There is a symbolic embodiment of the right answer in an observation of Montaigne's. When he visited Rome, he saw that the modern city stood upon the ruins of the ancient one, and that the architects never thought of any other foundation for their buildings, but the tops of buried houses. Even so. And the dominion of the popes is, in the very same way, a continuation upwards of the dominion of the Cæsars. The Papacy was simply the Christian Church, possessed by the old Roman civilisation. In the wars of the middle ages, this civilisation must have been lost. In ecclesiastical Rome, it was preserved. And the Roman Church continued in unbroken power, until whatever was worth in that civilisation, had been incorporated with the national life of Europe. A few details will shew the countenance given to this view by history.

Often though Rome had been sacked, it had never been wholly destroyed. In the time of the old empire, the Roman bishop had been a magistrate: when the seat of the empire was removed to Constantinople, he was left in charge of the city. But all the roads of the earth led to Rome. Rome had been mistress of the world. Not easily would the provinces lose the habit of looking there for help. When the barbarian incursions came down, the bishop was at once appealed to. He was the remaining potentate, where power had long resided. The memory of the empire brooded over him. It was the instinct of that empire to seek universal dominion. Roman life was still at

work—had still huge conquests to make. It took up its central home in the functions of the bishop of the Roman Church. He was named ethnarch—patriarch—hitherto. Henceforth he shall be pope—*papa*—father of the eternal city. Before he is pope of the universal Church, he is pope of the city. The town life of the Roman empire is identified with him ; he is placed at its head ; he is still surrounded by populations of Romanic origin. Out of these populations, principally, were drawn the popes. Hildebrand was an Italian. The principal diplomatists of Europe were Italians. At the close of the thirteenth century, when the ambassadors of twelve different states met at Rome to congratulate Boniface VIII. on his election, they all proved to be Italians, of the single state of Florence. The pope exclaimed, that earth, air, fire, water, and Florentines, were to be found everywhere. So it was then—so it was still in the sixteenth century. Italians—Italian ecclesiastics—everywhere ! It was the civilisation of the old empire still vital ; it was the leavening of European life with this element. Therefore, the preponderance of Italians in European diplomacy,—therefore, the control over that diplomacy possessed by the Roman Church ! The vital thing in the Roman Church was Rome—Roman law—Roman order. Everything papal shews that it was so. The monastic orders, with their stern discipline, were just the Roman cohorts, reproduced for Christian purposes in a Christian dress. Celibacy was, in like manner, the reproduction of that grand self-immolation which characterised the best times of Rome ; and the universal sovereignty of the pope was (I use the expression without the sneer implied when it was

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first written by Hobbes) "the ghost of the dead Roman empire sitting upon the grave thereof." The old ground of universal dominion—conquest—was broken up. Christianity gave a new ground; but that which overshadowed and ruled Europe in the name of St Peter, was substantially that which ruled it in the name of the Cæsars. The Cæsar reigned by virtue of his being the representative of the highest civilisation upon earth at the time; the pope reigned because it was given to him to appropriate this civilisation for Christendom, and to leaven the states of Europe with it.

This, then, triumphed in the papacy—Roman life—Roman civilisation. Wherein did the triumph of this, either forward or hinder the progress of European society?

It is a fact bearing upon this point, that the main supporters of Hildebrand were Henry's own barons. Even in the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth centuries, the successors of those barons chose their emperors almost systematically out of different houses. Consciously or unconsciously, these men acted on the maxim, that power, beginning to be consolidated in one quarter, must be counterbalanced by an increase of authority in another. We know, then, what Europe had to expect from these barons. In Tuscany, they seize on the papacy. In Germany, they help to pull down the emperor. Selfishness lures, actuates these men. Each covets his neighbour's power; each seeks to be emperor; each diverges *from unity*. It can never be looked upon as a misfortune, that a power arose strong enough to curb and soften such men. Without that power,

confusion would have continued its devastations for generations—perhaps centuries—longer than it did. The strong voice of the Papacy said to the turbulent, *Be still*—to the ambitious, *Halt*. Within its grasp was a power, stronger than the sword, to enforce obedience.

I frankly confess to being thankful that the papacy rose to the power it possessed. The Germans needed restraint. They came young, turbulent, and lawless from their woods. The Italian mastered them in the long run. Let us refrain from pitying them. It is *good* to bear the yoke in our youth. Not otherwise is it appointed to any noble existence to grow. To have risen into complete supremacy when they came first in contact with Roman civilisation, would have been disastrous to them and to Europe. The Goths did so, and melted away. Better far for the Franks that they did not—that Italian monks and priests had them in pupilage for a time. The very submission was good for them. But when we consider that what they were subject to was not brute force, injustice, oppression, but law, order, religion—essentially, civilisation in the keeping of religion;—and that there in Rome, glorified by traditions, sanctified by the forms of worship, was the representative of unity—of a grand ideal—of an organisation wide as Europe itself; when we consider that the German races were called by Providence to realise the ideal of the Christian State, and that, in the papal hierarchy, an embodiment of this ideal (right or wrong, spiritual or mechanical, but still an ideal) was made to float before their minds for centuries, as the ideal of the temple floated before David the man of war, it becomes the

Hildebrand and the Church of Rome. 133

natural impulse of every open-minded student of history to rejoice that the God of nations prepared those races for their yet undeveloped destiny in so fitting a school.

Thus far, then, as affording proper discipline and restraint to the exuberant youth of the Germanic races, the predominance of papal power in Europe must be looked upon as a forwarding of European life ; much more so, when we recollect that European life received from this power the civilisation of the old world.

But I have now to add, that the *continuance* of this power would have been fatal to European life. That the European boy should go to school, we can all recognise as right ; but that the schoolmaster should claim to rule over him after he has communicated all he has to communicate,—that the man should remain in a position fitted only for the boy,—this would not have been right. The Papacy, in point of fact, was hostile to the formation of nationalities. Unconsciously, it fostered them—could not help fostering them. But the genius of the nation and of the papacy were antagonistic. “The time will come,” said an ecclesiastic, “that the golden statue of the kingdom will be utterly demolished, and every great empire divided into tetrarchies. Not till then will the Church stand up free and unopposed, under the protection of the great crowned priest.” This was the aim of Hildebrand. Thus only, according to his view, could society be reformed. This, also, was the aim of his successors ; and it is plain that, beneath such a burden of ecclesiastical domination, nationalities could not develop. Such, according to the light

possessed by me, is my view of the Church of Rome, in relation to the European state.

There is a second aspect in which the Church requires to be viewed—an inner one—that aspect which it turns toward us, when we look upon it, *in its relation* to the membership, or, which is the same thing in other words, *to the New Testament Ideal of the Christian Church.*

I require to begin, what I have to say here, with some remarks upon the nature of a priesthood. It is not so generally known as it should be, that a priest is one who has immediate access to the Deity. In the old religions there was a class (among the Jews, the tribe of Levi) set apart for this express function, that they should go into the presence of God in behalf of the congregations. A true worshipper, in those old times, would not venture to approach the Deity himself. He brought his offering to the priest, and the priest presented it in his stead. It was characteristic of a priesthood, then,—it was the very essence of the priestly office,—that it stood between the object of worship and the worshipper,—that all divine influences had to come through it to the congregation, and all worship to ascend through it to God. Accordingly, in places consecrated to public worship—in the temple at Jerusalem, in the temples of Greece—the priest withdrew from the presence of the congregation into a little chamber—a place apart—and there communed with God.

You are aware that Christianity is, amongst Protestant nations, understood to have abolished all this; and, that this fact is understood to be symbolised in the rending of the vail of the Jewish temple, at the

moment the Lord was on the cross. The priesthood, in the old sense of it, was then abolished. Each believing Christian man, henceforth, is to be a priest. The membership of the Church is to be an holy priesthood. All,—by One Spirit, (*not* by a class of holy men,) are to have access unto the Father. There is to be no official mediator between God and man. God himself is Mediator. The One High Priest is God. The priesthood under Him—in communion with Him—in the enjoyment of His dignity and nature, is the whole body of believers. And, just as the architecture of the ancient religions testified to the existence of a separation between the priesthood and the membership, the architecture of Christian places of worship has yielded a testimony to their identity. In the Chevalier Bunsen's book on the "Basilicas of Rome," this testimony is very ably developed. I shall endeavour to present to you the main idea of this work.

Originally, and for nearly two centuries, there were no stated places for the assembling of Christians. A private house—a catacomb—a workshop, sufficed. When Christians came to have power on their side, there were open for their use certain buildings where worship might be conducted. The old temples, for example, existed, and might be procured. We find, however, that Christians never had recourse to these temples, but that they invariably preferred buildings resembling, in purpose, our town-halls—the Basilicas. What was the Basilica? In eastern nations, the gateway of the royal palace, where, in the presence of all the people, the kings sat to hear and judge. In Rome, this primitive use of the Basilica continues ;

but over the open pillars of the East, a roof has been suspended, and it has been enclosed by walls. I go into any cathedral. The pillars of the King's Gate are still there ; a wide avenue runs between the pillars from end to end ; at each side is a narrower avenue or aisle ; and, except that the end of the building is not semicircular, you have before you a Roman Basilica. The judge sat on an elevated platform in the terminal semicircle. Before him, in the one aisle, stretched the men who had causes pending—in the other, the women. The centre was filled by the town's people, and was, in fact, our exchange. Well, it was this building which Christian worship used in the earlier centuries. Here it was most at home. The seat of the judge became the pulpit ; the central avenue, the place of communion ; the side-aisles, the auditory. Mark the entire openness of all the parts of worship—mark the entire absence of a priest. No man withdraws from the congregation to commune with God ; no man feels that he is nearer to God than his brother man. The symbol of brotherhood is erected in the centre—in the spot where the common crowd of everyday life assembled. This was the altar ; here the bread was broken ; each communicant felt that he had access personally to God.

But those early centuries passed away. The age of Hildebrand succeeded. What was, now, the interior arrangements of the place of Christian worship ? The vail of the temple was restored ; the communion-table was removed behind the rail. The sacrament of the supper had become a sacrifice ; and the ministers of the congregation withdrew from the view of the people, *to offer it alone, and in their behalf*, unto the

Lord. The great fact that each believer is a priest was no longer recognised. The official priesthood had returned to the Church.

I make this representation under the impression that members of the Church of Rome will not only not find fault with it, but receive it as agreeable to all their notions of what ought to be. Still, I feel that it would be unwise here to dwell longer on the subject. Already I tread on thorny ground, and offer this which I have advanced about priesthood, in lieu of a more explicit doctrinal exposition of the distinctive features of the Roman Church, when compared with the Ideal we find in the New Testament. That Ideal was thoroughly known in Rome ; but it was there looked upon as an Ideal to be realised only by the Clergy. *They* were the *Ecclesia*—the holy priesthood—the peculiar people—the royal generation. *They* were the brethren—the partakers of the sacrament—the habitation of the Spirit—the Church ; and *only through them*, could the mysteries of the Christian faith be derived to the flock. I am, therefore, free—and I do it in no unkindly spirit—to liken the pastors and flock of that Church to the crew and passengers of a ship in troubled waters. The clergy are the crew ; the flock, the passengers. Storms are ahead, and the passengers must go below. The rough weather and the danger belong to the crew ; the passengers are safe in the hold. If safety be bliss, the passengers are blessed. The blast, and the terror, and the splendour, are for the poor crew. The Ideal was, that each man should stand on the deck, and front for himself the perils of life ; the promise was, that the face of a father would be seen in the drifting

cloud and the tossing sea. But it was an Ideal the European man had not realised at the end of the fifteenth century ; it was a promise, of which the priesthood alone had experienced the fulfilment.

At this date, however, the Reformation came. It will be seen how completely it met the two aspects of the Roman Church I have been reviewing, and changed the existing relations between Church and State, and between clergy and people.

VIII.

**Ecclesiastical Life of Europe :
Luther and the Reformation.**

“Just as abuses had risen to the most intolerable height, the study of the sacred books in their original tongues once more revealed to the world, in all its radiance, that pure idea of Christianity, which had so long been darkened or disguised. A man appeared, who, in that secret travail and contention of mind to which the remedies usually applied by the Church afforded no relief, seized with his whole soul on an aspect of Christianity hitherto the most profoundly obscured ; and such was his own experience of its truth, fulness, and saving power, that he would never more suffer it to be wrested from him, but maintained it unshaken through life and death. In the contest to which it gave rise, he drew around him all the other elements of innovation, with a consistency and sagacity which at length gained over the whole nation, and secured to himself a degree of sympathy such as no other man ever enjoyed. At the same time, that he gave a new direction to religious thoughts and feelings, he opened a new prospect of national regeneration. Men already felt that the papacy was not to be held in check by constitutional forms, and that if they would free themselves from its usurpations they must contest the spiritual grounds on which those usurpations rested.”—RANKE.

ECCLESIASTICAL LIFE OF EUROPE: LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.

ON the 17th July, 1505, a young man, who was studying at the University of Erfurt, in Germany, invited his friends to his lodgings, to pass the evening together. The frugal supper was over: they had some cheerful exercises in music. At the close, he told his companions that it was their last meeting together, in this free capacity—"To-morrow I become a monk." This was Luther. He had been intended by his father for a lawyer, but the death of a friend, and a peril of death he had been in himself, made him resolve to abandon the world. In the heart of this man, the Reformation was to enact itself before it came forth to history. Mark his thought at the date of the supper. As a student, teacher, lawyer, he could not be holy enough, could not be secure enough of heaven. The monastery is holy, the monk is holy. By this means he shall attain to heaven. The European man has come up out of the hold, has left his parents, his friends, his studies below. He presses up to join those noble men who have continual access to God. Honestly, he strove to be a monk; did monkish duties with earnestness and zeal; found to his sorrow, that he had *not* left the world behind him, and had sore battles in the inner man. It was his thought, that divine influences entered the soul, by attending to

church ordinances. With streaming eyes, he waited for these influences ; for the pardon of his sins, above all. He knelt at the altar, and sought for it ; he came back to his cell, and sought for it ; he wanted sleep, that he might find it. One morning, the brethren find his cell-door shut, and have to force it open. Fra Martin is stretched upon the ground insensible. One of the monks took a flute, and played an air that Luther loved, and gradually he was restored. He was not at peace with God. He was a monk, but the unrest remained. He did all a monk's duties, but it was not removed. His soul was full of trouble.

It is the birth-throes of the European heart, bringing forth Faith. Hitherto, the European man was saved by being a monk, by doing a monk's works, or by receiving the sacraments from a monk's hands. The Church, the priesthood, stood between him and all danger. The thought was at work in Luther, but he could not yet give words to it, that the priesthood also shut out the light of heaven from the people. He had stumbled upon a dusty Bible in the Erfurt University Library. The people knew nothing of it ; the monks had forgotten it. Here is God's own Word, he said ; here God speaks out direct to me. He began to study the Bible in the original. Other monks, in whom the good work was going on, gave countenance to him. Others, again, told him to mind his monastic duties. He did mind them. He swept the monastery, begged for the monastery, prayed in the monastery, did penance ; but his soul was not at peace. "This black heart of mine," he cried ; "these sins, day after day, hour after hour ; this perpetual inclination to sin—who shall free me from all this?" His

soul's trouble brings his body to the brink of the grave. An old monk entered his cell. He repeated the words of the creed, "I believe in the forgiveness of sin." He told his young brother it was not enough to believe that David's sins, and Peter's sins, were forgiven. The commandment is, that "we believe our own sins forgiven."

The word was uttered ; the light had dawned ; the European man was standing face to face with the infinite mercy of God. Luther has entered into the peace which passeth understanding. "I have been begging, and weeping, and praying, that by repeating these acts I might *procure* the pardon of my sins. And, lo ! my Father has been standing by me all the time, holding it out to me, beseeching me to believe, that what I was seeking for, by monastic works, was mine already, by His infinite grace." And yet Luther's own mind was not wholly free. His brethren sent him to Rome on some monastic business. He ran from church to church, doing those exercises, which were prescribed, for the salvation of his soul, shocked at everything, and yet believing everything. Behold him one day on his knees, climbing up Pilate's staircase. He who does this shall have an indulgence—a boon of future mercy from Heaven. It was too late for the German monk. The Erfurt Bible was in his heart. And ever as he clomb another step—by this climbing of a material stair, striving to possess more of God's life—a voice from the bottom of his heart cried to him, in tones of thunder, "Luther, Luther, not by climbing stairs ; not by works of this sort ! The just shall live by faith."

The work was done. That side of the Reforma-

tion which was a protest against the clergy-church was realised in the heart of this man. Luther's preaching was practically, although at first he was not conscious of it, a denial of official priesthoods. He spoke to the individual conscience. This itself was a denial of it. He said, "It is a business of thine own, my brother." This, too, was a denial of it. But it was, when he stood up in his Wittenberg pulpit, and, out of the fulness of his own experience, and his knowledge of the Word, pointed, on the one side, to the sins of those who heard him, and, on the other, direct to the mercy of God, that the great protest was made. That a man might be saved without the priest—that salvation did not flow to the heart through the church: this was the new thing he uttered. He came to still clearer light. His industrious piety received large accessions of knowledge. He came to see that a great evil had dominated over the consciences of men. "The ecclesia—the church—does not exist," he said, "for the people. The clergy alone are the church. Only *they* partake the symbol of brotherhood. It is wrong. Is not every man a brother? Is not the Lord brother to every man? What means the incarnation, if He is not? It was my flesh, not priest's flesh. The Word has hallowed my flesh. My human nature has thereby been brought into contact with the Word of God. I am related direct to that Word. So are all men. All men who recognise this relation, recognise also that they are priests. The believer is a priest; may stand for himself in God's presence; does not need a fellow-man to go into that presence for him."

In this aspect the Reformation was a new rending

of the vail—a new assertion of the doctrine, that separate official priesthoods had ceased, and that each believer stands for himself, an anointed priest, at God's altar, to perform a priest's function there. "If a priest is killed," said Luther, in one of his earliest tracts, "the whole district is put under ban. Why not just the same when a poor peasant has been murdered? We are all priests." In other words: The European man is crying, "Good for us to be safe in the hold when storms are ahead, and to have no care. But we have awaked to see that there is no hold. The hatch is gone: the deck is torn up. We are in an open boat. And God is calling us to look with our own eyes upon the terrors and the splendours of His universe, and to listen, each soul for himself, to the Word which *He* has spoken."

But I turn now to the second aspect of the Reformation. The first was the protest against the official priesthood of the Roman Church. That which I am now to depict, was more external:—it was the protest against the political supremacy realised by Hildebrand.

I recall to your minds that Italian element in the Church of Hildebrand. The papal government centred and grew on the site of old Rome. The old civilisation was in its keeping. Italy was still filled by Romanic populations. Italians filled all offices of public trust in Europe. The official language of governments was Latin; the devotions of the people were in Latin; the Bible was still in Latin.

How significant of the tendency of the Reformation, that it should have issued from those same woods from which, a thousand years before, the destroyers of old Rome had come! Luther was a Saxon.

His parents were Saxon peasants. Germany awoke in him to the consciousness of its own worth. "Poor Germans that we are," he said, "we have been deceived. We were born to be masters, and we have been compelled to become slaves. Name, title, ensigns of royalty, we possess all these; force, power, right, liberty, all these have gone over to the popes. . . . For them the grain; for us the straw! . . . It is time the glorious Teutonic people should cease to be the puppet of the Roman pontiff."

Germanic life, which needed restraint, needs that restraint no longer. The boy that Trebonius doffed his cap to, has become a man. The Papal Church has fulfilled its function. Its political domination is possible no more. Its load of ecclesiastical supremacy lies too heavy on the breast of Europe. Nations cannot prosper under it. The dues which are paid into the Roman treasury pinch national industry. The interference of ecclesiastics perplexes national movements. The nations must be free to grow—to develop, as God intended them. The time has come for the long-depressed Germanic element to dominate—to blossom up into Englands, Germanies, North Americas. And Luther, the preacher at Wittenberg, the son of Saxon peasants, is the spokesman for this movement too.

Let no intelligent member of the Roman Church regret that, for this purpose, Luther was raised up. It was altogether a right thing that Germanic life should find a tongue. Luther's was that tongue. In him, after the silence of a thousand years, the German spoke. Germans still speak of him as "*their own*," as "*their man*." Every true German felt, still feels,

that Luther was a brother. The lost brother is found. Priesthood had absorbed brotherhood. A priest steps forth: "I am *not* holier than you," he says. "Ye all are brethren. The Lord died for all." The German people leapt up into new life. Luther's voice reached through and through it. "What a wonderful man is Luther!" said Melancthon; "when he goes up to preach, we doctors are impressed by the truth he utters; and yet, he speaks so plain, that the poorest peasant understands every word he says." No wonder. In him first the German tongue was honoured. He preaches, it is in his noble German speech. He writes, it is in his noble German language. He translates the Bible, it is into the German. "And a difficult task I had," he says, "in compelling the old Jews to speak good German."

What a revolution was here! God's Word shut up for centuries in the Latin Bastile, and now set free! The liturgy also was translated by him. And a mere translation of the Latin words would not suffice. "I would have (the work) carried out," said Luther, "in a truly German *spirit*. . . . I would have the whole thing, text and notes, accent and action, an emanation of our own tongue, suited to our German voices, otherwise it will be mere aping and grimace." We shall have German psalms, too, he said. He appealed to the poets. Why not write psalms, as David did? If the Jew had Hebrew psalms, ought not the German to have German ones?

Luther was not alone in this Germanic revolt. The German princes were ripe for it; the German towns rejoiced in it. It was this element—I speak humanly—which gave backing to Luther. He stood up

against the pope, and all Germany leaped up to support him.

I define the Reformation, therefore, in this, the political aspect of it, as the emergence of the Germanic element in European life from the control and domination of the Romanic. It was the revolt of German faith from Italian ecclesiastical supremacy; it was German piety finding utterance in German speech; it was the assertion of German freedom, of German worth; and, above all things else, it was the German brother seeking to knit all German brethren into free Christian nationalities. Everything connected with the Reformation takes the impress of this fact. Reformation had already been attempted in Italy, in France, in England. It must first succeed in the German states. We seem to detect the same fact in the theological symbols of the two parties. "*Salvation by means of the Church*," said the Roman, the child of institutions, the inheritor of the civilisation of the past, the successor of him who felt it greater to be a Roman than a man. "*Salvation by faith*," (*i. e.*, direct contact of man's soul with God's gift,) said the German, the man to whom institutions were secondary, who came first before us, fresh from the presence of nature—the man with the open, child's heart. One thing bearing on this is especially certain, that nations of Romanic origin, nations in which the Romanic element predominated, have, as a whole, remained in connexion with the Roman Church; while those of Germanic origin have become Protestant.

We speak of the past. We talk of Pope and Protestant now, no man making us afraid. With Luther it was not so easy. He did not feel it to be easy.

How often, he says, during the first year or two, did I ask myself, if it were not presumption in me! His journey to Rome opened his eyes. Then came Tetzel, selling indulgences. The two elements of the Reformation rose up in Luther against this proceeding. First of all, he saw it to be a lie that mere writing on a bit of paper could forgive sins. Next, he was indignant that, by means of this lie, good German money should go to Rome. He denounced Tetzel, exposed the falsehood, challenged the whole priesthood to debate the matter with him. No one minded the Saxon monk at first. By and by, however, he is found to be dangerous. A papal bull is issued against him. His books are to be burnt. He himself is to repair to Rome. What will Luther do? He invited the members of the university and the officials of Wittenberg to meet him at nine o'clock in the morning of the 10th December 1520, at the east gate, opposite the Church of the Holy Cross, and there, not without solemnity, he did what never European man hitherto had courage to do the like of,—he committed the bull, and all papal pamphlets and books connected with it or the question at issue, to the flames.

The game is up. "The mighty hunter," as Luther called the pope, demanded the victim. His peril was great. He is summoned by herald to Worms, to meet the emperor and the German princes, to answer for his doctrines. And on to Worms went emperor, prince, and peasant, all anxious to see the man who had dared to lift his voice against the pope. "Do not go," said his friends. "I will go," said Luther, "if there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on its house-tops."

On the 2d of April 1521, he sets out. Turning to Melancthon, he said, "If I am put to death, cease not, O my brother, to teach and remain firm in the truth. If thou art spared, what matters it that I perish?" He stepped on a low waggon, with block wheels, which the magistrates of Wittenberg had provided. From Wittenberg to Leipsic, from Leipsic to Nuremberg, from thence to Weimar—all was gloom. Everybody looked on him as a man marching to his grave. Next he came to Erfurt. Here, when a little boy, he had sung at the doors of the rich for bread; here he had been a distinguished student; here he first saw a Bible. There is no gloom in Erfurt. Their old scholar comes back. They come out on horseback to give him welcome; they line the streets to give him cheer. "Thou must preach to us," they said. The herald consented. He was led into the church. Often had he swept its floors, and opened and locked its doors, in days long past. And now he is in the pulpit. His text was, "Peace be unto you: and when Jesus had so said, he shewed them his hands and his side." "Life comes from Him," he said. "One builds a church, another goes a pilgrimage, a third fasts, a fourth puts on a cowl and goes barefoot. All vanity this. But Christ hath risen from the dead: *this* is the work of salvation." From Erfurt to Gotha; from Gotha to Frankfort. In Frankfort, they took him to a school, and he blessed the boys. One stage more, at Oppenheim—and then!

At last, on the morning of the 16th, he is in sight of Worms. His heart is leaning on the Lord. At Oppenheim, he had composed a hymn and set it to music. When he beheld the tower of the ancient

city, where the fate of the Reformation was to be decided, he rose up in his waggon and sung the hymn. The Germans sing it to this day. I give Carlyle's translation :—

“ A safe stronghold our God is still—
A trusty shield and weapon ;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell ;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour—
On earth is not His fellow.

“ With force of arms we nothing can ;
Full soon were we down-ridden :
But for us fights the proper man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same ?
Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Zebaoth's Son ;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

“ And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore—
We know they can't o'erpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit.
For why? His doom is writ—
A word shall quickly slay him.

“ God's Word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course—
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, houses, children, wife,

Yet is their profit small ;
These things shall vanish all—
God's city, it remaineth."

Next morning he is summoned to appear. He stands there, in the old imperial hall, alone, in the presence of princes, nobles, dignitaries of the church, and the young emperor. A manly modesty overpowers him at the first. He asks one day to prepare his answers. Then, on the 18th April, in the afternoon, he is borne by soldiers through the crowded streets of Worms, into the imperial presence once more. Yesterday, the emperor and the princes were struck by his timidity ; to-day, by his frank, unboastful openness. "I am here," he said, "to answer for my books. In one part of these books, I say that man is saved by God's mercy, and not by going pilgrimages, and doing penances, and the like ; this part I dare not retract. A second portion of my writings is directed against Papal abuses and tyranny ; this part, the abuses existing, it would be wrong to retract. In a third portion of my works, I have used personalities and hasty words which, in my more retired moments, I regret ; this portion I most heartily give up." He added, "I am a man ; I *may* have formed wrong notions. If there be anything in my teaching opposed to Scripture, shew me what it is ; and that which is so opposed I will retract—no more." The official who questioned him was not satisfied. "Thou art to answer simply, not to preach to us ; yes or no ; retract or not retract." "Since, then, your imperial majesty and your highnesses demand a simple answer, I will give you one. Unless I am convicted of error by the testimony of Scripture, I cannot, and

will not retract. . . . I have done. God help me. Amen."

This was the culminating point of Luther's protest ; the upbreking of the dark morning cloud. And yet this formed but a poor portion of the work Luther did :—Preaching, teaching, writing books, sermons, pamphlets, translating and commenting on the Bible, and bearing the whole burden of the churches. From this point, forward, flows the outer history of the Reformation.

My undertaking in relation to it is completed. For those who wish to study the subject, I mention the two works of Ranke—his History of the Popes who have reigned since the Reformation, and his History of the Reformation itself. A book easier to read, but theatrical and one-sided a little, is D'Aubigné's. Our own Robertson's "History of Charles V.," and Michelet's "Life of Luther," should also be named. I especially recommend this last book. It is made up of extracts from Luther's letters, sermons, and table-talk. Luther depicts Luther in it ; and you are struck by finding yourself in the company of quite an ordinary-looking mortal. There is nothing of the "great man" about him ; no airs, no assumption of superiority. It is not a monk who is beside you ; it is a man who was never meant to be a monk—a homely, rather jovial man, who will take a can of beer with you of an evening, and play his flute, and be delighted with your song.

"People fancy," he once said, "because I am joyous and jovial, that I recline upon a bed of roses. God knows how far wrong they are." Yes, indeed, they were wrong. Under all that joviality, there was

a soul enlarging itself, by severe discipline, by active thought, by untiring prayer, to know more and more of God. But it was a soul that led its life in secret ; that knew the value of the counsel, "When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites." Luther was no hypocrite ; was not even sanctimonious ; had notions on many things which would be counted loose in our day. But he was honest ; spoke out the word which it was right to speak, whether it was rebuke, or sermon, or joke ; and had no reserves ; he gave you his frank opinion, and the ground on which it rested ; if he discovered he was wrong, as frankly he retracted.

I look upon his conduct in relation to the peasants' war, as, perhaps, the highest outcome of this honesty. This war was a direct result of his work ; I mean, it was one of the evils which flowed out of the principle of private judgment. If Luther was right in revolting from the pope, the peasant is right in revolting from his prince. Everybody saw that it was a result of Luther's principles. The German nobles, who had sympathised with the reformer hitherto, turned to ask him what this meant. If Luther declare for the peasants, the princes will forsake him ; if he declare for the princes, the peasants will lose confidence in him. What does Luther care ? There is a word which it is right for God's speaking-man to speak, and he straight-way speaks it out. "Ye princes, ye men in power, in this outbreak ye are not without blame. These peasants are God's instruments to punish you for your luxury and oppressions. Trample them ; but God will raise peasants out of the stones to afflict and to bring you to do that which is right. . . . They will no longer submit to your crying extortions. You

lavish, in fine clothes, fine castles, fine eating and drinking, their hard-won produce ; and what *you* must do first and foremost is, to put a stop to all this vain luxury of yours, to close up the holes through which this money runs, so that you may leave some little part in the peasant's pocket." He then addressed the peasants :—" You have lifted the sword, peasants ; Luther did not lift a sword. If truth sufficed to overturn the pope, have ye not faith enough in truth, that it will overturn the oppression of princes. Struggle—I forbid you not ; but struggle by the truth. The truth will conquer. If you and the princes come to blows, presume not, on the one side or the other, to call yourselves Christians. It will be a war of pagans—nothing else. Christians fight not with swords or arquebuses ; but with the cross, and with patience ; after the example of their General, who handled not the sword, but unresistingly suffered Himself to be bound to the cross. Their triumph consists not in domination and power, but in submission and humility. If you abide by reason, by truth, I too will join you ; if you take the sword, it is my determination to throw myself in all confidingness at the feet of God, and take part against you." They did take the sword, and he did take part against them.

Great, indeed, was Luther's confidence in the power of truth. He translated the Bible, that men might be saved by it—the Koran, that they might see how beggarly falsehood was. And to the truth he continually ascribed the credit of all that was doing. " While I am drinking beer in Wittenberg, with Philip and the doctors, the Word is saving the world," he was accustomed to say.

For those who know Luther only through the pages of D'Aubigné—who have been accustomed to see him in the pink light of a mere hero—it will be quite refreshing to go through Michelet's book. What a mere man the overturner of the papacy was! How coarse, how foul-mouthed he could sometimes be! A book might be published made up of the nicknames which Luther applied; and the cream of it would be, that this book would turn out as instructive as any of his sermons. For he called men and things by their right names; and, if they were of the order of Nicholas, then Nicholas-names—nicknames—devilnames—were the only names to be applied to them. Our Henry VIII. got his chaplain to write a book against Luther, and put his own name on the title-page. "Whether Henry wrote it, or Hall, or the devil in hell, I fear him not. He who lies is a liar, and I defy him. If a king of England spits his impudent lies in my face, I have a right to throw them back, down his very throat." And never king got such a wholly black face in his lifetime as "this royal driveller of lies and poison," as Luther called him, got for his unfortunate book. And yet what pathos, what beauty, lay in that heart of his. Once he looked out, and saw a little bird settling itself for the night upon the branch of a tree. "There thou settlest, poor bird," he exclaimed, "the infinite dome of heaven above thee, and the great earth beneath, and goest to rest without fear." It was a delightful thing to spend an evening with him. His broad, beneficent nature expanded into the sunniest, playfullest kindness. His talk was full of wisdom, of humour, of genuine insight. Nature, art, humanity, philosophy, theology,—he was at home

in them all. Floods of light came forth from him in single utterances, given freely, without effort. It is something more than curious to find him, at one of these fireside conversations, laughing at the absurdity of the Copernican system of astronomy—curious to go back so far, as to find the first man of his generation counting for fancy what the merest child now knows to be fact. It is seldom you find such things, however. His mind was open as a child's for truth. It is most exhilarating to be beside him when he first discovered, studying the Greek language, after the Reformation had begun, that *metanoia* did not mean *penances*, but a *change of life*.

You know, amongst other courageous things he did, that he cast off the monk's cowl, and married a nun. Catherine de Bora was her name. She had to beg her bread from door to door after her husband's death. With his wife, he lived a noble domestic life, and yet quite an every-day one. How playfully he bantered her, laughed at her attempts to fathom the deep thoughts of her husband. "My Eve," he called her—"my Kit—my lord Kit—my rib Kit—that most learned dame, Catherine Luther de Bora. Ah, Kit, thou shouldst never preach! If thou wouldst only say the Lord's prayer always before beginning, thy lectures would be shorter." In the history of his married life, you will not miss acts of the highest benevolence—of hospitality afforded to those who could not return it—of just dealing with old servants. Luther and she were often very poor. The princes took his preaching, but left him to live as he might. He never would take money for his writings; the booksellers got all the profit. At one time, he took to turning

wood for a little money ; at another, to gardening. Yet, in the midst of all this hardship, when he had not a coin for himself, he would take the silver drinking-cups he had got as keepsakes from the princes, and give them to poor students.

I have mentioned his home feelings. How human and touching his exclamation, when he heard of his father's death—"I am old Luther now." I remember, too, a beautiful letter he wrote to his little boy, namesake of his father, about a lovely and smiling garden—the garden of celestial life—full of children, dressed in robes of gold, who played under the trees with beautiful apples, pears, cherries, nuts, and prunes ; and had drums, and fifes, and music of all sorts. And little Hans shall be admitted to this garden, if he be a good boy. So simply—so like a child, could the man who hurled down popes, whose words are still "half-battles," write on the proper occasion.

The time came when he was to write no more. He was absent from his Catherine, at Eisleben, attending a Protestant synod. It was the 17th February 1546. He felt that he was dying. "Pray, brethren ; oh ! pray for the spread of the Gospel," he said to his fellow-labourers. Then he took a turn or two in the room, and lay down. "Friends, I am dying. Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit." "Reverend father," said Dr Jonas, "do you die firm in the faith you have taught?" Luther opened his eyes, which were half closed, looked fixedly at Jonas, and replied, firmly and distinctly, "*Yes.*" That was the last word he uttered ; then his great spirit went home.

POSTSCRIPT—1863.

I shall append here, because it lies in to the subject treated in this lecture, what properly belongs to the review on Carlyle at the end. It is a quotation from the History of Frederick the Great, published since both the Lecture and the Review were written. I may say here of the volumes from which the extract is taken, that in no other history of modern times is the past more really *revived*. In no other are such glimpses given of the undercurrents and avenues of European history and life; and of the relations borne by the various European nations and statesmen to the struggles of their time and to each other. The mean life of the English Georges; the half-mad, half-heroic life of Frederick's father; the greedy flunkeyism of Voltaire; the grim earnestness of Frederick himself,—the workings and thinkings,—the confusions, wars, defeats, and victories of the entire age, whose great man Frederick was; and numberless episodes of individual and national existence, are given in a genial, interesting, human way, and as by an actual eye-witness. Here and there we have side glances into the retributive events of European history. It is one of these I quote:—

“The Reformation was the great Event of that sixteenth century. According as a man did something in that, or did nothing, and obstructed doing, he has much claim to memory, or no claim, in this age of ours. The more it becomes apparent that the Reformation was the Event then transacting itself, was the thing that Germany and Europe either did, or refused to do, the

more does the historical signification of men attach itself to the phases of that transaction. . . .

"Protestant, or not Protestant? The question meant everywhere: 'Is there anything of nobleness in you, O Nation; or, is there nothing? Are there, in this nation, enough of heroic men to venture forward, and to battle for God's truth, *versus* the devil's falsehood, at the peril of life, or more?' Men who prefer death and all else to living under falsehood,—who, once for all, will *not* live under falsehood; but having drawn the sword against it, (the time being come for that rare and important step,) throw away the scabbard, and can say in pious clearness, with their whole soul: 'Come on, then! Life under falsehood is not good for me; and we will try it out now. Let it be to the death between us, then!'

"Once risen into this divine white-heat of temper, were it only for a season, and not again, the nation is thenceforth considerable through all its remaining history. What immensities of *dross* and crypto-poisonous matter will it not burn out of itself in that high temperature, in the course of a few years! Witness Cromwell and his Puritans,—making England habitable even under the Charles-Second terms for a couple of centuries more. . . .

"Austria, Spain, Italy, France, Poland,—the offer of the Reformation was made everywhere; and it is curious to see what has become of the nations that would not hear it. In all countries were some that accepted; but in many there were not enough, and the rest, slowly or swiftly, with fatal, difficult industry, contrived to burn them out. Austria was once full of Protestants; but the hide-bound Flemish-Spanish Kaiser-element presiding over it, obstinately, for two centuries, kept saying, 'No; we with our dull, obstinate, Cimborgis under-lip and lazy eyes, with our ponderous Austrian depth of habituality and indolence of intellect, we prefer steady darkness to uncertain new light,'—and all men may see where Austria now is. Spain still more! poor Spain, going about, at this time, making its '*pronunciamientos*;' all the factious attorneys in its little town assembling to *pronounce* virtually this, 'The Old *is* a lie, then: good heavens! after we so long tried hard—harder than any nation—to think it a truth! And if it be not Right of Man, Red Republic, and Progress of the Species, we know not what

now to believe, or to do ; and are as a people stumbling on steep places in the darkness of midnight !' They refused truth when she came, and now truth knows nothing of them. All stars and heavenly lights have become veiled to such men. They must now form terrestrial *ignes fatui* and think them stars. That is the doom passed upon them.

"Italy, too, had its Protestants ; but Italy killed them—managed to extinguish Protestantism. Italy put up silently with practical lies of all kinds ; and shrugging its shoulders, preferred going into dilettantism and the fine arts. The Italians, instead of the sacred service of fact and performance, did music, painting, and the like ; till even that has become impossible for them, and no noble nation, sunk from virtue to *virtu*, ever offered such a spectacle before. He that will prefer dilettantism, in this world, for his outfit, shall have it ; but all the gods will depart from him, and manful veracity, earnestness of purpose, devout depth of soul, shall no more be his. He can, if he like, make himself a soprano and sing for hire ; and probably that is the real goal for him.

"But the sharpest-cut example is France ; to which we constantly return for illustration. France, with its keen intellect, saw the truth and saw the falsity in those Protestant times ; and, with its ardour of generous impulse, was prone enough to adopt the former. France was within a hairsbreadth of becoming actually Protestant. But France saw good to massacre Protestantism, and end it in the night of St Bartholomew, 1572. The Celestial Apparitor of Heaven's Chancery, so we may speak, the genius of fact and veracity, had left his writ of summons ; writ was read ; and replied to in this manner. The genius of fact and veracity accordingly withdrew ; was staved off, and got kept away for two hundred years. But the writ of summons had been served ; Heaven's messenger could not stay away for ever. No ; he returned duly with accounts run up, on compound interest, to the actual hour in 1792 ; and then, at last there had to be a 'Protestantism,' and we know of what kind that was!"—*History of Frederick the Great*, vol. i., pp. 265-7.

IX.

**European Life Spreading Westward:
Columbus.**

“The beauty of the new land far surpasses the *Campina de Cordova*. The trees are bright, with an ever-verdant foliage, and are always laden with fruit. The plants on the ground are high and flowering. The air is warm as that of April in Castille, and the nightingale sings more melodiously than words can describe. At night the song of other smaller birds resounds sweetly ; and I have also heard our grasshoppers and frogs. Once I came to a deeply-enclosed harbour, and saw a high mountain that had never been seen by mortal eye, and from whence gentle waters flowed down. The mountain was covered by firs and variously-formed trees, adorned with beautiful blossoms. On sailing up the stream, which empties itself into the bay, I was astonished at the cool shade, the clear crystal-like water, and the number of the singing birds. I felt as if I never could leave so charming a spot, as if a thousand tongues would fail to describe all these things, and as if my hand were spell-bound, and refused to write.”—*Journal of Columbus on his First Voyage*.

EUROPEAN LIFE SPREADING WESTWARD: COLUMBUS.

I SHALL recur, for a moment, to the century which preceded the Reformation. It was one of great activity. The crusades were ended ; the energy they called forth sought other modes of expressing itself ; and, just at this crisis, the Turks took Constantinople. The Grecian and Roman philosophy found its way back into Europe ; universities were founded ; theories of the stellar universe began to be propounded ; thoughtful Europeans opened their eyes upon the mystery of an enlarging earth. "Everything concurred at this period," exclaims Humboldt, "to fill the imaginations of men with grand images of the suddenly-extended boundaries of the known world, and of the enlargement of human powers, which had been of simultaneous occurrence. . . . Every day brought new wonders from new worlds." * Guizot tells how "a thousand new inventions came forth ; others already known, but only within a narrow sphere, became popular, and of general use. Gunpowder was applied to war ; the art of oil-painting developed itself, and covered Europe with masterpieces of art ; engraving on copper, invented in 1460, multiplied and promulgated them ; linen paper became common ; and, lastly, from 1436 to 1452, printing was invented."

* Cosmos.

Amongst these inventions, how high a place is due to the compass and the astrolabe! The first, known, and for land-travelling used in the East from the remotest ages, began to be generally used by European mariners during this century. The second was invented at the suggestion of a Portuguese king. With these two, the ship is free to leave the land. The mariner no longer needs to run timidly along the coast; his path is on the mighty waters. We owe the application of these instruments to navigation to the activity of the commercial world. Princes began to see of how much more value to their states a corporation of merchants was, than an army of crusaders. The merchants themselves were princes. They multiplied relations with all parts known to them; most of all, with the East. The crusades had opened up the East to them; their agents had pierced into kingdoms far remote from Palestine. Even in the thirteenth century,

“A Flemish shoemaker met, in the depths of Tartary, a woman from Metz, named Paquette, who had been carried off from Hungary; a Parisian goldsmith, whose brother was established at Paris; and a young man, who had been at the taking of Belgrade. He saw, also, Russians, Hungarians, and Flemings. Many of these adventurers remained and died in the countries which they visited; others returned, with an imagination filled with what they had seen, relating it to their family, exaggerating, no doubt, but leaving around them, amidst absurd fables, useful remembrances and traditions, capable of bearing fruit. By these means, new routes for commercial enterprise were opened up; and, what was of far more importance, foreign manners, unknown nations, extraordinary productions, offered themselves in crowds to the minds of the Europeans, confined, since the fall of the Roman empire, within too narrow a circle. The world seemed to open on the side of the East; geography

took a great stride ; and the desire for discovery became the new form which clothed the adventurous spirit of the Europeans." *

I should especially mention the influence which one of these travellers had upon the European mind. His father and uncle had left Venice for the East, and penetrated, in the suite of a Mongol ambassador, as far as Tartary and China. They came back to Europe with letters to the Pope. They returned to the East, taking Marco Polo, the famous traveller, in their company. This was still in the thirteenth century. Marco was twenty-four years away. He, his father, and uncle, came back to Venice. They were in rags. Their nearest relatives did not recognise them : they could hardly find admittance to their own house. On a certain day, they invited their friends and neighbours to a banquet. They appeared in their presence in the superb costumes of the East. Then "Marco produced the rags in which they had been disguised, ripped them open, and exhibited such a profusion of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and precious jewels, as completely dazzled the spectators." He then published an account of his travels. He had gone to the remotest boundaries of the known East. He had seen wealth of fruits and merchandise, such as Europeans had never imagined. Of Zepangu, (Japan,) for example, he says, "This is a very large island. Gold is very abundant. I will give you a wonderful account of a very large palace, all covered with metal, as our churches are with lead. The pavement of the chambers, the halls, windows, and every other part, have it laid on two inches thick, so that the riches of

* Guizot's History of European Civilisation.

this palace are incalculable." In other parts, he tells of countries where were rich fruit-trees, and factories of silk, and other precious goods.

Thus, the East, with its gold, and diamonds, and silks, opened for the merchants of Italy and Spain untold mines of wealth. But it was no light task to carry on an Eastern trade then. Even two hundred years after Marco Polo, the Mediterranean was infested with pirates, and the merchantmen had to fight their way to the ports at its head. Then there was the overland carriage, and the tolls and perils incident to that. A Portuguese prince was seized with the idea that the East might be reached by the coast of Africa.

Some of you possibly have seen the late David Scott's picture of "Vasco de Gama." A ship, on its beam-ends, is toiling through the surge off the Cape of Good Hope. The crew, shrivelled into horror, are skulking, one here, and another there. Erect, in the midst of them, with calm, defying aspect, Vasco himself contemplates steadily the wrack of clouds. You follow his eye into the blackness. Slowly a form emerges, angry, threatening, floating in the drift of the dark cloud-masses. It is the Spirit of the Cape repelling the first invasion of his domain—struggling with the European mariner, rounding, for the first time, the Cape. His task was as difficult as the artistic embodiment of it represents. With a crew of condemned felons, amid farewells which seemed to be everlasting, and tears and sacraments of religion, De Gama had left on his perilous voyage. Superstition had filled the European mind with phantasies, whose dwelling-place was the sea. As he drew near to the

terrible Cape, the supposed Pandemonium of sea-terrors, the region of actual storms, his crew broke out into mutiny, and refused to work the ship. Vasco seized the ringleader, and put him in irons, took the helm himself, and achieved his undertaking.

But even this was a tedious passage. Before it was accomplished, it had been asked, If no other was possible for European ships? It was known that the earth was a globe. Japan on the east, Madeira on the west, were the extremes where known land existed. From Madeira westward to Japan was supposed to be water. Happily for discovery, the size of the globe was understood to be smaller than it is. Two-thirds were land; one-third, water. Might we not sail *westward*, then, to the east? Trees unknown to European forests had floated on the Atlantic to European shores; dead bodies, with features differing from those of the European countenance, had also been left by the tide; a bit of carved wood had been picked up, which had been laboured by no European tool. Then, (a great matter in times when the mind was subject to the authority of tradition,) the old geographers had described the land as stretching to Spain on the west, to India on the east—the ocean filling the space between. Marco Polo had been in Zepangu, (Japan,) reaching it through the Mediterranean and the commercial land-routes to the Indies, by the east; but *it lay there on our west*, a shorter, directer road. Plato's ideal Atalantes Island was also serviceable in building up the supposition. No doubt, these wise Greeks knew something of a westward passage to the East! But, whether or no, here is the undeniable round of the earth. If Japan is there going eastward,

then it must be there also going westward. These ideas took shape first in Columbus. His boyhood had been passed at Genoa, where his father was a woolcomber. Here, at the sea-side, beside the bustle of departing and returning ships, an inclination to seafaring life was easily developed. At fourteen, he became a sailor. In the wild sea-duties of the Mediterranean, he had his training up to manhood. It was his good fortune to be cast ashore on the coast of Portugal, when the Portuguese were intent on discovery. At Lisbon he married, and was still more bound to the Portuguese in consequence. His married life was spent alternately in sea-trips, and the construction of charts. We find him also going with his family to Porto Santo, a little island in the Atlantic, to reside on a property of his wife's, possessing, amongst other gear, some valuable charts of her father's. It was here, when he was between thirty and forty years of age, that the conviction, which had been dawning in his mind for years, appears to have taken its final shape. Had not the bleak Atlantic, almost yesterday, rendered up to European enterprise this island on which he lived? On how many other islands—richer, larger, fruitfuller—might not its waves be beating? He himself had gone westward a hundred leagues beyond Iceland before his marriage—others had been drifted by storms still further. He left his island residence to offer to the court of Portugal a westward passage to the East.

The usual sneers at assumed superiority—the usual imperturbable *vis inertia* of complacent ignorance—the usual hurry and do-nothing busy-ness of officials—the usual alarm at the expense of experiments, which have

met inventors and discoverers in all ages, met the European pilot. It was hardest to encounter the figments of superstition. How do you know, it was said to him, but these waters stretch on for ever? How that they are not the abodes of dire spirits? And how are you so sure of the sphericity of the earth? And, if it be spherical, that a ship could sail down the descending side, and not sail sheer down into the void? And then the Bible! Would the Bible have described the heavens as a curtain, if, instead of rising from a plain, they surrounded a globe?

There was the sincerest piety in all the actions of Columbus. A pious end was to be served by the wealth accruing from his discovery. He took up the Bible, when he met those who confronted him with texts from thence. It is written here, he was accustomed to say, that the ends of the earth are to give glory to God; the whole earth is to be vocal to His praise—the forests to clap their hands, and the floods to lift up their voice, and the heathen to become the heritage of the Lord. And will ye stand up between the fulfilment of these promises, with a figurative expression from a psalm? Nothing could alter his conviction—nothing could shake it. His mind saw Zepangu as clearly as if he had already landed on its shores. He lived in the continual contemplation of a globe, furnished, in its northern hemisphere, at least, two-thirds by land, one-third by water. “By the Mediterranean and by land, *on that side*, Zepangu; by the Atlantic, half the distance, *on this*, Zepangu!” For weary years he travelled from court to court, making applications for means to reach Zepangu by the west. Ah, he was wont to say, one could convert the world

with money ! He was thinking of lands whose eastern shores were washed by the Atlantic, which were full of heathen populations. What openings for the Church—what opportunities for conversion—when we shall once have crossed !

But courts, and courtiers, and ecclesiastics, had work of other sorts to do. “This mad mariner,” as he was sometimes called, must wait. It is fine to see how, amid his much neglect, a ray of sympathy reaches him now and again. Such was the reception given to him, on his first arrival in Spain, by the good prior of the Franciscan convent at the little seaport town of Palos, in Andalusia. Irving found the account of it in the testimony of a witness in a law-suit between the heir of Columbus and the Spanish crown. One day, Columbus and his son, travelling on foot, stopped at the gate of this convent, and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child. The prior happened to pass at the moment. Columbus was a tall, well-made man, with an authoritative look, and gray, kindling eyes. The prior was struck with his appearance. The stranger’s story was told. The prior was still more struck with this. The physician of the village was called in to hear it, and he also was impressed. From that day, the prior ceased not to use his influence on behalf of Columbus. He detained the son, gave the father letters of introduction to the court, and so brought him into notice. Seven years passed, and Columbus knocked once more at the convent gate, on his way to France, to offer his services there. But the worthy prior would not allow the glory to pass from Spain ; and in the summer of 1492, preparations are going on at Palos for the Atlantic voyage. He had

waited eighteen years, and now he is within four of sixty.

On the 3d of August, he is lifting his anchors. The communion has been partaken of by commander and crew. Farewells have been spoken by timid seamen and weeping relatives. The worthy prior has seen the little fleet of three standing out towards sea. Two of the vessels with which Europeans were first to cross the Atlantic were no bigger than coasting craft. Columbus was in a larger one, prepared for the voyage, and decked. The orders were to sail direct west for seven hundred leagues, and then lie to and watch for land.

Westward, then, on the breast of the Atlantic, sailed these three ships. One of them lost her rudder, and turned out to have been calked by men who wanted back to Palos. Three weeks were lost at the Canary Islands repairing this mischief.

Once more westward. No Canary Islands before us now! Our ships have left all ports behind. What a pathless waste we have entered! Even whilst we were at the Canaries, did not Teneriffe belch out most dismal fire? Columbus had to calm their fears. Day melted into night; night melted into day; week chased week; and these three barks were still on the Atlantic. The trade-winds wafted them on delightfully, but wafted them not to land. At length, weeds floated past; then birds from the west. Zepangu lies near at last! The clouds formed into the most smiling islands, and mocked their eyes with fictitious land. Columbus found that the distance was greater than he calculated. It was this which suggested to him the stratagem of the double reckoning—a private and cor-

rect one for himself, a public and incorrect one for his pilots. Fear was overcoming the patience of his crew. The slightest incident raised a clamour for home. The steady winds, the calms, the masses of floating weed—each seemed to urge them to return. At last they are in open revolt. September has ended—October has begun. The most atrocious thoughts are at work in their hearts. Columbus defied them, took the strong tone of a master, and, by rigid mastership, suppressed both assassination and murmurs. The signs of approaching land, too, increase. On the 1st of October, the crew were told that they had sailed, since leaving the Canaries, 580 leagues. In reality, it was 707. The birds are more numerous by the 5th. On the 7th, there was a cry of land, but the land melted away. Europe is 750 leagues behind, and there is no Zepangu. The course was altered to the west-south-west. The birds increase, and are smaller. “Many fish played about the smooth sea, and a heron, a pelican, and a duck were seen. . . . The herbage which floated by was fresh and green.” But still no land appeared. The murmurs revived. It is useless, said Columbus; we are here to do a work, and it must be done. At last, there floated past a branch of thorn, with berries on it; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and a carved staff. The breeze freshened; the boats snored bravely through the waves. The 11th of October passed on to evening. The vespers are said, but this night no eye shall close. Columbus himself stood watching from the stern of his vessel. At ten o’clock, his eye caught a gleam of light.

“Pedro! Rodrigo! there methought it shone!

There, in the west; and now, alas! ’tis gone!

'Twas all a dream ! We gaze, and gaze in vain.
But mark and speak not—there it comes again.
It moves ! What form unseen, what being there,
With torch-like lustre, fires the murky air ?”

He watched this light till two o'clock. A gun from the foremost vessel confirmed his thought ; and on the morning of 12th October 1492, on the shores of the San Salvador Island, Columbus gave thanks unto that Being “who stretcheth out the earth *above* the water.”

From this time, till the beginning of the year, he cruised among the islands where his voyage had terminated. Cuba seemed to him to be the veritable Zepangu he had come to seek : San Domingo he took for the ancient Ophir. Not till 1498 did he discover the mainland, and even then the delusion remained with him that he was cruising on the East Indian coasts. He received the usual reward of benefactors, and, after his third voyage, died in neglect and poverty.

According to the ideas of right and property which prevailed at that time, the land which a servant of the Spanish crown discovered belonged to Spain. I, however, would rather not dwell upon the Spanish rule in the New World : it hindered European domination rather than advanced it. Under the sanction of misnamed religion, the most atrocious deeds were done ; and God consumed their strength, and called another people to the work of colonising there.

X.

**European Life Spreading Westward:
The Pilgrim Fathers.**

M

“Look now at American Saxondom ; and at that little fact of the sailing of the ‘ Mayflower,’ two hundred years ago, from Delft-haven, in Holland ! Were we of open sense as the Greeks were, we had found a Poem here ; one of Nature’s own Poems, such as she writes in broad facts over great continents. For it was properly the beginning of America : there were straggling settlers in America before, some material as of a body was here ; but the soul of it was first this.”—CARLYLE.

EUROPEAN LIFE SPREADING WESTWARD : THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

IT was another of those remarkable coincidences which I have had to call attention to more than once in the course of these Lectures, that America was discovered in the very dawn of the Reformation. The whole character of American society and history flows out of this fact.

I had occasion, in a former Lecture, to define the Reformation as the revolt of the Germanic element in European life from the ecclesiastico-municipal control under which it had been held. Luther appealed to the sovereigns, and said, "*Your* rights also are absorbed in the domination of the papacy." At the outset, therefore, we find the Reformation and the monarchic principle of government leagued together. All the reformed churches sought union with the state at first. But if you recall the history of the reformed churches, you find everywhere a history of secessions, disruptions, revolts against this union. The explanation is, that the peculiarity of the Reformation—the pith and essence of it—was the assertion of the right of private judgment: in other words, the assertion that man's reason is given to him by his Maker, to discriminate between what is good and what is evil. Accordingly, when the English monarchy took the Reformation under its protection, this inner antagon-

ism between authority and private judgment soon revealed itself. The king said virtually, "*I* am now your pope: you shall thus and thus believe." And Puritanism, the child of the Reformation—the second act, it has been called, of the drama, as the French Revolution is the third—Puritanism arose in England. The Puritan stood on his priestly character. "I am God's priest," he said. "He hath committed to me, and all who, like me, believe His Word, the oracles of truth. He hath given me faculties to read and comprehend these oracles. My conscience is charged with the right fulfilling of these functions. I cannot believe, I cannot worship as you dictate to me. And whether it be right for me to obey kings mortal like myself, or the King of kings, kings and lawgivers can judge as well as I. As for me, I will obey my God."

The persecution of the Puritans commenced; and the New World was provided with its future population. In 1602, at Boston, in Lincolnshire, under cover of night, a number of English Puritans, fleeing from the persecution, were taken on board a ship for Holland. The base captain delivered them up to the authorities. Robinson, the pastor of these worthy people, hired a second vessel in the spring of the following year. This time, the vessel shall lie-to on an unfrequented coast between Hull and Grimsby. Thither, in small companies, arrived the men by land. The women and children were conveyed from another point by sea. There was a slight mismanagement. The bark in which the latter were, arrived a day too soon, and was allowed to run aground. To save time, the most of the men were taken on board. Robinson would not embark until the women and children were safe.

The people of the neighbourhood observed the unusual bustle on the shore, and came hurrying down. Then came persons in authority, with armed followers. The Dutch captain hoisted sail, and the women and children were left to the tender mercies of the cruel. But the good pastor was their guide. With his help, the parted ones were reunited ; and we find them, a few years after, settled under his ministry in Holland.

But Holland was not their home. They were English, and loved English ways of life. To their own country, with its Laudism and Starchamber, they would not return. They wanted another England—a land of peace and freedom ; and there, beyond the waste of waters, it had arisen. Untilled were its fields, unbuilt its towns ; but heaven was over it, and the Lord of seedtime and harvest was its king.

Nathaniel Morton, the first historian of this European exodus, shall describe their departure to us:—"So they left that goodly and pleasant city of Leyden, which had been their resting-place for above eleven years. . . . When they came to Delfthaven, they found the ship and all things ready ; and such of their friends as could not come with them, followed after them ; and sundry came from Amsterdam to see them shipped, and to take their leaves of them. One night was spent with little sleep with the most, but with friendly entertainment and Christian discourse, and other real expressions of Christian love. The next day they went on board, and their friends with them, where truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful parting—to hear what sighs, and sobs, and prayers did sound amongst them—what tears did gush from every eye, and pretty speeches pierced each

other's heart—that sundry of the Dutch strangers, that stood on the quay as spectators, could not refrain from tears. But the tide, which stays for no man, calling them away, that were thus loath to depart, their reverend pastor, falling down on his knees, and they all with him, with watery cheeks, commended them, with most fervent prayers, unto the Lord and His blessing ; and then, with mutual embraces and many tears, they took their leaves one of another, which proved to be the last leave-taking to many of them.”

I cannot refrain from adding to this account, a sentence or two from Robinson's parting address, because, in truth, the real spirit of Puritan life came out in the words he uttered :—“ Brethren,” he said, “ we are now quickly to part from one another, and whether I may ever live to see your face on earth any more, the God of heaven only knows ; but whether the Lord has appointed that or no, I charge you, before God and His blessed angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me following the Lord Jesus Christ. If God reveal anything to you by any other instrument, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry ; for I am verily persuaded the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of His Holy Word.” And then he spoke of Luther and John Calvin—“ shining lights in their time,” he said ; “ yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God.”

With counsels so full of Christian openness, the Pilgrim Fathers set sail. Their arrangements took them first to England. From thence, in two vessels, the “ Speedwell” and the “ Mayflower,” 170 set sail. The

"Speedwell" was not seaworthy, and put back. At length, on the 6th of September, the little "Mayflower," with 101 English Puritans, is fairly on her way.

Let us look well at this handful. They are carrying New England over the waste. They are the seed of mighty things. As the world grows older, they will grow more venerable. European life goes with them into the dim old forests of the West. The Spaniard, the gold-digger, the man whose culture was Romanic, is eating his gold and perishing. The Saxon worshipper, with a heart for peace, with an arm for industry, with a trust in God, is to forestall him. The Spaniard will stagnate—the Saxon will spread. How the magnanimous heart of Columbus would have rejoiced in such colonists! There is a patriarchal solemnity about their lives. Their souls are full of the departure of Abraham. God was with *him*, they thought. "Their strength was in the trust that breasts all billows." They went forth into the wilderness, leaning on the Beloved. They were sorely tried. They could not get landed on the spot they wished. The snell blast from the sea reminded them that winter was at hand. It was already the middle of November before the "Mayflower" dropped anchor in the shelter of Cape Cod. The pilgrims drew up a deed of government on board, as English subjects, and John Carver was chosen governor for a year. Another month passed ere they could land. Exploring parties were sent forth to find a proper site. It was not easy to find one. The perils of these explorers are most graphically told by Bancroft, in his "History of the United States." At last, on Monday, 10th December, the emigrants leave the "Mayflower." The

rock where they landed is still shewn to the stranger, as one of the sacred things of the New World.

Cheever has given us a good panoramic description of Plymouth Harbour, at the present day, taken from the Burial Hill. "Below you lies the town, around the bosom of the hill. The harbour is one of those vast inlets so frequent along our coast, where, at high tide, you see a magnificent bay studded with islands, and opening proudly into the open ocean ; but, at low tide, an immense extent of muddy, soft-grassed, and sea-weeded shallows, with a narrow stream winding its way among them to find the sea." Such as it is now, the Pilgrim Fathers found it to their cost. They have recorded, in one of their journals, how "we could not come near the shore by three-quarters of an English mile, because of shallow water, which was a great prejudice to us, for our people, going on shore, were forced to wade a bowshot or two in going a-land, which caused many to get colds and coughs, for it was by this time freezing weather."

It is very touching to read such words—"By this time it was freezing weather." Their houses are yet to be built—their arrangements for the spring to be completed—their little society to be governed. The "Mayflower" is on her passage home—the garment of barrenness is on the land of their adoption. And these were not pictorial distresses. Governor Carver buried a son, then sank into the grave himself. His widow followed, and others were made widows. Two and three died in a day—"this freezing weather." In March, as many as thirteen have to be buried. Of our 101 scarce 50 remain to look upon their new homesteads when the spring breeze shall blow.

The Spaniards got no such welcome when they touched at the Bahama Islands. Columbus cannot sufficiently express his admiration of the fragrance and the beauty of the scene, recalling to his mind the best districts of Spain. But it was appointed to the Pilgrim Fathers to settle on less hospitable shores. The long ridge of mingled rock and sand, which the sea appears to have left behind as it retired, which rises between the base of the Alleghany Mountains and the Atlantic—an arid and barren coast—received them and their successors, and was the cradle of those young confederacies which were one day to become the United States of America. Behind the rounded summits of the Alleghanies, the Mississippi rolls down a course of 2500 miles, through a valley which has been pronounced “the most magnificent dwelling-place prepared by God for man.” Beyond the valley of the Mississippi, over its western wall—the Rocky Mountains—lies the Californian wealth. But out of the hard rocks and the poor soil on this side of the Alleghanies, the European Puritan is to extract *his* gold for generations, and, by patient industry, to prove his title, before he go in and possess the land. The fifty are not without hope :—

“Our bleak hills shall bud and blow,
Vines our rocks shall overgrow,
Plenty in our valleys flow.

“We but ask our rocky strand,
Freedom’s true and brother band,
Freedom’s strong and honest hand.

* * * *

“Take your land of sun and bloom ;
Only leave to freedom room
For her plough, and forge, and loom.”

And thus was founded the American nation—the European *west* of the Atlantic. In a very able article in the *Edinburgh Review* lately, the remark was made, that “the English Puritans divided their vast inheritance between them in the reign of Charles I. One body remained at home, and established the English constitution ; one crossed the Atlantic, and founded the American republic.” The reviewer adds, “According to Mr Bancroft, about 22,000 landed in New England before the assembling of the Long Parliament—that is, during the first twenty years after the landing of the pilgrims—and they received few accessions afterwards.” At the present day, the number of their descendants has been estimated at 4,000,000 ; but, in a population which has to suffer so many amalgamations, the estimate can hardly be more than a surmise. It is both easier, and, on the whole, truer, to say that New England—the States east of the Hudson—is the existing representative of those Puritans who left the old country in the seventeenth century.

This being the case, I shall now endeavour, before I pass from this part of my subject, to indicate the more internal connexion, the social or political link, which there is between New England society, as we find it, and its Old England fathers.

At the first glance, instead of connexion, there is contradiction. I believe, any reader of New England news, much more any one who has been in New England, knows that the essential element of its society is democracy ; not merely democracy as to individuals, but democracy as to the opinions of individuals. The majority of votes is master. Public

men, public opinions, public worship, are put to the vote. The American is intolerant only to a minority. Now there was no condition of things which the Puritan fathers contemplated with greater aversion than this same. As to politics, for example, they were zealous monarchy men. Their social compacts were all drawn out in the name, and for the behoof, of the English monarch. As to religion, again, although they were themselves fugitives from persecution, it was the last thing to suggest itself to them, that persecution, in general, was a wrong thing. People who do not examine the matter, say they were too bigoted, too ignorant to see this. In point of fact, they were simply like their time. The men felt that *they* were right, and that there could not be two shapes of right. "God forbid," their leading men said, "that our love for the truth should grow so cold as to allow us to tolerate errors. Better far to have tares in the field, to have people conforming only in appearance, than to have thorns and briers." Another said, "Of all impieties, polypietty is the greatest ; and it is impious ignorance to assert that men should have liberty of conscience." They openly taught, and avowed, and acted on these sentiments. And men and women were banished, whipped, and even executed, in accordance with them. And yet, out of this intolerance has sprung New England toleration ; and from monarchy men, the democrats and republicans.

The explanation lies in the fact that the Puritan fathers were Protestants. The essential thing in them, although they themselves were far from being conscious of this, was the right of private judgment, the supremacy of the individual conscience in things

relating to faith, and of the reason in things relating to politics.

I have already shewn that Luther appealed to monarchy for the support of religion. It was an indication of the quite opposite under-current of the Reformation principle, that his successor, Calvin, founded the republic of Geneva; that the Calvinists of Scotland, at some moments of their struggle, contemplated an imitation of this; and that the Commonwealth-men of England did erect a temporary republic in their country. But these tendencies were not generally recognised. Even the Quakers, the people of whom the Protestant principle took the deepest hold, sought and obtained patents of government from the English monarchs, before they began to colonise.

I am very anxious that my younger friends should have a clear conception of the fact I am now referring to. They are exceedingly apt to be perplexed, in the study of history, by mistaking the essential principles of great movements. And there is almost nothing less known in Protestant Scotland than Protestantism itself. "It is justification by faith," says one. "It is the Bible," says another. "It is established churches," says a third. "It is voluntaryism," says a fourth. It is not one of any of these. It is connected with these things simply because its adherents are. But by itself, considered in its vital, actuating principle, it is *negatively* the revolt of the human mind against traditional authority; and, *positively*, the resolution of the same human mind to trust to its own judgments, in the light of God's Word, of what is right and wrong.

I recall to mind what I have said about the

Christian priesthood. Protestantism grows out of the recognition of this fact as naturally as the blade does out of the seed. Knowing that I am a priest to God—and this really was the new thing brought to light by Luther—knowing that I, as a believer in Him, without ordination, without apostolical succession, without being either a monk or any other sort of officer in the outward worship, but, by the mere virtue of my position as a believer, am a priest, a man free and welcome to go, for my own soul, into God's presence—I cannot fail to protest against authority of an official kind. I see that God has lifted me out of that dependent sphere. I see that there is in my own being a faculty by which I may commune with Him. I recognise that He has intrusted to this faculty the mighty function of giving glory unto Him. And this once seen—that in regard to the highest things, each man has been, so to speak, placed under the inspection of his own conscience—whatever I may believe as to doctrine, whatever shape of the truth may most commend itself to my mind, however much I may be under the influence of bygone habits—I am essentially a Protestant.

Now, the English Puritans, without knowing the whole range of the principle of universal priesthood, recognised the fact, and cherished it with abundant clearness. By virtue of it, they endured persecution, rather than conform to the worship of the Episcopal party in England. Even when they were denying to the Episcopalians, on the one hand, and to the Sec-tar-ies, on the other, the right of private judgment, they were exercising it themselves. Their voluntary exile from their fatherland was an exercise of it. The

exercise of it was the vital thing in their history. Everything else has fallen away from them; their peculiar views in theology; their avowed politics; their intolerance. In their descendant of New England, in his universal tolerance and democracy, we have the natural and inevitable—I am far from saying the final—development of the Protestant principle.

There is another aspect in which the connexion between the New Englanders and the Pilgrim Fathers may be viewed—the aspect turned toward us when we stand on exclusively political ground—which has been admirably portrayed in a work I recommend for earnest study, De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America." This book was written "under the impression of a kind of religious dread, produced in the author's mind by the contemplation" of the irresistible progress of democracy in Europe. A mighty revolution seems to him to be accomplishing itself in all European states. The old bands of society are loosening. The spell of royalty is broken. In politics, in faith, in thought, there is an overturning. All things are tending to equality. All old things have lost their venerableness; and political and religious men are not conscious whither the current is carrying them. Influenced by this sight, he went to America. There, it seemed to him, the revolution going on in Europe has reached its natural limits; and reached it with perfect ease. And he confesses, that he wished to see in the west the image of that democracy to which Europe is being borne, with its inclinations, its character, its prejudices, and its passions, in order to learn what we have to fear or to hope from its progress. It is in connexion with this purpose that he

is led to speak of the Pilgrim Fathers. All the peculiarities of New England society had their germ in them. I shall attempt to give a brief outline of his idea.

He was struck, I have said, with the progress of democracy in Europe. From the very first this element has existed, and gathered strength. All movements over the whole of European history have forwarded it. Recur to the feudal times. Physical force was the only means by which man could act on man. The clergy rose into eminence. By their very constitution, opening their ranks to all classes, democracy was fostered. Children of the people sat on the throne of St Peter. As property acquired fixed boundaries, lawyers were needed ; and, for a long time, only the sons of poor men would submit to a drudgery, which, however, lifted them up to the same tribunal where princes sat. Money also was a mighty equaliser. With money I can favour a king ; and the money classes at the first were Jews and traders. Then came literature—the spread of intellectual light—the searcher out of hid talent. Then came the struggle between the nobles and the kings. To procure money-help, the nobles granted privileges to the towns on their estates ; to procure soldiers, the kings granted little bits of freedom to the people. Democracy thrived in the strife. The crusades and civil wars decimated the nobles, and made room for churchmen and merchants. And thus there was implanted in the bosom of European society the seeds and principles of democracy.

When this element had acquired a strength which made decay impossible, the Puritans crossed the Atlantic. Consciously, they were not democrats. Even after the battles with Charles, their English brethren

had no other thought than a settlement according to law, under a hereditary king, and this king, the actual Charles Stuart, they had defeated. The Pilgrim Fathers had not been so shaken from monarchic principles when they went forth. They had a heart-love for monarchic institutions. But they were borne on a current stronger than themselves ; or, rather, they were themselves the channel of a current, of which they were not conscious.

At the time of their emigration, the parish system, at bottom a democratic institution, was deeply rooted in the habits of the English. The men who were to erect this system in the new world, did not go forth as the German tribes had done, under a leader who was to become king. No man thought himself superior to his neighbour. And even when there did, in a land where the population had to be counted by hundreds, where markets were not created, the necessity for personally cultivating the soil preserved all upon an equal footing.

Besides this, the earlier Puritans were all of the educated class. They were not gentry ; but neither were they denizens of the hovel or the lane. They were men accustomed to think ; their intellects sharpened by the theological discussions which prevailed in the mother-country ; their moral being purified by suffering—men who left their homes in England, neither for wealth nor comfort, but that, in the uncultivated ranges of the Western Continent, the idea to which they adhered might have freedom to develop.

Representatives, lovers of the parish system, as they were, these cultivated and moral men sat down to frame institutions for New England. You will find in these

institutions things rude and old-world enough ; but you find, side by side with narrowness and crudity, "a body of political laws which, though written two hundred years ago, is still ahead of the liberties of our age." You find, in fact, 'the general principles which are the groundwork of all that is proposed by our modern politics ; "the intervention of the people in public affairs, the free voting of taxes, the responsibility of authorities, personal liberty, and trial by jury."

The parish system was reproduced in the constitution of towns. Each town was to manage its own affairs, provide for its poor, educate its children ; and each citizen had a vote ; and all this in circumstances where there were no hindrances, such as hem us in over-peopled districts ; but where there was ample space, material and social, for the institution to grow.

Such is a very meagre account of the genealogy of American institutions, as illustrated by De Tocqueville. Yet, added to the view presented from the religious ground, there has been here given, I venture to think, a true though simple portrayal of the inner connexion which exists between the Pilgrim Father and the New England statesman.

An additional remark, implied indeed by all I have said about them, is, that as the founders of a nation, they are in human history rare examples of untarnished worth. Rome^e was founded by outlaws ; England by pirates ; the old empires of Asia were baptized in blood. The American nation alone has taken its rise from men, who, of all things, least wished to use the sword unjustly, or to do an unjust thing by their brother man. We look back, not without reverence, to the men who were raised up out of obscurity

to govern the little colonies at the first. We see them ploughing, and buying and selling, like their neighbours, and yet fulfilling the august functions of the magistracy. We see their actions subjected to public opinion, and their position maintained notwithstanding. Venerable are all lawgivers and rulers. Numa, Solon, Lycurgus, Charlemagne, Alfred, Hildebrand, Cromwell, are names which we hallow, for that they represented justice. We shall add to the reverend catalogue the name of Winthrop, the Puritan Governor of Massachusetts. He was not a democrat, the Boston historian will tell you. The least part is the best part, he was accustomed to say, of a community. A wiser than he had also said it. He was a man of wise heart. The intolerance of his brethren was little relished by him. On his deathbed, when they asked him to sign the banishment of a minister, he refused, adding, "I have done too much of that already."

In one of the Boston accounts of the early settlements there, a number of fine things are told of Winthrop. In our England he was made justice when he was only eighteen years of age. His aptitude for the magistracy was very great. "It is a pity," said Charles I., "that such a worthy gentleman should be no better accommodated than with the hardships of America." He had a wonderful control of his own passions. On one occasion, one of the officers of the colony wrote him a "sharp letter," complaining of his official acts. He sent back the letter; would not keep such a letter of provocation by him. By and by, the writer of the letter, while there was a scarcity of food in the colony, sent to buy some of Winthrop's cattle. "Receive them," said the governor, "as a

gift, in token of my good-will." The offender wrote back—"Sir, your overcoming of yourself has overcome me." This way of dealing with offenders was habitual to him. One hard winter, complaint was made that a person frequently stole wood from his pile. The governor soon put a stop to the stealing. He ordered the man into his presence. "Friend," said he to the trembling thief, "it is a cold winter this, and I doubt not you are but poorly provided with wood. You are welcome to supply yourself at my pile until the winter is over." His free, generous disposition subjected him at first to many unjust suspicions. The narrow-minded fancied, because he did not do as they wished, that he was too arbitrary in his government; and he was put upon his defence. The defence was such, that, from that time forward, he was always re-elected governor of the State. In the course of the defence, he gave a fine description of liberty in the following sentences:—"There is a liberty of corrupt nature, which is affected both by men and beasts, (the liberty) to do what they list; and this liberty is inconsistent with authority, impatient of all restraint; by this liberty, we are all hurt; 'tis the grand enemy of truth and peace, and all the ordinances of God are bent against it. But there is a civil, a moral, a federal liberty, which is the proper end and object of authority; it is a liberty for that only which is just and good; for this liberty you are to stand with the hazard of your very lives, and whatsoever crosses it is not authority, but a distemper thereof. This liberty is maintained in a way of subjection to authority, and the authority set over you will, in all administrations for your good, be quietly submitted unto by all, but

such as have a disposition to shake off the yoke, and lose their true liberty by their murmuring at the honour and power of authority."

Amid the echoes of these true words, let us take our leave of the Pilgrim Fathers. Well may the patriots of the New World hallow their memories. They are their heroes. The revolution and Washington are but fruits of them. They were the true beginning—the soul of America. New England is their monument—their bequest. And when the destiny of the States which make up New England shall have unfolded itself—when the dominating and ascending spirit, which at present flings its radiance thence, up over the Canadas, and down through the States of the South, shall have clothed itself in proper institutions—it will refer, with all its voices, to the little companies of Puritans, who, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, sailed from England, to build homes and churches on the opposite shore of the Atlantic.

XI.

**European Life Spreading Westward:
The Modern Emigrant.**

“ Plantations are amongst ancient, primitive, and heroical works. . . . It is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of the people, and wicked, condemned men, to be the people with whom you plant ; and not only so, but it spoileth the plantation : for they will ever live like rogues, and not fall to work, but be lazy, and do mischief, and spend victuals, and be quickly weary, and then certify over to their country to the discredit of the plantation. . . . If you plant where savages are, do not only entertain them with trifles and gingles, but use them justly and graciously, with sufficient guard, nevertheless ; and do not win their favour by helping them to invade their enemies, but for their defence it is not amiss ; and send oft of them over to the country that plants, that they may see a better condition than their own, and commend it when they return.”—LORD BACON.

THE MODERN EMIGRANT.

OF Europe spreading westward, we have now seen two notable instances in Columbus and the Pilgrim Fathers. The one rolled back the mist which had shrouded the western continent from our eyes ; the other carried to that continent the principles by which its population were to be knit together. A third movement, distinct from these two, with a special character of its own, is going on at the present day. I shall endeavour to place some representation of it before your minds. It is the Exodus of the Modern Emigrant I am to describe. By way of background to the picture, I submit the following generalised statistics of the emigration to the continent we have had under notice.

The first is from a review of M'Gregor's "American Statistics :"—" Few have fixed their eyes steadily upon it—few have estimated the depth, width, and volume of the vast and regularly-increasing flood of population which pours, not from England only, but from all western Europe, into that huge reservoir. Professor Tucker, in a memoir cited by Mr M'Gregor, estimates the whole number of European emigrants to the States, from 1800 to 1840, at about a million persons. We suspect that the number is very greatly under-rated ; but, whatever be the case as to the early part of the century, the increase since has been so prodigious as to render such calculations unimportant, except for historical

purposes. The Report of our Colonial Land and Emigration Company gives 82,239 as the number of British emigrants to the United States in 1846, being about 20,000 higher than any previous year. In the same year, 42,439 went to our North American colonies ;” and to this must be added the 60,000 Germans whom the banks of the Maine and the Necker contribute annually to America. “If to these, again, be added the miscellaneous emigrants of other countries, 1846’s swarms from the old hive to North America cannot be estimated at much less than 200,000 persons. In 1847, it amounted to 300,000 ; and the number is steadily on the increase.” To this influx must be added, in order to a full view of the emigration which is going on, the movements of the Americans themselves from the east sea-board to the far west. The whole movement “offers to the mind’s vision a spectacle of the same silent and sustained grandeur with which the eye is impressed in watching the everlasting flow of some deep and powerful river. The endless procession moves ever from east to west, without regard to the counsels, or prophecies, or speculations of statesmen—an exceeding great army, in which the masses, acting without concert or knowledge of each other, accomplish their purpose as effectually as if one will actuated the whole.”—*Edinburgh Review*.

The other passage, to the same effect, has to be received with this qualification, that the numbers mentioned in it are too antiquated to be worth remembering. The general view, however, remains correct ; it is from De Tocqueville’s book—“At this very time, thirteen millions (add, at least, seven millions) of civilised Europeans are peaceably spreading over those fertile plains, with whose resources and whose extent

they are not yet themselves accurately acquainted. The European leaves his cottage for the transatlantic shores ; and the American, who is born on that very coast, plunges, in his turn, into the wilds of Central America. This double emigration is incessant. It begins in the remotest parts of Europe, it crosses the Atlantic Ocean, and it advances over the solitudes of the New World. Millions of men are marching at once towards the same horizon, with the same object. . . . Fifty years have scarcely elapsed since the state of Ohio was founded ; the greater part of its inhabitants were not born within its confines ; its capital has only been built thirty years, and its territory is still covered by an immense extent of uncultivated fields ; nevertheless, the population of Ohio is already proceeding westward, and most of the settlers who descend to the fertile savannas of Illinois are citizens of Ohio. Sometimes the progress of man is so rapid, that the desert reappears behind him. The woods stoop to give him a passage, and spring up again when he has passed. It is not uncommon, in crossing the new States of the west, to meet with deserted dwellings in the midst of the wilds ; the traveller frequently discovers the vestiges of a loghouse in the most solitary retreats." *

* The lamentable war, predicted by De Tocqueville, which is at present (1863) raging in America, does not affect the general truth of the above quotation ; but it will leave many more spots in the track of the human tide, such as he refers to at the close, and of which he gives this fuller and most eloquent description :—" I remember that, in crossing one of the woodland districts which still cover the State of New York, I reached the shores of a lake, which was embosomed in forests coeval with the world. A small island, covered with woods, whose thick foliage concealed its banks, rose from the

The background would be ill filled in, if we were to forget that, besides the scene depicted by De Tocqueville, the mighty continent of Australia and the islands of the Pacific receive portions of the emigration tide. The whole western sea has been explored. The European mariner has crossed and recrossed it on familiar courses. He has gone westward until the true Zepangu was in view ; and there is not an island,

centre of the waters. Upon the shores of the lake, no object attested the presence of man, except a column of smoke, which might be seen on the horizon, rising from the tops of the trees to the clouds, and seeming to hang from heaven, rather than to be mounting to the sky. An Indian shallop was hauled up on the sand, which tempted me to visit the islet, that had first attracted my attention, and in a few minutes I set foot upon its banks. The whole island formed one of those delicious solitudes of the New World, which almost lead civilised men to regret the haunts of the savage. A luxuriant vegetation bore witness to the incomparable fruitfulness of the soil. The deep silence, which is common to the wilds of North America, was only broken by the hoarse cooing of the wood-pigeon, and the tapping of the woodpecker upon the bark of trees. I was far from supposing that this spot had ever been inhabited, so completely did nature seem to be left to her own caprices ; but when I reached the centre of the isle, I thought that I discovered some traces of man. . . . I soon perceived that a European had been led to seek a refuge in this retreat. Yet what changes had taken place in the scene of his labours ! The logs, which he had hastily hewn to build himself a shed, had sprouted afresh ; the very props were intertwined with living verdure, and his cabin was transformed into a bower. In the midst of these shrubs, a few stones were to be seen, blackened with fire, and sprinkled with thin ashes ; here the hearth had no doubt been, and the chimney, in falling, had covered it with rubbish. I stood for some time in silent admiration of the exuberance of nature and the littleness of man ; and when I was obliged to leave that enchanting solitude, I exclaimed, with melancholy, ‘ Are ruins, then, already here ? ’ ”

nor a spot of rock, between that and the Frith of Clyde, which does not bear on its shores the foot-prints of the European.

And now let us select from this mass one of the units of which it is composed. Let us endeavour to apprehend the mighty purpose he is spreading westward to fulfil. Let us try to catch a glimpse of that inner character by which the European Emigrant of the nineteenth century shall be known in the after-story of the world, when he lies as far behind the historian of the future as Columbus and the Pilgrim Fathers do behind us.

The first feature I recognise in him is this, that he is moving westward as a man replying to the call of the Creator—"Go in and possess the land." The Alleghanies have been left behind ; the prairies of the Mississippi have been explored ; the Rocky Mountains have been crossed ; the waves of the Pacific are now beating on the homesteads of European men in North America. The shores of Australia, the harbours of New Zealand, are receiving populations ; and the settler is awakening to the fact, that he has only a handful of that earth which God means him to possess in full. Fast as the tide is flowing, it will have to flow still faster and broader, before the capacious west will be able to tell its full sum of population. Whilst we are living on disputed inches in the old country, there are hundreds and thousands of leagues untilled in that direction. Broad savannas, rich with God's floods, are crying to the husbandman for culture ; deep woods, rotting in ignoble loneliness, are spreading forth their arms to embosom human homes ; broad rivers, wandering loose through the marsh, and

supplying drink to the foul serpent, are waiting for the coming of him who is to build its embankments, and make it musical with the clack of the mill-wheel, and beautiful with the presence of the sail ; harbours, built deep into the foundations of the earth, and walled in by the everlasting mountains, are offering refuges for ships and openings for markets ; the whole earth expanding, rising up as from a deluge, with its groves, and streams, and fields, and shores, beautiful as the thoughts of the Creator, hospitable as the love in His bosom, even in its forlornness giving birth to the lily, and supplying food to the fowls of the air ;—this earth, at this moment, is lying open to the approach of its European lord, and, lo ! from the sea-board of America, from the shores of Europe, from the depths of the German forests, he hurries to his heritage, to receive from the Great Landlord the mighty charge in perpetual lease.

The second feature I recognise in our Modern Emigrant is, that he is a fugitive from the yoke of artificial society. I mean no disparagement to society as it exists around us, when I say that it presses upon our necks as a yoke. It is the price we must pay for our conveniences, our quietness, our luxurious ways. Look at the machinery which is at work around you. What human want is that for which you do not find a minister ? Mills rise up without the help of the worker ; streets are built without the co-operation of the tenant ; authority is preserved without anxiety to the subject ; sharp eyes are awakening to detect anomalies ; strong heads are toiling to preserve the right ; your churches come to your doors ; your lecture-rooms stand in your respective districts ; your rivers

are overarched by stable bridges ; your cities are approached by rail or stream ; daily comes the post to your dwelling ; daily the printing-press throws off the newspaper for your perusal ; your tea and sugar, your bread and water, your raw material and woven cloth, everything which the body and the soul of man can lust after, behold, it is prepared for you, offered to you, forced on you, in this luxurious nest, where our callow wings have grown broad. But behind this amazing profusion of things convenient, the gaunt bones of the most cunning misery are erect. Not a fine lady in the land, who sips her coffee in the morning, with her foot on the soft settle, and her back to the cushioned chair, but pays for her comforts with her blood. Not a personable young fellow in all Europe, who puffs his cigar into your eyes, and goes to theatres and ball-rooms, who has not given life, strong-hearted, good-blooded life, for his patent of gentility. Not an intelligent artisan, who rushes upon his newspaper of an evening, and forgets the hardships of this sorry world amid the volubilities of ever-hopeful politics, who has not exchanged for his privilege the ruddy cheeks he received from his mother. What is our pauper question, and our Encumbered Estates question, but the mighty groans of England under her centuries of luxury ? At bottom it is this. Squandering, drunkenness, misgovernment, triumph of party, Whiggism, Toryism, Chartism, are but different aspects of our luxurious appetite. We fix our eye upon a certain difficulty ; we look at it until we see nothing else—until it seems to us to shut out the light of heaven ; we form a party ; we publish newspapers ; we send members to parliament, till we ac-

comply with its removal ; and then, when it is overturned, we find another and another, stretching on like the summits of mountains before a weary traveller. And on reforms which do so little for us, we spend our best lives : to procure positions from which we may look down on our fellows, we barter our life of soul ; that we may still the perpetual cravings of a political, and domestic, and social luxury, we allow ourselves to be blanched whiter and still whiter, until the grave closes over the wreck of our poor existence.

I see in the Modern Emigrant, I repeat, the fugitive from all this. I see a man brought to a stand amid the perplexities around him, numbering his chances here, trying the strength of his right arm, finding in emigration an outlet, a door of hope, a blue bore in the wracking sky. Look at him. How indifferent he has become, on a sudden, to your politics. With what a philosophic complacency he allows you to talk on about your charters and your financial reforms, and your meetings of parliament ! What cares he now about your municipal taxes—whether they are on means and substance, or on rent ? He has emerged out of the jungle ; he lives serene in a foreign atmosphere. The air of the far colony fans his freshening cheek. The tasks of his new home rise before him in waking dreams : the old house, the stair he has so often went up and down, the factory he sweat in for so many years, the church he worshipped in, have passed behind him—are growing less and less to his view. And he is content to encase himself and his little ones within the walls of a berth in an emigrant vessel for weeks or months, that he may leave England and its perplexities behind him, and go once more

into the presence of nature, and be as a little child again, and look upon green woods, and running brooks, and smokeless skies, and build for himself a home, where the law of his own making shall be his politics, and indolence the only tax upon his labour.

But let us be better acquainted with this fugitive. He would not be of much value if he were nothing else ; neither, if he were simply a possessor of the land. Fugitives, from old countries, before now, have gone forth to possess rich lands. These are not the most important features in our Modern Emigrant. He is no Roman robber, who has fled from justice ; neither is he a Goth, with a sword at his side ; and, it must be added, with special reference to our own land, that he is not an inmate of the pauper house. He is a free and independent goer forth. His steps are tracked by no officers of the law. He goes into the west a man of peace and industry.

The third feature I find in him fits into this. The tide of European emigration has not begun to flow till now. It soon paused among the Spaniards. After the meeting of the Long Parliament in England, comparatively few emigrations took place. But in this nineteenth century, they have broken out. All this time, God waited. All this time, the Alleghanies in America, and our penal settlements in Australia, acted as walls. And now the walls are opened. The tide flows broad and deep.

Look well at the man whom Heaven has summoned into the west at this particular juncture. In religion, he has seen the development of Reformation principles—has partaken of them also, whether he be Protestant, Catholic, or Freethinker. In politics, he has seen the

French Revolutions—dignities weighed in the balance, and found wanting—anarchy sitting on the seat of order, with the guillotine by its side ; he has seen into abysses hid from men before ; and the seeds of wiser politics than he has known hitherto, are implanted secretly in his life. In literature and science, he has seen the growth and development of the newspaper influence, the rise and progress of mechanics' institutions, and the popularising of great thoughts by this double means. Above all, in mechanics, he has seen the distaff displaced by the factory ; the hand-loom by the steam-loom ; the water-wheel by the engine ; the drag-boat by the steamer ; the turnpike-road and canal by the railway. He waited in Europe until James Watt was become venerable, and the element he had loosed from its long imprisonment was yoked into all possible services for man. He waited until light was found in stones, and carried in thin air by pipes into every dwelling. He waited until thought itself was carried along the wires of the telegraph. And then, the heir of all the wealth which belonged to his fathers—at once the heir of Hebrew religion and Greek wisdom, of Roman town-life, and Reformation principles, of all the bequests of fifty centuries of human toil upon the earth, and the bearer of the aptest tools ever placed in human hands for labour—he went forth into the wild to be a seed of new things, that in lands whose shores have never echoed but to the beat of the inhospitable sea, there might spring up the churches, and the institutions, and the printing-presses, and the newspapers, and the whole wealth of steam appliances, which his eyes had looked upon in his earlier home. Watch him there, as he steps upon

the vessel. There are railroads, and steam-engines, and printing-presses, and factories, and literature, and science, and religion in his brain. What a little thing he is ! He has just paid down his four pounds for his steerage passage ; he is but one of an innumerable host ; but, all the while, he is the winged possessor of European culture, borne on the breath of Providence, where culture is not.

And yet we have not seen the best of him. He is a man—this is our fourth feature—of Germanic lineage. His fathers felled forests in the North of Europe—felled empires in the south. It is the son of Siward the strong, of Charlemagne, of Saxon Luther, who goes forth. Recall the description I gave in the first lecture, of the character and capacity of the German race, and accept, as supplemental to it, the following extract from Dr Arnold's inaugural lecture, when he was appointed professor of modern history in Oxford :—

“The importance of this stock—the Teutonic or German—is plain from this, that its intermixture with the Celtic and Roman races, at the fall of the western empire, has changed the whole face of Europe. . . . If we consider the Roman empire in the fourth century of the Christian era, we shall find in it Christianity—we shall find in it all the intellectual treasures of Greece—all the social and political wisdom of Rome. What was not there was simply the German race, and the peculiar qualities which characterise it. This one addition was of such power, that it changed the character of the whole mass. We will pause for a moment, to observe over how large a portion of the earth this influence is now extended. It affects, more or less, the whole west of Europe, from the head of the Gulf of Bothnia to the most southern promontory of Sicily—from the Oder and the Adriatic to the Hebrides and to Lisbon. It is true, that the language spoken over a large portion of this space, is not predominantly German ; but, even in France, and Italy, and Spain, the influence of the

Franks, Burgundians, Visigoths, Ostrogoths, and Lombards, while it has coloured even the language, has, in blood and institutions, left its mark legibly and indelibly. Germany, the Low Countries, Switzerland, (for the most part,) Denmark, Norway and Sweden, and our own islands, are all, in language, in blood, and in institutions, German most decidedly. But all South America is peopled with Spaniards and with Portuguese ; all North America with Englishmen. I say nothing of the prospects and influence of the German race in Africa and in India ; it is enough to say, that half of Europe, and all America and Australia, are German, more or less completely, in race, in language, or in institutions, or in all."

And, then, after remarking that this element of race constitutes the main difference between ancient and modern history, he draws this startling conclusion from the predominance of the German race :—

"Modern history appears to be not only *a* step in advance of ancient history, but *the last* step ; it appears to bear marks of the fulness of time, as if there would be no future history beyond it. . . . Looking anxiously round the world for any new races which may receive the seed, so to speak, of our present history into a kindly, yet a vigorous soil, and may reproduce it, the same and yet new, for a future period, we know not where such are to be found. Some appear exhausted, others incapable, and yet the surface of the whole globe is known to us. The Roman colonies, along the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, looked out on the countries beyond those rivers, as we look up at the stars, and actually see with our eyes a world of which we know nothing. The Romans knew that there was a vast portion of earth which they did not know ; how vast it might be was a part of its mysteries. But to us all is explored : imagination can hope for no new Atalantis Island to realise the vision of Plato's Critias—no new continent, peopled by youthful races, the destined restorers of our worn-out generations. Everywhere the search has been made, and the report has been received. We have the full amount of earth's resources before us, and they seem inadequate to supply life for a third period of human history."

I could not have shortened this extract without disturbing the completeness of Arnold's thought. He gives it forth with some hesitation. But does it not bear upon its face very strong presumptive proof of its truth? Over all races, the German or Teutonic has risen supreme. Where else is its rival? Whatever the Sclavonic race may become, it certainly has shewn no virtues yet to promise competition with the Germanic. This race dominates—this, the highest growth in the human life-tree. Our modern emigrant comes before us, therefore, with increasing interest. He is the highest, last man in human history. Campbell's "last man" goes past us on his way to the emigrant-ship. We see the race which shall fill the world at its dissolution. Whatever is noble in the future of human history must be sought in them.

And now, one other mark of note, and I have done. Of all races, it is the German who is to possess and carry on the world. Of all Germans, it is the English. Our modern emigrant is an Englishman. Travel from New York to California, it is our English speech that is spoken. The masters of North America—the Canadians and the New Englanders—think and speak in English. The Spanish portions of the Germanic race are well-nigh exhausted. Gold has eaten their strength out. The southern continent will learn English yet. New Zealand speaks English. So does Australia. All the west belongs to England. We have outstripped France, Germany, Russia, Spain. For good or for evil, our speech is to become the language of the west. It is a mighty thought for Englishmen. All thoughtful men are impressed by it. It is an august, prolific fact. Our poets and novelists

see miracles in it. The other day, I looked into Douglas Jerrold's "Man made of Money." He escapes from his hard political style into free poetic exuberance in the contemplation of it. He cannot heartily enough rejoice in it. His hero goes on board, and the ship becomes mythical, magical, wondrous:—

"She carries a glorious freightage to the antipodes—English hearts and English sinews—hope and strength to conquer and control the waste, taming it to usefulness and beauty. She carries in her the seed of English cities, with English laws to crown them free. She carries with her the strong, deep, earnest music of the English tongue—a music soon to be universal as the winds of heaven. Amid the tangled ropes, clustered like birds, poets and philosophers, history-men and story-men, annalists and legatists—English all—bound to the other side of the world to rejoice it with their voices."

He sees Milton, and Shakspeare, and Spenser, and Bacon, swinging by yard and block under the shrouds, and "poetic heads of every generation, from the half-cowled brow of Chaucer to the periwigged pate of Dryden, from bonneted Pope to nightcapped Cowper—fancy sees them all—all, ay, from the long dead day of Edward to the living hour of Victoria."

What a shipful! And yet Jerrold has not stretched his fancy a shade beyond the truth. In the log-cabins of the far west, human lips will tell our English stories, and human hearts be interested in our fathers' history. There, too, Wallace shall be a hero, and Robin Hood a tolerated thief. Shakspeare and Burns shall be familiar spirits to them as to us. And when the Yule fires are lighted, in the long, deep nights of winter, and their faces are bathed in flickering red, men will tell how their fathers fought in Old

England, till the oaken doors were broken, and the stone cells overthrown, and the Word of Life reclaimed for the heart of man, from its sleep of many generations. But I shall leave to the reader's imagination the filling up of the picture. I have not noted all the characteristics of the modern emigrant. I have, perhaps, noted enough of them, to give an interest in his destiny. Take him wherever we may, he is a man of note. However circumstanced, he is worthy of our regard. We too much despise what is around us. Because it is common and present, we heed it not. We give our love to the past. The past is all bathed in beauty. The future, as Wordsworth suggests, cannot contradict it. Therefore, we love the Pilgrim Fathers and Columbus. They lie calm and hallowed behind us. We forget that the admiral had to beg bread and water for his son at the convent-door. We forget that horrid winter of coughs and rheumatisms in Plymouth bay. All *that* falls off from the worthies of the past. It is trivial, external, accidental. The inner form shines out—the spiritual, of which these things were but the holes and patches of the garment. And this transfiguration is not illusive. An inner form would not shine forth if there were not one. The beautiful figure of the past is the actual of the present dissolved into its ideal. What you see beautiful now, God saw while Columbus and the Pilgrim Fathers lived. The beauty was in their souls, or the past would never have revealed it.

Let us apply this to the modern emigrant. Try to forget that you actually see him in the steerage or the cabin—in a log hut, or leading a waggon through the wilds: try to forget that he wrought in the same

shop with you—that you saw him doing common acts. Or if you think of these things, do so as things which are without him. There is an ideal, a soul of good, in the humblest servant of the Almighty. They also serve who stand and wait. Much more this heir of fifty centuries, this tool-bearer, this bearer of European culture into the west. Be sure he is a sacred person. The time shall come when that restlessness, with which he is at present possessed, shall be seen to have been a divine possession. It is the answer of the European man to the call of Providence. The earth is empty—he cannot rest until it is filled : the earth is uncultivated—he cannot rest until it is tilled : the earth is waste—he cannot rest until it is fruitful : the earth is silent—he cannot rest until it is vocal. Consciously or unconsciously, he speeds forth in the fulfilment of a purpose as old as the earth, and he will cease to be important only when the dream of Columbus and the hope of the Hebrew prophets shall be realised—when “the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad : when the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.”

XII.

Thomas Carlyle, "Philosopher on
History."

“As a philosopher on history, or rather, as manifesting in his writings such a philosophy, Carlyle may be designated its Anglo-Germanic prophet. He considers it his principal vocation to point out that all real progress, and all development in history, are due, as far as man is concerned, to the inward truth and reality in man, and, in the highest degree, to the ‘Heroes’ of mankind. Both individuals and nations who act against that reality, fulfil their destiny in perishing.”—BUNSEN.

* “We took a cab to Carlyle’s, at Chelsea. . . . He came to us in a minute or two. I had lost all recollection of him, though he told me of three interviews, and having breakfasted with me at Glasgow. A strong-featured man, and of strong sense. We were most cordial and coalescing, and he very complimentary and pleasant; but his talk was not at all Carlylish, much rather the plain and manly conversation of good ordinary common sense, with a deal of hearty laughing on both sides. The points on which I was most interested, were his approval of my territorial system, and his eulogy on direct thinking, to the utter disparagement of those subjective philosophers who are constantly thinking upon thinking.”—DR CHALMERS.

THOMAS CARLYLE, "PHILOSOPHER ON HISTORY."

UNPREPARED readers, coming for the first time upon the writings of Thomas Carlyle, are apt enough to be confounded and repelled. It is like finding one's self alone on a desolate road, with a big, suspicious-looking, bludgeon-armed fellow-traveller: now, you fancy he is about to strike you; now, to leave you, when you really need his help. At one moment, he is talking, with the most unequivocally sardonic scorn, of some institution, or function, or thought, you have been taught to hallow; at another, he is squelching the very brains out of some poor devilkin who had tried to insult the said institution, function, or thought, in some other fashion than his. Then, he will appeal to you, to all that is manly and godly in you, to give your assent to some quite old-world truth, which you never knew yourself doubting; then, he will seriously ask you, whether you suppose things are going on in and around you as they ought. Anon, he has broken away from your sight, and is crooning up into the azure depths a lament that would wring tears from the very stones, if they would try to understand it. In the twinkling of an eye he is back upon you, looking at you earnestly, not without fierceness, and over your inmost soul rolling surge after surge of most terrific prophecy, with applications in every paragraph to yourself. A word, here and there, seems to come

out of the very page and spit upon you—another word, a whole page of words, to flash light down into the deepest parts of the soul. Unknown authors, unheard-of editors, start up in every chapter, beckon to you, bow to you, talk sense or nonsense, as the dramatic necessity may demand, and then fall back into unseenness, until they are appealed to again. Books are quoted, whose quotations no man can verify. Newspapers are referred to, from whose existence government derives no income. Extracts are given from philosophies, which no universities out of the moon will profess. And the whole of this quotation, speech, and prophecy, as far as style is concerned, is a perfect outbursting of Germanised sentences, superfluous capitals, street cries, newspaper slang, sanitary technicalities, and scraps of poetry (original, not rhyme) and history.

It is an unhappy result, when such an impression drives the unprepared reader away from Carlyle's books. A second reading, still more a third, would convince him that the confusion and contradiction did not belong to the author, but to himself. It is the couched eye concluding that the people on the street are walking on the window-panes, and thrusting their umbrella points inconveniently near. Patience! O reader; your eye will strengthen. Those rude Germanisms, when anatomically examined, will turn out to have a strong back-bone running all through them of hale idiomatic English;* those mad-looking characters

* "Tieck, I hear, says that he likes Carlyle's writings; but complains that they are so *ganz Englisch*, while all England protests against them as *ganz Deutsch*: the gold and silver shield once more."—*Sterling's Life*.

and quotations, those unverifiable passages from Herr Sauertig, Teufelsdröckh, my young friend the Houndsditch Editor, Jefferson Brick the Yankee, M'Crowdy, Crabbe, and Company, to be simply different standing points from which to shew *you* more completely the facts under consideration. The sour tobacco-smoke tint with which some of the descriptive passages are painted-in will, by and by, commend itself to you as a too literal transcript of the opinion element of a world which stones its prophets, and "kills them who are sent." And under that savage-faced ungainliness which repelled you at the first, you will find an intellect which has light in it for all readers living in England in this generation ; an intellect, Teutonic indeed, but colossal, like some tall lighthouse on a storm-vexed shore, and regulated, disciplined, reverently submissive to truth, to fact ; English into its inmost core ; with deeper insight into the life and history of European men at present, and truer views of the social tendencies of our age, than has been vouchsafed to any other countryman of ours for many years.

By way of supplement to these introductory assertions, let this further statement be received—worthless enough for disciples of Carlyle, not worthless for minds who have hitherto been repelled from him—that there is not another English writer of our century, Walter Scott and Wordsworth included, who has obtained such wide and intrinsically well-deserved and hard-to-obtain recognition and homage. The Waverley excitement, wonderful as it was, stands related to it much as magic does to miracle. The Wordsworth worship wanted its breadth and human interest. Cole-

ridge alone, and rather the traditional, ideal Coleridge, rather than the living, actual one, has received anything like a fair approach to it; and not a little of what even he has received has been from a generation whom Carlyle helped up to obtain a glimpse of his precursor. In Carlyle's case, moreover, there was that which made the possibility of recognition, to say nothing of homage, peculiarly small. Wordsworth, with the highest aims in some directions, confessed to this, that he embodied his thoughts in rhyme "to please" his reader. Walter Scott, without high aims of any sort, wrote novels to build Abbotsford. But Carlyle came upon his generation with unwelcome words, given sternly forth, "calling upon men everywhere to repent," and live somewhat as God intended them to live. A speaker of cutting words! a writer of books not "made to sell!" Without any purpose of pleasing, still less of amusing his readers! And yet the noblest of the land have said of him, "Here is a brother and peer." For the circulating libraries, Bulwer, Dickens, and Thackeray shall answer; for the politicians, the late Charles Buller and John Bright; for the men of Science, Hugh Miller and Samuel Brown; for the teachers of Christianity, Edward Irving and Thomas Chalmers that were, and the well-known Mr Campbell of Row; Thomas Erskine for the Christian Mystics; Professor Maurice and A. J. Scott for the philosophers; for the scholars, the late Dr Arnold; for the poets, Tennyson; for the literary men, Gilfillan, Helps, Ruskin, and Kingsley; and artists, and other well-doers, without number. With the views of these men, of any one of them, on any given subject, Carlyle would probably not

thoroughly coincide. Certainly, he has enunciated opinions against which some of them have recorded their distinct protest. Nevertheless, by such men, endowed so variously, so differently employed, he—an open hater of eclecticism—has been heartily, lovingly honoured. Each of them, from his own throne, has recognised, if not a higher, a more central one, on which Carlyle sits ; and each, in his turn, has stepped out of his own more definite sphere towards Carlyle's, expecting and receiving, sometimes guidance, always sympathy.

To know the views which a mind of such large sympathies has been enabled to take of the perennial subjects of human thought, would indeed be, as he himself has somewhere taught, like the acquiring of a new and higher sense. And the diligent seeker will find that he has revealed his views, on not a few of these subjects, with abundant frankness throughout his writings ; and that, regarding many of them, answers to the most recondite inquiries will be found, in likely and unlikely places, latent, and waiting to be evolved. From the exploration of such heights and breadths of thought-land, however, we, in present circumstances, altogether shrink. Our little venture shall be confined to a river sail, whereby we and our readers, dropping down between high banks to the sea, shall enjoy the visible as we may, and fancy how rich the unseen must be which stretches away on either side. In other words, we purpose to separate from the breadth of subjects, over which his mind has brooded, that mingled and tangled entity—part passive, part active ; part social, part individual ; part spiritual, part physical—which we name indifferently

“our age,” “the age we live in,” and “the present,” and endeavour to present some scantling of his views concerning it. There will be this advantage in doing so, that our course will be along the central current into which his literary labours have flowed ; and if we miss much, we shall also be able to connect what we do see with almost all the works he has published. Of him, or his works, we strongly feel, it is fast becoming an impertinence to speak apologetically. Yet we will confess that it enters into our purpose to carry our readers to such true and just standing-points as will enable us, with the smallest amount of controversy, to disabuse their minds of the misconstructions and misconceptions which are still floating about regarding his books and thoughts.

When Carlyle opened his ear to the voices of his generation, the Edinburgh reviewers were singing their pæans on the grave of ignorance. The social activities were in a painfully self-conscious and self-righteous condition. The phrases that reached him —“progress of the species,” “march of intellect,” “decay of superstition,” and the like—were to him symptomatic of most deadly disease.—(*Characteristics.*) When he turned from this noisy proclamation of small virtues to the thoughts of God and human duty, which were exercising influence in men’s hearts, he missed from their number those which the old prophets and singers had given forth. An ignorant age was praising its own enlightenment. An irreverent age was defaming the reverence which had bequeathed to it all the worth it possessed. Rust had eaten into the soul of man, and it was behymned as the burnish of gold. Mechanical philosophies had supplanted faith. The

hangman's whip had taken the place of loyalty. For the law and the prophets we had the force of public opinion ; for inspiration and normal growth, appliances of the profit-and-loss lever. Benthamism was our bread from heaven. The natural virtue, the free life, of the believing past were gone. For religion, we had utilitarianism according to Paley ; for politics, utilitarianism according to Bentham ; for sun and rain, and seedtime and harvest, to the whole human race, utilitarianism. The very universe was utilitarianism—"one huge, dead, immeasurable steam-engine, rolling on in its dead indifference" to faith, genius, and the human soul.

"Men have lost their belief in the invisible, and believe, and hope, and work only in the visible ; or, to speak it in other words, this is not a believing age. Only the material, the immediately practical, not the divine and spiritual, is important to us. The infinite, absolute character of virtue has passed into a finite, conditional one ; it is no longer a worship of the beautiful and the good, but a calculation of the profitable. Worship, indeed, in any sense, is not recognised amongst us, or is mechanically explained into fear of pain or hope of pleasure. Our true deity is mechanism. It has subdued external nature for us, and we think it will do all other things. We are giants in physical power ; in a deeper than metaphysical sense, we are Titans, that strive, by heaping mountain on mountain, to conquer heaven also."—(*Signs of the Times.*)

Carlyle was not blind to the pre-eminence of the age in mechanical appliances. The acquiring of better tools for the subjugation of matter is, to him, not a worthless acquisition. Wonderful is the "fire-

demon panting across all oceans ;” beautiful “the awakening of a Manchester on a Monday morning, at half-past five by the clock ; the rushing off of its thousand mills, like the boom of an Atlantic tide.” Whatever really distinguishes in worth the times in which we live—whatever, belonging to them, is fitted to help man forward on his appointed path—whatever, if they had organs of speech, they could truly publish as their own laudation, Carlyle has recognised and published as cheerfully as any. But all the smoke and steam which were flying could not hide from him that there was disease at work. Spinners’ strikes, Manchester insurrections, Chartist movements, were not to be mistaken. “It never smokes but there is fire.” The laudation of the age can be left to posterity. Carlyle took up its pathology. And a large portion of his writings is simply a diagnosis of its diseased organs.

With cool, scientific precision, at first, in his *Critical Essays* ; with deepening earnestness and warmth, more recently, in his “*Chartism*” and “*Past and Present* ;” and last of all, with what, to many readers, has seemed mere rabid fury, in his “*Latter-Day Pamphlets*”—he has applied the knife. He has pointed to the growing separation between the employer and the employed—to the masses of idle wealth in one street, and the masses of idle workmen, typhus-haunted, sorrow-stricken, in the next. The beasts of the field are cared for more than man. The people are ungoverned, and their governors preserving game. The people are idle, and Australia is empty. The poor-law unions are crowded with able-bodied workmen, and war-ships that might transport them to fields

of labour rotting idle in the docks. Religion is vanishing, and the poor untaught. Contradictions are petrified into laws. The young are assuming to rule the world. The honest live in cellars, and palaces are built for criminals. Our governing classes do not aspire to govern. Statues are proposed to George Hudson.—The excerpt from the “Pig-Philosophy” in “Jesuitism” may be looked upon as a dissection of the Age’s stomach, and the deepest cut of our pathologist.

To point out the symptoms of disease is a useful faculty, but not the greatest. A greater is his who, from the disease, can elucidate the cause, and trace it from its first germ down through all stages to its present. Even such a gift is Carlyle’s. His eye ranges back into the far past, down into the roots of events. The centuries defile before him, each carrying its inevitable burden—its inheritance from the past, its gift to the future—its terrible seedsheet of weal or woe. All history becomes life in his hands. The remotest events rise into miraculous importance. Hengist and Horsa landing on our island, John Knox preaching, the sailing of the little Mayflower from Delfthaven, are epical, full of grand results—little streamlets which have broadened their bosoms for a thousand and a thousand fleets. We can readily understand, therefore, how impossible it was for him to rest his pathology of the Age on the facts of the Present. The festering sores of the Present have their inflamed and irritated fibres in the Past. The Irish beggar, who darkens our doorway and undersells our labour, was not produced in a day. No more was our Bentham philosophy, our mammon worship, our

selfish isolations. The century that towed us into existence ate sour grapes, and our teeth are set on edge. We are dodged and haunted by the eighteenth century ; this is our misfortune and apology. It overlaps us, and suffocates us that we cannot breathe. A most unbelieving, insincere century ! “ Accordingly, what century since the end of the Roman world, which also was a time of scepticism, simulacra, and universal decadence, so abounds with quacks as that eighteenth ? Consider them, with their tumid, sentimental vapouring about virtue, benevolence—the wretched quack-squadron, Cagliostro at the head of them ! Few men were without quackery ; they had got to consider it a necessary ingredient and amalgam for truth. Chatham, our brave Chatham himself, comes down to the House, all wrapt and bandaged ; he “ has crawled out in great bodily suffering,” and so on—*forgets*, says Walpole, “ that he is acting the sick man—in the fire of debate, snatches his arm from the sling and oratorically swings and brandishes it ! ” — (*Hero-Worship*.)

It was, to a great extent, in the exercise of this pathological function that “ The French Revolution ; a History,” was written. In this revolution, or rather in the horrors of it, we have the gangrenous outcome and scab crown of the unbelieving century. Change was inevitable, but the fashion of it not. The form it did take was the Nemesis of quackery. “ Europe lay pining, obstructed, moribund, quack-ridden, hagridden.” The feudal forms of society were long effete and impossible. The king was no longer the *canning*, able man, or *rex*. The pope was no longer *papa*, father of the people. Three hundred years before,

Luther had taught them this. Voltaire followed, and they believed Voltaire—believed that they themselves were lies, inutilities, shams. They inwardly laughed at the *débris* of respect which tradition had preserved for them. They mocked the simple people who paid them for work they did not do. And they did not govern, did not teach, did not aspire to govern or teach. In their lordly palaces, they led unclean lives. They bowed down to meanness and wicked sloth. And hollow echoes from hollow hearts, and false mimetic actions, consumed the hours which God had given them to improve the world. And “the anger of the Lord did kindle against them . . . and their carcasses were torn in the midst of the streets.” In this light, let that marvellous history of Thomas Carlyle’s be read. It is a terrible “BEWARE!” to the insincerity in England. It is the portrayal of a divine judgment overtaking continental quacks. Bastiles are overthrown, constitutions are set up, vagabonds are floated, in the seething caldron, to the top; Mirabeaus, Dantons, come and vanish; the narrator has an eye for all, a word for all. Paris, France, the whole Continent, is raised from the dead. The events are bodied forth to the mind of the reader with an *eerie* reality. The actors move, speak, perish before your eye. But, in the midst of all, in the very thick and storm of hurrying death, one fact fascinates the historian’s eye, gleams lurid over death and life, speaks to him from the prison, the guillotine, the convention—the fact that he is looking upon a retribution of the Lord. In any other light than this, the history is an intolerable panorama of brutal ferocities—“the French Revolution *illustrated—tableaux*,

wonderful in execution, nothing in conception"—without light or hope for man—a mere history of a "constitution between a prison and a scaffold," as Joseph Mazzini reproaches it with being. Let Mazzini read again. Revolts of the people, we know, are sacred events to him. They represent ideas which one day will be clothed with laws and institutions. Was the Girondist constitution, then, the embodiment of ideas which shall so fare in coming times? Carlyle crushes it between his fingers, and shakes the dust of it to the ground. Of the earth earthy, at his tribunal, are it and its builders; products, both of them, of a heartless, unbelieving age. "The end of these things is death." "French philosophisms, Hume scepticisms, Diderot atheisms," were, in their very nature, barren. Nature had placed them "between a prison and a scaffold;" he only reported nature. Beautiful, no doubt, over that sea of blood rise the forms of Charlotte Corday and Madame Roland. But neither shall they redeem the constitution. They came in spite of the revolution; they did not express it; they were not its products. "Honour to great nature," he exclaims. Gleams of living sunlight still reach us through the deepest gloom! In a word, the revolution, according to Carlyle, was not the assertion of some Heaven-sent *truth*; but, principally, the outpouring of Heaven-sent *wrath*. And let it be remembered that he had to write for England. His countrymen had missed all sight of the reality, were bewildered, shocked, horrified. Burke's philippic was almost their sole theorem of the transaction. The victory at Waterloo had increased their blindness. Where the continental democrats heard the utterances of a new evangel, they heard

only the shrieks of Tophet. "A work of the devil"—that was their summing up. Carlyle taught us that God was in that "devil's work;" that the revolution, whatever else it might be, was this first of all—the stern end of lies and quackery, the fiery indignation of the Lord overtaking *His* adversaries.

"Wherefore, let all men know what of depth and of height is still revealed in man; and, with fear and wonder, with just sympathy and just antipathy, with clear eye and open heart, contemplate it, and appropriate it, and draw innumerable inferences from it. This inference, for example, among the first, that if the gods of this lower world will sit in their glittering thrones, indolent as Epicurus's god, with the living chaos of ignorance and hunger weltering uncared for at their feet, and smooth parasites, preaching 'peace, peace, when there is no peace,' then the dark chaos, it would seem, will rise, has risen, and, O heavens! has it not tanned their skin into breeches for itself? That there be no second sansculottism in our earth for a thousand years, let us understand well what the first was; and let rich and poor of us go and do *otherwise*."—(*French Revolution*.)

Into the midst of such phenomena, then, have we of this age been sent! On the Continent, revolution;—at home, chartism, pauperism, and mammon-worship;—the wrath of God overtaking some, others hastening into its devouring flame! So has Carlyle taught. "The outcome of morbid rancour!" cries one. "The philosophy of dissatisfaction!" echoes another. And his books are closed. Of this way of treating an author, there are many things to be said. We restrict ourselves to these two:—The surgeon, who shuts him-

self up with the plague-smitten corpse, to unfold, for his brethren, the hidden workings of the disease, would not, we suppose, be accused of morbid rancour or the philosophy of dissatisfaction. Only loving hearts, who have entered into the secret that life is a "dying daily," yoke themselves to such tasks. The facts they set forth are no unreal burden to their own spirits. The "bitter passages" are also bitter to write. And a very small amount of love in the reader of Carlyle's works, will enable him to detect that deeper and more vital far than the bitterness is the unselfish sorrow it aims to express. But, besides this, there is hope in Carlyle as well as sorrow. He does not merely write laments for the age. Our Jeremiah-Tacitus is also a Savonarola. Whatever we may think of his teaching, we ought to see that he utters it in the strong assurance of its being glad tidings. Let any candid soul take up, for example, the three works in which he comes forward more expressly in the character of a social reformer, "Chartism," "Past and Present," and "The Latter-Day Pamphlets," and conscientiously set himself to answer this question—What is this man aiming at? He will find that there is more clearness respecting our social difficulties, more assurance that deliverance is possible, and a franker, plainer forth-telling of the kind of work we need to do, down even to practical details as to the mode of doing it, than in any other political writer or teacher of the age extant.

It would be easy to make good our statements by quotation from any of these three works ; but, at present, we shall merely extract from these and his other writings a faint outline of what we shall name his Gos-

pel to the Age. It is summed up in three words—GROWTH, HERO-WORSHIP, WORK.

Of these, GROWTH and HERO-WORSHIP represent the laws of the universe, the facts which God takes care of in human history. The reference to them is consequently Carlyle's "call to believe." The third indicates its own place in his theory of man's life. It is the synonym for all healthy activity of soul and body. Man's chief end is work. The following is our outline of the Gospel of Carlyle :—

GROWTH.

There is good as well as evil in the decay and down-rushing of our times. The eighteenth century, with its scepticism, was intrinsically a rending asunder of the false, a preparation for the true. So was the French Revolution ; so is Chartism. The old perishes—must perish. Institutions do not live for ever. Things sacred, things profane, come to waste. The thoughts of men alter like the altering clouds. All that proceed from these thoughts likewise change. The seed dies. The rind bursts. Be not dismayed. Decay and down-rushing are but external facts. The great world-secret is—Growth. This throbs at the heart, this pulsates at the extremities. All things grow, and tend to higher growth—thoughts, actions, societies, the life of man. What does not grow is dead. Growth is the renewal and progression of life. The higher replaces the lower by absorbing it. The lower form is fated to disappear in a higher. This is necessity ; to yield to this is duty. When the lower has to pass into the higher, through a whirlwind of fire, as in the French Revolution, there has been a

previous resistance of necessity. Fire whirlwinds need not be. Nature inclines to work out her changes softly, tenderly, invisibly. Only when her open secret is scorned, and the old resolves to continue, does she dry it up, and make stubble of it, and send fire to consume it. The full development of this word in Carlyle's message will be found in "Sartor Resartus." In this quaint but royal book, under the garb of "Clothes Philosophy," he manifoldly sets forth the fact. Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, the hero, wakes out of childhood into love, doubt, faith—discovers that life to him is a pulling off of the old that the new may be put on. The still sleep of childhood, the soft environment of boyhood, old Andreas himself, his nursery father, descend into the abysses of the death-kingdom. Through school experiences, first love, temptation in the wilderness, he waxes into manhood. Yesterday he was a believer ; to-day a doubter ; to-morrow his doubt is ended. The "everlasting no" has given place to the "everlasting yea." Looking abroad upon society, all things appear to him in similar flow and movement. Society, religion, art, commerce, have their growth-periods, are always growing, consciously or unconsciously, through fiery spasms or calm mutation, as well as he. "Destruction and creation, death and birth, go on together." The existing forms of things are only the time vestures of the life within. Words, institutions, philosophies, poems, by which it embodies itself for the use of man, "wax old as doth a garment," *are* garments to be put off when their day is ended. Our own age is one in which the unseen visibly puts off its old vestures. Once more have faith. The vesture is not the reality ! ONE there is

who never changes. The change is in us, and we put off our childish things. Why should we fret? The law of our life is growth.

HERO-WORSHIP.

The existence of such worship, with its necessity and the provision for it, is the supplement of the law of growth. Let us clear our minds of fragment-notions of this second word. Sincerity, earnestness, energy, do not make heroes. Heroes have all these; but these are not the vital facts of the heroic. The hero lives next door to fact; this is his inmost characteristic. He is nearer the source of life and fact than other men. Sometimes in the depth, sometimes in the height; a brother of worms like Mirabeau and Napoleon, a denizen of the stars like Shakespeare and Goethe; his ear is closer to the *present* word of the Maker than any other. God speaks through him to the generation. By speech or act he interprets what he has heard. That these divine words do not float away unheard; that men are raised up to receive them and proclaim them; that all other men, less gifted, must and do obey the sent hero—this is Carlyle's second article of faith and comfort. The separate exposition of this will be found in the lectures on "Heroes and Hero-Worship." He appeals to the ages which have preceded our own in Europe. Each of them had its hero, and worshipped him. The inner life of the man Odin became the objective faith of our Scandinavian ancestors; to rebuke and purify a world sinking back into Paganism, Mohammed was sent; the Christian Church waited long for its poet, but at last came Dante; Shakspeare

caught the grand old day of chivalry, when it was falling into oblivion, and preserved its light for the race; when the Papal Church had become a nuisance, Luther was born; when Scotland was to be raised out of barrenness, Knox was commissioned to preach; to a devout England, rolling hither and thither, seeking rest and finding none, a clear-eyed, strong-handed Cromwell was appointed. Even the eighteenth century had heroic men; Johnson, Rousseau, Burns, were such. And democracy itself, the ostensible denial of all worship, found its soldier in Bonaparte, and worshipped him. No age went down to the grave for want of heroes. Each crisis, each birth-throe, each period of decay, finds, as soldier, preacher, or man of letters, the interpreter and guide prepared. European history, all history, is this at bottom, the history of heroes. What they were, the world became. What they did, the world imitated. The battles and institutions, which bulk out so largely in books of history, had their germs first of all in the hearts and thoughts of these men. To see how all this is glad tidings is not difficult. Let any man recall the fears for society which have swept through his own mind. Confining ourselves to European society, two movements are visible enough within the last sixty years; in the one, thrones and loyalties, and churches and opinions, like some vast navy, are dragged into the abyss in the grasp of a sinking wave; in the other, through the wreck and heaped destruction, the living wave is roaring upwards, struggling to free itself from the wreck. What serious man has not put these questions to himself—What if the down-rushing should continue? If the returning wave be driven back?

Carlyle comes to the vexed spirit with this comfort—that the hour and the man are sent together. On the lowest platform of the deep are stationed those who shall give to the descending wave an upward impulse. Where the topmost crest shall foam in sunlight, an unseen spirit is waiting, ready to sing the psalm of victory. Heroes never fail. God sees to that. In the abyss and in the height he plants them ever. And men *must* worship them. The sympathies displayed by Carlyle in his “History of the French Revolution,” have here their explanation and defence. Mirabeau and Danton, brutal, foul-livers though they were, in this one thing transcended their fellows—they knew what was to be done, and aimed at doing it. Be sure that Carlyle, in his admiration of such, does not forget that they were heroes of the pit. Far rather would he that their heroism had not been needed; that the virtuous lives of a generation of heroes had averted the form of the revolution, and given nature freedom to work her changes softly, imperceptibly, *without* such help. But that not taking place, in the skirts of the Lord’s wrath he discerns this token of mercy, that the people are not left to chaos wholly, but have here and there, amongst them and of them, this and the other begrimed, mis-shapen, but kingly spirit.

WORK.

All other syllables flow into this. This one mighty precept utters itself, has a fibre of itself, in every word he writes. One Himalaya phenomenon stretches back from the present, looms huge in the remotest past, the accomplished work. Art thou working? is thy production work? he asks of every living man. Of every

thought, deed, function, rank, and institution of the age, he questions—how is it related to work? does it help or hinder, does it produce or blight work? From the cobbling of shoes, to the making of poems, to the governing of men, true work is venerable, beneficent, for ever blessed in his sight; and damnable, devilish, accursed, is sham work, work misdone, work undone, no-work. That man can work, that man is by the law of his being a worker, that idleness, simulation, uselessness, are not necessities of human life, should rejoice every child of Adam. Here is our likeness to God—*He* works, He has formed us to work. By work we grow into worth and nobleness. Work is winter frost and summer sun to us. Without it we stagnate and die. *Laborare est orare*. It is life, strength, health, as well as prayer. With it, by means of it, we may rise out of the corruptions, and entanglements, and meanness, of the basest ages in the world. Work is a putting-off the defilements of an evil time; it is a rising over them into the atmosphere of heaven. After these definitions, it will not surprise us if all that goes under the name of work amongst men should not be accounted work by Carlyle. Yet all actual doing, all performance, were it in the lowest spheres, does enter into his idea of work. The breaking of stones on the roadside, the spinning of cotton, all employments which produce, are work. But you have not the full produce of work, when you have cotton, stone heaps, and ploughed fields. Blessed is the produce outwards, when compared with sham cotton, sham stone-breaking, sham ploughing; but not to be compared for blessedness with the produce inwards, the effects of working on the soul. “Consider how, even in the

meanest sorts of labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, all these like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man ; but he bends himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man." Work itself, then, is a spiritual act, with spiritual results. In rudest quarrying, mining, shirt-making, shoe-patching, it is the spirit that plies the hands. How much more in poem-writing and statesmanship ! Properly speaking, work is the revelation of the spiritual in man. As creation is the revelation of God, work is the revelation of man. No man lives who is not worth revealing. His individuality gives him a value to all men, and is intrinsically his title to a place in the All. The All is not revealed, until its several portions rise out of the individual. But our individuality lies in the soul. Words and deeds that do not rise out of this depth are not work, but the semblances of work. Hence the necessity of faith. Work without faith is dead, is no work, is worse than no work. There is a depth in man, indeed, the depth of the stomach, but out of it proceeds no true work. A man whose faith reaches no deeper than this is morally paralytic. Hence also the necessity of silence. The dim vastness within, amid which consciousness first awakens, is in process of shaping outwards. Nature will not be hurried, will not be attended with trumpeters. In stillness, under the soil, the dissolving seed sends forth the shoot. Thou knowest not yet what shall be ; it will speak for itself in good time.

Let man wait in silence and in faith. Let him also be true to his own century, and not live *below* it (e.g., in the seventeenth or the fourth) but *in* it, listening to the word of God in the Present. The outshaping of the infinite in the soul shall thus have freedom and scope. Each shall develop into his appointed form, and mimetic lives shall cease. In the world, at present, all this is forgotten. Men live to their stomachs instead of to God. Hunger of money or popularity is the universal appetite, and poems are printed which are no poems, and shirts are sold which are no shirts, and high places of trust are filled with spectres, and clothespoles ; and botching, and puffing, and disorder prevail. Let the world consider. There are some nine hundred millions of human beings at work—sham work or true—or preparing for work. Let each unit of these look a little deeper than the stomach, and begin to work from the soul ; let each feel that there is in him there a sacred peculiarity, a something that distinguishes him from all others ; and in the sphere where God has placed him, with his whole might, by genuine hand-work or head-work, begin to reveal *that*, and bring it up into the light—the dawn will be already come. Nay, let only one soul do this, and a gleam of morning will streak up through him on the world, and other souls will live in the light of it, and be led to do likewise.

This is Carlyle's precept of life, his hope for nations and individuals. The aim of his life has been to enforce it. He returns to it again and again ; his books, at bottom, are an iteration of it, and passionate appeal to believe it. In the articles on Goethe, in his Critical Essays, we have his ideal of a nineteenth century

worker. In his book on Cromwell, and his sketch of Abbot Samson in "Past and Present," we have resurrections, to shame and excite us, of heroic workmen out of ages which we of this count dark and fanatical.

That this gospel of Carlyle's appears to us to have grave deficiencies, it would now be wrong not to state. At the same time, we call to mind his praise and practice of silence. We can understand, too, how an intellect of such sterling reverence as his is, will rather live by its faith than proclaim it. Still better, we know how aptly an intellect of narrower range will miss much which actually is revealed. In either case, whether the want be on our side or his, this has to be said, that we have searched in vain, microscopically studying the import of Christian-like utterances, and even capital letters, (and in his books the initial letters speak,) with a heart full of devout love—as a child even looking into his mother's face—and one clear enunciation of the hope of personal immortality, one little blink of the resurrection, (and how much is implied in this!) we have failed to see. On the other hand, let this be said, that if the ground on which he has taken up his stand differ from ours, he still strives to build his house upon it; and he believes that it is good ground. Herein, indeed, is his vital claim to respect; he is from the inmost chamber of his being a believer. We can well understand what he has told us in the "Sartor," that scepticism in his heart could only mean a desire to believe. Moreover, he reverences faith in others. He is sometimes named in connexion with one who has, indeed, learned much from him, the distinguished American, Emerson. But there is this difference between them, amongst a

hundred others, that Carlyle does not, under his fine passages, carry on a petty Socinian controversy with you—does never insult you by classing “Jesus and Judas,” or “Jesus and Socrates” together, as it is the weakness of the American to do. On the contrary, if you do truly hold by your “objective faith,” and strive to live by it, and if the life flowing from it approved itself to Carlyle, as higher and purer than his own, he, first of all—so true is his integrity to fact—would step forward and confess that “the least in the kingdom of heaven was greater” than he. Indeed, nothing is more inwardly characteristic of him than the integrity of his submission to fact. Take his treatment of Bentham, Burns, and Irving, as examples ; all his abhorrence of the philosophy of the first will not hinder him from avowing that the man Bentham was honest and consistent ; all his love for his dearest Irving* will not keep back the statement that his London celebrity was a fall, as compared with his previous

* (1863.) Carlyle did not wait till the grave closed over his friend, to express himself regarding some of the steps which Irving took. Full of pathos is the brief account, in Mrs Oliphant’s loyal life of Irving, of Carlyle’s personal remonstrance about the Tongues :—“Thomas Carlyle and his wife, both much beloved, not only disagreed, but remonstrated ; the former making a vehement protestation against the ‘Bedlam’ and ‘Chaos,’ to which his friend’s steps were tending ; which Irving listened to in silence, covering his face with his hands. When the philosopher had said—doubtless in no measured or lukewarm terms, what he had to say—the mournful apostle lifted his head, and addressed him with all the tenderness of their youth, ‘Dear friend !’ That turning of the other cheek, seems to have touched the heart of the sage almost too deeply, to make him aware what was the defence which the other returned to his fiery words.”—*Life of Irving*, vol. ii., p. 232.

life ; and, champion though he be for Burns, he comes to this sore utterance, " His morality, in most of its practical points, is that of a mere worldly man ; enjoyment, in a finer or coarser shape, is the only thing he longs and strives for." We shall only add, in connexion with these remarks, that the accusations of pantheism, German rationalism, mysticism, and so forth, which are often hurled against him, like the largest portion of the criticism on the " Model Prisons," more usually express the accusers' ideas of things than the things themselves. And further, that the minds amongst us who have rejected what Thomas Carlyle has contributed to thought, because it is wanting in certain elements, have yet to learn the meaning and immeasurable value of truth *as truth*.

Dating from the translation of " Wilhelm Meister," fully more than a quarter of a century has gone past since Carlyle chose literature—" the haven of expatriated spiritualisms," he significantly calls it—for his workfield. Therein, with the loftiest aims, with strict, conscientious fidelity to these, he has unhaltingly toiled, until the best portions of English thought have been more or less impressed by his peculiarities. To estimate the work he has accomplished is not easy. The method of counting up the volumes is clearly not applicable in his case.* " A single number of ' Pick-

* Yet there is something in the number of volumes too. How much worthier of our esteem would Coleridge have been—a man also whose work is to be estimated rather by the number of ideas he planted in the English mind than by published volumes—if all the great books he was ever meditating had been actually written, instead of being tantalisingly announced as about to be ! Here, therefore, on second thoughts, is the volume-measurement

wick,'” he somewhere tells us, “is as large as the Prophecies of Jeremiah.” The direction of his labours may, however, be indicated in this way :—1. He has greatly accelerated the tendencies of our language towards its ancient simplicity and Saxon strength.—2. He has transplanted into English literature the highest growths of Germany, separating previously the clean from the unclean.—3. He has leavened all literature with reverence, and elevated the life-purpose of the literary man.—4. He has delivered us from Benthamism and the sense-philosophies.—5. He has lifted history out of the date-and-name abysses, and identified it with biography.—6. He has taught Christians the sacredness of life and work in the present world.—7. He, and he alone, has indicated our escape, by a manly path, from our social anomalies. We shall exhibit, as specimen illustrations of these achievements, his influence on one function of literature, that

of Carlyle's work—the number of volumes representing the editions we happen to have read :—

<i>Translations</i>	Specimens of German Romance. 4 vols.
	Goethe's Wilhelm Meister. 3 vols.
<i>Reviews, &c.</i>	Miscellanies. 5 vols.
<i>Biography and History</i> ...	Life of Schiller. 1 vol.
	French Revolution : a History. 3 vols.
	Lectures on Heroes and Hero-worship.
	1 vol.
	Letters and Speeches of O. Cromwell.
	2 vols.
<i>Philosophy</i>	Sartor Resartus. 1 vol.
<i>Politics</i>	Chartism, Past and Present, and Lat-
	ter-Day Pamphlets. 3 vols.

And since the above was written, 3 vols. of Frederick the Great and the Life of Sterling.

of reviewing, and on a single mind, and take leave of our subject.

We are, perhaps, not yet sufficiently removed from the early history of modern reviewing, to fix its place among the influences which have formed the present. The common tradition runs, however, that the Edinburgh reviewers put down many abuses, and gave a distinct impulse to literature. But it is very difficult, in turning over the earlier numbers of their organ, to allow to their influence an intrinsically high place. Smartness and Whig politics can only carry us a perfectly ascertainable length. And certainly, there is an air of complacency, a self-possessedness, a crowing, cowardly, sort of courage, a "this-will-never-do-ism," in the writers, which we do not find in the earnest literature of our own day. We claim for Thomas Carlyle the merit of the change. His arrival in the review-world was the signal for the flight of Strutwells. A few months before his article on the "State of German Literature" (his first there) appeared in the "Edinburgh," there was published, in the same pages, a most prosaic piece of Strutwellianism on his translation of "Wilhelm Meister." Nothing good in this novel, I assure you, said Mr Strutwell; it is wholly a thing of vulgar play-acting and questionable matrimonial engagements, most dull, most drivelling! By the silent influence of one quotation, repeated in many forms, and without waste of vehemence, Carlyle made such ineptitudes for ever shameful. "The eye sees what it brings the means of seeing," he wrote. This one word laid the whole Strutwell world bare, and made their continuance impossible. If a man *will* criticise, let him first see that his own contracted individuality

do not shut him out from facts on which a fair judgment must rest. To stand on an author's shoulders, and crow there, and valorously flourish a wooden skewer for sword, is not reviewing. No: it is to understand the reviewed first; then to elucidate his particular theorem, good or evil, and translate it for the general reader. Carlyle himself failed not to walk up to his precept. And the reverence with which, twenty years ago, he approached his favourite Novalis, Richter, and Goethe, and our own Johnson and Burns, can easily be traced, as leaven, in the present tone and character of the best reviews of England and America.

In other directions, his influence has been as great. It has been noticed by the writer of the ingenious and appreciative review of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets" in the "North British," that there is not a man in England under forty whom Carlyle has not, consciously or unconsciously, influenced. A friend of ours, who *was* "under forty," has allowed us to quote the following enthusiastic confirmation of the statement:—"For ourselves, with a profound feeling of gratitude, we recall the night, now some fourteen years ago, when we came first upon the writings of this man. A medical friend, who was pleased to patronise our callow boyhood, had *airted* us to the paper on Burns; 'the best by far,' he added, 'which has appeared on our poet, and by a schoolmaster.' Whether some echo of the Kirkcaldy dominieship had come to our surgeon's ear, or Carlyle was actually on his six months' reign of that school, when it was written, we never found out. But we set out on our travels for the New Star. The public library of the suburban village we lived in had

once, in its palmier days, taken in the 'Edinburgh.' Perhaps the number containing 'Burns' might be there? And it was. And not it alone. 'Jean Paul Richter,' 'State of German Literature,' 'Taylor's Survey,' and the 'Characteristics,' were also there. Then was the sunny hour of our boyhood. Glasgow smoke and student-poverty swept into the gulf behind us. A Phosphor had brought light to us, and us to the gates of the city of light. Much of our new teacher's work had ere this been published. Another library—a penny a week one—brought us into contact with 'Boswell's Johnson,' 'The Diamond Necklace,' and the immortal 'Sartor' in 'Fraser's Magazine.' Passages of the 'Necklace' are peeling up through us to the present day. Wonder grew up within us again. A 'golden prime' shot in red lines into our inner life. The age of romance embosomed us, and filled us with the sense of present beauty. Glimpses into the miracle of life were opened up in 'Sartor.' The flowing river, the town crowd, the town itself, came to us with new meanings and words from the far past. Then, on our path, came 'Novalis'—then the lament for 'Edward Irving'—then 'Heroes and Hero-worship,' itself a shoot of the Igdrasil-life tree it described—and last of all, at that period, 'Chartism.' Hitherto we had been warming our spiritual toes at the hearth of a fierce democracy.—Equality, Liberty, Radicalism, Chartism, (but never O'Connorism—never so low as that), and Channingism, hardly suffice to compound a name for our superlative Liberalism. Dismissal of bishops from the Upper House, destruction of the Upper House itself, universal suffrage,

abolition of taxes, were only prefatory leaves from the volume of our politics. In this hot-bath of furious democracy, the following sentence—a proverb, we believe—of ‘Chartism,’ found us:—‘*Rights of man! If every one had his rights, who would escape a whipping?*’ Somehow or other, our democracy got cold and colder.’ It became as dying Falstaff under the hands of Dame Quickly. ‘So ’a bade me lay more clothes on his feet; I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.’ If every one had his rights, who would escape a whipping? That was the word. It haunted us wherever we turned our steps. Political meetings lost their interest, popular applause its meaning, platform oratory its fire. The edges of old things crumbled away from us. We laughed at the tricks which brought cheers from the crowd. A power thrust us out from the midst of the multitude, shut us up into a corner, looked down into the hidden places of our heart, turned us inside out and over and over, and weighed us as in a balance, and humbled us, and made us wiser, and all by the pressure of this one question:—‘If *thou* hadst thy rights—what then?—the inexorable whip!’”

But we cut short our friend. We have often heard him describe the feelings with which, after reading Carlyle’s articles on the Saturday evenings, in a corner of the Public Library, he was wont to step out and mix with the hurrying crowds on the street. A power from the new region of thought on which he had been expatiating seemed to separate him from the crowd, and then knit him closer to it than ever. The passing

footsteps became beats of passing opportunities. A still quiet music followed him, or rather indeed, murmured up within him. The street lights, the striking of the hours from the city clocks, the hum of the open shops, the rushing tides of human life, the thoughts of his own heart, flowing together, almost invariably melted into echoes of a song of Carlyle's which he had already learned, which has often since reclaimed him from days of idle dreaming, and which teaches, as few other songs have done, the sacredness of time and duty. Singing this song ourselves, we bring these criticisms to a close :—

“So, here hath been dawning
Another blue day :
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away ?

“Out of eternity
This new day is born ;
Into eternity
At night doth return.

“Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did ;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

“Here hath been dawning
Another blue day :
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away ?”



