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NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

To him who, in some degree, knows himself, and has learnt to compare his poor attempts at obedience to the Divine law, with that unerring obedience of instinct which characterises the inferior orders of creation, human life must sometimes afford a prospect calculated to make the timid soul start back with affright at the thoughts of those many deviations from the path of duty which may possibly disgrace it in the remaining part of his earthly career. Take up the Christian Directory when and where you will, and look at life at what period you may, it is a mysterious, an awful gift to every human being. The spirit shrinks before its responsibilities, dreading to have been entrusted, in vain, with time, with talents, with sympathies, with affections, with bonds of brotherhood, with all those beautiful outward symbols of divine power and love which find in the human soul a faculty fitted to understand and apply them, with "the glorious gospel of the blessed God;" with the promise of answers to our prayers, and grace to help in every time of need. Who that takes into his contemplations but the half of these blessings, nay, only any one of them, but does not feel that it is a solemn thing to BE, and be one of those creatures, high in endowment and rich in expectation, gifted beyond all power of human calculation, who may yet pervert the glorious and kind arrangements of the Deity to the lowest purposes, love darkness rather than light, and not only forego happiness and honours beyond the reach of our conception, but turn the very instruments of good into just reasons for his own condemnation? And who, when lifting up the warning voice to other men, has not sometimes experienced the sickening thought of possible or deeper failure in himself? He turns from such surveys

"A sadder, yet a wiser man."

He learns more, in a few minutes, from such a view of the responsibilities of human life, than from all the written or spoken wisdom of other men; and may, if he pleases, dispense more of the true doctrine of Christ in such an

hour, than the critical scholar can confer on the world through years of varied labours, for then it is that just measure is taken of human strength and weakness. The grand object of living stands out in bold relief, and the coming years

“ Do take a sober colouring from the eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.”

The dawning of a New-Year's Day is one of those periods when, if ever, the spirit may be supposed to be awake to contemplations like these. We open our eyes upon a world which looks indeed just as it did yesterday, but to our *minds* it cannot seem the same. Last night, we think, another of those rolling years which swell the grand account between the world and its Creator was completed. The balance of last year's good and evil was struck. We, too, a portion of God's family, with our own responsibilities to him and to our fellow-creatures, have, each in his individual capacity, fulfilled one more of those portions of time allotted to us for the work he has given us to do. We look behind and before. Either way there are unperishing things. Our memory may trace out many actual delusions in our past pursuits, but, let them have been as empty and unsubstantial in reality as possible, still their traces on the character may be deep and permanent. Though the friends we have loved may be gone from us like a cloud, and experience has taught us that riches take to themselves wings and fly away; though the grand and beautiful of nature or art may have been given to our eyes but for a few hours, yet the feeling has been awakened, the lesson learnt, the memory stored. And again, though the immediate ill effects of many of our faults may have been done away, yet some of the spiritual evil probably remains deep in our hearts. Habits have been contracted which must be broken through,—a weary work for the coming year. Happy for us, if, even from these bitter roots, we learn to extract some nourishment for our better nature, some lesson of self-denial, some fresh convictions of the infinite value of an Everlasting Friend and a Comforter who can neither be unfaithful nor weary.

But we look too at the less humiliating sources from whence good has come to us. Kind arrangements of Providence have often rendered duty sweet in all its stages. There have been visitings of cheerful thoughts, sights of childish happiness and peaceful old age; we have had the ever-varying aspects of nature, the view of all that fair progeny which deck our gardens or blossom in our hedge-rows, constantly directing our hearts into the love of him who made them all so beautiful. We have had some pleasant associations with our earthly houses of prayer, some seasons of comfort in approaching the memorials of our Saviour's love, and more than all, if we have duly sought them,

“ Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repaired our strength,
And fainting spirits upheld.”

These and a thousand other influences have been poured out upon us from the fountains of mercy and love. We have had them at morning dawn and evening close. How touching is the remembrance of them! How dreadful the thought of standing in a world so rich in mementos of its Creator, unbuked and unimproved! Well may we bow down our heads in the dust and say, “From all blindness and hardness of heart, God, in his mercy, deliver us!”

But, during this portion of life, we have not been merely acted upon; we

have been giving out, as well as receiving influence, through the year that is past. No action of ours has been totally unconnected with the world in which we live; and if we cannot press the ground with our feet without producing some impression upon it, nor move, nor speak, without putting in action the element in which we breathe, far less are our operations upon the immaterial part of creation to be disregarded. Much of the influence we exert over others is indeed direct and designed; but by far the most important part of our agency is that which is less obvious, but constant in its operations. It is by means of this almost imperceptible stream of influence that we may notice the gradual wearing down of a good habit or a once sturdy principle in a family or a nation, the adoption of bad fashions or worldly maxims, a lowering of the standard of morality, a substitution of popular for conscientious judgments: and by it we may also, though, alas! more rarely, see brighter views and kindlier feelings springing up around us; sometimes, but yet more rarely still, a kind of excellence is produced, better than that to which mere imitation of a fellow-creature would ever lead, better than that which is founded on the mere desire to communicate or receive present happiness, a desire to be faithful and true servants to God in every thing. Here, then, is another ground for self-examination. Has our secret influence, the best, the most effectual sort of influence, been of a salutary kind? "Would you wish to be loved by your fellow-creature?" said one of the best and purest philanthropists that ever lived. "Begin then by loving *him*." Would you have your friends reformed? Reform yourself. Would you inculcate religious duties? Be religious. But, alas! seldom as it is that duty has not the homage of the tongue, her best praises do not often come up before us in the loud, consenting, unequivocal language of the heart and life. Happy for us if conscience condemn us not in that which she alloweth!

In pointing out thoughts like these as the natural result of meditation at this season of the year, let it not be supposed that we consider them as less incumbent at other times, or wish to countenance that artificial, periodical devotion which gathers together for a few special seasons the solemn impressions which ought rather to be distributed over our whole lives. In fact, with the close of every day the circle of a year is completed, and the *natural* divisions of time seem to point out to us incomparably better than any others the most appropriate periods for reflection and preparation for the labours of life. It is when the curtain of night falls over the outward creation, and the mind feels its need of repose, that God himself seems to have marked out an hour for balancing our great account with him, "an hour," says Sir Thomas Brown, "so like death, that I dare not trust it without my prayers and an half adieu to the world." And again, when the cheerful sun uprises, and creation is bathed in a new flood of living light, when thoughts of the day's duties or pleasures come pouring upon us, it would seem no easy task to escape from the influences of those hours, prompting us to thankfulness and prayer, did not memory bring us the sad records of insensibility to many a warning of these impressive monitors.

But all the past is nothing, if it be not for the improvement of the present. We commenced with the more dispiriting view of human infirmity, let us finish with the better thought of Almighty power. We begun in weakness, let us end in strength. To fix our contemplations on good rather than evil, one would think were an easy task; but experience proves that it is far harder than we suppose. Yet let us only imagine the state of that man's mind whose eye is ever turned towards the Fountain of Good, whose practical

habit it is to believe that God is in every pure and noble emotion of the heart, who in fact believes that God and goodness are one, and how is the darkness of this world cheered, and every outward object enlivened by that most reviving contemplation! On this, then, let us fix our eyes; here let our weariness find repose. The cause of the Creator, the Father, the Friend of all, is bound up with that of human virtue and improvement, and we believe that it is not "in height or depth," or any created thing, to separate them.

NEGRO SLAVERY.*

IF a spirit from some higher region were moved by curiosity to visit our planet, what, in the circuit of the globe, would most excite his wonder and dismay? There is much in every inhabited clime which to a celestial mind must appear "most strange, most pitiful;" much which cannot but draw down "tears such as angels weep." Here, oppression and answering degradation; there, lawlessness and violence; here, abject superstition; there, rebellion against the common Father. In one country, the heavenly visitant would behold how the natives of the soil are driven back into the wastes to perish, not by destitution merely, but by the vices and diseases imparted by their usurping conquerors. In another, he would mourn to see how the imperishable mind is shrouded in thick darkness, and the immortal soul buried in sensual degradation. In a third, he would wonder at the dominion of an idolatry, whose rites, too impure to meet the eye of day, are lighted by the unholy fires of human sacrifice. But he would remember that these slaves, these sufferers, these agonized victims, have not yet been offered the liberty, the security and the peace of the gospel. He would joyfully anticipate the hour when the announcement of these glad tidings should be the signal for universal emancipation. He would count the days till the influences of Christianity should protect the Indian in his forest glades, spiritualize the relations of savage society, exalt the apathy of the Hindoo into heroism, and tame the ferocity of the Tartar into gentleness. He would expect with confidence that wherever this influence was acknowledged, freedom and purity would prevail. He would expect to see the limbs set free from chains, and the mind only subjected to that mild yoke which was not imposed by human hands. He would suppose that common rights would be respected, universal gifts equally shared, and domestic relations sanctified by the benignant operation of a power adequate to these purposes, and ultimately destined to fulfil them; and with this hope he would turn to Christian lands. What would he see there? Much to disappoint, and much to encourage. Much external inconsistency, weakness, and depravity; but also much internal purity and strength; many abuses, but a secret power of rectification; great cause for mourning, but more for hope. But if he should at length arrive at a region where all the degradation, all the cruelty, all the sensuality, all the impiety of the worst heathen lands prevail, notwithstanding the influences of Christianity, and under its pretended sanction, what could he think

* The Death Warrant of Negro-Slavery throughout the British Dominions. London: Hatchard and Son, and Arch. 1829. Pp. 38.

of such an anomaly? If he found that this region was closely connected with one more powerful, where a continual war is waged with oppression and vice, would not his wonder increase? If he further saw that the oppressed were many, the oppressors few, and that these few were under the controul of a power which professed to advocate truth and justice, how could he account for the existence of such an abomination? If England is free, how can she countenance slavery in her West Indian dependencies? If England loves justice, why does she permit oppression? If England is Christian, why does she encourage the temporal and spiritual degradation of her brethren? The anomaly has long appeared no less strange to mortal than celestial eyes, and the question has been rung in the ears of men till many are heart-sick and some are weary: but it must be asked again and again, till the insolent bravado, the irrelevant complaint, the contemptible excuse, are silenced; till not a single minister of the gospel can be found (we hope there is but one) to declare that slavery is sanctioned by the law of liberty; till the indignant remonstrance of millions ceases to be withstood by the puny insults of individuals; till appeals to the heart are no longer answered by appeals to the purse. Let us not be told that enough has been said already, that men are disgusted with details of barbarity, and wearied with the repetition of facts which every body knows, and arguments which there are few to dispute. It is true, we *are* thus weary and disgusted, and therefore should we labour the more diligently till the abuses are removed of which we complain. It is most painful to think on the condition of our Negro brethren; of their tortured bodies, their stunted intellects, their perverted affections, their extorted labour, their violated homes: but the more painful such thoughts, the more rapid and energetic should be our exertions to banish them for ever by extinguishing the evils which suggest them. Are the friends of the slave less disgusted than ourselves? Having struggled for years against this enormous evil, are they less weary of it than we? Have we a right to complain of discouragement, while they have persevered amidst difficulty, and hoped almost against hope? They have pursued this pest of humanity with unremitting watchfulness, they have grappled with it, brought it to light and justice, and now, we are told, have prepared its death warrant. We hope it is so, for it is full time. We believe that it is so; for if human prejudice can gainsay the arguments of such upright minds, if selfishness can withstand such appeals to natural sympathy, if the love of power can long maintain a struggle with such a holy spirit of justice, as have been employed in this cause, we shall not know where to repose our confidence, and our trust in the triumph of righteousness will be shaken. The time is, we trust, arrived, for which patriots and philanthropists have so long watched in vain. Many eyes have of late been opened; many sleeping energies aroused; many perverted views rectified; and what wonder, when the subject has been presented to them as in the pamphlet before us?

This pamphlet consists of a republication of two articles of review on the topic of Colonial Slavery. The first of these articles appeared in the Edinburgh Review of October 1824, and the other in the Westminster Review of October 1829. They are of the first order of excellence both as to style and matter; and a more efficacious service to the cause of the slave could not, we conceive, have been rendered, than by reissuing them in such a form as may make them accessible to every reader in the kingdom. Their object is not so much to set forth the wrongs and woes of the slave, (which had before been done sufficiently,) as to shew with whom lies the power of taming the tyrants and reinstating the oppressed, to point out how easily

such a power may be exercised, and how contemptible is the utmost opposition which can be anticipated.

There is not a heart actuated by the common feelings of humanity—we will not say in a Christian country, but in any country, which would not be moved by a recital of the wrongs of the slaves in our colonies, and therefore a bare statement of the facts which have been perseveringly adduced by their advocates form a strong and universal appeal. Every man in every country feels that it can never be right to torture women, to condemn men to exile and toil, to separate children from their mothers, to subject the helpless to the violence of the strong, to make life one scene of hardship, pain, and degradation. The debased Hindoo and the contemplative Indian would here be of one mind with the British philanthropist. Men in civilized countries who regard only the temporal condition of their race (if such men there be) are ready to join in the universal cry against the abuse of unlawful power, and though they look no further than the toils and sufferings of a day, though they believe that the consequences of oppression extend no further than the grave, they burn with indignation that that day of life should be embittered beyond endurance, and that grave become the resting-place of beings more degraded and less happy than the brutes. But to those who know anything of the life and beauty of religion, to those especially who have been made free in the liberty of the gospel, the whole matter assumes a new form and appears in different proportions. Like others, they burn to unlock the fetters which enchain the limbs, to restore the exile to his home, and the freeborn to his rights; but they feel that there are worse fetters than those which confine the limbs—the iron which enters into the soul. They feel that the oppressed are, by oppression, rendered unfit for a better home than the hut beneath the plantain; that the highest rights are those which constitute man a citizen of heaven. Thus feels every Christian. If he feels not thus, he usurps the name. But there are yet other considerations which occur to those who believe themselves to be possessed of divine truth in its purity: there are obligations which press peculiarly upon them.

To the most enlightened is confided a charge of surpassing importance. To them is appointed the care of the universal mind of their race. Every spiritual privilege which they enjoy involves an obligation; every gift imposes a corresponding responsibility. The same radiance of truth which displays the glories of the world of mind, lights their path to the darkest abodes of ignorance and vice. The same hand which presents the lever by which they are to move the moral world, points out the spot where they may plant their foot. The celestial life, by which their own frame is animated, they are enabled and commissioned to impart to all who are fainting under oppression, or dead in ignorance and guilt. In proportion as truth is discovered to be beautiful, should fellow minds be awakened to its contemplation; in proportion as virtuous pleasures swell high in the heart, should their overflowings be poured into the bosoms of others. For this cause is it that human sympathies are imparted; for this cause is it that they become tenderer and warmer as the mind is more fully informed by the wisdom which is from above. For this cause is it that “as face answereth to face in water, so is the heart of man;” and that the tumults of passion which agitate the bosoms of our Negro brethren, awaken an answering throb in our own; and that the deadness of their despair casts a chill over our hopes on their behalf. To us, (for we must not, while appropriating the privileges of pure religion, evade the responsibility which it imposes,) to us is confided the task of watching over whatever is feeble in intellect,—of animating

whatever is dull, of cherishing whatever is weak, of informing whatever is vacant in the mind of man, wherever our influence extends; and we know not that that influence has any boundary short of the limits of the globe. We are told that the world has become one vast whispering gallery, and that the faintest accents of science are heard from the remotest regions of the earth. If this be true of science, in which the multitude of every country have no interest, how much more true must it be of that which is better than science; of that which already finds an echo in every bosom, and will, in time, make a herald of every tongue! The law of liberty is engraved on every heart, and conscience is its universal exponent: if the interpreter sleep, or if he interpret unfaithfully, it is given to those who have the power, to rouse him from indolence and to expose his deceptions. We are bound to warn, to oppose, to disarm all who despise and break through this natural law; and, in behalf of the oppressed, to carry on against the oppressors a war which admits neither peace nor truce.

It is appointed to us to mark the movements of the universal human soul; to direct its powers, to controul its tendencies, to develop its capabilities, to animate its exertions, while we present to it ample scope and adequate objects. If we see any portion of it cramped, blinded, and deadened, it is our part to remove the evil influence, or to resist if we cannot remove it. And in what portion of the human race is mind more debased and intellect more stunted than in the slaves of the West Indies? Some are still inspired by a love of liberty; some would still, if they dared, sing, by the streams of their captivity, the songs of their own land; some yet retain sufficient sense of their rights to mutter deep curses against their tyrants, and to long for one moment's freedom that they might dash his little ones against the stones: but many are sunk into a state of apathy more hopeless even than vice, a despair more painful than the tumult of revengeful passions. Such beings advance a claim upon us which we cannot resist. We are as much bound to interpose on their behalf as to afford bread to our dependants, and instruction to the children of our families. If they loudly call upon us for our alliance, we cannot refuse it. If they do not, we must bend our ear to catch the faintest breathings of their complaint. If none such are heard, the double duty devolves upon us of warring against the tyrant and arousing the slave to the contest. The more insensible the slave, the stronger is the proof of his degradation; the deeper the apathy which we have to dispel, the more withering must have been the gripe of tyranny. This gripe must be loosened by the friends of the slave, for the slave has himself no power. In this case, force must be opposed by force, and usurpation by authority; brute force must be met by the might of reason; and usurpation put down by the authority of justice. Knowledge is power, and wisdom confers authority; and if we really believe (as we have often deliberately asserted), that, by the blessing of the universal Father, the highest knowledge and the purest wisdom have been placed within our reach, we must accept the office connected with their possession, and fulfil the conditions on which they are communicated. In the primeval days, when the earth shone in its newly created beauty, and the human race was in its infancy, God himself vouchsafed to be the visible guardian of his people. By visible signs, by audible communion, he guided and warned and sustained them. In later times, he withdrew himself in part from the cognizance of the external senses, and spoke by prophets and righteous men. Now the eye sees him not, the ear hears him not, and no external manifestations of his presence are given; yet the eye of the mind has been so far purified, the ear of the understanding may

be so intently fixed, that his presence cannot be doubted nor his commissions refused. There are now no prophets among men, but there are still delegates from the Most High; and every man who accepts his revelation is bound to announce his judgments, and to assert his will; and the more distinct the revelation, the more awful should be the announcement, the more steadfast the assertion. He was pleased himself to release the Israelites from their captivity to Pharaoh; and if he has now appointed us to lead out our brethren from a worse than Egyptian bondage to a state of higher privilege than any under the old dispensation, we must not protract the work; for the time has been already too long delayed. Their bodily slavery at an end, a long and difficult task has to be accomplished in teaching them to enjoy their freedom, and in making them understand to whose mercy they owe it, and to whose gentle yoke they ought to offer themselves.

These things cannot be taught them while they remain in their present state. We who are free know nothing of a morality or a religion of which freedom is not the basis. We can teach only what we have learned, and we have learned from the Bible; and what is there in that volume which a slave can appropriate? A new Bible must be made for him if he wants a manual of duty suitable to his present state; for no changing, no cutting out, no suppression, no interdiction can make our gospel a book for the slave. In the first chapter we read, that God made man in his own image and blessed him; in the last, that the leaves of the tree of life are for the healing of the nations, and that all who are athirst may drink freely of the water of life? But who can discern the image of God in the slave; and what is it but mockery to invite him to the tree and the waters of life? In every intermediate chapter, in every dispensation by which the mind of man is led on to larger views and loftier expectations, in the intrepidity of prophets, the fervour of saints, the heroism of martyrs, the sanctity of apostles, and above all, in the serene majesty of the prince of our salvation, we find a truth which is veiled from the eye of a slave, a promise in which he cannot participate, and a beauty which, as a slave, he will never perceive. The motives of the gospel cannot be urged upon minds which have no share in its promises, and can form no estimate of its privileges.

“The immorality and irreligion of the slaves are the necessary consequences of their political and personal degradation. They are not considered by the law as human beings, and they have, therefore, in some measure, ceased to be human beings. They must become men before they can become Christians. A great effect may, under fortunate circumstances, have been wrought on particular individuals; but those who believe that any extensive effect can be produced by religious instruction on this miserable race, may believe in the famous conversion wrought by St. Anthony on the fish. Can a preacher prevail on his hearers strictly to fulfil their conjugal duties, in a country where no protection is given to their conjugal rights; in a country where the husband and wife may, at the pleasure of the master, or by a process of law, be, in an instant, separated for ever? Can he persuade them to rest on the Sunday, in colonies where the law appoints that time for the markets? Is there any lesson which a Christian minister is more solemnly bound to teach, is there any lesson which it is, in a religious point of view, more important for a convert to learn, than that it is a duty to refuse obedience to the unlawful commands of superiors? Are the new pastors of the slaves to inculcate this principle or not? In other words, are the slaves to remain uneducated in the fundamental laws of Christian morality, or are their teachers to be hanged? This is the alternative. We all remember that it was made a charge against Mr. Smith that he had read an inflammatory chapter of the Bible to his congregation! Excellent encouragement for their future teachers

‘to declare unto them,’ according to the expression of an old divine, far too Methodistical to be considered as an authority in the West Indies, ‘the whole counsel of God!’—P. 7.

Nor is there more hope that we can agree with the master on the most important questions of morality than that we can teach the slave.

“The people of the West Indies seem to labour under an utter ignorance of the light in which their system is altogether viewed in England. When West Indian magistrates apply the term ‘wretch’ to a Negro who is put to death for having failed in an attempt at resistance, the people of England do not consider him as a ‘wretch,’ but as a good and gallant man, dying in the best of causes,—the resistance to oppression, by which themselves hold all the good that they enjoy. They consider him as a soldier fallen in the advance-guard of that combat, which is only kept from themselves, because somebody else is exposed to it further off. If the murdered Negro is a ‘wretch,’ then an Englishman is a ‘wretch’ for not bowing his head to slavery whenever it invites him. The same reason that makes the white Englishman’s resistance virtuous and honourable, makes the black one’s too; it is only a regiment with different facings, fighting in the same cause. Will these men never know the ground on which they stand? Can nothing make them find out, that the universal British people would stand by and cheer on their dusky brethren to the assault, if it was not for the solitary hope that the end may be obtained more effectually by other means? It is not true that the people of England believe that any set of men, here or any where, can, by any act of theirs, alter the nature of slavery, or make that not robbery which was robbery before. They can make it robbery according to law—the more is the pity that the power of law-making should be in such hands; but this is the only inference. All moral respect for such laws—all submission of the mind, as to a rule which it is desirable to obey and honourable to support—is as much out of the question, as if a freebooter were to lay down a scale of punishment for those who should be found guilty of having lifted a hand against his power.”—P. 35.

Our only method of teaching morality to master and slave is by removing the obstacles in the way of those truths which must be learned by all, some time or other, in this world or the next. We must shew the masters that they are culprits, and the slaves that they are men. We must lighten the burden which weighs down the soul yet more than the body: we must loosen the chains which confine the limbs, before we can induce the captive to cast off the fetters, as substantial, though intangible, which bind down the intellect and the affections. The spirit cannot escape from its thralldom till the death-warrant of slavery be not only signed, but executed.

And how far does it rest with us to effect this? What power have we to assist in this righteous work? We have the power conferred by a swelling heart and a willing spirit to quicken other minds, and to bring them into sympathy with our own. We have power to relate facts to those who know them not; to keep alive the interest of those who do; to spread our own convictions while we strengthen them; and, from the centre of influence, in which all, even the least influential, are placed, to send out to the remotest points where we can act, tidings from the land of freedom, and threatenings of the downfall of oppression. We have inquired of the oracles of truth, and we know that this abode of the idolatrous worship of Mammon shall be yielded up. It may not be ours to go forth to the fight, or to mount the breach; but having patiently compassed its extent for the appointed time, we may raise our voices in the general shout before which its bulwarks shall fall, and its strength be for ever overthrown.

ON THE PROGRESS OF UNITARIANISM IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Coningsby, Nov. 24, 1829.

THE friends of Unitarianism owe "The Watchman" their thanks for his vigilance and fidelity, his endeavours to check bigotry and abate uncharitableness, and his zeal for rational and vital Christianity. If his reports of the night sometimes bring into view the defects of Unitarians, as well as those of other parties of Christians, and place in a strong light the evils which exist among us, it is to be hoped this will be taken in good part, as a proof of his faithfulness in his office as our "Watchman," and of his deep concern for the interests of that holy cause, which ought to be dearer to us all than even life itself; if we are wounded by his reproof, let us remember we feel the faithful wounds of a friend. His exposure of our defects should not offend, but lead us to a close examination of ourselves, to a strict scrutiny of our ways, and cause deep "searchings of heart;" that we may be led to correct what is wrong, and be roused to every possible exertion to do justice to the best and holiest of causes.

Though the Watchman's report gives me much pain, it produces no despondency, it abates not my sanguine hopes of the continued progress, the final and not very remote triumph of the Unitarian cause over all opposition. I can never despair of the success of what I firmly believe to be the cause of God and truth, to be designed to regenerate the world, and which sacred prophecy assures us shall universally triumph. I trust, that the probing of our wounds, the full exposure of existing evils, will excite us to seek a remedy, help forward the cure, and promote our attaining to a higher state of intellectual and moral health. What I have seen of Unitarians and of the progress of Unitarianism, during the last thirty years, authorizes the conclusion, that the friends of the cause may and will be excited to far greater exertions than have yet been made, and that we may confidently look for more abundant success than has yet been obtained.

What I fear is, lest the Watchman's statement should discourage and dishearten those who need and deserve to be cheered and encouraged, and lead them through despondency to relax their exertions, thinking they would be in vain; though, I am sure, the producing any such effect was most remote from his intention in writing, and that he would greatly lament it. Fearing lest this should be the case, and to check the exultation of our opponents, I take up my pen, not to controvert the justness of his remarks, (though I may notice a mistake or two which he has unintentionally made,) but to shew, that if the state of the Unitarian cause in Great Britain, thirty or forty years since, be taken into view, and the causes of existing defects and failures be fully examined, it will be found, that amidst all our difficulties and discouragements, we have no reason to despond; that Unitarianism has made considerable progress during that period, and that we have much to encourage our zealous and persevering exertions.

Though we are not to bound our prospects of the future by the past, nor to estimate what may be done by what has already been effected; yet, if a retrospect of what has been done be taken, it will be found that the exertions already made have not been on the whole unsuccessful, that as much success has been obtained as, considering the previous circumstances, the state of things in which we have had to act, and the prevalent views and feelings of religious parties, could reasonably be expected. Some disappointments, failures, and reverses, must always be expected; it is in the

ordinary course of things for them to occur; and they should not disappoint us, but render our zeal the more ardent. For obvious reasons we must not look for the same rapid success as attends the exertions of other religious denominations, for we have a world of rooted prejudices to encounter which they have not, and while they lead men by their feelings and passions, aided by a host of prepossessions, we can lead them no farther than we can gain their understandings by the convictions of truth. Our converts must be more slowly made than theirs, as the light and influence of the gospel must be carried through their understandings to their hearts; besides, among various classes of people worldly interests and connexions often operate powerfully against our making and securing of converts. Still, if we cannot avoid disappointments and failures, we should be determined that, though we cannot command success in every instance, we will so act as to deserve it, and that the failure shall not be through our neglect, or our injudicious proceedings. It is conceived that whatever failures may have attended some of our efforts, enough has been done, and sufficient success obtained, to encourage us to make still greater and more generally extended exertions in the cause of rational and vital Christianity, with a well-founded prospect of their being crowned with success. Let the various talents, means and resources of the friends of Unitarianism be brought properly into action for its promotion, and it is presumed the triumphs of our opposers in any quarter will be short, and the success of the glorious cause extensive and permanent.

We ought to thank the Watchman for having so ably advocated the missionary spirit and missionary labours. Facts might be alleged as substantial proofs of important effects being already produced by that spirit and by Unitarian missions: new congregations have been raised, some old ones revived, and the imperishable seed of the pure word of life widely scattered in various districts. To me it is extremely painful to hear of the failure of any of our missionary plans, or of the unsuccessfulness of the labours of any of our missionaries; the more so because I am too old to labour in the missionary field on an extended scale, as formerly: but I am very anxious that we should not suffer such disappointments and failures to damp our spirits or diminish our labours; rather let them kindle up our zeal afresh, and call into action all our energy. There are still living those who can well remember when the missionary spirit first began to breathe in the Unitarian body, and when Unitarian missions and missionaries had no existence. When symptoms of their being brought into being appeared, they were regarded by many as altogether visionary. When the Unitarian Fund was first instituted, not a little alarm was excited lest its operations should dishonour and degrade the Unitarian cause. It was not merely coldness and indifference that the active friends of the cause had then to contend with; they had prejudices opposed to them which, though they might arise from feelings which they could not help respecting, were injurious prejudices, and placed obstacles in the way of their success. The plan of Unitarian missionaries was deemed by many an utopian one. It was said, "You may raise a fund, but where will you find persons to act as missionaries? Could you find missionaries, where would you send them? Where would you find a field for their exertions?" Since that time an important change has taken place among Unitarians in their views and feelings respecting these matters. The missionary spirit hath considerably increased and extended, though some parts of the body may unhappily be still insensible of its vivifying influence. Missionaries have been found, and fields for them to cultivate too extensive for their utmost exertions. The greatest difficulty has been to procure the pecu-

niary means necessary to enable them to extend their labours to the greatest advantage; and to secure the fruit of them, by enabling their converts among the poor to procure suitable places to meet in regularly, and to defray the expenses unavoidably incurred by keeping up public worship and the ministry of the word, and, which is of much importance in new congregations, to support Sunday-schools and libraries among them. Whatever recent failures we may have to lament, it cannot be denied that missionaries and missions have done much for the promotion of the Unitarian cause in Great Britain: they have been instrumental in raising new congregations in different parts of the island; they have contributed something towards the revival and improvement of the cause in some old congregations; they have introduced Unitarianism, and given it a footing in some districts where it before had no place. One important point through their means is decided by the evidence of facts, i. e. that Unitarianism is capable of becoming the religion of the poor and unlearned, and that the tenets we hold are not unfitted for proselytism even among them; for some of our new congregations consist of the poor and unlearned. The low state some of them are in, owing to pecuniary circumstances, and their appeals to their richer friends for assistance, furnish proof of this.

After all, it may be hoped that the recent failure of some of our missionary plans may be more in appearance than in reality. Though some things which were attempted have been relinquished, and some disappointments have been experienced, it by no means follows that the labours of the missionaries have been in vain: the seed of the word which they have scattered, and which is incorruptible, may in some instances have fallen on good ground, and though the effects are not yet visible to us, it may be taking root, and may spring up and bring forth fruit. I have known instances in which occasional labours in preaching, conversation, and the distribution of tracts, have produced important effects, of which the person who laboured had no knowledge until a considerable time afterwards; and prior to his being informed of such unexpected fruit of his labours, he might conclude, for any thing that appeared to the contrary, that he had in such instances laboured in vain. We should labour in season and out of season, and never be weary of well-doing, knowing that in due time we shall reap if we faint not. Let us keep in view the maxim, that no good effort well directed shall be ultimately lost, and that whether our exertions be successful or not, so far as they proceed from right motives, God will not let them go unrewarded.

What the Watchman states respecting the West of England can relate only to the lower parts of Somersetshire and the adjoining parts of Dorsetshire; if meant of the West of England at large, it is altogether a misstatement; for the missionary spirit was active, and two missionary associations were instituted in the West, before the late Mr. Wawne stirred in the business; and, so far as I know, the one formed at Exeter for Devonshire and Cornwall still exists, and its not having done more may be fully accounted for without leaving the zeal of its members and friends in the least questionable.

The novelty of popular plans among Unitarians, and the extravagancies and absurdities connected with them, and discovered in the manner of conducting them, among some religious parties, may account for the fears and apprehensions, as to their adoption, of some of our respectable congregations, and of well-educated and polite people; though a considerable number of this class, and some of our best congregations, have never, that I know of, shewn themselves opposed to such plans, but have given them their

countenance and support. It would be natural enough for those who judged of such plans only from what they had seen or heard of the extravagancies and absurdities attending them among other parties, and who did not consider how very differently they would be conducted and work in the hands of Unitarians, to withhold from them their countenance and support.

That many of the opulent friends of Unitarianism have given so little support and countenance to some of our institutions and popular measures, ought, perhaps, to excite our regret more than our wonder, when we take into view all circumstances. The important inquiry is, by what means we can soonest remove their objections, increase their zeal, and bring them to co-operate with us, which appears to be highly desirable. If I may judge from the manner in which I was generally received, and the countenance and support given me, while I acted as a missionary, which I ever remember with pleasure and gratitude, I must say, that many of our genteel congregations and more opulent friends did not shew themselves alien from the missionary spirit, or averse to missionary exertions. It strikes me, that if their attention can be engaged to our plans, objects, and modes of proceeding, so as to form just views of them, we shall have more of their countenance and support. Surely it is desirable that every conciliatory method should be adopted, that we should do every thing in our power to convince them of the importance and suitableness of our plans and measures to the times and circumstances in which we live, and by our judicious and prudent conduct and proceedings, to remove their fears and apprehensions of our going into any thing extravagant or absurd, or that would in any degree dishonour the worthy cause we seek to promote. In adopting this course we shall not err, even if we fail of attaining the end we propose; and if our pursuing this course will not bring those to act with us who at present withhold their countenance and support, it is certain that a contrary conduct cannot effect it.

Pecuniary exertions in support of public institutions among Unitarians are comparatively a novel thing. Until the last few years, they had scarcely a public institution to support; they had no congregations among the poor to need their assistance; no new chapels were erected, except by wealthy people who required no help from others; and many of them becoming Unitarians in places where there were endowments, they have had the habit to acquire of subscribing to religious objects. This was certainly the case with many; and hence we may account for their having not yet acquired the habit of making the same pecuniary exertions as those do with whom the habit either grew up from childhood, or who acquired it so soon as they became Dissenters. Though this does not justify the want of liberal exertion, it accounts for its existence; and when the matter is properly stated and explained, and they have taken it fully into consideration, there is good ground to hope, from the known liberality of many of them, that they will not come behind any other class of Dissenters in pecuniary exertions. However it may be with some congregations, there certainly are others who, in proportion to their ability, are liberal in their exertions for the support of their ministers and of the cause. The calls upon the Unitarian public for pecuniary assistance, during the last few years, have been many, and some of them have been met in the most liberal manner, of which instances might be given. However we may lament the course things have taken at Calcutta, the failure cannot be ascribed to want of zeal in the Unitarians in Great Britain. From what they have already done, considering how little they had

been accustomed to be called upon for pecuniary contributions in aid of the cause of religion, let us cherish the hope, that, now the necessity for greater exertions is pointed out and so powerfully urged by our Watchman, the liberality of wealthy Unitarians will more abundantly appear, and that they will prove that their aid was withholden only because they were not aware that it was essentially needed.

The decay of some of our old congregations is no proof of the decline of Unitarianism, for they had either sunk to their present low state, or the causes of their decay had too far prevailed to be counteracted, before they became Unitarian. So far as any of them have revived from their apparent decline, or in a manner have been raised from the dead—and there have been instances of such cases—it has been by the introduction of Unitarianism among them as the doctrine of the gospel, as a vital and practical religion. After all that has been said of the causes of the decline of the Presbyterian, not Unitarian, and old General Baptist churches, it appears to me that the leading and most powerful cause has been the want of true evangelical preaching with talent and zeal; and that without such preaching our decayed congregations cannot be revived, nor long avoid extinction; and that without such preaching none of our churches can long prosper. That many of our new congregations should be pressed with difficulties which retard the progress of the cause among them, is what might be expected; yet their very existence is an undeniable proof that Unitarianism has been making progress in this country of late years. Our new congregations should study to preserve themselves from difficulties, by, from their commencement, avoiding all expensive plans, meeting in any convenient room, and, if they cannot have a minister supported among them, assembling regularly to conduct divine worship in the best manner they can, and do all in their power to edify one another and promote the cause, and procure what assistance they can from either local preachers or neighbouring ministers: also, from the first, they should begin to establish a fund by weekly contributions, however small, for the support of the cause among them. Their own steady exertions will in time do much, and be likely to procure them more readily the assistance of wealthy Unitarians.

That any of our public institutions should languish for want of pecuniary support is to be much lamented; but, as there are ample latent resources among Unitarians, and many of them have shewn much liberality in various instances, let us cherish the hope, that when this want shall be generally known, the more opulent part of our community will remove it by their liberal contributions, and not subject themselves to the disgrace of allowing the cause of rational and liberal Christianity to suffer by their neglect, while their neighbours contribute so largely to the support of an unintelligible and illiberal system of religion; and, in particular, that they will remember that whatever they possess God hath given them, and that they must hereafter give an account to him of the use they have made of it. Considering how destitute we formerly were of public institutions, we have reason to rejoice that they now exist in many districts, which is a proof of the progress made by Unitarianism.

The Monthly Repository is of great importance to the Unitarian cause. It may be regarded as a missionary which goes into some circles where other missionaries cannot enter. Surely the learned and educated part of the Unitarian public, to say nothing of other classes, cannot suffer such a work to die, or, with their knowledge, to even languish, for want of support. All

the friends of liberality, free discussion, and improvement, should feel interested in such a work, whether they be Unitarians or not, and whether or not they approve of our other plans.

Thirty years since, Unitarians had no magazine or regular periodical; now they have several: most of our public institutions have been formed and established during that time; many new congregations have been raised, and individual persons and families converted to Unitarianism in places where no congregations exist; Unitarian publications have been widely circulated in various parts of the kingdom; and the Unitarian doctrine has made its way to the minds of not a few persons among other denominations. If such progress has been made, and so much done, in such unfavourable circumstances and under such great disadvantages, what may we not hope to effect by judicious, zealous, and persevering exertions in future?

R. WRIGHT.

DODDRIDGE'S CORRESPONDENCE AND DIARY.*

“Do not you think Biography a very delightful study, and as useful as it is interesting?” is a question asked by all intelligent young people of their sensible seniors; and there is no difficulty in anticipating the answer, for it is always in the affirmative. There is perhaps no department of literature which affords such varied instruction and entertainment to different orders of mind. Young and old, grave and gay, the learned and the simple, the scientific man, and the moralist, all have some high example before their eyes, some patron saint, through whom their homage is paid to a supreme object of pursuit. The young sailor who despises all other books delights in the *Lives of the Admirals*; the embryo statesman pores over the *Lives of the Chancellors*. Every page in *Plutarch* is familiar to the best boys in the highest form; while members of the administration, and the orators of Parliament, are acquainted with the minutest circumstances in the lives of their predecessors and models. In one or two of our religious denominations, the lives of the pious are almost the only books circulated besides the Bible; and in the nursery, the child's absorbing interest in *Robinson Crusoe* is caused by the belief that it is true. And yet, in no department of literature, perhaps, is there so much imperfection; in none so much error and deception. The causes of this imperfection are so obvious, and so many curious discoveries have been made here and there, that a pretty general distrust of the fidelity of biographers now exists; and few but children and the wilfully credulous now believe all that is told them of the great and good and wonderful people whom they long to resemble. This distrust, however unavoidable, has a very demoralizing effect; and it is worth a serious inquiry whether there is any probability, or at least whether there is not a possibility, of its being removed.

The liability to deception of which we complain relates solely to the character of the person whose mind and whose deeds are set forth, and therefore it is of more material consequence in some kinds of biography than in others.

* The Correspondence and Diary of Philip Doddridge, D.D. Edited from the original MSS. by J. D. Humphreys, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Colburn and Bentley.

The value of some histories of eminent men depends on the character of their external actions more than of their internal constitution. When we read of scientific men, for instance, it concerns us more to know what were their discoveries and inventions, and how they made them, than how they controlled their tempers and their families; and with respect to these inventions and discoveries, we are not in much danger of being deceived. In forming an acquaintance with an eminent statesman, we follow his schemes from their origin to their completion, and watch the progress of measures on which the welfare of millions depends, without being so anxious to attend him into the retirement of his thoughts as in the case of the philosopher or the saint, whose mind, and not whose fortunes, is the subject of our inquiry. Yet an acquaintance with the fortunes and achievements of eminent men is of little importance in comparison with the knowledge of the internal machinery by which those achievements are originated and those fortunes modified; and in proportion to the dimness of our insight into this internal constitution does biography lose its interest and its value. The histories of pious men and moralists are worth almost nothing at all, if the structure of their minds is hidden from the reader; and as long as the revelation is partial and the representation defective, the effect on the mind of the inquirer cannot be purely beneficial. Has such a thing as a tolerably correct delineation of any one mind ever been offered to the public? Have we ever met with a representation of character supported by facts, at all approaching in fairness to those discussions of the characters of our friends which are held in conversation while they are alive and active? For ourselves we can answer, never. In the longest, the most fair-seeming narrative of a life, we have always found something deficient, something unsatisfactory, something which we cannot reconcile, or which it is impossible to believe. Much as we grieve, we do not wonder at this; for we see where the difficulties lie; and these difficulties are so various and so nearly insuperable, that we consider the position of a conscientious biographer one of the most perplexing that can be conceived. Did he know intimately the character he is going to describe? If he did, how can he bring himself to notice the weaknesses, the follies, the peculiarities, which he desires should be forgotten in the grave, and which to the eye of friendship have already faded away into shades too slight to be caught ere they vanish? If he did not know him, how is he qualified for the task he has undertaken? Did he love the departed? If he did, can he form an impartial estimate of his virtues? If not, how came he by the knowledge of those finer qualities of the soul which can only be revealed to a kindred soul, and which yet must not be omitted in a delineation of the mind? It is obvious that no delineation of the mind can be complete. The obstacles are too many and too great. But true philosophy can argue from things that are known, to those which are not known; and here we have a method by which we may surmount many difficulties. For this purpose, the facts with which we are furnished must be true, the details faithful, the materials of unquestionable originality. If we cannot have the whole truth, we ought to be told nothing but the truth: and if this rule be observed, (as in common fairness it ought,) we will contrive to make out for ourselves whatever it is of material consequence to ascertain. But, can we ever feel entirely satisfied of the fidelity of the meagre relations which are afforded us? Alas! in very few cases; but in a few we may. How do we know, how can we distinguish such cases from the many? By the presence of a simplicity which carries conviction with it; by an impress of truth which cannot be counterfeited; by a verisimilitude analogous to that

by which we are enabled to pronounce on the resemblance of a portrait without having seen the original. Where are we to look for such? Not in volumes of panegyric which assume the form of narrative. Not in quartos whose chapters contain one fact enveloped in a multitude of observations; where the author forgets his subject while striving to immortalize himself. Not among the equivocations of timid friendship, or the mysterious insinuations of a writer who sports with the interest of his readers, and seems proud of knowing more than he chooses to tell. We know of one short memoir, and perhaps but of one, which is nearly free from the besetting sins of biography. The subject is a peculiarly favourable one from its simplicity, which renders the paucity of materials of less importance than in almost any other case which we could point out. We refer to the Life of Newton, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. There is a lofty interest attached to this memoir, unequalled by any thing we have ever met with in the same department of literature; and though much of the charm no doubt resides in the majestic character of the mind of the philosopher, the biographer has no little merit in having forborne to impair the charm by the intrusion of any thing irrelevant. The impression of awe on the mind of the reader is powerful; and the tone of feeling is not let down by any appeals to feeling. There is no panegyric, and but little comment. The facts are stated with perfect simplicity, the author well knowing that the inferences from them are sublime. There is no attempt at inculcation from beginning to end; and yet a finer series of moral lessons, a more powerful incentive to philosophic meditation, was, perhaps, never presented by moralist or divine. It is not probable that equal success would attend the same method in any other case; for such a subject as Newton can no where else be found. There is no other man whose life approached so nearly to a pure abstraction. No other man was, perhaps, so free from the entanglements of various pursuit, from the intricacies of social relations, from the inconsistencies of jarring passions and irreconcilable desires. Every other man's life, external and internal, is a system of checks and counter-checks; and in proportion to the balance of these checks is the happiness of his lot and the perfection of his soul. But Newton started off almost from his birth into a lofty career where there was neither opposition nor drawback; and by this means he was withdrawn from the usual relations to society, and stood so far apart that his biographer has been enabled, by the absence of all intervening objects, to present us with a full portraiture, instead of a variety of hasty and deceptive sketches, snatched amidst the jostling of a crowd. If such advantages should be presented to any future biographer, we can only wish that he may be equally able to estimate and willing to improve them.

“But why,” it is asked, “should biography be so generally defective, when men have the power of describing themselves? When men have only to look into themselves and back upon their past lives, why should they not tell us faithfully what they see and what they remember?” Because they cannot. If they have the will, they have not the nerve: and if they had the nerve, they have not the power. Very few have the will to write an autobiography worth reading, because there is not one man in a thousand who is aware what are the truths which we most want to learn. We have abundance of lives written by actors, housebreakers, ladies, men of literature, travellers, and sailors: but their narratives are collections of facts of temporary interest, or of no interest at all, or of a kind of interest which bears no relation to the philosophy of mind or morals. But of philosophers or mo-

ralists who have cast a new light from within on these great subjects of human inquiry, we have almost none. To Montaigne, indeed, we are largely indebted; and we allow that valuable hints are scattered among autobiographical works, slight glimpses into the dim vistas of human thought, which could not otherwise have been obtained: but they are few and tantalizing. If a man have sufficiently studied himself and others to know in what respects our knowledge is most deficient, and to wish to supply the deficiency, more courage is required than perhaps any one can command. It is painful enough to fix our gaze steadily on any foul stain or festering sore within, which is hidden from every other human eye; it is difficult enough to detect every slight obliquity, and to acknowledge to ourselves the permanence of any deformity which we have long laboured to rectify: and how can we summon courage to stand the examination of the public, to invite the careless observation of those who cannot feel with us, or the rigid scrutiny of some who will not spare us? The best parts of ourselves it is yet more difficult to expose, as the most exalted virtues are the most modest, and the most refined parts of the human machine are the most sensitive. We may heroically give ourselves over to dissection, provided the process be delayed till we are past feeling: but if our tender-hearted friends shrink from delivering us up even then to the operation, how can it be expected that we should begin the work upon ourselves, when every nerve is quivering and every touch is pain? It is impossible. We may unveil our faces, but we must leave it to others to lay bare our muscles and sinews. But even these difficulties are not the greatest. Much regard as we owe to our own feelings, we owe more to others; and our lives are so interwoven, the texture of any one mind is wrought of such various materials gathered from others, the relations of every individual are so complex, that no man can give a faithful description of himself without letting out many a secret which he has no right to disclose. If we consider for a moment how we should set about writing a history of ourselves, we shall find that so much of our character has been derived from the virtues of those with whom we live, and so much from their failings, that this consideration alone puts a seal on our lips, though we may be aware of the possession of some valuable facts which need not else be secret, and long to assist others with the experience which we have obtained from some peculiarity of circumstances whose results must be confined to ourselves through this restraint on the liberty of speech. We may give the results of our experience in conversation, in letters, &c., as general remarks; but in the form of biography, it appears impossible that any one involved in the common relations of society should present a faithful picture of the growth of his spiritual, or even the development of his intellectual part.

It has been often attempted to get rid of some of the peculiar difficulties attending the publication of a life, by delaying it till all the contemporaries of the person celebrated are dead. One point is thus gained; their feelings are spared; but the feelings of their descendants sometimes deserve as much respect as their own. Another point is gained; there is less danger of partiality, less temptation to colour and suppress; but, to counterbalance this advantage, there is commonly a deficiency of information, and (unless the subject be one of peculiar attraction) a failure of interest, when the scenes in which he acted are gone by, and the society in which he mingled has passed away. If, however, the character should be one of permanent attraction, and the circumstances of his lot such as men can generally sympathize in; if the materials of every kind should be ample, and if they should be depo-

sited with a biographer who is bold enough to use them without reserve, there is a hope that a very accurate knowledge may be obtained of a mind and character. Such a concentration of requisites is very rare ; but we can no longer call it impracticable ; for we have an instance of it in the case before us.

Our readers, perhaps, have been accustomed to suppose that they had a pretty intimate acquaintance with the character of Doddridge. Never were they more mistaken. It is true, we have many volumes of his works in which, as he was above all disguise, and as his mind was of a peculiarly ingenuous cast, his very soul appears to be revealed, and from which we seem to have the power of learning every thing about him, except those external circumstances which have been supplied in his biography by Orton. But we have all been in a great error ; and however long the impress of his mind may have remained on our own, apparently complete and finished, we must yet submit to have it considerably modified. Innovation and change of this kind are somewhat painful ; but we cannot fail to see that they are useful and right, not only on the ground that truth is always preferable to error, but because it is undeniable that much mischief has been done by partial representations of the character and views of pious minds ; and by none more than by that of Doddridge. We speak warily when we say that minds of a cast like his own, tender, sensitive, to which devotion was a vital element, have been encouraged to an excitement of religious feeling, an overstrained exertion after objects too high for human reach, under which one of two equally fatal consequences has ensued—that either mind and body have sunk under a painful and protracted effort, or that an awful reaction has taken place—a chilling indifference has succeeded to intemperate rapture, and levity has been substituted for a forced seriousness. The heart of Doddridge was of that kind which all men love, and his example, therefore, was widely influential, as we trust it will long continue to be. His meek and tender spirit, his universal love for his race, his ingenuous simplicity, are universally endearing ; his peculiar temperament fitted him for a life of devotion, and, united with his particular circumstances, strengthened him for a loftier flight into the regions of life and light than can be attained by all who strive to follow him there. We have in his works a faithful transcript of his emotions while under the influence of devotion : his biographer, Orton, represents him as ever under that influence ; and we have hence imagined that his mortal existence was one lofty aspiration, his state of mind one unrelaxed effort of piety, more fit for the vigorous, unconsuming frame of the glorified body than for the frail and mutable constitution to which we are at present united. We have listened with delight and awe to the swelling tones of an instrument whose chords were finely strung ; forgetting that “ this harp of thousand strings ” could not have remained uninjured in the mutable atmosphere of this world, if those strings had been for ever stretched. If never let down, they would have snapped ; as we cannot but know from our experience of the mournful effects of religious excitement. Doddridge was as devotional as his works shew him to be. He was a fit example for us in the fervour of his piety, the unremitting influence of his principles, and the gentle virtues of an affectionate and ingenuous spirit. But if he had always been exalted above these lower regions, if he had been ever as a saint among men, he would not have been so fit for an example as we now find him to be ; for a resemblance to him would have been thought, or (if attempted) would have been found, impracticable. It is, therefore, a relief to discover, as we now

do for the first time, that though a saint in the closet, he was a man among men. A devout man, a heavenly-minded man, for the most part ; but still a man : suffering from importunate desires and fair-seeming temptations as we suffer ; feeling disappointment as we feel it ; indulging in innocent mirth, sported with by roving affections, overcome by failings like ours, and wounded by unkindness as deeply as ourselves. All these discoveries are astonishing at first, and to those who have been accustomed to see him exactly as he has been presented, without forming a guess as to what might be behind the picture, such a revelation causes no little dismay ; but there may have been some more quick-sighted, who having discerned touches of sprightliness and lively wit in his sayings, remembering that he was the author of the best epigram in the English language, and recognizing in his intellectual character those qualities which are usually related to an exuberant fancy, will be more charmed than surprised at the new light in which the pious divine appears in the volume before us : and they will not wonder that a spirit so affectionate should be peculiarly susceptible of the passion of love. No one, perhaps, could so confidently anticipate this last fact as not to be somewhat shocked at the display here afforded ; and none, we imagine, will approve the extent to which it has been carried ; but as we have been finding fault with partial representations, and with the suppression so common in these cases, we are far from complaining that a very full light has been cast upon the important years of Doddridge's life which are comprehended in the correspondence now published.

It was his custom (and to us it seems a very strange one) to keep a copy of every letter he wrote, of business or friendship, trivial or important. His present editor has not suppressed a line, and we are thus presented with as perfect a picture of his mind, from his twentieth to his twenty-eighth year, as an extensive and remarkably copious correspondence can give.

We cannot honestly or consistently wish that any material fact should have been suppressed, whether creditable or discreditable, or that any thing should have been added or taken away which could vary the lights and shades of a character which we wish to see as it is. But we cannot admit the necessity of publishing every line of every letter, as the editor prides himself on having done ; as a multiplicity of these lines contain fatiguing repetitions, perfectly natural and proper in a varied correspondence, but wearisome to a reader at the distance of more than a hundred years. Not a remembrance to an acquaintance, not a trifling commission is omitted ; and the bulk of the volumes is thus swelled to an extent which must injure their usefulness as much as their interest. Some of the love-letters might also have been kept back with great advantage, as two or three would answer the purpose of shewing how apt the Doctor was to fall in love, as well as a dozen. We are anxious, at the same time, to acknowledge that it is a great privilege to discover, on the most unquestionable authority and by adequate means, the perfect purity and soundness of a heart and mind thus laid open in the confidence of friendship. It is very delightful to recover from the painful surprise attendant on the exhibition of frailties and follies, by remembering that we know all, and are released from the fear that something worse than frailty and folly was behind. Once having brought ourselves to be reconciled to them as attendants upon youth and humanity, we are at liberty to be charmed with the grace, the sprightliness, the innocent mirth which appear in most of the letters, the affectionate respect for his correspondents in others, and the rational appreciation of the objects of human pursuit, the depth of affectionate sympathy, the dignity of religious principle, which are

manifest in all. As the events of the early life of Doddridge,—the circumstance of his becoming an orphan at a very early age, his decided inclination for the ministry, his adoption by Dr. Clark, of St. Albans, and his education in Mr. Jennings's academy, are probably known to most of our readers, we shall proceed to practise the honesty we have been recommending, by extracting letters of a very different cast, but, perhaps, equally characteristic of their writer. The first, addressed to his brother-in-law, is a specimen of the gay style in which he most commonly addresses his correspondents.

“ *Harborough, June, 1726, Wednesday morning, 8 o'clock.*

“ DEAR BROTHER,

“ I make it a maxim with myself to write to either you or my sister whenever I have an opportunity of writing at all; so that you have two or three letters from me where other more ceremonious correspondents have but one. You will not then be offended that I write no more at large, for you must consider that I have a great deal of business which requires my daily attendance. I was up at five o'clock this morning; and I have been all this while studying the connexion of a short section in the Romans, and writing letters. Nay, at this very moment, Demosthenes is waiting to entertain me with one of his Philippics, and Virgil is bringing back Æneas to his camp, where I have long been waiting in pain for his absence. Dr. Tillotson has also been preparing an admirable sermon, which he will quickly deliver in my chamber with his usual grace and sweetness, And then Gerard Brandt will go on with his History of the Persecution of the Remonstrants, after their condemnation at the Synod of Dort. In the afternoon I expect to hear from Pliny, who generally favours me with two or three epistles in a day, though a stranger and a Heathen—while you, a *Christian* minister and my brother, will hardly write once in a quarter of a year! Then I am to drink a dish of tea with some agreeable women in the afternoon, and may possibly look over a chapter or two in the history of the Four Kings: * and if I should be immoderately transported with the joys of the victory, or the sorrows of the defeat, with love to my partner, or anger against my antagonist, I shall hope to find my remedy in the conversation of Mr. Bragg, who has lately undertaken to teach me the Government of the Passions, a lesson, indeed, which I ought to have learnt some time ago! Dr. Potter is instructing me in Grecian antiquities; but I fear I shall hardly have time to speak with him to-day. However, I will, if possible, attend upon my tutor Cradock, in the evening, who is lecturing on the Epistles with great accuracy and solidity; besides this, I have a little kind of a sermon to preach in the family according to my daily custom, and then four letters to transcribe into short-hand.

“ Now I will leave you, who are one of the greatest clerks I know, to judge whether all this business will leave me time to say any more than how does my dear sister? Give my service to her, and to Mrs. Nettleton, and believe me to be, &c.”—Vol. II. p. 138.

We are the more ready to introduce the following letter to a fair one, who was inclined to sport with tender feelings, because it is far too common to regard with levity the most important circumstances of life, and the deepest and most influential of human emotions. Though Dr. Doddridge might be too ready to yield up his freedom, the solemnity of the following remonstrance shews how seriously he regarded affairs of the heart, and how his affections were made subservient to his principles.

“ MADAM,

June 4, 1725.

“ I have so little opportunity of conversing with you alone, that I am forced to take this method of expressing my concern, and, indeed, my amazement, at what has just passed between us. I know you to be a lady of admirable good sense, and I wish you would find out the consistency of your

* Cards.

behaviour yesterday and to-day. Yesterday you expressly assured me that you loved me as well as I did you, which you know is to a very uncommon degree; and that it grieved you that you had given me so much uneasiness; adding, you would take care to avoid it for the time to come. To-day you have been telling me, that you could not bear the thought of not being so rich as your sister; that you do not know why you may not expect a good man, with a good estate!

“I leave you to judge whether it be possible I should hear this remark without uneasiness. And if it be not, whether it were fit for you to make it. Consider, Madam, I am a rational creature; and though too much transported with love, yet, blessed be God, not absolutely distracted! How, then, do you imagine I can put my confidence in the assurances you give me of your love, when you are so continually contradicting them? For do you not contradict them when you talk of discarding me for the sake of money?”

“I always thought, my dear creature, you had been remarkable both for good sense and religion. But I own I do not see how it is reconcileable with either, to throw aside those entertainments of a rational, a friendly, and a religious nature, which you yourself think you may find in me, merely that you may eat and drink more sumptuously, and wear better clothes, with some of those people whom the word of God already brands as fools.

“Madam, I must presume so far as to say, that it is neither the part of a Christian, nor a friend, to keep one in such a continual uneasiness. You unfit me for business, devotion, or company, and, in short, make my very life burthensome by the inconsistency of your behaviour. Let me, therefore, most earnestly entreat you—not entirely to dismiss me, which God forbid, but resolutely to remember your promises, and not to allow yourself those unbounded liberties of saying every thing that the vanity of your own dear excellent heart may sometimes prompt you to utter, without considering how I am able to bear it.

“As for what you said at parting, that I have ‘a relish for the vanities of life,’ I own that I regard them too much. But, I bless God, such is not the governing temper of my mind, and that I can say, with a full assurance, that I know how to postpone them, not only to my duty to God, but to my affection for you. And I think you may easily believe it, when I now give it under my hand, as you had it yesterday from my mouth, that I will willingly and thankfully take you, with what your father and mother will give you, if by any means there be a prospect of the necessary comforts of life.

“I remain, &c.”—Vol. II. p. 47.

The next letter which we shall extract, if sent into the world anonymously, would, we think, be instantly and universally referred to the right author. The name of Doddridge would rise to the lips of every reader.

“TO MR. SAUNDERS.

“December 2, 1727.

“I here inclose the hints you desire, which I drew up yesterday morning; and, on the review, I see so many defects and improprieties, that were I not so well acquainted with your candour, and did I not attend to your instructions rather than my own advantage, I should not send them.

“How was it possible for you to write such a letter as I received last night? You are always kind and good, and always more partial in favour of my character than any other person I know in the world; and, to tell you the plain truth, I would have you continue to be so; for, if it were not for that happy partiality, you would hardly think me worthy your friendship. You can never displease me with expressions of tenderness, for I love you so well, that I would have as much of your heart as one creature ought to have of another's; and I look upon your fond regard as my glory. But, my dear friend, you must forbear these expressions of unreasonable esteem, for really, Mr. Saunders, I think the clause Is it possible you should think as you say? Can so wise a man be so much deceived? Seriously

speaking, I am confounded, and I have not the confidence so much as to quote the lines I complain of.

“ I have this morning been humbling myself before God for the pride of my heart. It follows me whithersoever I go—into my study, into the conversation of my friends, and, what is most dreadful of all, into the immediate presence of my Maker; of that God who is the fountain of all perfection, and from whose hands I have received my^{all}, and from whom I have deserved an aggravated condemnation. Such is the subtilty of this insinuating mischief, that I can recollect instances in which I have been proud of having exposed the deformity of *pride* with success, while, perhaps, it was only another instance of my degeneracy to imagine that I had so succeeded. Why, then, must your complaisance add fuel to the fire, which I sometimes fear will burn up all my grace and all my religion? How hard is it to keep self in self-subjection! This you have taught me as well as man can teach it, but God alone can make the excellent lesson effectual. I cannot lay a scheme for the honour of my God, and the service of the world, but self intrudes itself, and that sometimes to such a degree as to make me doubt whether the governing principle be not wrong, and whether many of my most valuable actions and designs be not *splendida pietata*. Alas, such is your ‘ pious and excellent’ friend! You compliment me on the learning and accuracy of my views. How are you deceived! I have hardly looked into many of the most excellent treatises of the ancient and modern commentators, and have only dipped into some others so far as to see that there was a great deal that I was not capable of comprehending, at least without a long course of preparatory study! There is hardly a chapter in the Bible which does not puzzle me; nor, in short, any considerable subject of human inquiry in which I do not perceive both my ignorance and my weakness.—And this—is your oracle!

“ Were there any thing which could seem a just excuse for my vanity, it would indeed be that you and some other such excellent persons profess not only to love, but to respect me; but I am persuaded, nay, I certainly know it is only because a great portion of my ignorance and folly lies hid, otherwise you would all but pity or despise me! And when I consider your humility in admitting me to such an intimate friendship, and in thinking so honourably of me, I see the greater reason to be abashed at the reflection that I have learned no more of that amiable grace, with so bright an example before me, and in one whom I love so well, that it might be expected that I should imitate him, with a peculiar pleasure.

“ Let me beg your pity and your prayers; love me as well as you can! but pray that I may deserve your affection better; yet whatever other imperfections attend my character, I am, with most sincere tenderness and grateful affection,

“ Your friend and servant.”—Vol. II. p. 375.

The humility apparent in this and every other letter, was the most eminent grace of a character which was full of graces. In him it was carried almost to an excess; and to its superabundance, combined with a similar excess of benevolent feeling, we are inclined to attribute the great fault which runs through the whole of his correspondence, and, we imagine, the whole of his intercourse with society: we refer to his habit of flattery. Assured, as we are, that he had no selfish ends to answer, and that he was above the use of such means,—making, besides, all due allowance for the manners of the time, we cannot reconcile ourselves to his manner of addressing his friends on the subject of their various perfections. It appears strange that while discomposed, as we find him to have been by such incense, when offered to himself, he should have adopted a style of address which must have been painful to his correspondents; or, if not painful, all the more injurious. There is far less of this to persons to whom he was under the greatest obligations, and whom he loved the best, than to compa-

rative strangers, and to one or two among others, of whom, as we elsewhere learn, he had not a very high opinion. Here, and perhaps here only, we discover the traces of a weakness which would probably have pervaded his character, if strength and dignity had not been infused into it by the principles of religion. By these principles his gentle virtues were supported, and through their influence his views became enlarged, and his spirit catholicized to an extent of which some of his followers are perhaps not aware, and which they would do well to contemplate. Some admirers of Doddridge, who are ready to class liberal Christians with Deists, may learn a lesson from one whose name was never coupled with infidelity. He thus writes to a friend who entertained some doubts of the divine origin of Christianity:

“It does not ‘terrify’ me to hear, that a person whom I sincerely love, and for whose character I have the truest regard, has entertained some doubts which he cannot entirely get over, concerning a book which his earliest instructors recommended to him as the word of God. It is certainly the duty of every rational creature to bring his religion to the strictest test, and to retain or reject the faith in which he has been educated, as he finds it capable or incapable of a rational defence. I perfectly agree with my Lord Shaftesbury in his judgment, that religion has not so much to fear from its weighty adversaries, who give it exercise, as from its fond nurse, who overlays it out of an excess of tenderness. I therefore do not only allow, but entreat you to urge all your strongest objections against Christianity, and to represent them in the most forcible light; and if, then, upon the whole, I am convinced in my judgment that they are more than a balance to those arguments which support it, I will be a Christian no longer, but will frankly confess myself a Deist, and rather throw myself on Providence, and the charity of my new brethren, than purchase the most comfortable maintenance at so dishonourable a price as contradicting the conviction of my conscience, and speaking lies in the name of the Lord. On the other hand, I must entreat you, Sir, to enter on the inquiry with a solemnity and composure of mind answerable to its awful importance; remembering that we are searching into a matter in which our views for immortality are concerned; those pleasing or dreadful views, before which all the hopes and fears that relate only to this transitory life, fade away and disappear, like twinkling stars in the blaze of the meridian sun: considering also, that if it be really true that God has sent his own Son into the world to recover a race of degenerate creatures at the expense of his own blood, and to fix them in a state of everlasting perfection and glory, it must be infinitely fatal to desert his religion, and to treat him like an impostor, without the most serious and impartial examination of the cause. Nay, though, after all, Christianity should prove only an agreeable dream, yet, as it pretends to the authority of the Supreme Being, and is supported with arguments which have, at least, some plausible appearance, it will argue a want of reverence to him, and consequently will expose us to his high displeasure, to reject it lightly, before we clearly see into the falsehood of its pretensions. Persist, therefore, in your resolution of weighing the question in an impartial balance, and avoid a precipitate judgment. Above all, let me indulge my friendship to you so far as to remind you of what a person of your wisdom cannot but know, that our faculties are weak, and that we are exceedingly apt to be imposed upon by false representations. Let that fact engage you to humility, and so to depend upon divine illumination, and earnestly to pray to the God of truth that he will not suffer you to fall into error; but will guide your reason in such a manner as may establish your mind in an unshaken tranquillity.—Every sober and rational Deist must own there is no enthusiasm in such advice; and if it be pursued, and the whole tenour of your life be agreeable to such principles, I am confidently persuaded you will never be *undone* by *speculative* mistakes.”—Vol. II. p. 423.

In the same spirit he writes on a different subject :

“ You have seen, I suppose, what the public prints inform us of, relating to the proceedings of the General Assembly in Scotland against Mr. Patrick Simson. They are going to deprive that church of one of the most valuable men it contains, because he does not think it necessary to tie himself down exactly to their Shibboleth, nor oblige himself to conform to all their scholastic ways of speaking concerning the person of our blessed Lord, in points where the Scriptures are silent. By what I saw and heard of that gentleman when in Scotland, he is a much better judge of such matters than the greater part of those who presume to judge him ! But his crime is, that he will think for himself ; but yet he is very cautious to avoid giving offence, which I perceive is by the bigots interpreted as cunning and dissimulation. One would think the experience of so many ages should be sufficient to make the world wiser, and that those who pretend to govern in the church, should learn at last that their power might be much better exercised than in destroying the usefulness of the best men it contains, merely for nice speculations against unrevealed or disputable points. Suppose a person should not speak with an exact propriety (as we think) concerning the existence of Christ, a point perhaps much above our reach, if yet he loves him above all, trusts in him, and sincerely obeys him, what harm does religion suffer ? But I need not enlarge upon this subject to you who are so well instructed in the unreasonableness of bigotry, as to any set of speculative notions.”—Vol. II. p. 308.

To this correspondent (Dr. Clark) he was indeed indebted, as also to his tutor, Mr. Jennings, for early lessons in liberality and candour, which virtues were characteristic of both these excellent men, and appear to great advantage in those letters of the former which are presented to us in these volumes. The intercourse between the guardian and ward (a self-constituted relation in this instance) seems to have been exactly what it ought to be. There is perfect freedom on both sides ; on one, watchful tenderness, and on the other as much affectionate confidence as respectful obedience. Dr. Clark's letters are by far the best in the collection, next to Doddridge's own ; though in interest they yield to a few, a very few, from a person of whom we long to know more, and for whom it is impossible to help feeling an immediate and strong affection. We refer to Mrs. Nettleton, the only sister of Doddridge, and, we should imagine, strongly resembling him in character, intellectual as well as moral. She is, as far as we can gather, placed in circumstances of peculiar interest, and it is with a feeling of disappointment that we close the work without learning their issue—whether her precarious life was long spared, whether it was at length enriched with comforts which we are apt to consider essential, and what was the degree of intercourse which the brother and sister enjoyed after the settlement for life of the former. It would be painful to think of the degree of poverty against which they both had to struggle, if it was not evident that to minds constituted and regulated like theirs, godliness with contentment was sufficient gain. After visiting his sister at Hampstead, Doddridge thus writes on his return home :

“ I do not know how to express my concern for the ill state of your health. I am really sometimes afraid, and I speak it with a very sad heart, that I shall never see you any more ; for, if your appetite does not mend, I do not see how it is possible that you should live another year ; and God knows that if I lose you, I lose the dearest friend I have in the world. I leave you, and all my other concerns, in the hands of that God who will certainly do that which is best for us both ; but I can assure you, that if my prayers, and the prayers of a great many excellent friends here about, can keep you a few years longer out of heaven, you will not be there very soon. I earnestly insist upon it that you let me know how you do in a few days, and pray send me a particular

account, for I am extremely solicitous about you, perhaps even to a fault. When I am alone, in the intervals of business, I cannot forbear reflecting upon the pleasure and advantage I have enjoyed in your company and friendship, and the loss I should sustain if it should please God to remove you: this thought makes me excessively melancholy, and in a great measure unfits me either for business or diversion. Indeed, I am now in a violent fit of weeping, and can say nothing but what is very doleful, and so will defer writing more till a brighter day."—Vol. I. p. 262.

The reply is as follows :

"I hope by this time you are pretty well settled, and more easy in your solitude; yet I could heartily wish you a little good company; though I doubt not but that you have that best companion, the peace of God, in your own bosom; and besides, you have so many good gentlemen, old and young, in leathern jackets, to converse with when alone, that you will find your solitude both pleasant and profitable.—I am extremely obliged to one of the best of brothers for his tender concern for me, particularly for the share I have in your prayers, which I assure you I prize at a high rate, and hope through mercy I am the better for. I give my dear brother many thanks for his kind present, and shall continue to take the remedy as long as it agrees with me, until at least, if it please God, that I am better. I question not the continuance of your prayers on my behalf, and hope that you will never forget to beg for me an entire resignation to the Divine Will, a fitness for heaven, and living comforts in dying moments.—I pray that God may make and continue you long a glorious instrument in his hands of much good to many souls."—P. 266.

Our extracts have been made with a view rather of illustrating those parts of Dr. Doddridge's character which were least known before, than of shewing how deep was his love of God and man, and how he excelled in the expression of that love. We could extract various passages remarkable for their piety; but our readers are acquainted with his "Rise and Progress," &c. We could quote some luminous and interesting commentaries on scripture; but his Expositor is open to every reader. We could shew how fearlessly he could admonish and reprove; but every one knows how strict was his guardianship of the souls of his pupils and of his flock. We could delight our readers with specimens of the exquisite address and tenderness with which he was accustomed to administer consolation; but his well-known letter to a lady on the loss of her brother, given in his Life by Orton, is a sufficient example. The most important purpose, perhaps, which these volumes will answer, and certainly that from which they derive their principal charm, is the corroboration which they afford of the truth that gaiety is the companion of innocence, and that religion is entertained in its proper character only when it is made conducive to the happiness of this world as well as the next; that it is designed to promote and protect the health of both body and mind, by equalizing the emotions, restraining undue excitements, and encouraging an alternation of the objects of pursuit, and the universal development of the manifold affections of the heart. It is very well to ascend occasionally above the tumults of the world, and to gaze into heaven from a more exalted point than the path of daily life; but to strive with the ambitious piety of a Simeon to pass a whole life on a pinnacle which was never designed for an abode, is an effort which is forbidden by duty and totally irreconcilable with wisdom and happiness.

The public will await with much interest the appearance of the promised Diary, which will probably lay open recesses hitherto unexplored of a mind whose ingenuousness has not yet revealed all its treasures of wisdom and of beauty.

ESSAY ON THE PASSIONS.

December 2, 1829.

“ Modes of Self-love the passions we may call :
 ’Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all.”

POPE.

THE pursuits, the characters, and the happiness of men, depend so closely on the passions, that an investigation of the source, the progress, and the issue, of these springs of action, cannot be unimportant. I shall adopt *Hartley's* enumeration of them, and endeavour to illustrate this part of his theory of the mind.

Regarding all the passions as arising from pleasure and from pain, he distributes them, generally, under LOVE and HATRED.* He ranks under LOVE, *desire, hope, joy, and pleasing recollection*; under HATRED, *aversion, fear, grief, and displeasing recollection*—and he conceives of the passions, or affections, as no more than aggregates of simple ideas united by association.

Love, resembling the passions flowing from it, is self-interested; by which we must understand that it never exists, nor is cherished, in relation to any object, without our previous belief that the object will be instrumental to our advantage; although habit may render Love perfectly disinterested. A child's affection originates in a sense of there being something useful to him in the person, or the thing, upon which his love is exercised. All the little honours which he obtains for superior application—the finery of his dress, the beauty of his toys—he values only as he acquires from them a sort of pre-eminence over his companions. If we ask, why he prefers certain things to others, the answer must be, not simply because they are of a more attractive colour, size, and form, but inasmuch as these very circumstances render them more beneficial to him, at least in his own imagination, than any of the things from among which they have been selected. The actions of children are less artificial than those of adults, and for this reason exhibit with greater clearness the rise and the quality of the passions.

Even parental affection is connected with some perception of utility, some hope and prospect of advantage. Human beings have few or no instinctive principles. Most fathers and mothers love their offspring as *a gift and possession of distinguished worth*: they look forward to the reputation and usefulness of their children in society, and hence promise themselves no mean share of reflected benefit and fame. Nor can they be strangers to the wish that those whom they have borne and educated, may “rock the cradle of” their “reposing age.”

Hatred, the opposite state of mind to *Love*, has evidently an alliance with self-interest; being formed under a sense of injury received from an object or a person, or, however, of wrongs and disadvantages apprehended from them.

Let me add that *indifferency* to an object, be it what it may, which in some men excites love and complacency, and in others hatred, is owing to the want of any knowledge and experience of its utility. Shew one of the

* Much the same distribution was made by Pope:

“ Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train;
 Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain.”

most admired and beneficial productions of English art—the steam-engine, for example—to an Indian savage, and mark how he feels, and what he thinks, on the occasion. He may gaze in astonishment at the machine; but he cannot estimate it, because, at present, he cannot judge of the variety of highly valuable ends to which it is available.

Thus, Love and Hatred, the respective parents of the two *families* to which the passions belong, depend on many and different associations of ideas for their preservation, if not indeed for their origin. *Associated** circumstances, therefore, will awaken the one or the other of these states of feeling. When children have conceived an affection for a particular individual, that affection recurs with fresh and lively vigour, if they happen to behold him on the spot, and about the season, of his first meeting their eyes.

As our conviction of the utility of an object causes us to love it, so the *desire* of possessing it springs up quickly within our minds. Desire takes place only where love has previously existed and continues to exist. A hated object is always an object of aversion. Into a state of indifferency neither love nor hatred enters; neither a wish nor a reluctance to make the acquisition. For this reason, the pursuits of men, being modified by education, and by a vast number of associated incidents, are extremely various. Before discipline and experience have improved the judgment, a confused sense of usefulness gives birth to confused and indiscriminate desire; while in men of sound understanding desire is well directed and wisely tempered. Opinions, too, when practically expressed, are chequered partly by the strength or weakness of desire, and partly by its form. The principle, the feeling, is universal; but, in its shades and applications, when distributed among individuals, there subsists an almost endless diversity. Earnest desire, founded on the sense of a certain kind and measure of utility, has dictated the most famous deeds which the page of history records. It was this affection which prompted the enterprizes of Alexander, Julius Cæsar, and Columbus, and the more truly illustrious undertakings of Wickliffe and of Luther.

Aversion is augmented when the object of it was once the object of desire. The child's disappointment, in regard to whatever afforded him the promise of gratification, wonderfully inflames his hatred and increases his uneasiness. In these circumstances, anger, jealousy, and revenge, will often take possession of the breast.

It is a proof, however, of the wisdom and goodness of the Maker of our frame that he has subjected us to associations which controul the irregular and malignant passions. One state of feeling corrects another state: the pleasing affections serve to mitigate those which are painful.

Hope succeeds to desire; and, even where desire is less vigorous than at first, it cheers and enlivens the soul, and diffuses sunshine all around. This emotion has an intimate connexion with the sense of utility: nor will it mislead us, if we combine with it correct principle and judgment. It will be qualified by individual disposition. In men who are sanguine and volatile we find it predominant, and, not rarely, illusive and injurious: in children it is ardent, because their reason is not yet come to them; in our riper age

* In this manner *associations of resemblance* vastly augment the interest with which some men read works of history and those of fiction. There are passages in Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" that may be perused with signal effect amid the dreariest scenes of the months of winter: what I may term *the contiguity of description*, heightens the force of our sympathetic emotions.

it is often, though not always, governed by the sober precepts of Experience. Still, it can seldom or ever be extinguished: as the effect of our Creator's benevolence, of our intellectual and moral nature, and of our high destination,

“ Hope travels on, nor quits us till we die.”

This passion, at the same time, is not quite independent on our bodily constitution. Those who labour under certain kinds of *delirium*, however produced, are observed to express great eagerness of hope. The contrary is the fact as to sufferers from hypochondriacal disorders.

Fear is in the immediate train of aversion, and may be traced to the same cause. What it is, may, in individual men, be ascertained by means of their countenances, gestures, language—and frequently their breathless silence—either when the dreaded object appears, or when thoughts associated with it powerfully recur. In our younger days the fear of death is connected essentially with the adjuncts and signs of death, and employs itself upon them. But the familiar sight of these things causes them to be less and yet less impressive; whence we may learn that no spectacles, no exhibitions, should be frequent, the design of which is to spread a solemn, a moral, and religious awe.

Hope may easily degenerate into rashness; fear, into torpidity and despair.

Joy respects the attainment of a wished-for object, and is the consequence of possession and success. Its emotions are, in common, more violent than those of hope, yet not so durable, pleasing, and beneficial. Intense affection and excessive transport cannot be man's ordinary lot.

Associations of thought strongly influence *grief* as well as joy. Grief is the effect of disappointment, and has considerable variety according to the nature and degree of the disappointment. In minds of ungoverned sensibility, grief soon gives place to its opposite passion. When the emotions are not accompanied by steady principles of conduct, they lie at the mercy of every change of scene, incident, and society. Some of the finest delineations of human character which the pen of Genius has made, illustrate and assume the fact. “ Nothing,” says a writer of antiquity,* “ dries up so quickly as a tear.” The remark admits of a wide, a practical, and a very important, application. Grief, real and internal, has a fixed countenance, and the “ leaden eye which loves the ground.”

Both *pleasing and displeasing recollection* are united with utility: nor can the nature of them be unknown to those who have an acquaintance with the effects of the great law of association, according to men's ages, constitutions, education, employments, and intellectual habits. Memory dwells with delight on whatever contributed to our advantage and gratification, and thus prolongs that gratification and advantage: † to objects of the opposite class,

* The unknown author of the Lib. Rhetoric. ad C. Herennium, II. 31. From a note in the Delph. ed., it appears that the aphorism was delivered originally by Apollonius the Rhetorician: it has been copied, I believe, by other Roman writers.

† The paper from which this Essay has been formed, was drawn up nearly forty-four years since, and then read, as an academical exercise, in the presence of *The Rev. Thomas Belsham*, whose candid approbation it obtained. Let its author be permitted, at this interesting moment, to express his pleasing recollection of these circumstances, and to declare the sentiments of gratitude and respect with which he cherishes the thought, and transcribes the name, of a late honoured friend, once his faithful and accomplished tutor.

it reverts with pain similar to what it felt when they had an actual existence.

I have sketched an outline of the human passions. Narrow are the bounds which separate them from each other. If the views thus presented of this important part of our mental frame incite any one individual to adore more habitually Him by whom we are "fearfully and wonderfully made," and to keep the *heart* with all diligence, I shall be humbly grateful.

N.

THE WATCHMAN.

No. XI.

"Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The Watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night." Isaiah xxi. 11, 12.

SALAM ! Peace and prosperity, saith the Watchman to all his readers, as he enters within the precincts of a new year. Peace on earth, and goodwill among men, and glory to God, may the ensuing year conduce largely to advance. Could we place ourselves at the end of it, and review the scenes which are to mark its progress, how different in many respects would be our apprehensions ! Alas ! who knows if he who now guides the pen will then be in the land of the living or the land of darkness ; who of his readers can with certainty anticipate the prolongation of their existence through twelve more months ? And, trifle as we do with the things of eternity, could our destiny within that period be foretold with the same certainty as it is determined ; could the name of each to be summoned hence before another year has completed its course be uttered, how awfully fixed would be the eye of every one, how eager the countenance to catch the sentence of life or death ! No prophetic voice can be uttered. No individual can be named. Doubt is left over all, that all may stand in awe and sin not. All are in danger, that all may be prepared. But life and death are not the only issues to be determined in the ensuing period of time. Great events are manifestly about to come. To say this, requires not the tongue of a prophet nor of the son of a prophet. The elements of society are all in agitation. The sounds of war have died away. Men have ceased to be amused with the empty accents of glory. Victory is no longer to them an object of desire, for they know its price. The hand of necessity is pressing hard upon thousands. Fearful realities have succeeded to idle sounds, and in all classes men are beginning to form correct estimates of their actual condition, and to search wherever they may for the remedies of their privations and sufferings. Time they have, and motives they have, to think, to learn, and inwardly to digest, what things are for their weal or woe. Change must come. The power of man cannot prevent it. A nation's wants may not be neglected ; a nation's will cannot be withstood. The planet cannot be arrested in its orbit ; the hand of God is upon it. A people cannot be stayed in its career of improvement ; the spirit of the Divinity urges it on. The roar of the sea, the thunder of heaven, are sounds as mighty as terrible. But more mighty, and to the foes of man more terrible, the voice of a whole nation rising to

the skies, demanding the restitution of lost rights, and the enjoyment of that full and fair liberty of mind and soul which the Creator intended to be the portion of each of his intelligent creatures. The faint and incipient accents of such an outcry are to be heard in almost every part of our land, and unless its demands be complied with, they will grow and swell till the fear of Belshazzar be struck into the hearts of all those whose interests are hostile to the interests of the many. But it will not, we hope, we believe it will not come to this. The few are gradually yielding, ignorance and prejudice decreasing, oppression narrows the sphere of its domination, antiquated absurdities are beginning to be disused by the lips as well as banished from the mind. One after another, links of that chain have fallen by which the human mind has so long been bound. And the day is coming, and if the friends of humanity are true to their duties, the day must speedily come, when freedom of mind will be restricted neither by court or church patronage, nor by the laws of fashion, nor the circumvallation of creeds, nor by penal enactments, nor by private and petty persecutions.

Rara temporum felicitas, ubi sentire quæ velis et quæ sentias dicere.

Happy and rare period, to use the words of the great Roman historian, when each may think what he judges true, and utter what he thinks! The word of prophecy will then have its fulfilment, and every man sit under his own vine and his own fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid. We live in hopes such as these, because of the history of the past few months, as well as of the signs of the times. Contrary to the expectation of every friend of Christian liberty, the question which opponents, where it suited their turn, chose to make a religious as well as, what it really was, a political one,—the great and all-absorbing question of Catholic Emancipation has, during the past year, been set at rest in a way which, if not entirely unexceptionable, was yet most gratifying. After this we despair no longer. Our hopes have arisen, and become firm expectations in relation to the great questions which involve the moral and religious welfare of this nation. We had before heard and said, “No good effort can be lost.” We believed so; but we had reason also to join in the prayer of the apostles, that our unbelief might be aided. The mind assented to the general principle—the heart needed a splendid instance of illustration. That has been supplied. All our feelings relative to human improvement have received a reality and a vital power. What our eyes have seen, and our hands handled, we now testify. Success has inspired confidence, and confidence renewed strength. And the way in which strength should be employed has been indicated—the way to victory; so that we at length judge it to approach to certainty that a good cause will not fail, except by the bad faith of its professed friends. Let us but be good men and true, found at our posts, sturdy in their maintenance, earnest to advance, and faithful to hold, and the enemy must retire till the land is ours, and mental and moral liberty is enjoyed in all its borders.

Meanwhile, let us avail ourselves of the stop which the beginning of a new period of time seems to afford, in order to pass in review some of the features of the religious world, which we have not been able to dwell upon in our former communications. “The religious world”—a strange and motley mass, composed of elements the most dissimilar, some of them the most revolting.

Perhaps of all the worlds into which the rational creatures that cover this globe of ours are divided, not one of them is so replete with features so diversified and hostile. The sporting world, the gay world, the jovial world,

(Mundus Jovialis, to misunderstand the title of a treatise on astronomy,) the high world, and the learned world, are all curious medleys ; but the religious world surpasses them all in incongruities. There are found features of the rarest loveliness, infantine innocence and simplicity, moral energies, such as an angel might not blush to acknowledge, and mental power, which a Bacon and a Milton might without dishonour call their own ; and there also are found the low, the grotesque, the sordid, the selfish, the drivelling. It contains subjects for the pencil both of Martin and of Cruickshank, and might furnish out to another Dante both a heaven and a hell. At the same time we believe, and firmly, that the great and lovely prevail beyond all comparison over the offensive and the low : and often when an offensive feature is beheld, the discerning finds a diamond, though in the rough. Certainly it surpasses the power of human calculation to sum up the happiness which religion, even with all the actual drawbacks, confers upon the inhabitants of this kingdom ; upon fathers, and mothers, and children, and houses ; upon the under current of society, which, as often the under currents of the ocean, has the greatest force ; upon myriads, whose happiness is seen by none, and chronicled no where except in heaven. While, however, the bad is mingled with the good—while the exterior is repulsive to the well-disciplined mind—and while, therefore, there exist serious obstructions to the efficacy of pure religion, the remedial power of the press must be had recourse to. When the sun of righteousness has arisen with healing in his rays, and not till then, is the Watchman at liberty to retire from his beat.

Amidst the anticipations in which we indulged respecting the coming year, we did not include the end of the world. And yet, according to some authorities, this is at hand. The personal reign of Christ is, we are assured, about to commence.

A Millenium at hand !—I'm delighted to hear it,
As matters both public and private now go ;
With multitudes round us all starving or near it,
A good rich Millenium will come à propos.

And come it will and shortly, says one, who has the happy faculty, by a twist of his vision, of casting at the same time a glance into two opposite worlds, seeing, and hence declaring in strains of rhapsody and proud defiance, what hell is receiving and what heaven is preparing. Nor can the prophet complain as one of old—"I only am left." Mr. Irving is surrounded by a small but intrepid band, who already see Millennial glories, and are preparing to commence their princely functions. A few clergymen, we are informed by the Rev. G. C. Smith, of the English and Scotch National churches, and some few Dissenting ministers, (their organ is the Morning Watch,) entertain strong opinions concerning the personal reign of Christ on earth, and that it will shortly take place, and that England will be destroyed with tremendous judgments ; these views are connected with a profession and demand for the most extraordinary and even apostolic faith—that is, assurance of supernatural enlightenment and assistance. Captain Gambier, son of Lord Gambier, seems to have imbibed more than an equal share of this intoxicating draught. In discourse with Mr. Smith his general tenour was, while they were friends, "My dear Smith, the Lord is coming—dreadful things will take place ;" and then he would pursue a strain of terrible denunciation against this kingdom for its hypocrisy and wickedness. Poor Smith, naturally alarmed for himself, sought of the prophet what was

to become of him. “As for you,” replied the seer, “you will be burnt in Smithfield.”

No wonder the Rev. G. C. Smith, who might pass for a descendant of Daniel Lambert, should dislike the doctrine and expose the reveries of his quondam friend. On the subject of money, Captain Gambier’s incessant cry was, “I have a few hundreds, Smith, in the Bank; Elliot” (another captain, and of the Millenarian heresy) “and I cannot make up our minds to beg or ask one penny while we have any thing left ourselves. A man does not serve God as he ought unless he makes up his mind to give all that he has. I shall give all until I get to my half-pay, and then I must stop, and Elliot will do the same.” At a later period he said, “I am done, Smith, and now Elliot must go on till he comes to his half-pay, and then we must go on with the Asylum and Sailor’s home, by faith:” that is, we are informed, to erect a building to cost £15,000, with scarcely any means, and without estimates, contracts, or securities.

The same strain of fanaticism is pursued in the periodical of the prophets, “the Morning Watch.” Christ is at hand, we are told, to destroy the world. A spirit of Pharisaism pervades the work. The vials of the Scotch orator’s wrath are poured forth in its pages. All the world but the chosen few, and few they are, dismay and destruction await. We are not sorry that these modern Millenarians have gone to extremes. The shorter in consequence will be their day—the less their influence on the public mind. We are not sorry they have appeared. They burlesque the extravagance of the religious world, shew its natural tendency, and prepare the way for a return to a sounder and more healthful spirit; the spirit, not of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. Monstrosities of sentiment like those of the Irving school must of necessity be short-lived. For a time, now, as when the Millenarian notions began to prevail in the third century in Egypt, they may banish from the mind of some Christians the most important precepts of their religion; they may, as in the tenth century, aid forward a crusade, not as then against the Turks, but wise, and upright, and rational Christians; they may, as in the seventeenth century, and amongst the fifth-monarchy men, lead to “the proud turbulence of political interpretation;” but as these ebullitions of frenzy passed quickly away, so, especially in the present day, will the hallucinations of the prophetic school. They will also, we hope, serve to warn those who are treading on the heels of like absurdities, and clear the turbid atmosphere of the religious world. A striking instance of delusion like that of the present Millenarians is recorded by Robertson in his History of Charles the Fifth, which may serve to point a moral in the present day. A sect of the Anabaptists took possession of Munster, in Westphalia, expelling the constituted authorities, and assuming their places. Borcold, an obscure fanatic, having by visions and prophecies prepared the multitude for some extraordinary event, stripped himself naked, and marching through the streets, proclaimed with a loud voice, “That the kingdom of Sion was at hand; that whatever was highest on earth should be brought low, and whatever was lowest should be exalted.” In order to fulfil this, he commanded the churches, as the most lofty buildings in the city, to be levelled with the ground; he degraded the municipal officers chosen by his own party, and made the highest magistrate in the city the common hangman, for whom he is said to have found abundance of employment. And “as,” to use the words of Robertson, “the excesses of enthusiasm have been observed in every age to lead to sensual gratifications, the same constitution that is

susceptible of the former being remarkably prone to the latter, he instructed the prophets and teachers to harangue the people for several days, concerning the lawfulness and even necessity of taking more wives than one, which he asserted to be one of the privileges granted by God to the saints." The historian adds, "Every excess was committed, of which the passions of men are capable, when restrained neither by the authority of the laws nor the sense of decency." A similar, but by no means equally flagrant, instance of the union of sensuality and religion has, we are informed, been exhibited among the Southcotians, and especially that branch of them who term themselves Israelites, and reside at Ashton, in Lancashire.

For a long time, connected with the chief men of the Millenarian school, the Rev. G. C. Smith had pursued his labours for the benefit of sailors. It seems that our sailors, on coming into harbour and on shore after their voyages, are exposed to wholesale robbery at the hands of the most abandoned of men and women. Mr. Smith, who has himself been brought up on the seas, has for years been endeavouring to provide them with a refuge, and the means of spiritual instruction. The object has every appearance of being laudable; but how has it been prosecuted? Judging from certain statements which Mr. Smith himself has made, we have most pregnant suspicions. Of course, Mr. Smith proceeded in the usual way. He issued prospectuses, called public meetings, convoked his declaimers and mustered his own eloquence, resolved into existence institutions and committees, visited the country, travelling from town to town, and speechifying wherever he came. All the ordinary machinery, and more, we are disposed to think, than the common portion of clap-trap used on such occasions, was employed, and employed to good effect. In the last year above £3000 were collected from the bon homme, that easy creature John Bull, by Mr. Smith and his agents. Well, out of this money there are officials both small and great—secretaries, travelling orators, and the long list of *et cetera*—to be paid, so that no small portion of the collected money is consumed ere it can reach the object for which it is given. We are here reminded of the following anecdote:—"Notwithstanding the sufferings of his father, Charles the Second, it is well known, endeavoured to raise money by the unconstitutional means of a benevolence. The collectors of the same came to the house of an old lady, in the town of Pomfret, and having told their errand, "Alas! alas!" said she, "a poor king indeed, to go a begging the first year of his reign! But stay, I will bestow something on him;" and telling them out ten broad pieces—"Here!" said she, "take these." The officers were going away very thankful for what they had got. "Hold!" says the lady, "*here are ten more to bear the charges of the other, and then, perhaps, some of them may reach him.*" So with our sea-orator, the Rev. G. C. Smith and his gallant companions, the church maritime—they need no small sum to enable them to carry the gifts of the saints to the objects for whom they are intended. And so strongly impressed with the impropriety of the way pursued for levying contributions was he who, of all others, was the most likely to know—the treasurer, Captain Gambier, that he thus implored Mr. Smith—"Humble yourself under the mighty hand of God; but, O! as you love the salvation of your soul, do not attempt to bolster it (the Society) up by any more worldly methods." We fear that we cannot limit our disapprobation to the Society for the Sailors; we fear that religion is made by too many of our institutions to serve as a craft whereby the conductors get their bread and something to boot; we fear that there is too much truth in the following charge made by one who knows no little about the religious

institutions of the day—Mr. Irving. “I observe,” he says, “the same intermingling of pleasure, gain, and religion, in strange confusion, in those excursions amongst the churches for raising money by the abuse of preaching; when a regular bargain is struck, every meal allowed for, whether partaken at the inn or of hospitality; travelling expenses by the mile allowed; with the love of which the age is gone mad. Much more could I say concerning the love of pleasure under the guise of godliness, which hath won the mastery of this self-indulgent and luxurious society called the religious world.”

But if certain charges and certain indications are to be credited, there are worse things yet, at least, among “the friends of sailors,” than what we have mentioned. The orator Smith is charged, first, with peculation; secondly, with deserting his home. As to the charge of peculation, though there have been many vague indications, (which excite, we confess, suspicion in our minds,) there has been mentioned only one specific instance that Mr. Smith, at the close of a public meeting, took of the cash-keeper a sovereign. This Mr. S. allows. His explanations are not consistent. At one time, he tells us, he took the money as a loan; at another as a debt; and, at another, he seems to claim a right to take such a sum or more, founded on his alleged gratuitous services. As to the second charge, we quote his own words: “My house in Wellclose Square had become so public, that all sorts of idle tales and reports (of what character?) were continually brought to my family, and every evening retailed to me. Sick and disgusted with such things, and finding remonstrance utterly vain, I quietly withdrew from my house to prevent further evil, and continued absent about a week, until, corresponding with my family and the parties concerned, (in what way concerned?) I could and did return back in peace.” To say the least, we are not surprised that he who was confessedly unable to rule his own house, should be deemed unfit to preside over “the sailor’s home.” His chief accuser is Captain Gambier, of whom, and Captain Elliot, Smith himself thus speaks at the commencement of the affray—“two such holy, exemplary, and generous men, I had never met with in any part of the world.” Nor even when his passions were strongly excited, did he venture to accuse Captain Gambier of dishonesty, but talks of his incapacity, his madness, his ignorance of business. This last charge is somewhat curious. Is it grounded on the fact that Captain Gambier disliked “the worldly means” before spoken of, and disliked to find the Rev. orator’s fingers in the plate at the end of a public meeting? However, Captain G. has spoken out. He tells the world he deems it his duty to warn them against Smith. He regrets that he has given him any countenance. He says he has found him out, and that through two friends who lived in his neighbourhood. He speaks in the strongest and most confident terms of his dishonesty. In consequence of having seen his delusion in regard to Smith, “I did,” he says, “my duty by procuring his dismissal from that office, (Honorary Secretary,) under the form of a resignation, which he desired should be put in, rather than have a disclosure made.” Another object was to compel him to resign his trusteeship, to which he had got himself appointed. For this Captain Gambier laboured hard, and at length Smith has been compelled to withdraw from his former connexion, and he has now set up for himself. The affairs of the sailor’s home have been handed over to the management of Captain Elliot and his friends, who, however, in an advertisement speak thus ominously: “the property of the institution shall be protected as far as possible from depredation.” Of course Smith has not

been idle. He has endeavoured to excite compassion for himself and a regard to the cause with which he is connected. He speaks in the most saintly terms, makes the highest pretensions to divine direction and support, has thanksgiving sermons for what he calls his delivery, and gets resolutions passed declaring him an honest man. We do not deny it; that is not our business; but we are convinced that there is in the whole of this affair much more than meets the eye. There has been, we have no doubt, a hushing up for what is called the good of the cause—in a word, pious fraud. Whoever are honest or dishonest, we know well who are the losers. Those of the public who have given their money are evidently gulled, and they will suffer without much pity. Among the various ways which Smith has taken to excite commiseration, the publication of a copy of verses from which we extract the following, is the most extraordinary.

Extracts from an Epistle from John Fogo, Esq., to Parson Smith, of Penzance.

My pious old cove, I am sorry to hear
That something is wrong between you and Gambier;
And though famous for preaching, some say the fact is,
You're not so particular as to the practice.

You drew with persuasion as gentle as wise,
The cash from our pockets, and tears from our eyes;
But may I inquire without any reflection,
If you never *made free with the ample collection*?

Indignant, I hear you reply, " 'Tis all gammon!
Can a *genuine Saint* be a servant of Mammon?
For the poor and the needy I only besought ye:
A nautical parson could ne'er be so naughty.

All slander and malice I boldly defy;
'Tho' Smith of Penzance, no black-Smith am I;
'That I've *made up a purse* is an utter delusion,
But the Saints while on earth must expect *pers-ecution*.

O hard is my fate by Gambier to be rump'd,
When for so many years the cushion I have thump'd;
The truths of religion came home to each breast,
And the whole of the sailors on board were imprest.

My talents for Sermons were equalled by few,
I preached without notes, *tho' I had them in view*;
I wish from attacks folks would let me alone,
Let him that is sinless discharge the first stone."

Well said, my bold fellow! that is quite satisfactory,
And the Captain, no doubt, has been very refractory;
Your statement I leave *tó* all those who may *gulp it*,
Thou Champion of cushions, thou pride of the pulpit.

Religion I reverence as holy and pure,
And shan't I detest, with its visage demure?
Yes, I scorn from my heart, with abhorrence and loathing,
A wolf, sharp and greedy, arrayed in sheep's clothing.

What led you, grave Sir, to cry out Peccavi?
For I hear you were called to the Truth from the Navy;
Your motives, of course, I've no wish to taint,
But the greater the sinner, the greater the saint.

In reviewing the details into which we have entered, our own mind is strongly impressed with the shocking impiety of men who strive to advance

at once their own interests, and the interests of what they espouse by pretensions to supernatural direction. We ourselves heard both Smith and Gambier recommend "the cause of sailors," as they termed it, on the ground of the manifest interposition of God on their behalf. They spoke of their success, and the arm of the Lord did it; they spoke of their plans, and they could not fail, for the work was God's. Nor shall we easily forget the awfully terrific description which Smith gave of the destruction of the Brunswick Theatre, nor the Satanic exultation which he bellowed forth when he represented himself as he stood upon the ruins. And this too, this was ascribed to the immediate agency of God, pointing out to Smith and his band a spot for the erection of their contemplated building. In short, there was scarcely a single fact mentioned on the occasion to which we allude, the happening of which was not set forth as the special act of the Almighty. Nor was Captain Gambier a whit less presumptuous than his Boanerges, and yet so recent is the period, he could hardly then have failed to have some suspicion that all was not going on fairly. At all events, he ought now to learn that God's name may be assumed to serve iniquity as well as truth, and to abstain in future from pretensions which are as groundless as they are shocking and presumptuous. We could wish also that all the proselyting sects who are now passing to and fro in our land would hence learn a lesson. There is scarcely one of them that makes less pretensions to divine aid than did Smith and company. The age of miracles has appeared again. The name is different, the thing is the same, and to find miracle-mongers we need not revert to Prince Hohenlohe, nor to the canons of the Papal hierarchy. Protestant England, alas! is full of them. Every puny institution, every little sect lays claim to the special aid and blessing of God. If the funds of a missionary society are increased, the Lord has opened the hearts of the pious. If a minister attracts an unusually large audience, God unseals his lips and carries home his words to the heart. Let it not be supposed that we impeach the doctrine of divine influence. We believe literally that all things are of God, and on that very account discredit all pretensions to *extraordinary* and *special* aid. In fact, all such aid is miraculous. We know of no other definition of a miracle, and we must confess that we are slow to believe in miraculous agency, whether in the hands of Hohenlohe, or Parson Smith, or a Ranter preacher. Not long since, in conversation with a man who has thought and inquired on theological subjects, and discarded one popular error at least, we asked, what was his chief reason for preferring the Trinitarian system to the Unitarian? He answered, "The Trinitarian minister comes as the ambassador of God with a direct communication from him to man. Not so with you." "Then," we replied, "the greater the presumption the greater your faith." Now, however absurd this principle may seem, and absurd enough it is, it governs, we doubt not, the greater part of the religionists of the day. We do not say they are conscious of its existence. They never, perhaps, recognized it in words. Still it actuates their conduct. Nor is it wonderful. Superior pretensions have a tendency to impose on even the enlightened: much more will they mislead the multitude. By the affectation of sanctity, the monkish orders gained the dominion of the Christian world. The divinity which is said to surround a king consists in a claim to reverence which himself and all about him make. In the intercourses of life, we often yield our hearts spontaneously to the claims of others. The character and homage they assume, we are, by their very assumption, led to give them, and to avoid so irrational a demeanour requires an exercise of thought and a battling with the heart, which, how-

ever well they may with the wise proceed in private, are not exercises the most fitted for the junctures and the exigencies of daily and casual intercourse. In fact, too many men are, in society, rather like instruments which will answer and vibrate to any touch, than rational beings, thinking before they feel, and judging before they act. If this be true in ordinary life, it is less surprising that the pretensions of the pulpit or the platform—pretensions made on subjects and in places fitted to awaken the feelings and to lay open the heart to any contagion of a religious nature—that these should find access to the bosoms of the people, and, superseding the exercise of their judgment, lead them at the speaker's will. Even without any actual intention of misleading by false pretensions, it would be very possible for a preacher, by the use of vague and unexplained language, to create in his hearer's mind the idea that he was under the immediate guidance and enlightenment of God. However it may be effected, the fact, we are persuaded, is, that the many regard the teachings and doings of their spiritual guides as the teachings and doings of the Almighty. Monstrous delusion! fitted before all other things to keep the mind in darkness, and to lead a people captive in the chains of superstition, and make them ready instruments of the designing. One of the strongest objections we have to make against the popular efforts of the day, is, that they have encouraged this pernicious error, and greatly extended its dominion. That the people are to blame, we know—greatly to blame; but though they have too often presented their hearts prepared to be wrought upon, and gone after him most willingly who came most in the way of authority, and in pretensions to power from on high, they have yet this apology, that they did it in ignorance; while many of the agitators, though they knew the impression they were producing on the people's hearts, and the utter groundlessness of all their real or seeming claims, persevered nevertheless in the unholy work, taking the name of God in vain, misleading the people, and hesitating, nay declining, to explain, for fear of unsettling the public mind, or perhaps of endangering their own dominion.

Our limits do not permit us to specify the various grounds on which we have formed the conclusion we have expressed. We do not, indeed, expect that any one who is at all conversant with the religious world, will, for a moment, doubt that pretensions to supernatural and special aid prevail throughout it. In fact, the notion that God works in an extraordinary way to second the efforts of ministers, is woven into the very texture of the religious community, and Unitarians are not seldom unmercifully dealt with because they exclude such baseless conceptions from their creed. But to shew the extent to which this error has gone, we quote the following anecdote lately given in the Protestant Methodist Magazine, and ushered in with no inconsiderable circumstance as an instance of the way in which God, by "his special interpositions," secures the benefit of "his children."

"A short time ago, a poor but *pious* woman lost a bundle of clothes from a cart in which she was returning home from a visit to her relations near Harrowgate. A week was spent in fruitless inquiry and search for the lost articles. At the end of that time, as the poor woman's husband, also a *pious* character, was walking out on business, he met a female who was a perfect stranger to him. As he passed the woman, a strong impression took possession of his mind that she was the person who had found the lost bundle; and so powerful was the persuasion, that he was induced to turn back and tax her with it. At first she strenuously denied all knowledge of it; but as both a gown and handkerchief of the lost articles were found on her person, (who issued the search warrant?) she was soon induced to confess she was

the finder of the bundle, and the man accompanied her home and recovered every article of the lost property. She lived five miles from Harrowgate." In commenting on this story, the writer says, "the impression was obviously of a preternatural origin, and probably made by one of those celestial spirits who are sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation."

Now, wherein is the difference between a Catholic and a Methodist miracle? How gross is the credulity, how gross the ignorance, that still prevail in the midst of this nation, found not merely in the private village and the humble cottage, but in religious books, intended to enlighten the mind and save the soul! Another instance of a like delusion occurs to us, which we lately met with in the review of a book just published, the *Memoirs of Oberlin*, a pastor of the Ban de la Roche, a man of considerable piety and goodness. The anecdote relates to the choice of a wife. "Only two days before the period fixed upon for her return to Strasbourgh, Oberlin felt as though a secret voice within whispered 'Take her for thy partner!' He, however, resisted the call. 'It is impossible,' said he, almost aloud; 'our dispositions do not agree.' 'Take her for thy partner,' the voice still continued. He spent a sleepless night, and in his prayers the next morning solemnly declared to God that if he *would give him a sign*, by the readiness with which Madeline should accede to the proposition, that the union *was in accordance with his will*, he would cheerfully submit to it, and consider the voice he had heard *as a leading of Providence*. After breakfast the same morning, he found the young lady sitting in a summer-house in the garden. Placing himself beside her, he began the conversation by saying, 'You are about to leave us, my dear friend: *I have had an intimation* that you are destined by the Divine Will to be the partner of my life. If you can resolve upon this step, so important to us both, I expect you will give me your candid opinion about it, before your departure.' Upon this Miss Witter rose from her seat, and blushing as she approached him, placed one hand before her eyes, and held the other towards him. He clasped it in his own. The decision was made, a decision he never found cause to regret."

The belief in supernatural and extraordinary influence has been a constant concomitant of nearly all the excesses which have lately disgraced the religious world, whether in America or England. It is the grand instrument in the hands of Revivalists, an instrument which they have wielded with terrible effect. Nor is its use limited to the more ignorant part of the religious community. Scarcely a month has passed for a long period, but one or more of the religious periodicals, under the sanction of grave divines, has enforced the duty of praying for a large and fresh effusion of the Holy Spirit. True, the sense of decency, which the better informed have, prevents their errors from running to the excesses which prevail among the ignorant; though we must be allowed to think that in proportion as they yield to the claims of good order, they abandon their principles, and we doubt not that the less informed religionists hold the belief of special interposition in its proper and genuine shape. We have had an opportunity of seeing something of the way in which the notion of miraculous agency operates among them. We have seen something, and heard more on veritable authority, of the scenes which prevail when a society of Primitive Methodists undertake to convert a sinner. The priests of Bacchus were hardly more riotous and noisy in their terrific orgies. Imagine a poor creature of strong passions, of passions half frenzied by former excitements both in private and public, of passions rendered morbid by the consciousness of crime, lying

prostrate in the midst of a large assembly of persons of coarse and un-governed souls. Around the patient are some dozen hierophants, praying either singly or in pairs, or in a body, with all their might to God that he would break the heart of the hardened sinner before him, using the greatest and most offensive familiarity with the Creator, prescribing to him both the time and the way of the patient's conversion, at times calling on the prostrate man himself to yield his stubborn soul, and threatening him in awful language with the Divine vengeance to everlasting woe; while during the whole scene, often of considerable duration, voices either of supplication or threat, groanings, ejaculations, and sobs, are arising from every part of the building, and aiding in the general effect. At last, perhaps, the man is prepared to acknowledge the "good work." The spirit of God, he says, has descended on him. Straightway he is questioned as to the nature of his convictions, and it has happened that the interrogators, not being satisfied with the replies, have ordered him again to prostrate himself, and to "tell God he would have all or none." We remember on one occasion to have seen a woman who had, as the parties said, been converted, led down the streets of a country town, and then first we formed what we deemed a somewhat adequate idea of the state of the Pythoness immediately after retiring from the tripod, to which she had been forced, and where amidst the furies to which she was stimulated she delivered her broken oracular accents. Nor must our readers imagine that, once converted, a person is converted for life. The work in some instances requires to be frequently repeated, and is to some people what a course of medicine is to others after a debauch. Let not our readers be sceptical (they must be pained) at these representations. The following quotation might have served as the basis of the foregoing description. It is taken from the Protestant Methodist Magazine for July last. "The mercy of God displayed. At a public Methodist prayer-meeting held in Yorkshire, *about the middle of the service* a number of thoughtless young men entered the meeting, when two of them knelt down, apparently desirous of salvation; the *friends spoke to and prayed for them*; shortly afterwards a man present *stated* that those young men had agreed in their mirth, before they came to the meeting, that they would kneel down to be prayed with; on receiving this information, the friends were deeply concerned for them, and prayed that the Lord would awaken them to a sense of their danger. The *agonizing* prayers of the brethren for them at length prevailed; they appeared greatly moved, and began to pray for themselves! On one of them attempting to rise from his knees, he found *his legs so singularly affected that he could not stand upright*. They wept and prayed, assisted by the *powerful intercession of the friends*, and on retiring from the meeting *they seemed to be in great distress*. The one whose limbs were so seized, afterwards became truly serious, (what became of the others?) and joined the society. The writer was an eye-witness of the facts stated, which took place during a *revival* of religion among the Methodists." It is no longer than last summer that we saw a scene more revolting even than that we have described a few sentences before, but we abstain. There is no room for doubt that the form of religion, in some of the more retired parts of England, is to the man of sound mind most offensive and painful. The schoolmaster, they say, is abroad; but the present generation must pass off the stage before the good which he is fitted to effect will be seen in the villages of the more uncultivated parts of our country.

We have now alluded to the capital error of the present day. From this

flows, as a necessary consequence, a score of others. Unitarian polemics are often accused of misrepresenting the tenets of the self-styled orthodox. The determination of this question depends on what standard of orthodoxy is fixed on as the criterion. To say the least, there are two—the orthodoxy of books, and the few who philosophize on the subject; and the orthodoxy of the people, with which is closely connected the orthodoxy of the pulpit. Now, if the actual sentiments of the people be taken as the test of orthodoxy, we are prepared to maintain that Unitarians rather under than overstate the dogmas they oppose. We have heard, and that too by a clergyman in a most respectable town, and preaching to a large audience—we have heard the certainty which, irrespectively of good or bad conduct, the doctrine of pre-ordination gives to the elect, illustrated to this import, though not in these words: When once the relation between father and child has been formed, it cannot in its nature be broken. However rebelliously the child may act, he can never cease to be a child. So with the child of God. He may act the part of a prodigal (and here the preacher entered into a long enumeration of enormous sins); still is he safe; once a child of God, he is so for ever; “once elected, he is never rejected.” The same clergyman spoke of “the eternal three” without explanation. The following words, no less offensive for the sentiment they imply than for the doggerel in which it is conveyed, occur at the end of some lines inserted in the Protestant Methodist Magazine for July last:”

— Shout, Chorus, together;
To the Trinity, glory, for ever!

And in the number of the same work for September, these, among others, “On the Agony and Death of the Saviour:”

Let all creation blush at her *Creator's* anguish:
I ask no more! a voice from yonder skies
Reveals the cause divine *why great Jehovah dies!*

Again, from the Gospel Magazine for October:

“*The incarnate God.*”
To the rich fountain of *thy* blood,
Thou great incarnate, precious God,
My soul desires to fly.

A little after:

Stern Justice with his vengeance came,
And wrung the heart of that dear Lamb
Who gave himself for me.

At the close:

By thy sweet influence, cov'nant God,
O plunge me in that purple flood
Whose virtues are so great;
Then though as vile and black as hell,
Constrained by love this truth I'll tell,
Salvation is complete.

In plain prose of the same magazine:

“The Son in the fulness of time assumed their nature, and came into this world to do and suffer all that was necessary to *satisfy* the justice and holiness of God for them.”

“It pleased the Lord to bruise him. Is it just? Is it reasonable that the innocent should suffer for the guilty? Ah! reason, thou canst rise no

higher than thy source; revelation is beyond thy authority, and whoever trusts to thy insufficient aid, is awfully deceived."

Passing over the delectable subject of "A Cucumber-bed spiritualized," we come to the following: "My fellow-Magdalenes, all hail! Forget not our Christ is both able and willing to 'save unto the uttermost'; thy daily sins, yea, thy heart sins shall be all *in all* put away by the sacrifice of himself; thou art annoyed with them, but he is charged with them; they are *within* thee, but they were *upon him*: the royal gems which decorate his crown are the Magdalenes which he has gathered from the four quarters of the earth, and in the company we discover the murderous David, the wicked Manasseh, a backsliding Peter, a persecuting Paul, a ferocious gaoler, a gibbeted thief, a tender-hearted Lydia, with thousands and tens of thousands of others, who, like Magdalene, were as vile as hell could make them.

"Ye ruffians may come, though your hands reek with blood,
There's nothing too hard for the grace of our God;
Ye Magdalene harlots are welcome to-day
With Jesus to banquet—he'll ne'er cast away."

The following specimen of the *reductio ad absurdum* is amusing:

"As to the question, what consistency can there be in a believer's praying for forgiveness, whilst, at the same time, he professes to believe that all his iniquities, past, present, and to come, are already forgiven?—it is, as I said before, not a whit better than carnal reason. Let J. H. but establish such a course of proceeding as a general rule with him, in his decisions upon the word of God, and he will soon put an end, as far as concerns himself, to the mystery of godliness, and plunge into Socinianism at once. We need all the *ἀι, ἀι*, the alases of a Greek chorus, to express our grief at the terrible dilemma to which the use of carnal reason leads. 'Tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful.'"

We now quote from a recent number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, the motto of which, even at this time of day, is the exploded text, 1 John v. 7!

"The march of intellect is the march of infidelity; and religious liberalism the compromising of the truth. In a word, they are the daughters of the mother of harlots, alias the Anti-Christ." "You cannot even go on in wickedness *without God's permission*; and if God permit you to *persist* in sin, it is in order to punish you for it, and that your punishment may be the more signally displayed."

The following makes one's blood to curdle:—"Respecting which I stated, that the saints or the righteous would rejoice over the final punishment and destruction of the ungodly. And I believe I went so far as to say, that I rejoiced there was such a place as hell. And what is hell but the place where Jehovah will display with inconceivable brightness the splendours of his justice? Justice, the basis of his throne, an attribute as dear to Jehovah, in his glorious Trinity of Persons, as those of his mercy, grace, and love! Ah, Sir! do angels and glorified spirits express any sorrow because there is such a place as hell? Do they, can they weep to see Jehovah glorified in the destruction of his adversaries? Sir! their sight and their feelings *are not like ours*; they do not partake of our amiable weaknesses; they are not clothed with cumbrous and sinful bodies like ours; they do not view things through such false media as we do; but, immersed in the splendours of Deity, they see, they feel, they act like him." What horrible sentiments! converting the Deity into a Moloch—the Deity, the Father of his creatures, the God of love and of all consolation, the Father of mercies! Such, however, is a

specimen of the food with which no insignificant portion of the religious community is fed. The instances given are but a small part of those we have noticed in no very extensive a looking over of the periodical literature of the orthodox body.

But there prevail amongst them sins not merely against sound doctrine and human feelings, but also against that liberty of thought and speech which both Christianity and reason permit and sanction.

We deeply regret that we have but too much evidence to substantiate this remark, and in particular that a most remarkable proof has lately been furnished by the report of an Institution supported by Christians of various denominations and of great respectability—we allude to the Stockport Sunday-school. Before we read the Report we did not deem it possible for a passage such as the following to proceed in this day from any body of Christians, certainly not from men so well-informed as are many of the supporters of the above-named institution. These are the words, and they appear to have been called forth by the recent visit of Taylor and Carlile to Stockport: “We do not precisely understand the principle upon which a man is condemned to death without the hope of mercy for killing the body, whilst the murderers of the human soul are allowed to brave the laws of the country, and escape with perfect impunity.” If language has meaning, these words contain as truculent a proposal as history with its ensanguined page presents. It is proposed to treat Unbelievers—nay, all those who come under the assumed predicament of murdering the human soul, and therefore Unitarians, whose doctrines are often styled “soul-destroying”—yes, it is proposed to regard and to treat not only the infatuated and the mistaken, but also the enlightened, the upright, the benevolent, *as murderers!* The writers know not what spirit they are of. Certainly they are not of the spirit of Christ, and we have little doubt they are behind the spirit of the day. Our mind, in thinking over the barbarous language quoted, is forcibly carried back to the sitting of that Parliament which in mercy (so they stated) spared the life of Naylor, accused of blasphemy, and condemned him to be set twice in the pillory, to be whipped three times by the common hangman, to have his tongue bored through with a hot iron, to be branded in the forehead with the letter B, to be kept in prison and to hard labour at the pleasure of the Parliament, to be debarred from the use of pen, ink, and paper, and have no relief but what he earned by his daily labour. And the dreadful proposals which were in turn made by the members for the punishment of the offender, lead one to imagine what may have passed in the committee of the Stockport Sunday-school ere they were brought to identify the unbeliever and the alleged heretic with the murderer.* We certainly do not charge the atrocious sentiment on which we are animadverting on each and all the respectable persons who support that institution. Where the blame lies we know not. We hope, for the honour of the Society and for the honour of Christianity, and in justice to themselves, that those who have neither part nor lot in the matter will come forward publicly to disclaim and to denounce the proposal implied in the above quotation.

From the above premises our conclusion is, that much yet remains for the friends of pure religion and Christian liberty to effect. A better spirit and

* See the Diary of Thomas Burton, Esq., edited by J. T. Rutt, Vol. I. pp. 153—155.

a better faith—alas! how much need is there of both in but too many parts of our country! We therefore invite those who have both, not to hide their talent under a bushel. The sentiments they entertain are given them in trust to use for others' benefit. And solemn is the trust with which they are charged, and solemn will be the account of their stewardship to which they will be called. It is almost too clear to require a remark, that Unitarians possess the remedy to the various disorders we have described. Will they keep as well as possess it? Will they limit the efficacy of that truth which God wills should be as pervasive and salutary as the light of day? Surely they will be prompt to afford moral and spiritual soundness, to unseal the eye of the mind, to disenthral the shackled soul, to afford peace to the harassed heart, to lead men from the worship of a Tyrant to the worship of a Father—from warring against each other for diversities of belief, to feel the ties of a common Christianity and a common brotherhood—from the thralldom of systems to the liberty, the generous, humane, and unrestricted liberty, of the Scriptures.

We have heard it said, that the work of controversy, in relation to the principles of Unitarianism, is now ended. On the contrary, we hardly think it begun. It is true that here and there a David and a Goliath have met: but the tug of war is yet to come. The prevalent system and the system of Unitarian Christianity have yet to come into conflict, and this can take place only by our views being presented in the village, in the cottage, in the country, as well as in a few large towns—in tracts as well as volumes—by the voice of the missionary as well as of the minister. Something has been effected; infinitely more remains to be done ere we can be said to have discharged our duty. In fact, the great bulk of the community know nothing of our principles. This is true even of the more enlightened part, much rather of the uninstructed. How can our work be done, how can we prove true to the sentiments we hold, till every one has a real, and not a contingent, opportunity of knowing the truths of pure Christianity?

It is quite clear to our mind that the religious world are not characterized for exercising their powers of thought. Feeling, not thinking, is the peculiarity of the age. Even the leaders of the people yield themselves to the dominion rather of the heart than the head. And the whole history of the recent exertions and revivals is the history, not of intellectual activity, but of religious feeling. In the nature of things, a change may be expected. A re-action will come. In such a condition of society it is plainly the duty of Unitarian Christians, who have during the whole of the excitement been engaged with the intellectual bearings of religion, to come forward in order to hasten and direct the change, that, from the well-balanced action of thought and feeling, true religion, which is now less an affair of the heart than the head, may come forth in somewhat of its fair and harmonious proportions, as well as of its primeval energy.

This is our duty. Even *now* we are called to discharge it. While we delay, the opportunity passes.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THEOLOGY.

ART. I.—*Principles of Congregationalism. The Second Century Lecture of the First Church.* By C. W. Upham, Junior Pastor. Salem (Massachusetts). 1829. 8vo. Pp. 72.

It is thought by many that America must be in a pitiful plight because she has no Feudal Antiquities and no Established Church. They may be consoled by finding that she does make something of what antiquity she has; and that her children have their high and solemn festivals, their religious commemorations of the men and deeds of former days. It is true that these are rather in contrast with those which English Episcopacy has embalmed in her Prayer-book; but they may do for so young and rude a people till the lapse of ages shall provide them with something better. They have no thanksgiving for the restoration of a besotted and tyrannic dynasty; they only celebrate the restoration of millions to the possession of their native rights. The landing which they commemorate is not that of a foreigner, "come for their goods," but of the Pilgrim Fathers seeking freedom to worship God in the wilderness. Instead of one royal martyr, they venerate thousands of martyrs and confessors, made so by the tyranny of him and his house. And we have a further specimen of their Holy Days in the discourse before us, which was delivered on the second centenary celebration of the formation of the first Congregational Church in America. The courtiers of the day, if they ever heard of the event, only smiled at it. By the results of that and similar events, in after times, have courtiers and kings often been made to frown, sometimes to tremble. Happy for the world and themselves had they also been made to think.

We cannot give a better account of the occasion of this sermon than by quoting its introduction:

"We have assembled here to perform a service enjoined upon us by the example of our ancestors. Its nature and object will be best explained by referring to the notices of its previous celebration, which have fortunately been transmitted to our day. One is found in the records

of the church; the other, which will now be read, was accidentally discovered in an old public paper.

"Salem, August 6, 1729. On Wednesday was celebrated the FIRST CENTURY LECTURE, in the meeting-house of the First Church here, in commemoration of the good hand of the Lord in founding that Church on August 6th, 1629; just one hundred years ago; enlarging and making her the mother of several others, and preserving and blessing her to this day. She was the first Congregational Church that was completely formed and organized in the whole American continent, which was on the day above-mentioned, when the Rev. Mr. (Francis) Higginson was ordained the teacher, and the Rev. Mr. Skelton their pastor. Governor Bradford and others, deputed from the church at Plymouth, coming into the assembly in the time of the solemnity, (having been hindered by contrary winds,) gave them the right hand of fellowship; wishing all prosperity and a blessed success to such good beginnings.

"The Century Lecture began with singing Psalm cxxii. 1—8. The Rev. Mr. Fisk then preached a very agreeable sermon from Psalm lxxviii. 1—7. We then sang Psalm xlv. 1, 2, 6, 7. The Rev. Mr. Prescott then prayed. We then sang Psalm c. first metre, and the Rev. Mr. Fisk pronounced the blessing.

"There were thirteen ministers present, and a considerable confluence of people both from this place and the towns about."

"The Records of the Church contain a similar account. It denominates the occasion, 'THE FIRST CENTURY JUBILEE,' and concludes by expressing the petition that 'the Lord would accept the offering of thanks which had then been made.'

"One hundred years more have passed away since the interesting service, which has thus been described to you in the language of those who were present to witness and partake in it, was performed on this spot. The Centennial 'Jubilee' has again come round; and we are now gathered to commemorate the completion of the Second Century since the formation of the First American Con-

gregational Church. During the hour which we are spending together, it will have been drawn to its close.

“As we enter upon the discharge of the interesting and affecting duty which has fallen to our lot, the images of those virtuous and pious men who here laid the foundation of an order of churches, which are believed to be more favourable to the promotion of the blessings of Christianity among men than any other, rise up before our minds, and we feel that it is good to contemplate them, as they were engaged in the great and solemn transaction which established the institutions of the gospel, in their original purity and simplicity, in the new world. We commend those of their descendants and successors, who happened at the time to be on the stage of life, for the faithful zeal and the filial gratitude with which, when one century had revolved over the Congregational Churches of America, they assembled to do honour to the venerable mother and the beautiful pattern of them all. And we would now endeavour to repeat, as nearly as possible, the service which they then performed.

“It is with this intent, that the same passages from the Psalms, which our ancestors devoutly sung on the previous occurrence of this occasion, have now been chosen, in the very form in which they existed in the quaint and unpoetical, but, in many instances, affecting expression of their ancient version—a version which, at the same time that it affords, in its uncouth metre and rude versification, pleasing evidence of the progress of devotional poetry in later times, must possess a charm in the estimation of every one who loves to recal to mind the conditions and manners of the Fathers of New-England. It was used in all the churches, in most of them for more than a hundred years, and was universally known by the name of the ‘Bay Psalm-Book.’ I have also adopted, for the text of this Second Century Lecture, the same passage which my predecessor selected as the text of that which he delivered at the close of the First Century. Let them be transmitted on, while the church and the world endure, to those of our successors who shall be called, one after another, with the interlapse of a hundred years, to the discharge of the duties of this occasion.”—Pp. 3—6.

Mr. Upham then takes a rapid view of the ministers who have, in succession, held the pastorship of the Salem Church.

The first was Samuel Skelton, described by an early writer as “a man

of gracious speech, full of faith, and furnished by the Lord with gifts from above.” His assistant was, however, the more prominent character, Francis Higginson.

“With a genius and eloquence which, had he stooped to conformity, would have secured to him all the glory and power that an earthly ambition could covet, he submitted for conscience’ sake to the severest sacrifices and the most embarrassing distresses, while in his own country. For conscience’ sake, he braved what were then indeed the dreadful perils of the ocean, and fled to this wild and wintry shore; and here he perished an early martyr to the holy cause of Christian liberty.

“Virtue and religion demand that the character and actions, the services and sufferings of this good man should be presented in all their interest, and with all their attraction, to the generations of New-England. The man who laid the foundations of our religious institutions in the principles of the most perfect freedom, and of apostolic simplicity, ought never to be forgotten. We should take delight in rescuing his example from obscurity, and his name from oblivion.

“The Christian graces shed such a beauty upon his daily life, that the hearts of all who witnessed it were charmed into love and admiration. It is related, that, when he left Leicester, the place of his residence in England, to embark for the forests of America, although at the time he was suffering beneath the frowns of the government, the people of every rank and party rushed forth from their dwellings to bid him farewell. They crowded the streets through which he passed. Every eye was filled with tears, and every voice was imploring blessings upon him! Our imaginations should often present him to our hearts, as he called his family and fellow-passengers around him, leaned over the stern of the vessel in which he was borne in exile from his native home, while the cliffs of his country, still dear to his soul, although it was driving him out to perish in the wilderness, were disappearing from sight, and uttered that memorable benediction, than which there is nothing more affecting, more magnanimous, or more sublime in the records of history: ‘We will not say, as the Separatists were wont to say at their leaving of England—Farewell, Babylon! farewell, Rome!—but we will say, FAREWELL, DEAR ENGLAND! farewell, the church of God in England, and all the Christian friends there!’ Our bosoms must al-

ways experience a softened and melancholy emotion when we reflect upon his rapid decline and premature death. His delicate constitution could not bear the rigours of the new climate, and the privations incident to the early settlement. The sufferings of one short year, the severities of a single winter, carried him off. As the termination of his life approached, he seemed to have been admitted to clearer views of the results of the great enterprise which he had been called to conduct. His soul soared into those higher regions, from which the scenes of futurity can be discerned. In his dying hours he repeatedly uttered the prediction, which has already been so wonderfully fulfilled. 'He was persuaded,' he said, 'that although the Lord was calling him away, he would raise up others to carry on the work that was begun, and that there would yet be many churches of the Lord Jesus Christ in this wilderness.' While he sleeps by the side of their fathers, may our children of every generation venerate his character and cherish his memory.

"Such was Francis Higginson! We have cause to bless Providence that a character so bright and beautiful in all the attributes which can adorn the man, the patriot, and the Christian, was selected to take the lead in that great work commenced at the formation of this Church, and which will never be finished while error and bigotry remain—"the further reformation of religion in the world,"—Pp. 9—11.

The next name on the list, and a noble one it is, is that of Roger Williams. He "was chosen to succeed Francis Higginson, in opposition to the strong and repeated remonstrances of the Church in Boston, to which some of his peculiar principles had given offence. He and his worthy colleague, Mr. Skelton, fearlessly exposed themselves to the reproaches of the ministers of the colony, by expressing their disapprobation of the institution of a Pastoral Association. They predicted that it would give rise to a Presbytery, and they called upon the churches, if they valued their liberties, to resist the first movements towards such a tyranny. The institution, which alarmed these vigilant guardians of the independence of the Congregational Churches, still exists under the name of the Boston Association, and although, to the honour of its members be it spoken, it has never produced the results which were apprehended, the ministers of this Church, in opposing it, did not think and act without reason. They argued with

the wisdom of philosophers, they looked forward with the vision of prophets. The step, which they reprobated, has always been the first step in the progress of spiritual domination. It was by extensive associations, in the first instance of ministers, and then, of churches, that the primitive congregations were gradually despoiled of their freedom, and brought in captive to enlarge the dominions of hierarchies—to swell the power of bishops and popes. It has been by the means of them, that Presbyteries and Consociations, too often perverted into the worst forms of aristocracy by which human society can be oppressed, have in more modern times risen into being.

"Roger Williams was faithfully and resolutely protected by the people of this place, through years of persecution from without; and it was only by the persevering and combined efforts of all the other towns and churches that his separation and banishment were finally effected. The late learned historian of Salem, the Rev. Dr. Bentley, says, with great justice of Mr. Williams, that 'he was not afraid to stand alone for truth against the world.' It was his good fortune to find in John Endicott, and in many others of his congregation in Salem, kindred spirits, ready and willing to take the same noble and magnanimous stand. They adhered to him long and faithfully, and sheltered him from all assaults. And when at last he was sentenced, by the General Court, to banishment from the colony, on account of his principles, we cannot but admire the fidelity of that friendship, which prompted many of the members of his congregation to accompany him in his exile, and partake of his fortunes, when an outcast upon the earth. It was in the midst of winter that they were thus driven forth from the civilized world. Can you not, my hearers, contemplate in imagination a deserted and destitute company of men, women, and children, struggling through the deep snows of an unexplored wilderness? The storm is raging over their heads, bending the strong oak, swinging the lofty pine, and shaking from their branches a constant accumulation of the drifts, beneath which they are almost buried from sight.—Chilled with the frosts, and worn down by fatigue, how slowly they make their way! Who are they? They are the minister of this Church, and a chosen band of his faithful flock; and they are the victims of a bigoted interference, on the part of the other churches, in the affairs of that to

which they belonged. They are thus cruelly exiled because they have acted upon the great principle of independency upon which the churches of New-England were here founded. But they were not permitted to perish in that dismal forest; a merciful Providence directed their steps, and preserved their lives. In the language of their pious leader, 'as the same sun shines on the wilderness that doth on a garden, so the same faithful and all-sufficient God can comfort, feed, and safely guide even through a desolate howling wilderness,' or, as he has expressed the same sentiment in verse, for Roger Williams also was a Pilgrim Poet:

"Lost many a time, I've had no guide,
No house, but hollow tree.
In stormy winter night, no Fire,
No Food, no Company—
God makes a path, provides a guide
And feeds in Wilderness;
His glorious name, while earth remains,
O that I may confess.

"The Indians kindly received and hospitably sheltered them. The hearts of these rude beings were softened, their confidence secured, and their affections charmed, by the kindness, honesty, and Christian benignity which ever marked the deportment of Roger Williams. Throughout his whole history, he proved that it was possible to live on terms of mutual good-will with the Heathen inhabitants of the land. In all his intercourse with them, he invariably experienced, again to use his language,

"How kindly flames of nature burne
In wild humanitie.
God's Providence is rich to his,
Let none distrustful be.
In wilderness, in great distresse
These Ravens have fed me.

"The exiled company were led to a place of refuge and safety, and there they lived, peaceful and prosperous. They became the founders of a free Commonwealth, and the name of him who conducted them is immortal."—Pp. 41—45.

Hugh Peters follows in this illustrious catalogue. He had been living for four or five years at Rotterdam, whither he had retired from the oppression of Archbishop Laud, and where he had been received with great kindness, and was held in high regard.

"It was while he was thus living in prosperity and in honour, that his active and benevolent spirit felt an attraction towards the poor and feeble settlements of New-England. He perceived a wide

field of usefulness opened to him here, and came over the ocean to occupy it. Within about two years from the time of his arrival he was ordained Pastor of this Church. His residence in America continued seven years. Faithful tradition, corroborating the testimony, and supplying the deficiencies of the imperfect records of that day, has informed us of his energy, his usefulness, and his eloquence. He left the stamp of his beneficent and wonderful genius upon the agriculture, the fisheries, the manufactures, the commerce, and the navigation of New-England. Salem never advanced so rapidly, as during the period of his residence here. He reformed the police, introduced the arts, and erected a water-mill, a glass-house, and salt works. He encouraged the planting of hemp, and established a market-house. He formed the plan of the fisheries, and of the coasting and foreign voyages. Under his influence many ships were built, one of them of three hundred tons. He checked the tendency of the people to religious dissipation by diminishing the number of lectures and conferences which they were in the habit of attending. As a preacher and pastor he was eminently successful. In the course of five years eighty males and as many female members were added to his Church. He took an active part in the service of the infant College; and through his whole life continued to confer his benefactions upon the inhabitants of the colony. It was not until after repeated solicitations on the part of the General Court of Massachusetts, that his affectionate and admiring church and congregation consented to let him accept the commission to which he had been several times appointed, that of agent or ambassador from the Plantations to the government at home.

"It is honourable to his character to find that, after his return to his own country, he continued to hold in grateful and respectful remembrance the people with whom he had resided in America. In a sermon, preached before both Houses of Parliament, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, and the Assembly of Divines, he passes the following eulogium upon our early ancestors; would that their descendants might also merit it! 'I have lived,' said he, 'in a country, where, in seven years, I never saw a beggar, nor heard an oath, nor looked upon a drunkard.'"—Pp. 17—19.

We refrain from citing the account of Hugh Peters' return to England, of his patriotic conduct, of his heroic death, because these, we trust, are not new to

our readers; and because we wish to extract the notice of his daughter; her for whom he wrote, during his confinement in the Tower, the "Dying Father's Last Legacy."

"It is enough to make the heart bleed to think of the situation in which the 'poor child' to whom he addressed his dying advice was left. She was a forlorn, forsaken, helpless creature, the memory of her revered father was loaded with infamy, she was utterly destitute of friends, of sympathy, and of the means of subsistence. 'I do first,' says the wretched parent, 'commend you to the Lord, and then to the care of a faithful friend, whom I shall name unto you, if a friend may be found in this juncture, that dare own your name. And if I go shortly where time shall be no more, sink not, but lay thy head in His bosom who can keep thee, for He sits upon the waves. Farewell—And since we must part—must part: take my wishes, sighs, and groans to follow thee, and pity the feebleness of what I have sent, being writ under much, yea very much discomposure of spirit.' After advising her to procure, upon his departure, a situation as a servant 'in some godly family,' he makes the following proposal. 'But if you would go home to New-England (which you have much reason to do) go with good company, and trust God there: the church are a tender company.' Although the imagination is left to conjecture the particulars of the life of this desolate young orphan, it is delightful to our hearts to think that she did seek refuge in that New-England which was so dear to her father. The God to whom he committed her in his dying hour did not desert her. There is reason to believe that the people of this place, that 'tender company' to whom he commended her, received her into the arms of their love and compassion, and did for her every thing that gratitude and benevolence could suggest."*—Pp. 23, 24.

* "In Hutchinson's Collection of Papers there is a letter from a gentleman in London to Governor Leverett, requesting him to inform the Salem Church of the wretched and destitute condition of the bereaved family of Mr. Peters, and to commend to its charity and care his wife, who, for years before his execution, had been afflicted by mental alienation. The daughter to whom Mr. Peters addressed his 'Legacy' was born before he left America; her baptism is found recorded thus in our Church books. '1640. 1st mo. 8. Eliza, daughter of Mr. Pe-

Edward Norris (who had been a clergyman in England) succeeded Hugh Peters in the ministry at Salem, and lived a life of peace and usefulness. He was followed by John Higginson, the son of that Francis Higginson who, though on account of his age he held the subordinate office, yet appears to be considered as the real founder of the Church. "He (John Higginson) was the first person admitted to this Church after its formation, and the last forty-nine years of his life were spent in the duties of its pastoral care."

"The life of this excellent man was protracted to the great length of ninety-three years. Throughout its whole course he was a beautiful specimen of a distinct and peculiar class of men, who in many points were possessed of a dignified and amiable interest, the primitive New-England Ministers. His last days were spent in peace and honour; they were lovely and venerable. He was regarded as the Nestor of the Congregational Churches. His counsel was sought in every emergency—his sanction requested for every undertaking. Books, published

ters.' After her father's execution, she came to America, according to his advice, and was kindly received by his friends. So respectable was the situation in which they placed her, that she was married to a gentleman of rank in Newport, Rhode-Island. It is probable that she removed with her husband to England, where she became a widow. There can be no doubt that she lived there in affluence and honour, for she had influence enough to recover from the crown her father's foreign possessions, which had illegally been confiscated. Humphrey Devereux, Esq., a member of this Church and Society, is at present the owner of an estate on the Marblehead shore, which originally belonged to Hugh Peters. The deed by which he holds it, was given to his ancestor, March 17, 1705, by 'Elizabeth Barker, widow, daughter and sole heir of Hugh Peters.' She appears to have been in America at the time of signing this deed. The sum which she received for the estate was over three hundred and fifty pounds. At its date she must have been sixty-five years of age. It is highly gratifying to our feelings to find evidence, in these few facts, which are all that we can ascertain concerning her, that the good Providence to which her dying father entrusted her, supplied her wants, conducted her steps, and surrounded her path with blessings."

at the time, were considered as stamped with a character which would secure universal respect and confidence, if they were ushered forth with his approving signature. Cotton Mather's great work, the *Magnalia*, is graced and hallowed by a delightful prefatory commendation, written by the good man at the age of eighty-two. His grey hairs were adorned with that crown of glory with which a virtuous old age always encircles the brows. The light, which had beamed from his pure and holy example during his long life, was collected and concentrated with a supernatural lustre around his venerable form. The generations as they passed, knelt to receive his benedictions; they crowded round him that that they might enjoy, before he was taken away, that conversation, which a contemporary declares to have been 'a glimpse of heaven.' He always welcomed them as they approached. And when they retired from his presence they felt that it was good for them to have been there. We can imagine the hoary and benignant patriarch, standing among his younger brethren and successors, and saying, in the language of Jacob, before his departure, while his children and children's children were gathered around him, 'Bring them unto me, and I will bless them.' At last he was called home by his Heavenly Father. His dust reposes in our soil—let his memory be treasured up in our hearts—let his character be honoured in all our churches." —Pp. 29, 30.

The remainder of the list would less interest our readers. The preacher thus concludes it, and passes to the consideration of his principal topic:

"Before relinquishing the subject, it is proper to mention the interesting fact, that, although there have been fourteen regularly ordained Pastors of this Church, the ministry of my venerable friend and colleague, (Dr. Prince) who has been permitted to preside over and conduct the solemnities of this service, covers one quarter of its whole duration. It has been protracted beyond that of any of his predecessors; and, in a few weeks, if his life shall be preserved through them, it will have extended itself to half a century. Let us join with him, my friends, in rendering thanks to that good Providence which has thus lengthened out his days. May philosophy and religion continue to shed a calm and holy lustre upon his path—And may God bless and illumine the evening of a life which has been spent in discovering and adoring his perfections, as they are revealed in his works!

"In looking back along the history of this Church, our attention must not be engrossed by the contemplation of individual characters, however interesting, or of transient events, however important. We must extend our vision until it reaches the very foundation upon which it was built; and if we examine that foundation, we shall find that it rests upon a few great principles. To these principles let us give our attention.

"It has always been allowed that this was the First American Congregational Church. It is true, indeed, that those excellent and pious men at Plymouth, who were worthy of the glorious distinction, which they rightfully possess, of being the first and foremost of the Pilgrim race, had maintained Christian worship for years previous to the organization of this Church; but for some time they considered themselves only as a branch of the church whose pastor, and a majority of whose members, remained in Leyden; and, owing to various causes, they did not become a distinct and fully constructed religious society for some time after the establishment of the church here. It is upon grounds like these, that our claim to the character of the First American Congregational Church has been uniformly presented, and always allowed.

"But we go further, and maintain that this should be regarded as the mother of the Congregational Churches throughout the modern world. It is well known, to every one conversant with the history of the Protestant Churches, that Robert Brown, more than forty years before, conceived, and endeavoured to put into operation, a scheme of Christian social worship and ecclesiastical government, similar in many points to that adopted by our fathers. It is also well known that John Robinson, on the continent of Europe, and that Henry Jacob and John Lathorp, in England, had adopted substantially the same principles as those of Brown, and were the Pastors of Churches somewhat resembling our own, before the year 1629. But either these attempts were crushed in the beginning, or, if independent churches were formed, they were repressed by persecution, or restrained by authority, and thus finally exterminated, so that no traces of them are now to be found. And, besides, they were not, in all points, conformed to the principles which were here defined, and declared to belong to a Congregational Church.

"While inquiring into the principles upon which this Church was established,

we are, then, inquiring into the fundamental principles of a denomination of churches, which is spread widely over this part of our country, and which, we firmly believe, if its original principles shall be perpetuated and observed, is destined to become a universal denomination. It is, indeed, a momentous inquiry. May our minds be liberated from prejudice, that we may be prepared to enter upon it! May they be filled with light, that we may accomplish it by the attainment of the truth!"—Pp. 33—36.

The "Principles of Congregationalism" are stated by Mr. Upham to be the three following, in connexion with which we deem it needful to give a few sentences selected from his proofs and illustrations of them:

"I. In the first place our fathers defined *the matter of a Congregational Church to be a body of men gathered by voluntary association, proposing to form themselves into an organized community for social worship as Christians, and possessing in themselves, previous to a covenant, or profession, or to the assumption in any form of the ecclesiastical estate, all the powers, rights, faculties, and privileges, which are needed to construct and constitute a church of Christ.*

"Who were the persons that took part in the transactions of that occasion? There were, it is probable, four ministers present, each of whom had been ordained, and two of them highly distinguished, as clergymen, in the mother country."—P. 36.

"Still, notwithstanding all this, they seem to have divested themselves, with one accord, of ecclesiastical character. The ministers threw off their official faculties, the church members were not recognised in that aspect. The whole company descended, as it were, to that equal rank, in which a state of nature would have arranged them. They entered, not as church-members, but as Christian men, upon a free and open deliberation concerning the right method of erecting themselves into a religious society."—P. 37.

"They, then, having become a church, by a free election, appointed their Pastor, their Teacher, and their Ruling Elder, and, although the Pastor and Teacher elect had, as has been observed, exercised the powers of those offices in elevated and conspicuous spheres, before they left England, in order most implicitly to shew that, in the newly-formed church, they were to consider themselves as holding offices, and as invested with powers, which were wholly derived from

election here, and not from previous ordination elsewhere, the brethren directed, that they should be inducted into their stations in the church, and receive the pastoral character, by the imposition of the hands of one of their own number, the Ruling Elder."—Pp. 38, 39.

"When, forty-one years from the ordination of his father Francis, John Higginson was installed, the ceremony was performed by the laymen of the congregation. Major Hawthorne, assisted by the deacons, inducted him to office by the imposition of their hands. The ministers of neighbouring churches were present merely as spectators and auditors."—P. 39.

"The second principle which our fathers established on the 6th of August, 1629, was *the Independence of the Congregational Churches of all external jurisdiction.* This principle is important beyond description or estimation. It was not only declared by the founders of this church, but, justice requires that it should be said, its whole history is crowded with evidence, that it has been steadily and resolutely maintained to this day. It was declared at its foundation. The early writers inform us that, when Governor Bradford, with others, arrived during the solemnity of ordaining the first ministers, and it was proposed, that he should extend to the new church and its pastors, in the name of the Christian brethren at Plymouth, the Right Hand of Fellowship, he was not permitted to discharge that interesting and friendly service, until it had first been proclaimed, that no inference should ever be drawn from it, in support of the idea, that there was the least dependence whatever in this church upon others, the least jurisdiction over it in any external body, or the least necessary connection between it and other churches, wherever they might be."—Pp. 40, 41.

"The last great principle impressed upon the Congregational Churches at their origin was this—that *'while they take care, according to apostolic injunction, that all things be done decently and in order, it is their duty not to impose any thing, by way of subscription or declaration of faith, upon those who desire admission to the ordinances, which may not conscientiously be complied with by sincere Christians of all denominations.'*

"Although the founders of this Church were zealous believers of that general system of doctrines, which, in their day, as well as in our own, was called orthodox, they took care to frame their covenant without expressing in it their belief

of that system, or of any of its parts. You will look in vain through that admirable document for the hypothesis of the Athanasian Trinity, or the metaphysical speculations of Calvin. That covenant is a perpetual and a worthy monument of the wisdom and the liberality of the noble men who adopted it; and it will for ever demonstrate, in language which cannot be misunderstood, their adherence to the principle which has just been defined."—Pp. 56, 57.

Many other passages deserve quotation, especially the spirited remonstrance against those encroachments on order, peace, and liberty, to which what is called orthodoxy appears to be so irreclaimably addicted. But we refrain, only hoping that this notice may have communicated to our readers some portion of the enjoyment which this Discourse, as connected with the interesting occasion of its delivery, has imparted to our own minds. They are such things as these which ought to be held in everlasting remembrance.

ART. II.—*The Proem of St. John's Gospel shewn to be strictly applicable to Jesus Christ, and perfectly consistent with Unitarian Christianity: a Sermon, delivered at Ditchling, September 9th, 1829, before the Members of the Sussex Association.* By James Taplin, Minister of the Unitarian Congregation, Battle. London: sold by M. Eaton, 187, High Holborn; and M. Bayley, Battle. 1829.

THE Trinitarian Exposition of the commencement of the Gospel of John may, we think, without much difficulty be shewn to be inconsistent with the passage which it professes to explain, with itself, with the dictates of reason, and with the doctrines inculcated by Christ and his apostles, as well as those of Moses and the prophets. But it seems to be easier to shew what the evangelist did not mean, than what he did mean. Those interpretations which are most plausible and consistent leave us only a choice of difficulties. Mr. Taplin argues that "the beginning" is that of the gospel dispensation; that Christ is "the Word;" that he is, in the scriptural phrase, a god though not God; and that the "all things" which were "made" or rather "done" by him were all things appertaining to the introduction and promulgation of Christianity. That is to say, he inclines to the inter-

pretation of Lindsey, Cappe, Belsham, and Carpenter, rather than to that of Lardner, Priestley, Wakefield, and Jones. We confess our own leaning to be the other way; but we must say that Mr. Taplin has stated his view of the subject with ability and candour; his closing exhortation to free inquiry, open profession, and holy zeal, is fervid and impressive; and heartily do we unite with him in saying, "Happily for the Unitarian, he is not fettered with human creeds. In the pursuit of truth he sees with his own eyes, and hears with his own ears; and is free to receive or to reject. What he asserts for himself, he freely allows to others—the sacred right of judgment and conscience."—P. 10.

ART. III.—*A Sermon delivered at Crediton, on Sunday, Oct. 18, 1829, on occasion of the Death of Mr. Henry Rowe.* By J. Johns. Printed by request. Roberts, Exeter.

AN elegant, pathetic, and impressive composition. The following passage is extracted, not as being distinguished from the rest of the Sermon, but as a fair specimen of its style, and of the spirit by which it is pervaded.

"The science, the glorious science, of being patient under affliction, was once a secret and a mystery among men;—but, to such as are earnestly desirous to acquire it, Christianity has permitted it to be so no longer. No art indeed (if such an art were desirable) can render the human frame impassive to pain, or the human mind insensible to sorrow. The searchers of wisdom in the ancient world dispersed, in pursuit of happiness, in various directions: one party placed it in the possession of pleasure, and another in the mastery of pain. But the disciple of the Stoic, when suffering from disease, made the memorable confession that pain *was* an evil; and the disciple of the Epicurean was deprived of his sleep, because a rose-leaf had doubled itself upon his voluptuous bed. The Christian, my brethren, has other and nobler arts for commanding pain, and for creating pleasure. Since he cannot be *insensible*, he makes it his object to be *resigned*; and since something will always occur to impair or to destroy the enjoyments of time, he will fix his eyes upon that sublimer existence, where alone there are joys that cannot pall or die. He will not expect that the fountain of tears shall throw forth the living waves of immortal joy: he will not mistake the cypress of earth for 'the tree of life

in the garden of God ;' or expect that the swans of mortality, which only sing as they die, shall warble forth the same seraphic songs with those that float upon the waters of God. From the common frailty of all mortal things, he will not expect that he, or his, shall be exempted. His noblest 'treasure will be in heaven,' and his 'heart' will be with his treasure. Whether it be the will of the Eternal to give, to resume, or to deny, he will welcome, or endure it, as the will of a Being, who is infinite alike in power, in wisdom, and in love. He will resign in patience to the All-gracious Giver, what he has asked in prayer, and enjoyed with praise. Amid all the glooms that may obscure his way, he will look beyond the fleeting vapours of time, to the Star of Love 'walking in brightness' above them; and anticipate, with patient hope, the arrival of the hour, when every cloud shall be transfigured into a glory, when 'a new heaven and earth' shall receive 'the just made perfect,' and the 'Sun of Righteousness shall arise' upon 'the Paradise of God.'—Pp. 20, 21.

ART. IV.—*University of London. An Introductory Lecture upon the Study of Theology and of the Greek Testament, delivered at the Opening of the Theological Institution, Saturday, November 21, 1829.* By the Rev. Thomas Dale, M.A., Lecturer on Divinity at the above Institution, and Professor of the English Language and English Literature in the University of London. London: Taylor, 1829, pp. 38.

WE have given the above title at full, that our readers may judge for themselves of the correctness of our opinion, that it has a *deceptive tendency*. Who would not infer from it that "the Theological Institution" is an integral portion of the "University of London"? Mr. Dale has indeed explained, in the Advertisement and the Lecture itself, that there is no further connexion between the two than that the one is, or is to be, conducted, supported, and frequented, by certain of the professors, friends, and students of the other; but this very statement is itself the ground on which we condemn the implied assumption in the title. It may be thought that we are animadverting on a mere trifle; but we know the grasping spirit of the Establishment; we know that when the clergy connected with the University were in treaty for a place of wor-

ship, they announced that it would be "The University Chapel;" we know the heterogeneous elements of which the Council is composed, and how portions of it may be acted upon by narrow creeds or a short-sighted, compromising policy; we know how the fundamental principle of the Institution, of complete non-interference with religion, has been already in jeopardy; and we are therefore jealous, even about such trifles as this may seem, in proportion to our solicitude for the honour, prosperity, and usefulness, of the London University.

Two courses of Lectures are proposed; one on the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion; the other, on the Greek Testament. The first is to be complete within the limits of each Session. The extent of the other is not defined, but two Lectures are to be delivered every week. There is nothing which particularly calls for remark, either in the way of praise or of censure, in what is said of either. A Theological Library is commenced, for the use of the Students; they are to be frequently examined by the Lecturer; and there is to be a General Examination and Distribution of Prizes at the end of the Session.

As the professed object is not to make Theological Scholars, but to cultivate Religious Principle, this last provision is of a very questionable character.

We little expected to meet in this Lecture with a declaration of war against Unitarianism. It was neither necessary nor decent. Not necessary, for the Evidences of Christianity are neutral ground on which polemics may hold truce without any compromise of principle; and not decent in a Lecturer who is about to avail himself largely of "the elaborate researches of Lardner." It would have been an odd situation for that excellent man, had he been now living, to have found himself turned away, for his heresy, from the door of a room in which a lecture was delivering compiled from his own publications. Very odd; and not very creditable. His admission, it seems, would be a liberality beyond the bounds of prudence. "By members of the Church of England it was originated, by them it is principally supported, and they alone exercise any controul over its management. It is true, they do not confine its benefits to those of their own communion, but are willing to extend them to all who admit that vital principle of our common Christianity,—the essential Divinity of the Son of God: but, while they thus adopt the principle of liberality to the utmost limit of pru-

dence, let it be remembered, that to students of their own Church the Institution is primarily adapted—for such it was principally designed.” Pp. 10, 11. The Professor of the English Language and Literature has, doubtless, his reasons for selecting the term *prudence* to describe the exclusion of Unitarian students; and we should like to know those reasons. There would be no imprudence in his converting them; none in his preserving them from Deism. Can he mean that it would not be prudent to allow them the opportunity of talking over his Lectures with their fellow-students; or to risk the replies which they might make in the course of a private or a public examination? It is rather too much for these Church-of-Englandists to make a boast of the liberality, which is bounded, not by principle, but by prudence.

In virtue of this same prudence, we suppose, the Lectures are to be incessantly directed to the inculcation of that very doctrine which must be previously held in order to obtain admission.

“ But throughout these Lectures there is one object of which I shall never lose sight, and, consequently, which it is only candid and honest on the present occasion explicitly and unreservedly to avow; I mean, the constant investigation and exhibition of that immense mass of evidence, which tends collaterally or directly to establish the doctrine of the essential divinity of the Son of God. Persuaded as I am, that this is the primary and pervading doctrine of the Christian revelation; that it is the rock upon which our common Christianity is founded, and that without it we rise scarcely a single step above the disciples of Socrates, Confucius, or Mahomet; it will be my constant endeavour, by all honest and legitimate means, to fix a similar persuasion in the minds of the students. For this purpose, I shall analyze minutely those passages in which the Version, falsely termed *Improved*, has disorganized the construction, obscured the sense, or neutralized the energy, of the Scripture. I shall demonstrate how widely the process to which these passages have been subjected, has deviated from all the approved and ordinary rules of interpretation. I shall not only shew the connexion between the various texts which have been thus perverted, but establish their true meaning by the corroborative evidence of manuscripts and of the Fathers.”—P. 22.

So cautious a man as the Professor should have been reminded, by the mention of the *Improved Version*, of the ex-

perience of its Editor, when explaining the texts cited in this controversy to his pupils. He may read a warning in the Preface to the *Calm Inquiry*. The demolishing analysis which he promises ought assuredly not to be confined to the Students of the London University. We hope it will be published.

The clergy of the Establishment who hold Professorships in the London University are undoubtedly in a delicate and difficult situation. We feel for them as individuals, and would not be harsh or captious in our animadversions. But we must ask the question, what makes their situation a delicate and difficult one? What, but the spirit and policy of the Church to which they belong?

ART. V.—*The Christian Child's Faithful Friend and Sabbath Companion*. Vol. II. for 1829. pp. 144. Hunter, London; Philp, Falmouth.

WE have only cordially to repeat our former recommendation of this useful penny periodical, and our best wishes for its continuance and success.

ART. VI.—*Unitarians not Socinians. An Appeal to the Good Sense and Candour of Professing Christians, against the Improper Use of the Term "Socinian." With a Brief Statement of Unitarian Sentiments*. Printed for the Southern Unitarian Society. Pp. 12. 1829.

ONE of the very best Tracts of the kind which we have seen, and well deserving of general distribution.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

ART. VII.—*Memoirs of Simon Bolivar, President Liberator of the Republic of Columbia, &c.* By Gen. H. L. V. Ducoudray Holstein. Colburn and Bentley.

DUCOUDRAY HOLSTEIN served in the French army during the revolution, and was afterwards attached to the staff of Napoleon. In common with many other military adventurers, when "Othello's occupation" seemed "gone" in Europe, he repaired to the Spanish Main, "attracted by the sacred cause," and having "been constantly attached to the cause of liberty in both hemispheres." He was then employed first by the local authorities at Carthage, and afterwards by Bolivar, who made him

the Chief of his Staff. The connexion did not turn out a pleasant one for either party, and after various *embrouillements* the Ex-General exchanged his sword for the pen, and taking up his abode at New York, indited these Memoirs of his last master, which have cost him five years' labour, and which are published to enlighten the world as to the real character and merits of the President Liberator of Columbia.

We have no means of ascertaining the narrator's trustworthiness but such as are afforded by the book itself. He is a disappointed man, and writes like one. He has endured, or believes that he has, neglects and injuries, from the subject of these memoirs. His avowed object is the demolition of Bolivar's reputation, which he regards as a great hoax upon the public. All this is little in his favour. On the other hand, he is not at all sparing of minute particulars, of names, dates, places, and the various materials for correcting whatever errors he may have committed, and if he have ventured on invention for exposing it to his irretrievable disgrace. At the best, there is probably a good deal of exaggeration and (it may be) unconscious misrepresentation in his narrative; at the worst, we cannot but think it more true than false; and that is enough to keep Simon Bolivar out of the calendar of pure patriots, and even out of the roll of brave and able generals.

Egregious vanity, and habits offensively licentious; a gross deficiency of personal courage and military skill; occasional treachery, private and public; both vindictive and wanton cruelty; and that low-minded ambition which seeks personal aggrandizement *per fas aut nefas*: such are the distinguishing traits of the portrait here exhibited: were they only set forth oratorically, little impression would be produced; but they are supported by, or embodied in, a distinct and circumstantial narrative.

Various questions must occur to the reader, most of which the author has anticipated. Has not Bolivar repeatedly had the Dictatorship pressed upon him, and repeatedly resigned it? He shews that it has always been in fact, sometimes in form, his own assumption; and that he has never let go any power which he could hold. But did he not actually rid the country of the Spaniards? The author replies that, without the most inconceivable mismanagement, the Spaniards must have been expelled years and years before. How then, and this is the most difficult question of all, is his

acknowledged popularity to be accounted for? It is replied, by the ignorant and debased state of the people on whom his arts of cajolery have been practised with perseverance; by the continued oppressions and cruelties of the Spaniards, to which his elevation seemed the only alternative in their choice; and by his promptly and dexterously availing himself of circumstances as they occurred to promote his personal views and reputation. Such, in substance, are the Ex-General's explanations, which on the last point seem less complete than on the others.

It seems to be, "like master like man," in Columbia. The people are described as most superstitious, ignorant, and demoralized. Of their bigotry the following tale is told as a specimen. It is related on the authority of the French officer himself.

"Lieutenant-colonel Collot, a French officer, who had served in France under Napoleon in the artillery, came over, as many others did, to the Main, and served in his rank as an artillery officer in the army of the patriots. Becoming much disgusted, he asked his dismissal from General Urdaneta, with whom he was serving. His request was refused. Soon after, he obtained leave to go from the environs of Tunja to Carthagená, where he had some private business to settle. He travelled on horseback, with a guide, a servant, and a few dragoons, all well armed. After travelling a number of days under a burning sun, he arrived at a large borough in the interior of New Granada, called Fa——, before the largest inn of which he dismounted. As soon as he came into the house, he was suddenly seized with great pain and fever, insomuch that he cried aloud. The people of the inn put him to bed, and called in their priest, in great alarm. This man was versed in the arts of curing, and, believing the stranger to be in the last extremity, came with the viaticum. He sat down before the stranger's bed, and made various inquiries about his malady; and then told him it was not of a dangerous nature. He ordered the numerous bystanders to retire. When all were gone out, he rose from his chair, and carefully locked the door. He then resumed his seat, and in an interested manner inquired if he was a Christian—meaning a Roman Catholic, which in these countries the word signifies. M. Collot understood him, but answered not his question; and supplicated for a glass of water. The parson told him he should first answer to his God, of whom

he was the representative, whether he was a Christian. The patient, under the suffering of pain and thirst, (having been born a Catholic,) answered that he was. The parson then opened the door, and, at his call, some excellent lemonade was brought in a short time, which in some measure relieved him. The priest then renewed his questions about his disorder; and told him he had an Indian, not far from the borough, who could cure him perfectly; 'but, as you are a Christian,' added he, 'it is necessary to confess you first, and that you receive the sacrament, which will cause half your cure.' The Colonel replied, saying, that this was surely a jest; that the Indian might come and cure him, after which he would confess himself with great pleasure. 'No, no, my friend, it is absolutely necessary to begin with the confession and the sacraments.' M. Collot, seeing his obstinacy, told him to go out. The parson jumped from his seat in a violent passion, saying, 'Well, Sir, as you deny your God, I can give you no help;' and then he went out, shutting the door with violence.

"A miserable night lamp was in the room, and he saw what they call a Christ, suspended under a small looking-glass upon the wall. M. Collot remained some time in a state of stupefaction; then raising his head, he perceived that silence reigned through the house. After suffering in this condition for about half an hour, with pain and fever, he called as loud as he could for assistance. The door half opened, and a woman demanded, in a harsh and stern voice, what he wanted; 'Assistance, for God's sake,' he answered; 'help, help, for I am deadly sick.' He spoke in good Spanish; but the door was shut immediately. He received no answer, and silence again reigned over the whole house. Notwithstanding frequent calls for a glass of water, no one came to him. It was expressly enjoined upon his servant, who was very much attached to him, to remain with the people, or he would incur the vengeance of the holy father, as they called the priest. The servant was a native of New Granada; and was so terrified by these words, that he did not dare go to his master's assistance. The priest, in his curse, had distinctly declared that no one under pain of excommunication should enter the room of 'that perverse sinner, who denied his God.' Colonel Collot at last asked, as a great favour, that the landlord would come to him for a minute. After a long time the landlord appeared, half opened

the door, and harshly demanded, what was wanted of him. 'Come nearer, my friend,' said he; 'I want to speak with you.' 'What,' said the landlord, 'will you confess yourself? Shall I call the reverend father priest? O do so; it would make me happy above any thing.'

"'No, Sir, I do not speak of confession, I wish——.' 'I cannot hear you then,' said the landlord: 'good bye, Sir: may heaven assist you.' So saying, he shut the door and disappeared. The Colonel in his distress made every exertion to move their compassion, but in vain. They absolutely refused to do any thing for him.

"The apprehension of dying in that condition at last compelled him to declare that he would be confessed and take the sacrament. The parson came, after four hours' absence, at eleven o'clock at night; and the Colonel confessed and received the sacraments. All was now changed around him. The Indian perfectly cured him, in the following singular manner: He stripped him naked, anointed him with a decoction of indigenous plants, and, laying him on the ground upon some blankets, he handled him just as a baker kneads bread; so that he cried out with pain. The Indian continued the operation until his patient was in a proper sweat. He then wrapped him in a blanket, and put him to bed. The next day the operation was repeated, and the Colonel was perfectly cured. When he was quite recovered, he was scarcely suffered to depart. He and the priest became close friends, and he was treated by all the inhabitants with the kindest hospitality. When he insisted on going, and asked the landlord for his bill, he was told that so good a Christian owed nothing. He could not prevail on them to receive any thing. On the contrary, at his departure, a mule was laden with excellent provisions and choice fruits for his journey."—l. pp. 55—59.

To this story is appended a sketch of the characteristic differences of the inhabitants of the several provinces which constitute the new State of Columbia:

"The character of the inhabitants of New Granada is very different from that of Venezuela. A striking difference also exists among the thirty-seven provinces of Columbia in this respect. The Margaritans, for example, differ in many points from the Llaneros; so do those of Cumana and Barcelona, from those of Caraccas, &c.

"The Caraguin is much quicker, more petulant, and also more sanguinary, than

the man of Bogota. He is also more enlightened. But he is more corrupt, vicious, false, cunning, jealous, and inclined to vengeance, than the Granadian. The latter having given his word will keep it. The Caraguin will give his word promptly, and will add protestations, and even oaths; and after he has deceived you, he will laugh at your credulity. The Caraguin will sacrifice every thing for pomp and show, and especially for a brilliant retinue. The Granadian is more modest, more prudent in his expenses, and has far more order in the interior of his establishment. The Caraguin, when observed, will give handfuls of gold to a beggar. The other will give secretly, but not profusely, and will enter into the feelings and sufferings of the object of his charity; while the Caraguin gives, and thinks of him no more. In almost all the convents of Bogota, there was a house for the poor maintained by the charity of private persons. There was besides, a large hospital for men, and another for women.

“The Creoles generally are jealous of all foreigners, and dislike to be commanded by any but their own countrymen. They will obey a foreigner, in their necessity, but as soon as they cease to feel their need of his services, they obey him no longer, and use every exertion to turn him out. Duty and gratitude have little or no weight with them. In Venezuela, where no foreigner has ever been admitted to the chief command, there have been repeated instances of their being displaced. In New Granada, various foreigners have been entrusted with distinguished commands: and have generally been perfectly well received and treated, and still are so. The Caraguin, as he hates all foreigners, despises the Granadian, and submits with great reluctance to be commanded by him, taking every opportunity in his absence to render him suspected or contemptible.

“The uncultivated and ignorant Llaneros will encourage no stranger, extending their aversion to Europeans, Caraguins, Granadians—to every one not born in the plains of their country.

“The antipathy and hatred existing between the inhabitants of Venezuela and New Granada, is strongly expressed, though no good reason can be given for it. It is well known to have existed for centuries, and continues in full force to this day. It has produced consequences dreadful to the cause of Independence, as I shall shew in the course of this memoir. The vain and proud Caraguin has

never ceased to despise and ridicule the more ignorant Granadian, who, while he feels his own inferiority, secretly and bitterly hates the other on account of it. The native of Caraccas is distinguished by his gesticulations, his continual talk, his boasting and biting wit. He has a sovereign contempt for all who are not born in his own province. It has been said by well informed persons, that the Caraguin has all the vices of the native Spaniard, without any of his virtues.”—I. 59—61.

In the war of Independence there has been a frightful mass of crime and suffering, and doubtless much also of individual disinterestedness, heroism, and martyrdom. Such contests are always distinguished by the worst atrocities, and the noblest virtues of which human nature is capable. The records of the French Revolution especially present, in the midst of the most revolting scenes, examples of magnanimity and self-sacrifice, not to be paralleled in romance. There is little of this kind in the work before us. One instance of female determination is worth extracting, although we could have wished to feel more sympathy with the object for which this strength of resolution was evinced:

“The wife of General Arismendy had a rich uncle, who had been many years settled at Trinidad, and had often pressed her to come and visit his family. At the end of 1815, she suggested to her husband the plan of going herself to Trinidad to pay the long-desired visit, and also for a more important purpose, which was to solicit from her uncle, by way of loan, a large sum of money for the purpose of aiding the war: her husband refused his consent to her going, and pointed out the dangers to which she would be exposed in that time of war and trouble, particularly from the numerous cruising vessels of the enemy, which then covered the seas in almost every direction from Margarita. She persisted, however, in her purpose, and at length obtained his consent, and a proper commission from him for obtaining the loan. She was young, handsome, and well educated: she embarked in a small schooner, without even a servant, and when she went on board, was unknown to any one in the vessel. After sailing some days with a fair wind, the schooner was chased and overtaken by a Spanish privateer, and though she sailed under Dutch colours, was sent into Porto Cabello.

“As soon as she arrived in that city, she was recognized by a number of per-

sons as the wife of General Arismendy, and was immediately arrested and put into a dark and damp dungeon in the citadel. Arismendy, who almost always put his prisoners to death, had spared three Spanish Colonels and Majors, whom he put into one of his forts, that they might serve him as hostages in case of need. The governor of Porto Cabello knew their situation. They were beloved by their superior officers, and the governor sent one of his officers to Arismendy's wife, with his word of honour, that she should be immediately set at liberty if she would write a line to her husband and persuade him to release the three Spanish officers in exchange for her. She feared that her husband would be weak enough, as she expressed it, to consent to the proposal, and she positively refused to write. By the urgency of the governor, she understood the importance of these officers, and told him plainly she would not write. After she had received a number of visits to the same purpose, the governor came himself, and endeavoured to persuade her, but in vain. They then threatened her; but she replied, laughing, that it would be cowardly to torment a defenceless woman, whose only crime was being the wife of a patriotic general. They next employed more rigorous treatment with regard to her living, but still treated her respectfully, and promised her immediate liberty if she would write to her husband to release the officers. At length she became vexed with their importunity, and told the officer who came to her, that if General Arismendy were informed of their cowardly treatment of her, he would be mad as a tiger, and would put to death thousands of Spaniards, men, women, and children, all that might fall into his power; and that, for her part, she was determined never to commit so weak and vile an act as they required of her, and that she would suffer a thousand deaths rather than attempt to persuade her husband to forget his duty.

“During three months she was treated with great barbarity, but she remained firm, and constantly gave the same answers. The Spaniards at last finding that nothing could alter her determination, permitted her to go to the Island of Trinidad, fearing that if her husband should hear of her detention, he would do as she had predicted. Such was the wife of General Arismendy at the age of twenty-three years.”—II. 228—230.

Very glad shall we be to find this publication leading, by discussion and further information, to the solution of the

doubts which have been felt here as to the character of Bolivar. Very glad, indeed, shall we be to find him “more sinned against than sinning;” to have a satisfactory vindication of his past conduct crowned by his future patriotism; and to recognize in him not the blundering ape of Napoleon, but the manly imitator of Washington.

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of the Life and Times of Daniel De Foe.* By Walter Wilson, Esq. 3 Vols. Hurst. 1830.

THE “*Life and Times*,” should rather be entitled the “*Times and Life of Daniel De Foe*”; for it exhibits but a scanty stream of biography meandering through an immense field of political history and disquisition. The great events and characters of those days are made to pass in review before us simply because De Foe animadverted upon them, as if the opinions of a pamphleteer, even though that pamphleteer was afterwards the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, were a thread sufficiently large and strong to hold together the facts of history. So large a picture required a central figure rather more colossal in its proportions. De Foe is often not very prominent, and sometimes scarcely visible, in his own life. It was scarcely possible that, on such a plan, an interesting book, to the great majority of readers, should be produced. A long succession of long quotations from by-gone controversies; even including that protracted one on Occasional Conformity, will be too much for the many, and not enough for the few, who make such matters their study, and who after all must have recourse to the publications themselves. At the same time, the principles, spirit, and power of the author, the Cobbett of his day, with integrity and consistency to boot, are an apology for Mr. Wilson's propensity to extract, which we cannot but feel. The really biographical part of the work we have very briefly epitomized for our readers.

DANIEL DE FOE (the DE was an interpolation of his own, his father was plain James Foe, a butcher in St. Giles, Cripplegate) was born in the year 1661, and, it is supposed, baptized by the Rev. Samuel Annesley, LL.D., an ejected minister who then preached at a meeting-house in Little St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street, on whom his parents attended. He was educated in an academy at Newington Green, conducted by the Rev. C. Morton, who afterwards emigrated to

New England, and became Vice-president of Harvard College. His original destination was to the ministry, among the Presbyterians; and it does not appear why this intention was abandoned. In 1685 he joined the standard of the rash and ill-fated Monmouth; and upon the failure of that attempt returned unnoticed to the metropolis, where for the next ten years he appears to have been engaged in trade as "a hose-factor, or the middle man between the manufacturer and the retail dealer."

This occupation he carried on in Cornhill; but during some part of the time he had a residence at Tooting, in Surrey, "where he was the first person who attempted to form the Dissenters in the neighbourhood into a regular congregation." Dr. Joshua Oldfield was their first pastor. De Foe had early in life commenced Author and Controversialist; and from this period he took an active and ardent part in the political discussions of the agitated times in which he lived. While he was the acute and sarcastic opponent of the Tory and High Church Party, the Nonconformists occasionally felt his lash for their inconsistencies. In business he was unsuccessful; his original attempt, and other speculations in which he afterwards embarked, having all come to a disastrous, though not dishonourable, termination. Towards the conclusion of the seventeenth century "De Foe took up his abode at Hackney, and resided there several years. Here some of his children were born and buried. In the parish register is the following entry: 'Sophia, daughter to Daniel de Foe, by Mary his wife, was baptized, December 24, 1701.' 'Martha de Foe, a child, was carried out of the parish to be buried in 1707.'" The extravagance of Sacheverell and others of the High Church Party provoked De Foe to publish, in 1702, his "Shortest Way with the Dissenters," and a very short way it was which he thus ironically suggested, viz. pulling down all the meeting-houses and sending the ministers to the galleys or the gallows. The faction was so blind as to fall into the trap; the proposition was at first taken for earnest and praised in earnest; and when the trick was discovered, the spirit of persecution stood confessed and almost confounded. But the joke was too biting to be borne without vengeance. The House of Commons ordered the book to be burned by the common hangman; the government offered a reward of fifty pounds for the apprehension of the Author; he was tried for libel at the Old

Bailey; cajoled by his own lawyers into not making a defence; convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of 200 marks, stand three times in the pillory, be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure, and find securities for his good behaviour for seven years. Such were the tender mercies of Church and Queen. The disgraceful part of the punishment failed of its effect; De Foe wrote a Hymn to the Pillory, and the people wreathed it with flowers. He remained in prison till the change of ministry in 1704, when Harley obtained of the Queen his release, and gave him an appointment which he held while that administration continued in power. It is thought that by this connexion his Whiggery was somewhat modified. While in prison he projected, and commenced the publication of his "Review" of public affairs, which at first only contemplated those of France, but was afterwards extended to all departments of politics and public morals. At first it was a sheet once a week, but was changed to half a sheet twice a week. It may be considered as the prototype of such works as the Political Register. It was continued till nine volumes, of 100 numbers each, were completed, of which De Foe was the sole writer. As a record of his opinions it is largely used in the work before us. In 1706 De Foe was sent into Scotland by Harley and Godolphin to promote the Union; a measure which he had himself suggested, many years before, to King William. He entered very heartily into the object of his mission, and by his conversation and pamphlets, which appear to have been all the agency he exercised, did much in reconciling many who were disaffected. It was not long after his return from Scotland that he fixed his abode at Stoke Newington. In 1715, after various political conflicts, in the course of which he had been again in Newgate, and been ill-treated and disgusted by both parties, he formed the resolution of taking a public leave of political life by a pamphlet entitled "An Appeal to Honour and Justice, though it be of his worst Enemies. By D. De Foe. Being a true Account of his Conduct in Public Affairs." 8vo. Pp. 58. Before the completion of this work he was struck with apoplexy, and his recovery was deemed so doubtful, that after a delay of six months it was published by his friends without his finishing hand. He did recover, however, and survived sixteen years, and during this period it was that the works were produced by which now he is best known. Not only that book of books,

Robinson Crusoe, but all his best fictions, the Journal of the Plague, Colonel Jack, Roxana, Moll Flanders, Captain Carleton, the Memoirs of a Cavalier, together with sundry topographical, historical, and didactic treatises, belong to this interval. It was the portion of his life which connects him with posterity. The previous part had been absorbed in the interests, aims, and conflicts of his contemporaries. He died on the 24th of April, 1731, being about seventy years of age, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. Notwithstanding the immediate success of many of his publications, his last days were, like too much of his whole life, embittered by the embarrassment of his circumstances.

Such is the meagre and painful record of a man whose name is now venerated by so large a portion of the civilized world as that of the benefactor of their boyhood. And not only did his pen yield him a very precarious subsistence during the many years in which it was his only, or his chief means of support, but, "singular as it may have appeared in after times, the manuscript of Robinson Crusoe passed through the whole circle of the trade before it could find a purchaser." The purchaser "is said to have cleared a thousand pounds. The extent of De Foe's remuneration is not known; but it was probably far from being large." Yet the work immediately made its way with the public, and took at once the station which it still holds, and must while the world shall endure.

ART. IX.—*The Private Memoirs of the Court of Louis XVIII.* By a Lady. 2 Vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

THE *Private Memoirs of the Court of Louis XVIII.* are a sweeping of Anecdotes mixed up with fictions which are intended to be, and sometimes are, characteristic of the parties introduced. The pretensions of the book remind one of the cargoes of Spitalfields' manufacture which used to be sent to a port, perhaps even shipped, in order to reappear, as French silk, prohibited and smuggled. Very good silk it might be, nevertheless; and we have here many sketchy and spirited descriptions, though the marks of unauthenticity are sufficiently glaring. There is therefore some amusement in this production, though, as a whole, it is neither truth, nor fiction, nor a clever and plausible mixture of both.

ART. X.—*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.* Vol. I. Scotland. By Sir W. Scott. 6s.

THE different notices and advertisements which have been circulated have probably acquainted most of our readers with the plan of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. There is one peculiarity in that plan which cannot fail to recommend the work. So much of it as relates to any particular subject or class of subjects will be complete in itself. Purchasers for whom the whole would be too voluminous, or expensive, or to whom much of it would be useless or uninteresting, may each restrict himself to the portion, historical, scientific, biographical, or whatever it may be, which best accords with his means or his taste, and yet not disfigure his shelves by an imperfect publication. And this arrangement has the further advantage, that whenever any volume or set of volumes becomes obsolete (and how much of Science, and of Political Geography, to look no further, have many of us lived to see superseded!) that part can be renewed without the necessity for a new edition of the whole, or in any way diminishing the value of the rest. These facilities, combined with unusual cheapness, and a long list of able contributors, may be expected to render the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* highly popular.

The first volume augurs well for the work in every respect. Sir Walter Scott has most felicitously accomplished the design of the Editor, and gained fresh reputation even for his versatile and successful pen. All the common faults of Historical Abridgments, so common that they were deemed inherent in that species of composition, are avoided, and we are presented with a Summary of Scottish record alike valuable as a first book, or a last; and which will afford equal delight to the veteran student and the ignorant youth.

The second volume will complete the History of Scotland, which is to be followed by that of England, by Sir James Mackintosh; and of Ireland, by Thomas Moore.

ART. XI.—*Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in North America.* By Hugh Murray, Esq., F. R. S. E. 2 Vols. Longman.

THE Journals of Voyages and Travels which are published so continually seem to us like so many Day Books, or Running Accounts, which it would be a good

thing every now and then to post into a Mental Ledger, where the real amount of Information and Balance of Intellectual Profit might be fairly and simply exhibited. This Mr. Murray has done, as to *North America*, and very much to our satisfaction. His work contains the essence of between two and three hundred volumes (probably more) of all sizes, in several languages, and of all ages, from the Saga of King Orlaf Tryggesson to the Travels of Captain Basil Hall. The facts are selected, arranged, and accompanied by their authorities; and the result is a clear and impartial view of the United States. To this is added an Account of Canada; and a very interesting abridgment of the narratives of the several expeditions (as well as those of individual adventurers) for the discovery of a North-west Passage. The work is a valuable addition to Mr. Murray's former publications, of a similar description, on Asia and Africa.

ART. XII.—*Elements of Physics, or Natural Philosophy, General and Medical, explained independently of Technical Mathematics.* 2 Vols. Vol. II. Part I., comprehending the Subjects of Heat and Light. By Neil Arnott, M. D., of the Royal College of Physicians. 8vo. Longman and Co. London. 1829.

A very useful task was that undertaken by Dr. Arnott in the commencement of this work, and very ably is he continuing and extending it. There are few who can devote themselves to scientific investigations, but all have occasion for some acquaintance with the results of those investigations. In many cases, too, the proof is independent of the mathematical technicalities by which it has been encumbered, and may be presented, together with the result, in a lucid and popular form. All that is really and practically valuable in science may thus be brought within common reach. Of the interesting and useful way in which this is done in the work before us, the following specimen may be taken, which relates to the effect of heat in expanding different bodies:

“A cannon-ball, when heated, cannot be made to enter an opening, through which, when cold, it passes readily.

“A glass stopper sticking fast in the neck of a bottle often may be released by surrounding the neck with a cloth taken out of warm water—or by immersing the bottle in the water up to the neck: the

binding ring is thus heated and expanded sooner than the stopper, and so becomes slack or loose upon it.

“Pipes for conveying hot water, steam, hot air, &c., if of considerable length, must have joinings that allow a degree of shortening and lengthening, otherwise a change of temperature may destroy them. An incompetent person undertook to warm a large manufactory by steam from one boiler. He laid a rigid main pipe along a passage, and opened lateral branches through holes into the several apartments, but on his first admitting the steam, the expansion of the main pipe tore it away from all its branches.

“In an iron railing, a gate which, during a cold day, may be loose and easily shut or opened, in a warm day may stick, owing to there being greater expansion of it and of the neighbouring railing, than of the earth on which they are placed. Thus also the centre of the arch of an iron bridge is higher in warm than in cold weather; while, on the contrary, in a suspension or chain bridge, the centre is lowered.

“The iron pillars now so much used to support the front walls of houses, of which the ground stories serve as shops with spacious windows, in warm weather really lift up the wall which rests upon them, and in cold weather allow it again to sink or subside—in a degree considerably greater than if the wall were brick from top to bottom.

“In some situations, (as lately was seen in the beautiful steeple of Bow Church, in London,) where the stones of a building are held together by clamps or bars of iron with their ends bent into them, the expansion in summer of these clamps will force the stones apart sufficiently for dust or sandy particles to lodge between them; and then, on the return of winter, the stones not being at liberty to close as before, will cause the ends of the shortened clamps to be drawn out, and the effect increasing with each revolving year, the structure will at last be loosened and may fall.

“The pitch of a piano-forte or harp is lowered in a warm day or in a warm room, owing to the expansion of the strings being greater than of the wooden frame-work; and in cold the reverse will happen. A harp or piano, which is well tuned in a morning drawing-room, cannot be perfectly in tune when the crowded evening party has heated the room.

“Bell-wires too slack in summer, may be of the proper length in winter.”—Pp. 66, 67.

ART. XIII.—*The Valley of the Nymphs, a Dream of the Golden World.* By J. Johns, author of *Dews of Castalie*. London, Hurst. 2s. 6d.

WE recommend to every reader of cultivated taste this beautiful and graceful little Poem. Had modern Bards known how to avail themselves of the fine forms of the Grecian Mythology, that Mythology would not have become the bore and the bugbear which it has been made. Keats saw its capabilities for really poetic purposes; and that perception gave their peculiar charm to his brief and broken effusions. With much of a kindred spirit, as a poet, Mr. Johns unites the higher attributes of a Christian Philosopher, and he has thus given depth and purity and power to his subject, without impairing the fragile loveliness of its texture. The plan of his poem is most felicitously conceived, and slight indeed are the exceptions that could be taken to its execution.

ART. XIV.—*The United Family; or Characters portrayed from real Life. For the use of Children.* By Matilda Williams. London, Joy. 1829.

THE purpose of this little work is to teach religion in the form of fiction. This purpose would probably be better answered if the topics chosen were more simple, and the language employed more familiar. Some discoveries are also made which children would scarcely make for themselves, but which it would be quite time enough for them to admit when capable of examining the Bible for themselves. We give an instance—“Whilst Cain, therefore, must have depended on the goodness of the work, Abel, as he made his sacrifice in faith acceptable to God, renounced, I make no doubt, the merit of works, and looked to God for acceptance through Christ alone.” P. 53.

ART. XV.—*Cottage Poetry.* By the Author of “*Old Friends in a New Dress.*” Pp. 60. London, Smith, Elder and Co., Cornhill.

VERSE has a peculiar charm for the uneducated; and those who converse little with books find it easier to retain ideas which are conveyed in metre than under any other form. It is, therefore, of importance that literary pleasures which may be prepared for them of this kind should be carefully managed, so that good sense may be mingled with excitements of the imagination. In this

respect the little work before us is highly creditable to the judgment of the writer, and may form a very useful addition to the cottage library.

ART. XVI.—*A Manual of Ancient History, particularly with regard to the Constitutions, the Commerce, and the Colonies of the States of Antiquity.* By A. H. L. Heeren, Professor of History in the University of Goettingen, &c. &c. From the German. 8vo. Oxford. 15s.

THE best books of this class are German, and Professor Heeren's is the best German book of this class. It amply justifies the declaration of the Translator, that in it “the geography, chronology, biography, and bibliography of the kingdoms and countries of the ancient world are brought at once before the eye of the reader, and so lucid is the arrangement that the darkest and most tangled portions of history are seen in a clear and perspicuous light.” It is in the form of a Syllabus of Lectures, with numerous references to authors of all ages and countries. Although now first presented to the English reader, its value may be estimated by the fact of its having passed through six large German editions, two French, and been translated into almost every other European language.

ART. XVII.—*The Companion to the Almanac; or, Year-Book of General Information; for 1830.* Published under the Superintendance of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. 2s. 6d.

IT is expected that 80,000 copies of the *British Almanac* will be sold this year. Such a sale, taken in connexion with the great improvement in the Almanacs published by the Stationers' Company, would suffice, without referring to their other works, to shew that the Society with which it originated is a mighty machine for good. The “*Companion*” contains, like those of the last two years, a huge mass of information on chronology, statistics, &c., under the same general arrangement, except that for the “*Useful Directions and Remarks*” is substituted a List of “*Charitable Institutions in and near London, classed according to their Objects.*” The activity, labour, and extensive resources, implied in this compilation are astonishing. The least the public can do, and it is all that is required, is to receive the knowledge so diligently collected, and so cheaply preferred, for its use.

MISCELLANEOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

Number of Presbyterian Congregations.

To the Editor.

SIR,

IN the Supplement to the Congregational Magazine for last December, there is a very curious and (if correct) useful table, exhibiting, or purporting to exhibit, lists of the numbers of Churches, Dissenting Chapels, &c., in every county—of the Schools, National, British, and Sunday—and of the contributions raised from each by Religious Societies.

In several respects it might be usefully reprinted for the Repository; perhaps in none more so than in the illustration which it affords of a topic from which it draws great consolation. The author, in exhibiting the subscription to the Unitarian Association, says, "It will be doubtless gratifying to the friends of Evangelical truth to perceive how little is done in any county by this confessedly opulent party (the Unitarians) towards the extension of their views of Christianity—a pretty certain indication that they possess but little influence *over their own minds.*"

My present object is to draw your readers' attention to the ridiculous misrepresentation which (for want of any proper information on the subject) appears as regards the Presbyterians, including in that title the Unitarian as well as Orthodox and Scotch division of that body.

It is pleasant to see the "Congregational" scribe exhibiting the following consolatory results of different periods :

	<i>Presb.</i>	<i>Indep.</i>	<i>Bapt.</i>	<i>Total</i>
In 1812,	252 ..	799 ..	532 ..	1583
In 1827,	204 ..	1205 ..	805 ..	2212
In 1829,	258 ..	1289 ..	888 ..	2435

I now subjoin the list exhibited of the number of Presbyterian Congregations in the different counties, and earnestly beg that you will keep a space in the Repository, which (as you need not copy any lengthened communications, only giving us the results) may be only a corner, for giving better information on this point; and that at least some one reader in every county will (from his local knowledge or the best estimate he can form) send you for that corner his report of

the number of Presbyterian places in his county.

The "Congregational" will perhaps then place his future list of Presbyterian brethren in a somewhat higher rank of comparison.

T.

<i>Counties.</i>	<i>No. of Presb. Cong.</i>
Bedfordshire	None
Berkshire	1
Buckinghamshire	None
Cambridgeshire	1
Cheshire	12
Cornwall.....	None
Cumberland	10
Derbyshire	7
Devonshire	15
Dorsetshire	3
Durham	7
Essex	2
Gloucestershire	4
Hampshire	4
Herefordshire	None
Hertfordshire.....	1
Huntingdoushire	1
Kent	4
Lancashire	36
Leicestershire.	3
Lincolnshire	2
London and Middlesex	15
Monmouthshire	None
Norfolk	1
Northamptonshire.....	1
Northumberland	50 ?
Nottinghamshire	3
Oxfordshire	3
Rutlandshire	None
Shropshire	2
Somersetshire	7
Staffordshire	5
Suffolk	2
Surrey.....	1
Sussex.....	4
Warwickshire.....	5
Westmoreland	1
Wiltshire.....	1
Worcestershire	8
Yorkshire	13
North and South Wales	23

Intolerance of "Bible Society" Meetings.

Southampton,

November 18, 1829.

SIR,

As your publication is intended to give a correct statement of the treatment Uni-

tarians receive in this country, I shall solicit your insertion of the following facts.

At the anniversary of the Bible Society at Ryde, the Rev. — Macniel suggested that all such meetings should commence with prayer, and that no Unitarian should be permitted to take any share in the proceedings of a Bible Society. The Chairman, the Rev. H. Thompson, wished to call to the recollection of the speaker, the rules of the Bible Society. Instead of yielding to the authority of the Chairman, Mr. M. appealed to the decision of the company, who wished him to proceed. At this meeting some persons from Southampton were present. The spirit there shewn was carried to Southampton. A less open method was there adopted. A friend of mine was requested to inform me, that my presence on the platform would be painful to many, because I was an Unitarian; and that he had been desired to solicit the Secretary not to give me a motion to propose as he had usually done. This he refused to do verbally, but wrote me a letter from London, whither he had gone, which I did not receive till the day before the anniversary of the Bible Society at Southampton. I immediately on receiving the letter wrote to the Secretary, mentioning the name of my informant, and requested him to erase my name from the Committee and the list of subscribers. The Secretary declined bringing forward my letter of resignation, and subsequently explained to me the cause. At the public meeting no mention was made of Unitarian exclusion, but to the other subject of introducing Bible meetings with prayer, reference was made by the Chairman, who was present at Ryde. I need not mention that if that innovation be made, the Society of Friends will be prevented from uniting in Bible meetings with their former cordiality; nor will I dwell on the consequences that in other cases may result from the discordant views which may be introduced of the manner in which the prayers should be conducted in such public assemblies. In my reply to the gentleman who communicated to me the offence I committed in my being an Unitarian, I stated that I had been a subscriber to the Society from its first formation; that I was the chief mover of a Bible Association at Lowestoft, of which I was Secretary as long as I resided there; that when I removed to Frenchay, I held a not less important station in the Kingswood Bible Society, and from both places had received testimonials of the fidelity with which I had

discharged the duties of the offices I had held. I added, that I was an avowed Unitarian when I was chosen a member of the Southampton Bible Society, and I deemed myself responsible to no man, nor to any body of men, for the religious opinions I adopt. They are the result of an unbiassed investigation of the word of God, and Christ alone I acknowledge as the Head of his church.—The age, Mr Editor, in which we live is termed liberal. The power of inflicting pains and penalties is taken away, but the spirit of intolerance remains among those who fear even for the dust which covers the altar. If you will insert this communication in your next Repository, you will oblige yours, &c.,

MICHAEL MAURICE.

The Eclectic Review and Dr. Doddridge's Diary and Correspondence.

To the Editor.

SIR,

WHEN in the first instance I resolved to publish the Correspondence of my venerable ancestor IMPARTIALLY, as the greatest honour I could do his memory, and in justice to the public, I was perfectly aware of the personal hostility such an act could not fail of arousing. I plainly foresaw that the same spirit which inspired the Pharisees of old to revile the ever-blessed Messiah as the "companion of publicans and sinners," would tempt the presumptuous hypocrites of modern days to reflect upon the *innocent* gaiety of heart which mingled with the profound piety of Dr. Doddridge.

In proving him by his own words to have been destitute of party feeling, I was conscious that that very party whose rancorous spirit he most deplored, and who since his death have so artfully represented him as one of themselves, would combine again to asperse his memory, as during his life they strove to injure his usefulness.

With these convictions upon my mind, I had, however, others which counterbalanced them, and are infinitely more important.

I knew that the character of Dr. Doddridge was *without concealment*, and that, as during his life the devout and learned of every class sought his friendship with avidity, and while they ardently esteemed him as a man, venerated him no less as a practical divine; so I concluded that by mingling the records of his domestic virtues with the annals of his biblical labours, I should extend his reputation

among the great majority of moderate and sincere Christians.

In this view I have not been deceived; the work has been well received, and, as the importance of its materials increases, will, I doubt not, continue to be so. My first anticipations have been equally realized by the scurrilous attacks aimed at me by the fanatical portions of the press. I am fortunately too well engaged to attend to such rhodomontades: in one instance, however, a *show* of argument has been made, and as the integrity of the work is basely slandered, I feel it a public duty to expose the fallacy, and with that view would request the insertion of the following letter in your candid pages.

J. D. H.

To the Editor of the Eclectic Review.

SIR,

Allow me to condole with you; for, surely, nothing can be more pitiable than for a man to be led, by a blind confidence in others, into a situation where he cannot but feel emotions of shame! That this, Sir, is your case, I am not inclined to question; for, however involved in the trammels of party, it is hardly possible to imagine that a person of your general reputation was acquainted with the dishonourable nature of the production I am about to notice.

Having made these preliminary remarks, you will, of course, understand the succeeding observations as referring to the persons who have abused your confidence, by getting you to insert the paper alluded to; and also to the party principles your publication so evidently betrays.

The character of the *Eclectic Review* is properly understood, and its circulation confined to a peculiar portion of what is called the religious world. When, however, a publication claiming the high sanction of a religious responsibility becomes the vehicle of wilful misrepresentation, and, with party views, undermines the reputation of a writer whose life was devoted to the benign extension of our common Christianity, an error is committed which cannot be too soon exposed.

The article in question assumes to be a Review of the Two Volumes of the Correspondence and Diary of Dr. Doddridge, recently published. To those unacquainted with the views of the party, it will appear strange that they should select a character so generally esteemed as their victim. Their grudge against this amiable and learned divine is however of long standing, as several years

ago they threw out unworthy reproaches (which were ably confuted by the late Dr. Evans) against his mode of lecturing, as too candid an exposition of the disputed points of theology. In the present instance, the old offence is not only increased by the catholic spirit which breathes forth on every proper occasion, but a new cause of alarm is presented in the joyous urbanity of mind and endearing tenderness of heart which so delightfully pervade the letters of Dr. Doddridge. That a good man should exult in the social pleasures of existence, finding amusement in all the little circumstances around him, and yet excel in the solemn duties of a Practical Divine, is a problem they find it *inconvenient* to solve!

They were, indeed, in a pitiful plight, and had they expressed their chagrin within the boundaries of decorum, much might have been forgiven.

The review commences with an awkward attempt at sarcasm. "This publication," say these learned Thebans, "was first brought under our notice by the London Literary Gazette, and the manner in which it is there hailed and *applauded*, will best speak for the true character and tendency of the work." Our dread operators, it will be observed, have now taken the razor in hand, but, like the ape in the fable, are doomed to feel the edge of their own jest. Talking about the Gazette might have done very well, but they venture to quote it also, and quote it *against* themselves!—viz., in speaking of Dr. Doddridge the Editor of the Gazette says, that he has found "instruction in studying his philosophical views of human nature, his frankness, his general love of his kind, and his mild and liberal religious tenets. The picture of such a man drawn by *his own hand*, in his letters on every occasion which could call forth his sentiments, opinions, and actions, is to us worth a thousand such lives as Job Orton, or even Dr. Kippis, could write." Puss is out of the bag at last. And so it was a crime to applaud Dr. Doddridge!—yes, for he was *philosophical, frank, and liberal!* This is pretty well; but the rope is long enough, and they draw the noose still tighter by quoting their new *authority* again. "He (i. e. Dr. Doddridge) was neither guilty of the sourness of ascetic folly, nor of the worse guilt of that too common hypocrisy, so prevalent in his as well as in our times, which cloaks its pride under *counterfeit sanctity*, and covers its hidden indulgences under gloomy externals and rigid austerities."

They are next in high dudgeon that

the records of Dr. Doddridge's *innocent* gallantries should afford amusement; but had I suppressed these ebullitions of a youthful heart, with what an air of specious solemnity would that very circumstance have been pronounced a proof that such letters were of an improper nature, for their existence was known: and in this view, how great is the satisfaction I feel in having placed the reputation of Dr. Doddridge beyond the reach of his enemies! Love is an old theme, and if the matter alluded to is amusing, it is instructive too; and were old Mortality himself to moralize upon it, he could not express himself more pertinently than by quoting the following lines:

“When wise men love, they love to
folly;
When blockheads love, they're melan-
choly;
When coxcombs love, they love for
fashion,
And quaintly call it ‘the belle pas-
sion.’”

Now, seriously, unless the Eclectic Reviewers are advocates for celibacy, they will make their *election* from the two latter characters; for who would venture to charge them with folly?

They are next astounded that I should have compared the Letters of Doddridge with those of Pope, in point of style and gaiety of expression; and here they talk about the “erotic gallantry of the correspondent of Lady Mary Wortley Montague,” in a way which curiously indicates the nature of their private studies, but has nothing to do with the work in question. They next run a tilt at the Editor; and finding they can make no fair impression, say no less, than that the publication was made “for the avowed purpose of rescuing the character of the reverend writer from the *odium* of too great sanctity.” Now, so far from this being the fact, I have, in the Preface, avouched directly the contrary, as the following extract will attest: “Nor am I unconscious of the important influence which the thrilling fervour of his private devotions, as they stand recorded in his Diary, will exert. These are circumstances which cannot fail of interesting the heart; and that heart which thus, as it were, cements a personal friendship with Dr. Doddridge, will have obtained a lasting advantage.”

The next specimen of their dexterity occurs in the way of insinuation. I have stated in the Preface that a considerable number of the letters in the two first

volumes, and some in the third (perhaps five or six), were transcribed from the Doctor's short hand. On this point our *candid* Reviewers dilate in the following strain:

“The obscurities and ambiguities *inevitably* attaching to such a manuscript *must* afford considerable scope for *ingenuity* of conjecture, if not for a *discretionary* use of the IMAGINATION, in deciphering it; and there is *no reason to suppose* that, for the sake of rendering them the more piquant, the fullest use would not be made of any latitude thus afforded.”

Who would imagine that all the particulars relative to this short-hand manuscript had been explained to them; and that they wrote this slander with a knowledge that a great part of it was written out in long hand, many years ago, by that excellent man the late Rev. Thomas Stedman;* and that Obadiah Tomalin, Esq., the gentleman who transcribed the remainder, is expressly thanked in the preface for the scrupulous care he had devoted to the task, and which enabled him to produce a *strictly faithful* copy of the original! The system of short-hand, indeed, being Rich's, every person acquainted with it knows that it conveys every expression, and indeed *every word* in a full and *literal* manner. Both the original and transcript have been seen by many individuals, and may be examined by any one who applies in a proper way for the purpose. I have shewn this insinuation to be most unfair; but they soon recur to a more simple mode of attack. “Mr. Humphreys,” exclaim our recreant knights of the brazen visor, “announces his intention to follow up these two volumes with we know not *how many more, transcribed from the remaining part of the MS. documents!*”

Who would suspect that this passage was written with the following contradiction staring them full in the face: “It appears almost unnecessary for me to observe that the *great mass* of matter from which this work has been printed are family documents, (i. e. letters) in my possession. To these, however, have been added a considerable number of original papers which were the property of the late Rev. Job Orton, and which have been most liberally contributed by my highly esteemed friend, Henry James Stedman, Esq.”

To exhibit their talents in another light, it may be remarked that they are

* Late Vicar of St. Chads, Shrewsbury, and editor of some valuable works.

equally adepts in the art of *self-contradiction*. After talking about "the offence of publishing letters written in the confidence of friendship and the exuberance of youth," they observe that "the letters, though occasionally warm in their gallantry, could not easily be tortured, even by *Mrs. Candour herself*, into pruriency of meaning, nor do they in the least discredit the piety of the writer." This fact was before established on better authority than any the Eclectic Review can advance; but still it is satisfactory to find it incapable of perversion by men so deeply read in the "erotic gallantry" of "the wicked wasp of Twickenham."

After having so often convicted these *sages*, it would be a degradation to investigate their sinister reflections on the talents of Dr. Doddridge. The *characteristic* kick is, however, introduced with a degree of *treachery* which must not escape detection. At p. 373 of the second volume of the Correspondence, is a letter from a neighbouring clergyman to his *young* friend, Mr. Doddridge, who was not then ordained. In this letter, Mr. Saunders, after much in the same strain, concludes thus: "I have an oracle to consult beyond whatever Greece or Rome could boast of, to whose correction I readily submit all my performances; and do assure him that I am, with a respect beyond expression, his most sincere friend and humble servant,
"THOMAS SAUNDERS."

In answer to these extravagant compliments, the reply of Doddridge breathes that profound humility for which he was remarkable. He even labours to depreciate his own unusual attainments! This very letter have these ungenerous *Reviewers* quoted as a *proof* of the *little extent* of his acquirements, without having so much as hinted at the *cause* which produced it, or the peculiar feelings under which it was written: such an insult to the dead, and *imposition* on the living, one would hope is without a parallel.

A short example may also be given as a specimen of the *purity* of their theology:

"We do not allude to the *morbid* dread of 'high orthodoxy' and 'bigotry,' which is occasionally betrayed, indicating the school in which he had been trained, so much as to certain expressions and sentiments *utterly irreconcilable* with the divinity of his riper years. For example, in writing to Miss Jennings, Mr. Dod-

dridge carries his *complimentary* strain so far as to say, 'I am fully persuaded that you are daily addressing the throne of grace, and I hope that you do not entirely forget one who prays for you as heartily as for his own soul. I question not but that so much *innocence* and so much *goodness* is heard by Him with peculiar indulgence; and I hope I may be, in many respects, the better for your prayers.'

Now we are told in the Scriptures that the prayer of a *good* man availeth much, and of course of a *good* woman equally; and therefore Dr. Doddridge had a divine sanction for the mode of expression which these presumptuous men, in their folly, have dared to stigmatize.

The close is worthy of the rest. "He," (i. e. Dr. Doddridge,) remark these *Luminaries*, "lived in an age *barren of greatness*, and his name *serves* to cast a ray over a *dark* and *cheerless* portion of our ecclesiastical annals." Oh, most *candid*, *just*, and *learned* Reviewers!—You call yourselves Dissenters—and did you really never hear of one Dr. Watts, nor of the learned Dr. Lardner, nor of Neal, the historian of the Puritans, who were the personal friends and correspondents of Dr. Doddridge! And then are Wesley, Whitfield, Lady Huntingdon, and the noble renovator of the Moravians, to stand for nothing! Had you a glimmer of liberality, I could name Archbishops Secker and Herring, with that giant in learning (as Johnson termed him), Warburton—men distinguished as much by piety as for learning; and whose letters testify their admiration of the man you would meanly depreciate: but it is enough,—there is a darkness, indeed, and may you have the grace to find it. It exists in the obscurity of your intellect. Having unmasked these your *friendly* contributors, I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. D. HUMPHREYS.

Pentonville, Nov. 20, 1829.

Rich's Short-hand.

To the Editor.

SIR, London, Dec. 18, 1829.

I HAVE the satisfaction of informing you and your readers, that I have just corrected the proof sheets of my promised edition of *Rich's Short-hand*, and that I expect that it will be ready for delivery before this letter appears in print.

In preparing my work for the press, I have made use of several manuscript copies lent me by my friends—of the printed

edition by Palmer of 1799, and of the autographic manuscript of Dr. Doddridge, which was kindly furnished me by his grandson Mr. Humphreys, as soon as he heard of my proposal, but unfortunately not before it was too late to introduce *all* the alterations, which the examination of it suggested. Had I received it sooner, I should have added to my list of Rejected Characters in my last page several more, which would have rendered my work a more complete index than it is to the meaning of old manuscripts, but which I should not have recommended to those who are to adopt the system for present purposes. As it is, I have endeavoured to make my edition a fair representation of Rich's Short-hand, as it was improved by Doddridge, and as it has been, in some very slight and unimportant particulars, modified by more modern use. In some instances, where two modes of writing a word are prevalent, I have inserted both; and the only instance in which I have ventured on any thing, for which I had no manuscript authority, is this—that I have omitted, as always unnecessary and sometimes ambiguous, the *dot*, which some, and the *nt*, which others, place in the circle, which stands for *sent*. In the last page will be found a list of Arbitrary and Symbolical Characters, which I have omitted in the body of the work, because they are either little used, or of little use; but they may be retained by those who think better of them than I do.

By the kindness of a friend I am in possession of an edition of Rich's Short-hand, (the 19th,) and it would much amuse your readers to see all the conceits and conundrums with which it abounds: thus a character very like a capital writing E, but *perpendicular*, stands for "Babylon," and the same *slanting*, for "Babylon is fallen;" a circle with a dot in it is "World;" without the dot it is "There is nothing in the world;" and with a cross in it, "The crosses of the world." This work is entitled, "The Pen's Dexterity; or, the Ingenious and Useful Art of Writing Short-hand. Containing Twenty Copper-Plates, (curiously Engraved, in the Author's Life-time, for the Use of his Scholars,) of all the Letters, Characters, and Contractions used therein. With Rules and Directions explaining the same to the Meanest Capacity. Whereunto are added, Law-Terms, with other Discourses, as on War, Trade, Birds, Beasts, Fruits, Vermin, &c. London. 1775."

As a frontispiece we are treated with

an effigy of the Author, with the following lines appended beneath:

"Here Active, and Mysterious Art you see
Contracted in a Small Epitomie;
Soon Gain'd with practise; thus the
meanest Wit
Makes a Diversion of a Benefit.
Thus either Sex, or Age may, old or
young,
With Nimble Pen, out-post the Nimble
Tongue.
Thus to thy Lasting Fame it shall be
said,
Rich Lives in Characters, tho' Rich be
Dead."

Rich appears to have been not a little vain both of his art and his person, for he has treated us with another picture of himself in the commencement of an edition of the New Testament, which is about the size of a hen's egg, written and engraved according to his system. Underneath this picture we read the following lines, of which the elegance and the modesty are on a par with each other:

"Fame and the Picture speak, yet both
are but
Shadows unto the Author; could the
Cut
Copy his Art, this would be truly high
To have the Picture speak his Quality."

This edition of the New Testament is indeed a curiosity, on which the eyes of a bibliomaniac might doat, but it abounds so much with contractions, as to be a perfect conundrum to any man who has not an extraordinary memory to retain the system.

Vanity appears to have been the fashionable failing of those days, for in a Short-hand, published by Addy in 1695, (which is a refinement on the conceits of Rich,) we have a portrait of the author, "Vera Effigies Gulielmi Addy," with a face like a chimney-sweeper; and underneath are the following lines:

"En Puer, En Senior, scribendi gloria
splendet
Pulchrior hic; aliis; Nil, simul, atque
semel
Perficitur studiis præclaris; Ars juvat
artem:
Inclyte sic ADDY quæ latuere doces.
Authoris laudes siquis depingere posset,
Dignior in terris nulla tabella foret."

We have, then, two complimentary epistles in verse addressed to the author, and an address from the latter "To the

Candid and Ingenious Reader," signed by W. Addy, "Which is an admirer of all Virtuous Achievements."

The only other printed edition of Rich, that I am aware of, is that published by Ebenezer Palmer, in 1799, which has the characters made with a pen. On account of the great demand for it, this was followed by an Appendix with the characters engraved on copper-plate; but neither of these is executed with all the beauty and exactness which are to be desired.

The invention of lithography certainly gives the modern editor of a Short-hand a great advantage over his predecessors; and I consider myself fortunate in having had my work executed by Mr. Netherclift, who has this year obtained a prize

from the Society of Arts for the best method of transferring drawings from paper upon stone, and who is universally acknowledged to be the best lithographic writer in London. He has performed his task much to my satisfaction, and I am in hopes that many persons, who care nothing about Jeremiah Rich and his Short-hand, will be pleased to possess one of the most beautiful specimens of lithographic writing which has ever issued from the press.

Allow me to add, that the work has cost me both a larger outlay, and much more time and trouble than I expected, and that I trust the public will at least not suffer me to be a loser by that which has been undertaken for their benefit.

S. WOOD.

OBITUARY.

MISS SARAH POWELL.

1829. Nov. 13th, at *Chichester*, aged 29, SARAH, the eldest daughter of the late DR. POWELL, of that city. In a brief memoir of this excellent man and much-lamented physician, generally attributed to the elegant pen of his friend *Dr. Sanden*, prefixed to a funeral discourse, delivered on occasion of his death, by the *Rev. W. J. Fox*, at the Unitarian Chapel, Chichester, it is remarked, that "it is difficult to estimate Dr. Powell's character too highly," and his daughter seemed to inherit the acuteness of discrimination on general subjects, the fitness for judging in religious matters, the zeal in favour of liberty and popular rights, and the inflexible, stern integrity which belonged to her parent. Her views of Christianity were strictly Unitarian. She saw in the Scriptures no trace of what are called orthodox sentiments. The declarations of her Lord appeared to her to point decidedly to his simple humanity, and she had too high an idea of his wisdom and moral excellence to entertain the thought for a moment, that he would use, on an important topic, ambiguous language.

To the ordinance of adult baptism by immersion, Miss Powell, some years ago, submitted, thereby testifying, with her usual purity of spirit and boldness in the cause she thought important, a good profession; and though it is well known

that latterly she saw reason for doubting the *perpetuity* of the ordinance, she highly respected the members of the General Baptist persuasion, as being, in her estimation, more under the influence of genuine Christian philanthropy, in their conduct towards each other, than is the case with other sects.

When health permitted, which was frequently interrupted by constitutional debility, she regularly attended the Unitarian chapel in Chichester, and when prevented, as was the case at one time, from doing this, for a long period, she borrowed the discourses of the minister for private perusal; she was also constant in commemorating the death of her Lord according to his own affectionate request. From public worship, when conducted by those she really respected, and in a manner accordant with her views of propriety, she acknowledged she derived benefit, and she deemed such acts beneficial to the community. Yet was she decidedly of opinion, that a good life, and the pure intention, was the best incense that could be offered to heaven. This led her at times to defend strenuously the conduct of those whom some might be inclined to censure as criminal in their neglect of external religious forms; and from conversation at all impugning the *motives* of individuals on this, as well as on other subjects, she almost instinctively turned with disgust,

saying, that it was not for man, who could not see the heart, thus far to sit in judgment on his fellow-man.

Of any, even the least, aberration from *truth*, she had the greatest abhorrence. The importance of constantly adhering to truth had been early inculcated on her mind by parental care, and she was of opinion that it could not be departed from without evil. The disgust she felt at the additions sometimes made to a common story, with a view of making it or the relator more interesting, caused her not unfrequently to appear in company reserved, or even indifferent to those around her; which persons who did not know her intimately might attribute to pride, or some inferior feeling; and the honest indignation constantly glowing in her breast against all chicanery and deceit, against all dissimulation in religion, all trimming in politics, all overreaching, and trying to worm out the secrets of the unsuspecting, imparted, at times, a contemptuous air to her character, though no one ever possessed a heart more tender, more yearning towards her fellow-creatures, more inclined, in cases of equivocal conduct, to believe the best, more willing to mitigate human woe, and to do good even to those who, from their capricious behaviour, she had reason to suspect were not over attached to her, if she could do it without appearing to cringe, or to run the risk of having her good intentions attributed to sinister motives.

The mind of Miss P. was, as this brief sketch of her indicates, of a superior order, and had she been permitted by the All-wise, but at times mysterious Disposer of events, to enjoy for a lengthened period the care of her highly-gifted and beloved father, who was prematurely snatched, according to human reasoning, from the embraces of his family, and from her, at an age when his advice seemed peculiarly required to mature those flowers of excellence, the seeds of which he had assiduously implanted in her mind, it is probable her mind would have attained no small degree of literary eminence. She, thus left to herself, continually fed it with the food which history imparts, and entering warmly into the worth of those political principles which have been advocated by the noblest and purest of our race, she fervently expressed to the writer of this poor tribute of friendship to her memory, her joy at the elevation of Mr. Canning to the first place in his Majesty's councils. Not that she was insensible to the

jesuitical reasoning which too much marked that statesman's oratory, and which threw a stain on his character not to be hidden by his eloquent effusions from minds far less discriminating and pure than hers; but because she hailed his elevation as the harbinger of more liberal policy than had been pursued by the British Cabinet during almost the whole of the preceding reign.

But whatever might have been her scientific acquirements, it is consolatory to her weeping friends, now that she is consigned to her tomb, to know that her moral excellence was of the most sterling cast. By want of health, by blasted hopes, by blighted prospects, heaven ordained her to drink frequently of the waters of sorrow; but faith in the Divine Goodness never failed her, nor did the probability of encountering less inconvenience by one mode of acting, rather than by another, ever lead her to sacrifice her principle or her duty. Thus swayed by motives not of earthly origin, it was not surprising that calmness and serenity were hers, when the world was sliding from her view. Worn out at length by inward debility, she gently fell asleep in Jesus, with thoughts and feelings, as was evidenced from expressions which escaped from her, familiarized, by anticipation, with the glories that are yet to be revealed. Happy thought! though dead, she is not lost for ever, for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and the wise shall inherit glory.

Farewell then, friend beloved!
 Once to have known thee, is a *thought*
 to gild
 The little varying vacancies of life;
 And ever welcome be the *thought* of thee,
 Though it bring sadness too. Spirit of
 Truth!
 Cast thou thy mantle, which she wore,
 on us,
 To keep us in the right. Angels of
 Peace!
 Defend her honor'd dust, till gracious
 Heaven
 Call her pure spirit, and, if worthy we,
 Unite us with herself in bliss for ever!
 J. F.

MRS. MARY REES.

Nov. 13, at Gelligron, Glamorganshire, after a short illness, aged 82, Mrs. MARY REES, widow of the late Rev. Josiah Rees, of that place. The vigour of her understanding, the cheerfulness of her temper, the benevolence of her disposi-

tion, and her numerous and unremitting charities to the poor of her neighbourhood, obtained for her, through a long life, the esteem and affection of a large circle of acquaintance and friends. Her remains were deposited, on the 19th of the same month, in the burying-ground attached to the Unitarian Meeting-house of Gellionen, where her husband, whom she survived five and twenty years, had officiated as pastor for forty years. The funeral was unavoidably a public one, in conformity with the custom of the country. It was attended by a great concourse of persons, assembled from a district of more than ten miles in extent, comprehending some of the principal gentry, the clergyman of the parish, and other members of the Established Church, and Dissenters of various denominations, who were all actuated by one feeling, and anxious to testify by their presence their high respect for the character of the excellent person who had thus been taken away in "a green old age," and their cordial sympathy in the affliction of her sorrowing family.

WILLIAM HUDSON, Esq.

Dec. 5, aged 73, WILLIAM HUDSON, Esq., of *Gildersome*, near *Leeds*. He was a man of strict integrity, of deep-felt piety, and of sincere benevolence. Free from ambition, free from ostentation,

"Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
He kept the noiseless tenor of his way."

But in his seclusion he delighted to minister to the improvement and happiness of those around him. One of his greatest pleasures was in conducting a Sunday-school, which he established under his roof. Here he collected a considerable number of the young men of the village, whom he instructed not only in reading, writing, and arithmetic, but in the more important truths of the Christian religion. Fully sensible of the many beauties and excellences of the liturgy of the Church of England, but regretting the admixture which it contains of what appeared to him erroneous doctrines, he published for the use of his scholars an edition in which he omitted the objectionable parts. This he used in his school, which he converted into a place of worship, inviting any of the neighbours who chose to attend. It was pleasing and edifying to see his patriarchal figure thus surrounded by the objects of his care, and to hear him in-

parting, in his deep-toned voice, the simple but powerful truths of religion.*

Nor was he unmindful of the temporal advancement of his scholars, or of any with whom he was particularly connected. In the kindest manner he would converse with them on the prospects before them, and several young men look to him with gratitude and affection as the promoter of their rising prosperity in the world. Happy would it be if all would thus strive to promote the instruction and comfort of those to whom their influence extends.

Ministerial Removal.

THE Rev. G. ROBERTS, of Clapton Square, Hackney, has accepted an invitation to become the Minister of the Unitarian Congregation, Boston.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Dr. Bowring's *Poetry of the Magyars*, with an Account of the Language and Literature of Hungary and Transylvania, will appear in the month of January, 1830.

Musical Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. By Eliza Flower.

Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher. By Sir Humphry Davy, Bart. 1 Vol.

The Life of Sir Humphry Davy, comprising a great Part of his Early Correspondence. By J. Paris, M.D. 8vo.

Principles of Geology. By C. Lyell, F.R.S., Foreign Secretary of the Geological Society. 2 Vols. 8vo.

Memoir of the Life and Public Services of the late Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, F.R.S. By his Widow. 4to.

A Narrative of the Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati, Native of Ferrara, who, under the name of Mahomet, made the Campaign against the Wahabees, for the Recovery of Mecca and Medina. Translated from the Italian as dictated by Himself, and Edited by Wil-

* Mr. Hudson was brought up in the belief of those religious opinions which are generally called orthodox; but whilst he was forming a Catechism for children and searching the Scriptures for proofs of those opinions, he was surprised to find how unstable appeared the ground on which they rested, and continuing his researches in the treasures of Divine knowledge, he gradually adopted Unitarian sentiments, from which he never afterwards found reason to depart.

William John Bankes, Esq. 2 Vols. small 8vo.

On Financial Reform. By Sir Henry Parnell, Bart. 8vo.

The Book of Psalms, Newly Translated from the Hebrew, and with Explanatory Notes. By W. French, D.D., and G. Skinner, M.A. 1 Vol. 8vo.

The Rev. Richard Warner, F.A.S.L., has in the press a volume of Literary Recollections and Biographical Sketches.

The Portfolio of the Martyr Student.

The Principal Memoirs in the Fourteenth Volume of "The Annual Biography and Obituary," (for 1830,) will be of Sir William Hoste, the Countess of Derby, Lieut.-Col. Denham, Sir Humphry Davy, William Shield, Esq., Sir Edward West, Earl of Harrington, Thomas Harrison (Architect), Sir Brent Spencer, Lord Colchester, Dr. George Pearson, Mr. Terry, Sir David Baird, William Stevenson, Esq., Earl of Buchan, Mr. Thomas Bewick, Sir James Atholl

Wood, Archibald Fletcher, Esq., Dr. Wollaston, John Reeves, Esq., Lord Harris, Mr. Baron Hullock, William Thomas Fitzgerald, Esq., Earl of Huntingdon, &c., &c.

Mr. Klauer Klattowski, Author of the German "Synoptical Grammar," has in the press, in 2 volumes, A Manual of German Literature, intended for Self-Tuition. The whole Selection will be illustrated by Copious Explanatory Notes, and the first portion of the work will be accompanied by an interlinear literal translation.

Mr. Klauer has also nearly ready for publication, "A Manual of Icelandic Literature, with an Abridgment of Dr. Rask's excellent Swedish-Icelandic Grammar."

The Author of "The Revolt of the Bees," has nearly ready for publication a poem, entitled "The Reproof of Brutus."

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have received from Mr. Winter, the Secretary to the Deputies, to present to our readers, the engraving which they will receive, stitched up with the present number, of the Medal struck in commemoration of the Repeal of the Sacramental Test. The Medal itself, in bronze or silver, may be purchased of Mr. Horwood, at the Repository Office.

If our Correspondent, who subscribes himself "An Unitarian," will refer to our last number, he will see that the remark in page 862 applies to Mr. Bakewell's conduct, and not to the merits of his Summary. He has certainly used the expression "mere man" in an unusual, if not an unauthorized sense; and there are other points to which, for ourselves, we should take exception. But we cordially agree with him in his main position, that "Our only bond of union is a belief in the unity and supremacy of God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Thanks to Crito; but we decline his offer.

We regret we cannot make room for Epsilon. If we could, it would have been desirable for us to have had place and name.

The anticipations of *Zeal* will, we hope, be in some degree realized; but we have said enough on this point at present.

We have communicated the purport of Mr. Whitfield's letter to the Secretary of the Christian Tract Society, and expect that it will be attended to when another edition is printed.

Communications received from Lucius, U. C., Rev. E. Whitfield, Philanthropos.

Advertisements, to prevent mistake and delay which may otherwise occur, should be addressed, not to the Editor or the Printer, but to *Mr. Horwood*, at the Office in Walbrook.

We have abstained from any notice of the Funeral Sermons for the late Rev. T. Belsham, by the Revds. T. Madge and R. Aspland, (and which are both alike worthy of their subject and of their authors,) because we wish to connect with them some more extended remarks than could be introduced in the present number on the character and services of our late venerated friend.
