

the modes of the Lord's presence in the consecrated elements, but it is in the belief of the Presence itself that the danger lies, and in the materialising of the invisible into creatures visible and tangible. Those who are well acquainted with the articles of accusation charged against the martyrs of the Marian period, will be perfectly well aware that disbelief in Transubstantiation was generally the subject of one article, and disbelief in the Real Presence the subject of another. May I say that the Real Presence is the heart and life both of Transubstantiation and Consubstantiation? It is a doctrine so vital, so fatally operative, that the Church of Rome thought herself justified in burning men for rejecting it, and that saints of all ages and ranks considered it to be dishonouring to their Master, and preferred to die rather than give their tacit consent to it. But whatever estimate may be formed of the doctrine, one thing is certain, it is neither primitive nor apostolic. It was not the doctrine of the Primitive ages; it was not the doctrine of the Apostles; it was not the doctrine of the Incarnate God, in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

EDWARD GARBETT.

ART. V.—THE PRINCE CONSORT.

The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. By THEODORE MARTIN. With Portraits. Volume V. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1880.

THE world is justly impatient of the panegyric of a biographer. If a man's deeds and thoughts do not of themselves sufficiently proclaim his worth, the fault is either his biographer's or his own. In the case of the Prince Consort, all that could be told of him went to make the narrative a "chronicle of actions bright and just;" and if at times Sir Theodore Martin unwittingly added superfluous words of praise, he may plead in excuse the difficulty of silence where the chronicler has had occasion to scrutinise a character under many and very varied aspects, so narrowly as it has been his duty to scrutinise that of the Prince, and "has at every step found fresh occasion to admire its purity, its unselfishness, its consistency, and its noble self-control." Sir Theodore's biography, of which the last volume is before us, will convey to the minds of those who read it "no feeble reflex of the profound impression which these qualities produced upon" his own mind during years of close and conscientious study. Much has necessarily become known to himself, of course, "which it would

have been either premature or unfitting to record" in this work; but that which the biographer learned, and left unrecorded, he tells us, "has only tended to deepen his admiration of the Prince." The sincerity of the admiration, indeed, strikes us everywhere all through the work; the sympathy is no less obvious than the literary ability; and the narrative of a noble life has been worthily closed.

The concluding volume tells the story of two years, namely, the years 1860 and 1861. Foreign affairs occupy the greater portion of the volume, and the narrative is full of interest; but we can only touch upon two or three points.

At the opening of the year 1860, the restless ambition of the Emperor Napoleon was threatening the peace of Europe. The Queen and the Prince Consort, remembering his language at Osborne about the *frontières naturelles de la France*, regarded his intentions with distrust. His position, indeed, was full of embarrassment. The Italian problem was not easy of solution. The duty of England, however, was simple and obvious, to stand aside, as she had hitherto done, avowing her sympathy with the Italians in their struggle for constitutional liberty, but leaving them to work out for themselves what they had already so well begun. "It is most dangerous for us," said the Queen, "to offer to bind ourselves to a common action with the Emperor with regard to Italy, whilst he has entered into a variety of engagements with the different parties engaged in the dispute, of which we know nothing, and has objects in view which we can only guess at." On the 24th of January, Lord Palmerston, after an effective speech of Mr. Disraeli, assured the House of Commons that "Her Majesty's Government was totally free from any engagement whatever with any Foreign Power upon the affairs of Italy."* The Cabinet had refused to be persuaded by Lord Palmerston's Memorandum of January 5th, "and when the demand of France for the cession of Savoy, of which he had been for some days aware, came to be known, as in a few days it was sure to be, he could not but feel that, if it had found his Government under any pledge to France, not even his popularity could have withstood the storm of indignation which the intelligence would have provoked." On January 25th, the Prince Consort, in a letter to the Prince Regent of Prussia, remarking that "the principle not to impose any fixed form of

* A twelvemonth later, January, 1861, Mr. Disraeli, one of the visitors at Windsor Castle, mentioned to the Prince that the Conservatives "were anxious to strengthen the Government in a bold national policy." Mr. Disraeli added that they were ready to help Lord Palmerston "out of scrapes, if he got into any." This time-honoured rule of an honourable Opposition was strictly observed.

Government upon the Italians by force of arms is unquestionably the right one," continues:—

The Emperor Napoleon is in a cleft stick between his promises to the Italian Revolution, and those he has made to the Pope. The self-deceptive form of resolution which he has tried to effect by the Treaty of Villafranca, has but added to his difficulties by fettering him with new relations towards Austria. He would fain burst these meshes, and make use of us for the purpose. . . . People are frightened at the irresponsibility which, betwixt night and morning, may break with everything which they thought, when they went to bed, was too sacred to be touched.

On February 5th Lord John Russell wrote to the Queen that "French appetite for change is insatiable. It seems we are to have no rest in Europe." In reply Her Majesty wrote:—

We have been made regular dupes (which the Queen apprehended and warned against all along). The return to an English alliance, universal peace, respect for treaties, commercial fraternity, &c., &c., were the blinds to cover before Europe a policy of spoliation.

The Commercial Treaty * negotiated by Mr. Cobden between England and France was ratified on the 4th day of February, and Mr. Gladstone's remarkable effort of eloquence, the splendid speech which explained his Budget, carried the Treaty through a storm of opposition. Some severe remarks, however, were made in the House of Commons, with regard to the Emperor's conduct, and the Emperor in making the round of the diplomatic circle at the Tuileries the following night, addressed some hasty words, after the manner of Napoleon I., to the English Ambassador:—

"It was," said the Emperor, "really too bad. He had done all in his power to maintain a good understanding with England, but her conduct rendered this impossible. What had England to do with Savoy? And why was she not satisfied with the declaration he had made to me that he had no intention to annex Savoy to France without having previously obtained the consent of the Great Powers?"

Lord Cowley rejoined that the Emperor had never said that his action would depend on the consent of the Powers; and that had he been authorized to convey that assurance to his Government, England would have calmly awaited the decision at which the Great Powers might arrive. The Emperor then turned to the Russian Ambassador, who had been standing by, and

* Two days after the Treaty was signed, the Prince tells the Prince Regent of Prussia that it "will not give satisfaction here, because it gives France our coal and iron—the elements of our superiority hitherto—and in return, by loss of duties on wine and articles of luxury, causes us an immediate deficit in income of two millions sterling."

remarked that the conduct of England was inexplicable. Shortly afterwards the Emperor again came to Lord Cowley. This time, happily, no one was by, and the Ambassador had had time to think how to deal with the difficulty. He checked the "further progress of remarks in a direction already sufficiently dangerous, by saying that he considered himself justified in calling the Emperor's attention to the unusual course he had adopted in indulging in presence of the Russian Ambassador in animadversions on the conduct of England."

Leaving then the official tone, Lord Cowley appealed to the Emperor to consider whether he had been properly dealt with, remembering the personal regard and the anxiety to smooth over difficulties between the two Governments which in his official capacity he had always shown, even at the risk of exposing himself to being suspected of being more French than he ought to be.

The Emperor felt at once the mistake he had made, and begged Lord Cowley to think no more of what had occurred. His lordship, however, took the opportunity of putting the true state of the case before him, and thus in the end the Napoleonic address did good. The Queen wrote to her Foreign Minister that Lord Cowley deserved praise. Her Majesty continued:—

The circumstance is useful, as proving that the Emperor, if met with firmness, is more likely to retreat than if cajoled, and that the statesmen of Europe have much to answer for for having spoilt him in the last ten years by submission and cajolery. The expressions of the House of Commons have evidently much annoyed the Emperor, . . . but they have also had their effect in making him reflect. If Europe were to stand together and make a united declaration against the annexation of Savoy, the evil might still be arrested; but less than that will not suffice.

No such declaration, however, was made. The other Powers contented themselves with letting the French Emperor know that his theory of natural frontiers was one they could not admit, and that any attempt to apply it elsewhere would meet with general resistance. The arrangement between the Courts of the Tuileries and of Turin was accordingly carried out. Northern and Central Italy were erected into one kingdom with Sardinia; and the Emperor received the price of his consent.

Concerning Prussia, "as usual, timorous and undecided," the Prince wrote to Baron Stockmar:—

Prussia's position is a weak one, and will continue to be so as long as she does not morally dominate Germany; and to be herself German is the secret to bring this about. Nobody will be inclined to go to war about Savoy, but "*le concert Européen*" would be a powerful check to similar tricks in the future.

Shortly afterwards Russia began to speak openly the same lan-

guage as to the Treaty of Paris of 1856 which had been used by the French Court as to the Treaties of 1815. The Russian Minister at Vienna declared that no dynasty in France could hold its ground if unable to restore to France the territory taken from her in 1815; and unless the House of Romanoff succeeded in recovering the portion of Bessarabia of which Russia had been deprived by the Treaty of 1856, and in cancelling the Black Sea provisions of that treaty, it could not hold its ground. Russia, accordingly, began to renew her complaints against the Ottoman Government, and declared that in the event of a revolt she could not remain a tranquil spectator of the massacres which were certain to ensue. Prince Gortschakoff, however, was not able to carry out an "atrocious" agitation policy at that time. The French Emperor was not prepared to place himself in hostility to the Western Powers, nor did he agree, indeed, with Russia on the Eastern Question. But the time seemed to him opportune for pushing his designs on the Rhenish frontier. In a letter from Lord John Russell to Lord Cowley, we read:—

All my accounts show that Prussia is undermined by very active French agents, who distribute petitions for annexation to France. Prussia is told, as Austria has been told, that if she is robbed by a stronger neighbour she can rob a weaker neighbour in her turn.

Later on, the Queen wrote to King Leopold:—

The restlessness of our neighbour, and the rumours one hears, must destroy all confidence. Really, it is too bad! No country, no human being would ever dream of disturbing France; every one would be glad to see her prosperous. But she must needs disturb every quarter of the globe and try to make mischief and set every one by the ears.

By the beginning of June these feelings had gained strength; for the time the *entente cordiale* was at an end. The Queen wrote to Lord Palmerston:—

What is required, and is now attainable for the general security, is a mutual agreement between the three Powers—England, Austria, and Prussia—that each should make known to the other two any overture or proposition, direct or indirect, which either of the three may receive from France tending to any change of the existing state of territorial possession in Europe.

Steps were taken in this direction, and Lord John Russell's proposals were cordially responded to, especially by Prussia. The record of transactions in regard to external affairs we are unable from lack of space to follow.

In the month of May, while the French Emperor was increasing both his army and his fleet, it further seemed necessary to increase the national defences. Mr. Gladstone, however, was

strongly opposed to expenditure upon loans.¹ Writing to the Queen on the 24th May, the Premier says:—

Viscount Palmerston hopes to be able to overcome his objection; but if it should prove impossible, however great the loss to the Government by the retirement of Mr. Gladstone, it would be better to lose Mr. Gladstone than to run the risk of losing Portsmouth or Plymouth.

On the 17th March the Prince writes to Stockmar:—

Gladstone is now the real leader of the House of Commons, and works with an energy and vigour altogether incredible. . . . The Reform Bill is very democratic, but scarcely excites as much attention as a Turnpike Trust Bill.

The speech against lowering the franchise² made by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the Prince warmly praised: "It is a real masterpiece." Lord Palmerston, writing to the Queen the same night, said "it was eloquent without being wordy, and was closely argued throughout." Nobody cared for the Bill, and it was withdrawn.

On June 23rd the first of the great Volunteer reviews was held in Hyde Park. It was a great success. At Edinburgh, in August, was held the first great review of Scottish Volunteers, which, according to the Prince, put "the French as much out of humour as Messrs. Cobden and Bright." The Duchess of Kent joined the party from her charming residence at Cramond, near Edinburgh, where Her Royal Highness was staying for the summer.

"Mamma arrived," says Her Majesty's diary, "about a quarter to three, and waited with us, looking at the splendid scene,—Arthur's Seat covered with human beings, and the Volunteers with bands marching in from every direction on to the ground close in front of the

¹ Writing to Stockmar in May, the Prince says that Mr. Gladstone's finance had in view "forcing us into disarmament." "The Volunteers have already run up to 124,000 men." In June the Prince wrote: "Mr. Gladstone, in common with Bright and Cobden, looks to the recent Commercial Treaty for England's real and only defence."

² A prediction to which Sir Theodore Martin has given emphasis has been fulfilled to the letter in the present day:—"No doubt we shall have members just as anxious for what is called the honour of the country who will make high-sounding speeches against truckling to absolute sovereigns, and insist on the right of the House of Commons to become the garrulous confident of every secret which Cabinets would keep to themselves. But will the new representatives of the new constituency be as provident of practical defences as they may be lavish of verbal provocatives? Will they as readily submit to the taxation which is necessary to self-defence, so long as the world shall see wars commenced for the propagation of ideas, and peace concluded by the acquisition of dominions?" We may insert here a remark of Lord Aberdeen's, late in life. "Wisdom? Why this country is not governed by wisdom, but by talk. Who can talk will govern."

Palace. We waited long, watching everything from the window." . . . "It was magnificent," again wrote the Queen—"finer decidedly than in London. There were more men, and the scenery here is so splendid. That fine mountain, Arthur's Seat, was crowded with people to the very top; and the Scotch are very demonstrative in their loyalty. Lord Breadalbane, at the head of his Highlanders, was the very picture of a Highland chieftain."

In November, 1860, Prince Louis of Hesse arrived at Windsor Castle "on a visit." Shortly afterwards he was betrothed to Princess Alice; and the Queen's diary presents an interesting picture of how the engagement came about:—

After dinner, while talking to the gentlemen, I perceived Alice and Louis talking before the fire-place more earnestly than usual, and when I passed to go to the other room both came up to me, and Alice, in much agitation, said he had proposed to her, and he begged for my blessing. I could only squeeze his hand and say "Certainly," and that we would see him in our room later. Got through the evening, working as well as we could. Alice came to our room—agitated, but quiet. . . . Albert sent for Louis to his room, went first to him, and then called Alice and me in. . . . Louis has a warm, noble heart. We embraced our dear Alice and praised her much to him. He pressed and kissed my hand, and I embraced him. After talking a little we parted—a most touching, and, to me, most sacred moment.

We must pass over many of the deeply interesting events recorded in this portion of the volume, and proceed to quote a few passages from the closing pages. The English passenger steamer "Trent" was boarded on November 8, 1861, and Mr. Mason and his friends were forcibly removed by Captain Wilkes, in an American ship of war. On November 30, after the Cabinet meeting, Lord John Russell forwarded to the Queen the drafts of the despatches to be sent to our Ambassador. "They reached Windsor Castle in the evening, and doubtless occupied much of the Prince's thoughts, in the long hours of the winter morning, when he found sleep impossible." Ill as he was, he rose at seven, and before eight he brought to the Queen the draft of a memorandum in correction of Lord John Russell's principal despatch. "He could eat no breakfast," is the entry in her Majesty's diary, "and looked very wretched." He told the Queen he could hardly hold the pen in writing; and the *fac-simile* of the memorandum given in the present volume bears traces of his weakness.

¹ The document has a peculiar interest:—

"WINDSOR CASTLE, December, 1, 1861.

"The Queen returns these important drafts, which upon the whole she approves; but she cannot help feeling that the main draft—that for communication to the American Government—is somewhat meagre. She should have liked to have seen the expression of a hope that the American captain did not act under instructions, or, if he did, that he misapprehended them,—that the United States Government must be

Yet never had the Prince's suggestions been more statesman-like or more successful. His amendments were cordially adopted by Lord John, and Lord Palmerston thought them "excellent." Probably, under God, his action spared England and the United States the horrors of a war.¹ When the amended despatch reached America, and before it was placed in Mr. Seward's hands, he told our Ambassador that "everything depended upon the wording of it," and begged, as a personal favour, to be permitted to read it before receiving it officially. Lord Lyons wrote:—

Almost immediately afterwards he came here. He told me he was pleased to find that the despatch was courteous and friendly—no dictatorial or menacing. His task of reconciling his Government to a pacific course—no easy one—was thus greatly simplified.

On November 28th, the Prince felt himself rather better, though aching and chilly—*noch immer recht miserable*. He had been unwell some time. The 1st of December was a Sunday. Her Majesty writes in her diary:—

He went with us to chapel, but looked very wretched and ill. Still he insisted on going through all the kneeling. . . . Albert came to our family dinner, but could eat nothing—yet he was able to talk and even to tell stories. After dinner he sat quietly listening to Alice and Marie (Leiningen) playing, and went to bed at half-past 10, in hopes to get to sleep. I joined him at half-past 11, and he said he was shivering with cold and could not sleep at all.

On the 3rd there was greater uneasiness:—

Another night of wakeful restlessness followed. A little sleep which the Prince had from six to eight in the morning filled the Queen with hope and thankfulness. But the distaste for food continued. He would take nothing—hardly any broth, no rusk or bread—nothing. My anxiety is great, and I feel utterly lost, when he, to whom I confide all, is in such a listless state, and hardly smiles! . . . Sir James (Clark) arrived, and was grieved to see no more improvement, but not discouraged.

fully aware that the British Government could not allow its flag to be insulted and the security of her mail communications to be placed in jeopardy; and her Majesty's Government are unwilling to believe that the United States Government intended wantonly to put an insult upon this country, and to add to their many distressing complications by forcing a question of dispute upon us; and that we are therefore glad to believe that, upon a full consideration of the circumstances of the undoubted breach of international law committed, they would spontaneously offer such redress as alone could satisfy this country—viz., the restoration of the unfortunate passengers and a suitable apology."

¹ Congress had passed a vote of thanks to Captain Wilkes. In this crisis the Emperor of the French proved his loyalty to England by a prompt and plain declaration; Austria, Prussia, and Russia, took a similar course.

On the 6th, Dr. Jenner broke the intelligence to the Queen that the illness was gastric or low fever; it must have its course, viz., a month, dating from the beginning, which he thought was November 22nd, the day the Prince went to Sandhurst, a day of incessant rain. Her Majesty notes that "his manner all along was so unlike himself, and he had sometimes such a strange, wild look." We read:—

The listlessness and the irritability, so foreign to the Prince's nature, but so characteristic of his disease, continued; and at times his mind would wander. . . . When her Majesty returned to him after dinner, on the 8th December, she records with a touching simplicity, "He was so pleased to see me—stroked my face, and smiled and called me 'Liebes Frauchen' ('dear little wife'). . . . Precious love! His tenderness this evening, when he held my hands, and stroked my face, touched me so much—made me so grateful."

On the 10th there seemed to be some improvement; and on the 11th the Queen records "Another good night, for which I thank and bless God." But on the 12th the fever increased. On the 14th the end was near:—

"About half-past five," her Majesty writes, "I went in and sat down beside his bed, which had been wheeled towards the middle of the room. 'Gutes Frauchen,' he said, and kissed me, and then gave a sort of piteous moan, or rather sigh, not of pain, but as if he felt that he was leaving me, and laid his head upon my shoulder, and I put my arm under his. But the feeling passed away again, and he seemed to wander and to doze, and yet know all. Sometimes I could not catch what he said. Occasionally he spoke French. Alice came in and kissed him, and he took her hand. Bertie, Helena, Louise, and Arthur came in, one after the other, and took his hand, and Arthur kissed it. But he was dozing, and did not perceive them. Then he opened his dear eyes, and asked for Sir Charles Phipps, who came in and kissed his hand, but then again his dear eyes were closed. General Grey and Sir Thomas Biddulph each came in and kissed his hand, and were dreadfully overcome. It was a terrible moment, but, thank God! I was able to command myself, and to be perfectly calm, and remained sitting by his side."

* * * * *

The Queen had retired for a little to the adjoining room, but, hearing the Prince's breathing become worse, she returned to the sick-chamber. She found the Prince bathed in perspiration, which the doctors said might be an effort of nature to throw off the fever. Bending over him she whispered, "*Es ist kleines Frauchen!*" ("Tis your own little wife!") and he bowed his head and kissed her. At this time he seemed half dozing, quite calm, and only wishing to be left quiet and undisturbed, "as he used to be when tired and not well."

Again, as the evening advanced, her Majesty retired to give way to her grief in the adjoining room. She had not long been gone, when a rapid change set in, and the Princess Alice was requested by Sir

James Clark to ask her Majesty to return. The import of the summons was too plain. When the Queen entered, she took the Prince's left hand, "which was already cold, though the breathing was quite gentle," and knelt down by his side. On the other side of the bed was the Princess Alice, while at its feet knelt the Prince of Wales and the Princess Helena. Not far from the foot of the bed were Prince Ernest Leiningen, the physicians, and the Prince's valet Löhlein. General the Hon. Robert Bruce knelt opposite to the Queen, and the Dean of Windsor, Sir Charles Phipps, and General Grey were also in the room.

In the solemn hush of that mournful chamber there was such grief as has rarely hallowed any deathbed. A great light, which had blessed the world, and which the mourners had but yesterday hoped might long bless it, was waning fast away. A husband, a father, a friend, a master, endeared by every quality by which man in such relations can win the love of his fellow-man, was passing into the Silent Land, and his loving glance, his wise counsels, his firm manly thought should be known among them no more. The Castle clock chimed the third quarter after ten. Calm and peaceful grew the beloved form; the features settled into the beauty of a perfectly serene repose; two or three long but gentle breaths were drawn; and the great soul had fled, to seek a nobler scope for its aspirations in the world within the veil, for which it had often yearned, where there is rest for the weary, and where "the spirits of the just are made perfect."

ART. VI.—THE CHURCH IN WALES.

IN the year 1811, the Calvinistic Methodists of Wales, as I explained in the February Number of THE CHURCHMAN, seceded from the communion of the Church of England. They then formed themselves into an independent body of dissenters; they became numerous and powerful; they exercised great influence in forming the character and fashioning the habits of the Welsh people in their social and religious tendencies during the first quarter, and for some years beyond the first quarter, of the present century. Methodism as taught by John Elias, Ebenezer Morris, and their contemporaries, left its mark, and stamped its image on a large and respectable portion of my countrymen; that mark and image have not yet been effaced, but they are wearing away; their outlines are gradually diminishing and disappearing; the Welsh Methodists of the present day are losing the spirit and deviating from the ways of their forefathers.

The other two leading sections of Dissent in the Principality, —the Congregationalist and the Baptist—existed before the year 1811, when the Calvinistic Methodists severed their connexion with the Church. Their history can be traced back to the time