

march of Maurice of Saxony on Innsbruck in 1551, the book comes to an abrupt end. The Tridentine Fathers broke up hastily as the heretical forces drew nearer, and when they met again, ten years later, they were "in purpose and nature a new assembly. They met no longer with a pretence of desiring peace, but to equip and renovate the Roman Communion for the reconquest of its lost dominions."

Mr. Froude insists throughout on the insincerity of the Roman Curia in everything relating to reforms and to a General Council, and, we believe, rightly. The searching inquiry which must have resulted from a General Council would have been largely directed at the sources of the Papal income. Probably a determined effort would have been made to abolish many of the Papal exactions of which Churchmen complained so bitterly. Pope and Curia were alike concerned vitally. In stating and emphasising their opposition, Mr. Froude has said little or nothing which is open to objection. But while concurring in his condemnation of the Pope, can we agree with his acquittal of Charles V.? To our thinking Pope and Emperor must receive the same sentence; both sacrificed large interests for their own personal and dynastic ends. But let us hear Mr. Froude's account of the Diet of Worms in 1521. "The Diet did not, could not acquit Luther. A majority in the great Council of the Empire could not . . . sanction an open breach with the established order of the world." Apart from the *suggestio falsi* contained in the word "majority," more than half the Diet had gone home before the Decree of Worms was published—we must submit that this is a most inaccurate account of the matter.

Charles wanted the support of Pope Leo in his struggle with Francis I., and the price of that support was that he should issue or induce the Diet to issue a decree against Luther. Charles thought and acted as a Hapsburg, not as a German. It was perhaps only natural that he should put dynastic before imperial interests. But it is none the less certain that in 1521 he had his chance and lost it. Never again was he to have before him an united and loyal Germany. Had he in 1521 put himself at the head of the German opposition to the Papacy, and demanded a reform in the discipline of the Church (we do not say the doctrine, that is a very different matter), the Pope could scarcely have refused. The Reformation might then have taken the form suggested by the events of 1438. There would have arisen a number of National churches, each largely autonomous; the Pragmatic Sanctions of Mainz and Bourges would have been re-enacted in a wider form. Such a Reformation was accomplished, as we know, in England. And to Germany such a Reformation might have brought political unity. But the opportunity was lost, and did not occur again. In effect, Charles V. betrayed the interests of the German nation; for the events of 1521 we must hold him quite as blameworthy as Leo X. himself.

There is little in the book with which we have to quarrel on the score of accuracy; the facts that Mr. Froude states are more or less well established. The prevailing bias makes his tone and habit of language very unfair to the other side, but then we have explained that we do not look for impartiality in Mr. Froude's work. There are, however, one or two points to which we would take exception. In speaking of the sack of Rome (p. 87), he hints that Attila is to be numbered among the takers of that city. The name "Protestant" does not appear after the formation of the League of Schmalkald (p. 95), but some eighteen months before. Francis I. was not "forced to sue for peace at Cr  py" (p. 158); the request came from Charles, whose forces were rapidly dwindling away during the march on Paris. When at the end of Lecture VII. Mr. Froude is discussing the state of Germany at the time of the opening of the Council of Trent, he omits all mention of the fact that the League of Schmalkald had just decided to have nothing to do with the Council, and had been supported in their resolution by a tract on the Papacy, in which Luther surpassed himself in venom and scurrility—a very serious omission and a curious comment on the Lutheran demand for a Council. For the rest we commend this book to our readers. The latest work of a master of English prose, it does not yield in interest to anything he has given us before.

CLEG KELLY.*

Cleg was a mighty man of war from his infancy. He fought his father and the "poliss," and well-nigh every one in his city and neighbourhood that he did not fight for. He was in scrapes and perils every hour, but he had ninety and nine lives. He was starved and buffeted, yet his vitality was inexhaustible. He never turned his other cheek to the smiter, only smote back again lustily. His language was vigorously profane, and in a wordy encounter his foes would have been at as great a disadvantage as when he met them with fists. In fact, he was a boy, in the most aggravated sense of the word, one of bad repute and no up-bringing at all. Mr. Crockett revels in him, encourages his pranks in the most shameless way, and in the whole of his intercourse with him never gives him a single tract. Those who were ambitious of exerting a moral influence over Cleg had disappointment for their portion, or else were drawn by him into most questionable pursuits and company—Miss Celie Tennant, for instance, a young lady longing to save the souls of the young arabs of the Sooth Back, but possessed nevertheless of godless sympathies with their pranks, and a hearty sense of humour. This incident may not be probable. If so, more is the pity.

"Mind, say *As sure as daith*, an' ye'll cut your throat, gin ye tell," said Cleg, very earnestly, "an' I'll tell ye—aye, an' make ye a member!"

Then he made with blood (his own) the sign of a cross on her palm. "It's no juist exactly richt, no to hae your ain blood, ye ken!" he explained, gravely; "but as ye dinna tell so mony lees as the boys, maybe mine will do as weel this time to take your oath with"—and Miss Celie was "a *bona-fide* acting member of the Sooth Back Gang," a most aggressively warlike crew, that left her the very first night to punish an enemy desperately on the highway. "After five well-spent and happy minutes, the Club entered wiping its brow, and . . . sat patiently down to endure its Scripture lesson."

Mr. Crockett has to lead Cleg by his own stormy ways to the level of a worthy citizen. And with a burglar for a father, the streets for his schoolroom, and no kind of pious temperament, this is not very easy. More important influences even than the companionship of the spirited Miss Celie, were the family responsibilities that came on him at an early age, the care of the miserable children of a drunken mother. This makes a man of him, while to all appearance he is still a very noisy, fighting, troublesome, and most unchristian lad. For a long time, indeed nearly all through, no fault can be found with Mr. Crockett's history of him. With his high spirits, saucy temper, and grit, Kelly was sure to fall on his feet. He was not sentimental, or meditative, or unworldly. He could make a bargain for himself as bravely as he could fight those who bullied his friends. He had the virtues and the courage of a man of the world. Cleg's street-boy's temperament is nowhere better described than in his state of mind when he found himself on the lonely hill above the signalman's hut. "His active frame did not stand idleness well. He grew distracted with the silence and the wide spaces of air and sunshine about him. He longed to hear the thunderous rattle of the coal-carts coming out of the station of St. Leonards. He missed the long wolf's howl of the seasoned South Side coalman." And it is this that makes Clegg's employment in Theophilus Ruff's eerie, dreary house seem a cruelty which he would not have borne. The melancholy story of Ruff and a few other incidents are fragments inserted, we think, just a little irrelevantly. And one more criticism: we are sure the Clegg we know, with the gift of speech which the quick-witted practical man has ever readier than his more meditative, imaginative friend, would not have lagged so far behind the poetical Kit Kennedy in the graces of love-making. We have no other fault to find with this lively book save that it escapes description. It is boyishly roystering and philanthropic at the same time. It paints the very blackest things in city life, and is radiantly optimistic; it brings us into the company of more than one domestic saint, but it rejoices in the strength of a young savage.

* "Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City." By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)