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HERDER'S THOUGHTS ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HISTORY OF MANKIND.

ART. IV.

THE History of Rome, in the whole of its extent, exhibits the successive stages of the transformation by which the ancient passed into the modern world,—the classical was superseded by the romantic spirit of literature,—and the whole mass of civilization, inherited from the Greeks,—laws, usages, institutions, manners, policy, and religion,—mingled with fresh elements, and wrought upon by foreign agencies, assumed the new forms of social life, that were consolidated during the torpor of the middle ages, and prepared the materials out of which the changes and improvements of modern Europe were destined ultimately to spring. To a philosophic spirit this is one of the most interesting periods in the history of the world; and we heartily join in the wish which Dr. Channing has somewhere expressed, that it might again be traversed by the meditations and researches of some powerful mind, which should combine with the learning, diligence, and sagacity of Gibbon, an exemption from his anti-Christian prejudices. How often have we occasion to apply the very just observation of Heeren *, in speaking of the Jewish History previous to the Captivity,—that, on such subjects, 'unfortunately, we have not yet any competent work, written in an impartial spirit, without superstition or scepticism.'

The civilization which the Romans were the instruments of diffusing through almost the whole extent of the then known world, was not of native growth, but derived from Greece. The chief vehicle of its diffusion even was Grecian; the Greek language being far more generally understood than the Latin †. Subsequently, indeed, the division of the Greek and Latin empires, with a corresponding schism in the doctrine and ritual of the

* Manual of Ancient History, p. 35.

† Græca leguntur in omnibus ferè gentibus: Latina suis finibus, exiguis sanè continentur. Cicero pro Archiâ. 10.

church, led to a marked difference of character between the writers in the two languages; but of both literatures, as they were cultivated by Pagan antiquity, the original elements were the same; and the Latin language, even in the hands of its greatest masters,—Lucretius, Virgil, and Cicero,—served chiefly as a strainer, through which the spirit of Grecian poetry and philosophy was distilled into the rude minds of the Western nations*.

This infusion of the spirit of one people into the arts and written productions of another, Herder could not reconcile with his favourite theory of the desirableness of preserving national characteristics perfectly distinct, and of reflecting them in the colour of the national literature. Hence we find him bitterly deploring the destruction of the independent tribes which anciently peopled Italy, the barbarous subversion of the liberties of Greece, and that wide extension of the Roman arms, which, in a manner, amalgamated the discordant materials of their conquests into one homogeneous mass, and obliterated all traces of a native and popular literature in the fixed and uniform character of style and thought which it stamped on the productions of the Greek writers under the empire. It sometimes occurs, as a curious speculation, to the inquirer,—what might have been the different form and character of the Roman mind, had it grown up and developed itself, without the co-operation of any foreign causes, under the influence of the mythological legends and heroic songs, which were the original produce of Italy, and of which Niebuhr has conceived that the vestiges may even now be traced in the earlier books of Livy. While, however, it is freely granted that there is something peculiarly delightful in the freshness and raciness of a literature that is purely national, reason, and an observation of the course of Providence, compel us at the same time to remark, that the harvests of civilization are oftentimes accelerated and enriched by a mixture of soils, and that the blessings of intellectual and moral culture are diffused, equalized, and eventually increased by the incorporation of different tribes. Our own history and literature afford decisive evidence of this truth. A nobler and braver race have sprung from the intermingling of Norman and Saxon blood; nor could we have had a Chaucer, a Spenser, or a Shakspeare, if the rude minstrelsy of Runic bards had not been impregnated with the romantic spirit of early French literature. We can sympathise with Herder to the uttermost in his condemnation of the murderous and desolating conquests of the Romans, without being insensible to the benefits, of which even those conquests, bloody as they were, may have been ultimately productive to mankind. This is not weighing the laws of Providence in the scales of human reason, nor sacrificing the moral justice of history

* An eloquent comparison of the capabilities of these two languages will be found in Mr. Coleridge's admirable Introduction to the Study of the Classic Poets. Part I.

to certain final causes, which we have arbitrarily assumed; it is merely looking back on the wide field of the past, and with an exclusive reference to the evidence of facts, tracing the undeniable evolution of consequences, that are beneficial, from causes, which, in their immediate agency, involved tyranny, oppression, and wretchedness; acknowledging, in fact, the operation of that great law of God's moral government, by which evil perpetually works out a final result of good.

The doctrine of final causes has been greatly abused in the philosophy of history, as well as in that of nature; nor is there any speculation more seductive, and, to most inquirers, less profitable. Nevertheless, if we admit the existence of a supreme and independent mind in the universe, we cannot reasonably exclude the supposition of final causes, although, in many cases, it would be presumptuous to say beforehand what they are. The developement of a plan in the moral economy of the universe appears to us to involve the necessity of final causes. It is one thing to say, with certain fanatical theorists, that such and such an event was ordained with a special view to some particular result which we have chosen to select as exclusively important,—just as Victor Cousin, in his Lectures on the History of Philosophy, with a national vanity that is truly ridiculous, has taken upon him to determine, that the *mission*, as he calls it, of the long series of ages which have elapsed since the promulgation of Christianity, was to prepare the way for the final establishment of 'La Charte *;' but it is quite another thing to retrace the course of events with a discriminating and historical respect for facts, and from those facts to deduce the evidence of a plan in the moral world,—of the concurrence of infinitely diversified causes to the production of grand and general results,—of the gradual progress and improvement of the collective race,—and of grounds for hope and trust in the onward march of humanity, and in the inexhaustible resources of divine benevolence. For our parts, we cannot separate the recognition of at least the most general final causes from any intelligible acknowledgment of the being of a God. Herder's views, as exhibited in the following passage, appear to us to require considerable restriction and qualification:—

'Nothing stands more in the way of an impartial consideration of this period of history, than the supposition that the bloody course of Roman conquests was overruled by the secret influence of a particular providence; as though Rome had been exalted to her pitch of greatness for the special purpose that there might be poets and orators,—that the Roman law and the Latin tongue might spread to the limits of her dominion,—and that roads might

* Unfortunately for the theory of the learned Professor, this *charte*, whose advent such a long series of events foretold and prepared, has undergone, and is still likely to undergo, very considerable modifications, since the revolution of 1830.

be opened for the universal diffusion of the Christian religion. Every one knows what tremendous evils afflicted Rome, and the world around her, ere such poets and orators could arise;—how dearly, for example, Sicily paid for Cicero's oration against Verres, —and Rome herself for his pleadings against Catiline and Antony! To purchase the Æneid of Virgil, and the peaceful muse of Horace, torrents of Roman blood must previously have been shed, and innumerable tribes and kingdoms cruelly oppressed. Were these fair fruits of a golden age, thus extorted, worth the price that must be paid for them? The case was the same with the Roman law;—since who does not know the vexations that were inflicted by it on the world, and the destruction which it occasioned of the many more suitable institutions of the most different nations? People were judged by a moral code which did not suit them; they had crimes, and the attendant penalties imposed upon them, of which they had never heard; till, at last, the whole course of this legislation, which was adapted only to the constitution of Rome, after a thousand forms of oppression, so completely corrupted and effaced the character of all the conquered tribes, that in place of it there appeared, over all the earth, only the image of the Roman eagle, which, after tearing out the eyes, and lacerating the vitals of the provinces, fluttered over them, as over a bleeding corpse, with enfeebled wings. The Latin language, too, gained nothing by the conquered people, nor the conquered people by it. It was vitiated till it became finally a romantic mixture, not only in the provinces, but in Rome itself. The nobler language of the Greeks was, by the same influences, deprived of its purity and beauty; and those thousand dialects of many different nations, which would have been far more beneficial to us and to them than a corrupted Latinity, have perished even to the smallest relic. Finally, with respect to the Christian religion, deeply as I venerate the benefits which it has conferred on the human race, I am yet far from believing that a single stone was laid in Rome with a view to it. It was not for Christianity that Romulus built his city, and Pompey and Crassus marched through Judæa; still less were all those Roman establishments erected in Europe and Asia to prepare the way for its promulgation through all lands. Rome embraced the Gospel, just as she embraced the worship of Isis and every abject superstition of the east. It would be unworthy of God to conceive that his providence could select no better instrument for his noblest work, the propagation of truth and virtue, than the bloody, tyrannical hand of the Romans. The Christian religion rose by its native energy, and by its native energy grew the empire of Rome; and, when finally they formed an union, neither the one nor the other gained by the alliance. A bastard offspring, half Roman, half Christian, was its fruit, which many could wish had never existed.

'All that can be said is, that Providence employed the Roman state and the Latin tongue, as a bridge on which might be conveyed to us some portion of the treasures of the ancient world. The bridge was the worst that could have been chosen; since its very erection has robbed us of the greatest part of that, of which it was designed to be the passage. The Romans destroyed and were destroyed; but the destroyers cannot be the preservers of the world. They roused and exasperated all nations, till at last they became their prey; and Providence wrought no miracle on their behalf. Let us then consider this like every other natural phenomenon, whose causes and consequences we would freely investigate, without fitting it to some arbitrarily assumed plan. The Romans were what they were capable of being; with them everything perished or subsisted, which must perish or which must subsist. Ages roll onward, and with them that child of ages, multiform humanity. Everything has blossomed on earth, that could blossom,—everything in its season and in its sphere; it has passed its flowering, and will blossom again when its season returns. The work of Providence moves forward in its eternal course, according to grand and universal laws.'*

Herder was favourably inclined to the doctrine of Spinoza; and perhaps the traces of this tendency are visible in the species of necessity which he appears to inculcate in the foregoing extract. He has also ventured upon pretty strong language, in order to expose the extravagances of those philosophers, who, like *Candide*, find in all things, without discrimination, proofs of *le meilleur des mondes possibles.* We too perceive the influence of his favourite doctrine, that there is a natural correspondence between the manners and institutions of a people, and their climate and geographical position, which cannot be violated with impunity. But either we do not clearly apprehend Herder's meaning, or his reasonings in this part of his work are confused and inconclusive! The diversities observable among different nations are often only diversities of ignorance and barbarism; and, while we are far from thinking with certain theoretical reformers, that the perfection of humanity will be attained by raising it everywhere to one fixed and uniform standard, to the total destruction of all national distinctions; yet it must surely be admitted, that a free exchange of ideas between distant communities, arising from their use of a language reciprocally understood, tends to equalise their respective advantages, and so far to assimilate their condition and character, as to qualify them for the enjoyment of common blessings. We may conceive, moreover, that, in the sluggish state in which men commence their social career, no agencies, but those of war and conquest, would be sufficiently powerful to break down the barriers of nature, and bring remote countries

* Book XIV. vi. pp. 271—5.

into stimulating contact; and, if ultimate advantage to all parties be the result of this, the question at issue seems to us to be decided, and we may look upon the whole course of Providence as a progressive plan, all the parts of which are essential to each other; as a mysterious process, of which all that we know is, that evil is converted by it into a means of eventual good. Thus, at the very time that we pass the heaviest judgment on the genius of the Romans and the spirit of their policy, as insidious, tyrannical, and unjust, we may, with perfect consistency, taking into view the whole concatenation of events, acknowledge the benefits that have accrued to the progressive civilization of mankind, from the connexion which their conquests opened between the most distant regions—from the universal establishment of their law—from the prevalence of two languages, that formed, respectively, in the east and the west, a common medium of intercourse for all classes—and from the circulation that was procured by these means, for the accumulated knowledge and intelligence of the capital. The conquests of Alexander served to diffuse the civilization of the Greeks through Asia and Egypt, but the effects of them were necessarily bounded by the same limits as the prevalence of the Grecian tongue; in the sequel, a western people stepped into the arena of war, overthrew the Greeks, dragged their arts and their literature in triumphal procession to Rome, and through a Latin medium spread them to the shores of the Atlantic. Upon this broad basis the civilization of modern Europe has been slowly and irregularly reared; and whatever value we attach to that civilization, whatever the blessings of which it is yet destined to be the parent to mankind, we must consider ourselves as indebted for it to the mixed and various train of causes which gradually introduced it. Herder's reasonings, if analysed, are reducible to this, that the present world is not a state of perfect *optimism*. Hume selects the age of Trajan and the Antonines as the most flourishing period of the Roman empire—a period in which he imagines this part of the world might possibly contain more inhabitants than at present*; and whoever impartially weighs the extracts which he has given in a note from Pliny, Tertullian, and Aristides, as testifying the general prosperity and populousness, in their time, subsisting throughout the dominions of Rome, will surely hesitate, before he pronounces the humane and civilized multitudes, who dwelt in peace under the protection of laws, in the splendid cities which covered the provinces, as in a less desirable condition than the ferocious barbarians who traversed the forests of Gaul and Germany, or wandered over the wilds of Illyricum and Thrace.

Though we have thus ventured to express a dissent from some of the doctrines advanced by Herder, we should not be doing

* Essays, vol. 1. On the Populousness of Ancient Nations, p. 466, note Q. Q.

justice to his philosophy, if we did not state that, in its general spirit, it is full of hope for the future interests of human nature. The value of his work appears to us to consist far more in its collateral suggestions, and in oblique glances on the diversified topics that come before him in pursuing his subject, than in any general conclusions of great importance, which he succeeds in establishing. His favourite position, which is so incessantly repeated, that in every age and in every country humanity has invariably exhibited, under the combined influence of climate, physical exigency, and tradition, all the effects of which it was capable, is little more than an identical proposition. In this fundamental axiom, if it may be so called, is wrapped up the necessarian principle of his philosophy; but conjoined with a firm belief in the tendency of human nature to improve, and in its original fitness for the exercise of reason and virtue. In his view, the great hinderance to the improvement of mankind, and more especially of individual man, an object which he never loses sight of in a zeal for the perfection of the species, has always arisen from the violent interruptions, occasioned by wars and oppressions, to the course originally marked out by nature. The necessary and eternal distinctions of climate, according to him, are sacred, and should be inviolable; so that, while he contends that all men are destined for a progressive amelioration, the mode, the course, the degree of that amelioration, cannot be universally the same, but must vary with the varying exigencies of time and place. Happily, as he observes, the distinctive are less powerful than the conservative agencies of society; what corrupts and debases, is perishable—what nourishes and blesses mankind, is lasting.

In proceeding with the history of European civilization, a new object attracts our regards, in the original population of the western provinces of the Roman empire; and had we time, it would be interesting to give some account of Herder's speculations on the Basque tribes, the Gaels, the Cymri, the Finns, Germans, and Sclavonians; but the space which we have still left, we must devote to a subject of more importance—the origin and influence of Christianity. We give Herder's own words:—

'Although it seems extraordinary that a revolution of such extensive influence as Christianity should have originated in a country so despised as Judæa, yet, upon a nearer survey, we discover historical reasons for the fact. This revolution was a spiritual one; and, contemptible as the Jewish people might seem to the Greeks and Romans, it was their peculiar distinction among all the nations of Europe and Asia, to possess writings of the highest antiquity, on which their civil constitution was founded, and which gave rise, in accordance with the principles of this constitution, to a peculiar species of knowledge and literature. Neither the Greeks nor the Romans possessed a similar code of religious and political enactments, bound up with the most ancient

records and genealogies, entrusted to the care of a single but very numerous tribe, and by it preserved with superstitious reverence. There necessarily arose with the lapse of ages, out of this antiquated letter, a kind of finer sense, with which the Jews became familiar during their frequent dispersions among other nations. In the canon of their Holy Scriptures were found songs, moral sayings, and elevated discourses, which, though written at different times, on the most different occasions, were gradually incorporated into one collection, which was soon looked upon as making up one progressive system, and from which one predominant sense was drawn. The prophets, as the constituted guardians of the national law, each in his own peculiar sphere of thought and conception, now instructing and encouraging, now warning or comforting, but always with a strong expression of patriotic hope, set before the people a description of what they were destined to become, but as yet were not; and, in these fruits of the mind and heart, conveyed to posterity many seeds for new ideas, which each individual might rear in his own way. From all this had gradually sprung the hope of a king, who should restore his fallen race, and commence a new and better era. In the language of the prophets, these views were adapted to their notions of a theocracy, and the united characteristics of a Messiah were wrought up into a glowing ideal. In Judæa the increasing misery of the people strengthened their hold on these consolatory visions; in other countries, as for example, in Egypt, where, since the foundation of Alexandria, many Jews resided, these ideas developed themselves more after the Grecian manner; apocryphal books, which gave a new representation to the prophecies, were also in circulation; and now the crisis was at hand which was destined to put an end to these dreamings, when they were at their height. There appeared a man from among the people, whose spirit, raised far above the capacity of an earthly brain, combined all the hopes, wishes, and predictions of the prophets in the scheme of an ideal kingdom, which was far from realizing the Jewish notion of heaven. In the comprehensive range of his lofty vision, he foresaw the approaching downfall of his country, and predicted a speedy and melancholy termination to its splendid temple, and to the whole of the national worship, which had degenerated into an unworthy superstition. He declared, that the kingdom of God should come upon all nations, and the people who thought themselves exclusively possessed of it, were treated by him as a corpse —as a body, in which life was utterly extinct and gone.

'This exclusion of Judaism was the first great obstacle to the propagation of the new religion, but it was in a great measure removed by the final dispersion of the Jewish people. Amidst the general tolération of the Romans, and the wide prevalence of the eclectic philosophy, Christianity stepped forth as a popular faith, to unite all nations as brethren in the worship of one God

and the service of one Saviour. It was a crisis perilous for humanity. The same power might have enabled Christianity to make all men slaves. In other hands the keys of heaven and earth might have proved a far more formidable pharisaism, than they ever became in those of Jews.

'One belief greatly contributed to the strength and rapidity with which Christianity rooted itself in the world; and that was the belief, originating with its founder, of his own speedy return from heaven, and the revelation of his kingdom upon earth. Jesus had avowed this belief at the judgment-seat, and often repeated it in the concluding days of his life; and his disciples fondly clung to it. Spiritual Christians gave the hope a spiritual application; while those who were carnal dwelt on carnal images: and as the exalted imagination of those regions and those times framed even its ideal world from sensible conceptions, there sprung up apocalypses, conceived in a spirit of judaizing Christianity, filled with predictions, symbols, and visions of various kinds. Antichrist must first be overthrown; and as Christ delayed to return, Antichrist would first reveal himself, then wax mighty, and multiply his abominations to the utmost; till the time of redemption came, and the returning Saviour revived his people. It cannot be denied, that hopes of this kind must have occasioned many persecutions of the first Christians; since it was not to be supposed that Rome, the mistress of the world, could possibly be indifferent to the prevalence of doctrines, which inculcated the belief of her own approaching destruction, and an abhorrence of her own power, as odious, despicable, and antichristian. Thus, such prophets were soon regarded as unpatriotic despisers of their country and the world, or as criminals convicted of a general hatred of mankind; and many, who could not wait for the return of the Lord, eagerly courted martyrdom. Meanwhile, it is certain that this hope of an approaching kingdom of Christ in heaven or on earth, bound the spirits of Christians closely to each other, and cut them off from the world. The world they despised, as lying in wickedness; and what they believed to be so near, they saw already before them and around them. This strengthened their courage to overcome, what no one could otherwise overcome, the spirit of the time, the might of persecutors, and the mockery of unbelievers: they tarried as strangers *here*, and lived *there*, whither their Leader had passed before them, and whence they expected he would soon reveal himself again *.'

Among the circumstances which are peculiar to the Christian institution, and which have been perverted by the evil ingenuity of men into occasions of abuse, Herder enumerates the brotherly love inculcated by Christ, on which the doctrine of a community of goods and the duty of indiscriminate alms-giving have been

* Book XVII., ch. i., pp. 50—55.

founded; the independence of Christianity on all temporal power, which led to the long and desolating struggles between the church and the state; baptism into the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, which formed a pretext for polemical subtleties and an intolerant authority over conscience; the deduction of the Christian evidences and doctrines from written documents, which gave occasion, in the heat of party zeal, both to actual forgeries and to corruptions of the sacred text; Jesus's life of celibacy, and his being the son of a virgin, which was afterwards appealed to as a justification of the follies of monachism; and lastly, the establishment of a kingdom of heaven, which has been constantly perverted from its original object, of upholding a pure and spiritual morality, to the purposes of the wildest enthusiasm, by fanatics of every varied designation, Chiliasts, Donatists, Anabaptists, and Fifth-monarchy-men. In reviewing this lamentable train of corruptions, Herder observes, with his usual piety and seriousness of feeling:—

'Thus much have I written, with a sorrowing spirit, of this shameful abuse of the best of blessings; yet I proceed with a cheerful heart to the consideration of the further planting of Christianity in the several quarters of the world; since, as medicine may be converted into poison, poison also can be changed into medicine, and a principle which, in its origin, was pure and beneficent, must finally prevail*.'

This part of his subject Herder distributes under three principal heads; viz. the propagation of Christianity in the East; in the Grecian lands; and in the Latin provinces of the Roman empire:—and on these interesting topics we can only regret that we have not time to pursue throughout his course of enlightened and ingenious speculation. The following remarks on the origin of Christian churches are curious, and to some of our readers may be novel.

'Tradition and faith, in attestation of which life had been freely sacrificed, soon became the chief and triumphant argument for Christianity. The poorer, the more remote, and the more ignorant the community of believers might be, the more they were obliged to take upon trust what tradition conveyed to them; the word of their bishop and teacher, or the confession of a martyr, who had sealed his testimony to the Church with blood. And yet, in the commencement of Christianity, no other mode can be conceived, by which it could have been propagated, but this; since it was founded on a story, and a story implies narration, tradition, and belief. A story passes from mouth to mouth, till, put into writing, it becomes as it were a fixed and embodied tradition, and now first is capable of being compared with other traditions, and proved by them. But, at this period, the eye-witnesses

* Book XVII., ch. i., p. 65.

for the most part are no longer in existence; it is well, therefore, if the legend states, that they confirmed their testimony by their death; for on such an assurance the faith of men can rest.

'And, in this confidence, the first Christian altars were erected over graves. At graves the believers assembled: in the catacombs themselves there were altars, on which the Lord's Supper was partaken of, the Christian confession made, and the vow renewed, to be as true to it as the deceased. Over graves the earliest churches were built, or the remains of martyrs were conveyed under the erected altars; till at last it was thought necessary for the altar to be consecrated with at least one bone of a martyr. Baptism, too, which was a symbolical confession of faith, was solemnized over the graves of confessors; till latterly the baptisteries were raised over them, or believers, as a proof that they died in the faith professed at baptism, were buried under the baptisteries. One thing arose out of another; and almost the whole form and character of the usages of our western churches sprang from this worship and confession at graves *.' 'Altogether there was something exceedingly touching in the practice of the early Christians thus pledging themselves to fidelity and obedience at the grave. When they assembled at day-break, as Pliny informs us, to sing praises to Christ, and to renew their vows, the silent grave of a departed brother must have been to them as a speaking symbol of constancy even to death, and a foundation for their faith in that resurrection, to which their Lord, himself a martyr, had already attained. They must have felt this mortal life vain and transitory, death, as a sequel to their Saviour's death, delightful and honourable, and the future world, ever dwelling on their thoughts, more real and certain than the present. The oldest Christian writings wholly breathe this spirit. Meantime, with such incentives, the zeal for martyrdom could not fail to be often unseasonably roused, when men, weary of this passing life, courted with unnecessary eagerness the baptism of fire and blood, as procuring them the crown of Christian victory. It could not but happen that, in the course of time, the bones of the martyrs experienced almost divine honours, and were superstitiously abused to the purpose of expiations, healings, and a

* Book XVII., ch. iv., p. 102. Herder observes, in a note, that a history of these usages, drawn from an inspection of the oldest churches and monuments, and combined throughout with a contemporaneous view of ecclesiastical history, would place the fact, recorded in the text, in the clearest light. Valckenaer (*Animadvers. ad Ammon.* Lib. II., c. 19.) very pertinently confirms the observation of Herder, in his remarks on the word σηκὸς: 'Illustriorum hominum sepulchra *septo*, σηκῷ cingebantur. Hinc petenda videtur ratio, cur in σηκοῖς culti fuerint, qui ob præstantiora merita post obitum in Deos referebantur. Istæc religio ad Christianos etiam homines, â priscâ simplicitate sensim delapsos, pervasit. Hi summum Deum augustioris moliminis templis, ejus veluti internuntios, heroas, excellenti morum puritate claros, sacellis, honorare cæperunt. Superstitioni originem præbuere *martyrum reliquiæ*, maximâ cum curâ custoditæ, et in σηκοῖς, eum in finem in templorum recessu primam constructis, repositæ.'

thousand other miracles. Least of all could it fail shortly to occur, that this host of Christian heroes should take entire possession of the heaven of the church; and, as their mortal remains were transmitted with veneration from age to age, so their souls should expel all the other benefactors of the human race from their ancient seats: and hence arose the novelty of a Christian mythology *.'

In the rapid historical survey which terminates the last volume of Herder's work, two circumstances just deserve notice, as indicating the peculiar spirit of his philosophy: the great advantage which he conceives has accrued to all the Mahometan nations from the Koran being composed in the purest dialect of Arabia; and his unfavourable opinion of the general influence of the crusades on European civilization. Of the first of these circumstances he remarks: 'If the Germanic conquerors of Europe had possessed a classical work in their language, similar to what the Arabs possessed in their Koran, the Latin would never have held their dialects in subjection, and many of their tribes would not have been so wholly lost in ignorance. But neither Ulphilas, nor Cædmon, nor Ottfried could be to the Germans what Mahomet's Koran still is to all his adherents, a security for the preservation of their ancient and genuine language, by which they are able to remount to the most authentic monuments of their tribe, and remain one people, wherever they are scattered over the globe †.' With regard to the crusades, they involved a violent dislocation of the established interests of society, and interrupted that course of mild and gradual progress on which Herder's genius loved to expatiate. He observes pithily concerning them: 'Any event can only so far be productive of real and lasting good, as it is founded in reason ‡.'

In the very same spirit are couched the concluding sentences of his work. 'From the action and re-action between the feudal aristocracy and the church, there was gradually produced a third estate, which neither party expected, and which in time put an end to them both—an order of men devoted to the pursuits of knowledge and useful industry, and engaged in the competitions of trade.

'What must be the character of this new European culture, is evident from the principles that have been developed in the foregoing part of the work. It could only be an improvement of men, in their actual circumstances, and in proportion to their disposition to improve; an improvement effected by industry, science, and art. Whosoever required not this improvement, whosoever despised or abused it, remained as he was. It was as yet premature to think of an universal culture of all ranks and

* Book XVII., ch. iv., p. 103. † Book XIX., ch. v., p. 235.
‡ Book XX., ch. iii., p. 285.

all nations, by education, laws, and political constitutions; and indeed, when will the time for such a project arrive? Meanwhile, reason and industry pursue their ceaseless course; and we may even consider it as a good sign, when the best fruits of humanity do not ripen too soon.'*

Three distinguished authors, Voltaire, Herder, and Condorcet,† have each written on the philosophy of history, have each exercised a powerful influence on the opinions of their contemporaries, and gave their respective works to the world at a time when the public mind was intensely exercised on those vital questions, the discussion of which they involved. The similarity, we may say, the identity, of the subject, handled by these celebrated men, only serves to place in stronger contrast the characteristic differences of their genius and character. They traverse the same regions, and their attention is fixed on the same objects; but the feelings which they experience, and the conclusions which they draw, are widely at variance. Some of our modern theorists, with that rage for sweeping generalization which distinguishes them, have pretended to discover in the history of the world an alternation of periods, which they designate respectively *organiques* and *critiques*;‡ that is, of periods, in which the human mind is built up and established in some firm system of opinion and belief; and of others, in which the process is reversed, the social edifice is taken to pieces, and all those doctrines, on which men's minds have hitherto reposed in peace, are shattered by a fearless scepticism and resolved into their elements. What such speculators have failed to establish concerning the regular and decisive influence of successive periods, undoubtedly is true of the diverse and conflicting action of individual minds, which are cast in various moulds, and are fitted for opposite functions, and have different stations assigned them in the world, that the glorious task of exterminating error and establishing truth, to which no single mind, however mighty, is equal, may be gradually and irregularly achieved by the concurring agency of all. Certainly, if we look back on the history of human opinions, we find the greatest names arranged on opposite sides; Lucien, Bayle, and Hume, among the destroyers of error, Socrates, Plato, Locke, and Mendelsohn, among the conservators of truth.

It is in the former of these classes that we must place Voltaire. The whole tendency of his historical writings is destructive. He traversed the past, reckless and contemptuous, without seeking to derive from it the materials of a better and happier

* Book XX. ch. vi. p. 306.

† See Voltaire's *Essai sur les Mœurs*, before referred to, and Condorcet's *Esquisse des Progrès de l'Esprit Humaine*.

‡ Such are the terms adopted in the historical nomenclature of the new sect of *St. Simoniens* in France.

futurity. With a low conception of the moral perfectibility of man, with a false estimate of the sources of happiness, and applying to all objects a narrow standard of excellence, he seemed incapable of passing out of the contracted circle of his own ideas, to sympathise with men of other days and with different forms of social life. A national spirit in manners or in literature he was wholly incompetent to appreciate. Into all his speculations he carried with him the fastidiousness of a Parisian criticism. Wherever he turned his eye, he seemed to meet only the grotesqueness of folly, and the diversified aspects of human weakness and wickedness. But let us not be unjust to his memory. Let us think of the effect that must necessarily have been produced on a spirit, so exquisitely acute and susceptible as his, by the degradation, the hollowness, and the tyranny, with which he saw himself encircled at home. Let us remember the part assigned him in the moral drama of the eighteenth century, as the scourge of superstition and hypocrisy. He judged of all mankind by the selfish and corrupted beings with whom his own circumstances brought him into immediate contact; and hence he regarded the whole world as one vast pantomime of folly and vice. Yet his nature was not wanting in gentleness and humanity. There are occasional glimpses of moral beauty and tenderness in his works, betraying the existence of feelings, which, had he lived in a better age, and been exposed to more kindly influences, might have warmed into a genial piety and nourished a spirit of uniform and consistent benevolence. Had he written nothing else, his memorable remark on history would alone have entitled him to the grateful remembrance of posterity: 'C'est au genre humain qu'il eût fallu faire attention dans l'histoire; c'est là que chaque écrivain eût dû dire, *homo sum.*'*

Condorcet was a spirit of another temper; more exact, profound, and conscientious, and of a more intense and concentrated benevolence. He mourned over the miseries, and he assailed the superstitions and vices of mankind, but with a constant view to devise the means of remedy. Agreeing with Voltaire in many of his general principles, he was not content, like him, to walk amidst a world of ruins; but with a genius less versatile and comprehensive than his predecessor, and determined, by the force of circumstances, to seek at once for some practical results, he solaced the hours of an anxious concealment in framing the image of a futurity, which had never crossed the vision of the less earnest and disinterested philosopher of Ferney. But it is precisely in this part of his work that we discover the vital defect of Condorcet's system. He proposes to accomplish the most stupendous changes in the moral and social condition of mankind; while, at the same time, by annihilating religious principle,

* *Essai sur les Mœurs*, chap. 84.

he takes from the world the only power, which can effectually sway the passions and appetites of men, and propel all their energies to the steady and unceasing pursuit of good. He discovers a most extraordinary acquaintance with the mere machinery of society; it is all laid out, with the greatest exactness, in his pages, complicated and vast: but when we ask, how is this apparatus to be kept in constant motion, and look for the central spring, it is not there. He seems not to consider that man has a moral as well as an intellectual nature, and that the illumination of the one does not, of necessity, involve the improvement of the other. All the perfection, which he anticipates, in the sciences and arts—all his benevolent schemes for checking the most fertile sources of human poverty and wretchedness—the most complete fulfilment of all his most sanguine expectations from an association of philosophers, formed after a suggestion of Bacon's, for the sole purpose of advancing science and discovering truth *—could not make man a different moral being from what he now is, could not equalise his original differences of capacity and temperament, could not exclude those alternations of hope and fear, that dread of annihilation, that longing for the vast and infinite, which will ever be found among the most powerful springs of human action and sentiment. And then, according to these views, what a dismal retrospect the world affords! Through the ages which have elapsed since the creation, men seem to have lived wholly in vain. Never yet has the purpose of existence been fulfilled. All the past has been spent in the perversion of energies, which men knew not how to use, and in fruitless struggles after a happiness, which they were destined never to attain. The past and the present generations of mankind have no object in themselves; they are valuable and interesting only as they tend to some imaginary state of perfection, which is to arise after thousands of ages. The individual is sacrificed to the species, the reality to the abstraction: and the best of men, under unmerited wrongs and sufferings, can only console themselves with the bright visions of a distant futurity, which it shall never be their happiness to behold.†

A philosopher, of another order than the former two, was Herder. With a heart full of tenderness, and exquisitely alive to the most delicate influences of beauty and truth, he looked into

* See more especially his *Fragment sur l'Atlantide.*

† In the following beautiful passage, Condorcet seems almost unconsciously to express that longing after immortality, which, amid all his scepticism, still fondly clung to his heart. 'Cette contemplation' (he is anticipating the future perfection of mankind) est pour le philosophe un asyle où le souvenir de ses persécutions ne peut le poursuivre; où, vivant par la pensée avec l'homme rétabli dans les droits comme dans la dignité de sa nature, il oublie celui que l'avidité, la crainte ou l'envie tourmentent et corrompent; c'est là qu'il existe véritablement avec ses semblables, dans un élysée que sa raison a su se créer, et que son amour pour l'humanité embellit des plus pures jouissances.'—*Esquisse*, p. 300.

the past with a very different spirit from Voltaire: without his wit and his withering irony, he had, in place of it, a warmer benevolence and more diffusive sympathy. Wherever his eye rested on man, he found something to admire and love, some indication of high descent and immortal destiny; some form of goodness, some image of peace and bliss: from the rudest hut of the savage, and breathed forth in the simplest and most inartificial accents, the voice of humanity was still music to his ear. With Condorcet he rejoiced to anticipate a brighter futurity; but it was not a futurity, of which a few only of the race should partake, a futurity, won after thousands of years by the successive triumphs of science; but a futurity assured to all good men, as the crown of victorious virtue. While Condorcet looked upon the past as a blank, and thought that men would then only begin to live, when his own schemes of perfection were brought to pass, Herder delighted to believe, that in every stage of society the purpose of individual existence might be fulfilled, the capacities of our moral nature be unfolded, and the preparation for immortality be carried on. His philosophy is even carried to an extreme on this point. He was inclined to view, with perhaps too much complacency, the traditional forms and usages of a people, and shrunk with peculiar sensitiveness from all sweeping innovations and violent interruptions of the established course of society. Yet this did not arise from any indifference to the liberties and happiness of mankind. One, who more honoured human nature, whose heart more deeply sympathised with its wrongs, or beat higher with generous hopes and wishes for its emancipation and improvement, never gave his thoughts to posterity. It was his zeal for the culture of individual man, and his distrust in theories relating to the species, which made him attach so much value to the influences of climate, situation, and tradition; which led him to believe, that in every age, and in every country, there was a certain course marked out by circumstances, a prescribed process of discipline through which men must pass in their progress to perfection, and from which there could be no deviation with impunity. Place, time, need, tradition, these are the causes, which, he repeats again and again, necessarily determine the actions and characters of men. For this reason, he has been considered by some as the father of the *Ecole fataliste* of modern French historians. But there is no fatalism, properly so called, in the philosophy of Herder; because, though he often expresses himself vaguely and obscurely, yet in the belief, which he inculcates, of the constant tendency of all things to good, he makes the advancement of society to depend on the free choice and voluntary co-operation of individual man. He conceived, however, that improvement could not be forced; and that the progress of the future must be regulated in great measure by the course of the past. He did not, like Voltaire, content himself

with simply spurning the past; nor, like Condorcet, wrap himself in the dreams of an ideal future: but he studied the past to draw lessons for the future; and felt the closeness and sanctity of the bond which unites all ages in one progressive plan. To use his own forcible language; 'the present is pregnant with the future: the destinies of posterity are placed in our hand; we have inherited the thread of ages; we spin it onward; and hand it down to our successors*.'

There is nothing, after all, which more strikingly and more favourably distinguishes Herder from the two writers with whom we have been comparing him, than the deep religious feeling which pervades his whole work. He may sometimes express it in language which sounds strangely to English ears;—but this arose from the fact, that his religion was something more than words—that it was a sincere and real feeling. With the profoundest reverence for Christianity, which he regarded as a consecrated vehicle of divine wisdom, he still looked with tenderness on the sacred traditions of heathen nations, and was willing to believe that they contained, under their forms and symbols, some latent principles of holiness and truth. But with him religion was rather a sentiment than a dogma. It consisted in the state of his affections towards man and God; and was therefore compatible with the greatest latitude of inquiry, and the most perfect freedom of speculation. It did not fetter his understanding; it only sanctified his heart. Devotedness and gratitude to the invisible Source of good; trust in his providence and obedience to his will; a tender sympathy with the suffering and the happiness of all that he has made; and a firm persuasion, that death is but a crisis, and not the extinction, of our being;—this was the religion of Herder—this is the spirit breathing through all his works. This too is the spirit which we would call upon every good man to use his utmost efforts to diffuse in this restless, innovating, and sceptical age. With it, no inquiries can be baneful, and no changes perilous. Without it, we can hardly stir a step, but into danger; and all the triumphs of truth and discoveries of science will only serve to open deeper sources of unhappiness, and unfold a wider prospect of comfortless desolation†. T.

* Blicke in die Zukunft. Postscenien I.

† Should any proof be required of the assertion in the text, we might appeal to a most appalling article in a recent Number of the Revue Encyclopédique, entitled *Religion, Aux Philosophes.*

I WISH I had reason to believe that a satisfactory approach were made to the species of education which was sketched in the former paper on this subject. But experience assures me that the wish is vain. Advert to the great seminary of the youthful poor, and tell me if it affords what is needed. What do we there find taught? the mere rudiments of an education. The child is instructed to trace with the eye,—to enunciate with the lips,—perhaps to describe with the hand, a certain number of letters. In many instances, of the little taught still less is understood, because explanation does not accompany the guiding of the eye and hand. To these all but mechanical acts, a somewhat intellectual process is in some schools added, and the poor child is taught a little of the practice but nothing of the theory of numerical calculations. The deficiencies of this mental education, the treasures of a library may in some cases, and in some (but a small) extent, supply. In fact, the large majority of Sunday-scholars enjoy not all even of these advantages. In most cases, I fear, writing and arithmetic are proscribed, at least in the regular business of the Sunday School. When this error is committed on principle, I cannot but respect the principle, while I deplore the error; and sure I am, that those who commit it would act more in unison with the spirit of Christianity, and the spirit of him who declared, both by word and practice, that it was lawful to do good on the Sabbath-day, if instead of restricting they widely extended the subjects of Sunday School tuition. Surely the mental discipline that I have noticed is not too great. No—its only fault is that it is too limited; and why should we give knowledge with a grudging hand? What do we by our parsimony but declare, either that we who have it find it injurious, or know that the poor are incapable of receiving it, or if they received it would use it badly. All these implications are as far from truth as the poles of the wide-extended heavens. Knowledge in itself is power to rich and poor alike—it is food for which all have a relish, and which proves to all who get it no less nutritious than grateful. Why not rather widen the range over which the youthful poor might extend their mind? Why not open the book of creation, and lay before them the treasures it contains? Why not avail yourselves of every opportunity to make to them fresh disclosures of truth? Why not increase the furniture of your own minds, that you may enrich and fructify theirs? What is history, but a detail of God's dealings in providence with man? Will a knowledge of his ways with his creatures be injurious? What is science, but a detail of God's workings in the heavens above and on the earth beneath—in the mighty waters, and the wonderful mechanism of animated nature? Will the tracing of the Creator's footsteps—the discovery of his might and wisdom—will the sight of his acts of bene-

ficence, be injurious? What is civil polity, but a knowledge of the causes that affect the happiness of civil society—of the duties of the governors and the governed—of the proper ends of the social compact—of rights and duties which can never be denied or neglected without the most afflicting penalties—and can knowledge of this nature be injurious? No—to none but those who have an interest in corruption and human misery, and with such the Christian ought not to be allied.

But the moral and religious education of the youthful poor needs more improvement even than the intellectual. In how few schools are there instructions given suited to the understandings of the children, and on a regular and systematic plan. What more needful than a simple detail of the evidences of the divine origin of Christianity? How desirable that the fundamental truths of religion should be taught, not by authority, but by demonstration—that the duties of the several ages and conditions in life should be plainly, earnestly, and affectionately set forth—that the grounds and reasons of obedience should be explained and enforced—that children should be instructed in the duties of children, and prepared to discharge those of riper years, in order that the Sunday School might become a seminary for good servants—good masters and mistresses—good fathers and mothers—good citizens. Yet how little of all this do we actually find. Those, indeed, who compass sea and land to make one proselyte, fail not to use every effort to wrap the children's minds around with the swathing bands of creeds and confessions; but this is not to foster but repress them—not to enlarge, but to narrow the heart. The same persons are sufficiently active to inspire the youthful mind with a dread of heresy, but we want not bugbears for the moral nutriment of the youthful poor—we want the bread that came down from heaven to be the life of the world; we want the child's affections to be disciplined—a power of self-control to be imparted—its heart to be softened and enriched, by affecting displays of God's goodness in nature and in the gospel—of the Saviour's mercy and tenderness—of the felicity of a devout life—the unspeakable worth of the immortal spirit, and the incomparable magnitude of eternal blessedness. And these things are wanted, not merely, nor yet so much in devout precept, as in the power of a good life—a pious heart—an affectionate spirit—not so much in injunction as in example. A school should resemble a well-ordered Christian family, where kindness presides in the master's bosom, words, and actions, and thence distils on all around him—where obedience is easy because pleasant—where order is insured by the influence of habit. If we turn from what we want to what we have, how painful the contrast! How small the utility of that discourse of which the children understand almost nothing—of that address which says much but explains nothing, and which is nearly useless, because the minds of the children have not

received the preparatory discipline of a plain, systematic, and elementary instruction! How trifling the good of that prayer which expresses the utterer's sentiments, not the child's—the utterer's wants, not the child's—in which at the most the child has only a vague and therefore evanescent sympathy—of that singing which is little more than a vocal effort, in which the heart takes no share, by which the soul is not kindled!

The Sunday School, it may be said, cannot do what you require. I answer, it has done much, it may do more; and as the teachers improve—as they grow in knowledge and goodness, in piety and love, it will do more. And speedily would it do much more were teachers imbued with right sentiments for their work—did they look on themselves as the moral and spiritual nurses and parents of their classes—did they preside in them with the spirit of beneficence and piety—did they, out of a pure and holy spirit, labour to pour into the hearts of their scholars the love of God and man. Their influence has been contracted because their notions have been narrow. An enlargement of mind and an elevation of spirit would multiply their usefulness, and sanctify all its results. I do not think it impossible that the discipline of a Sunday School should resemble the discipline of a truly Christian family—that virtue and piety should be communicated in every part, and the whole of the routine—that the purer and more refined and elevated motives should be cultivated, and those of a lower and depraving nature be repressed.

Well do I know that the best exertions of those benevolent persons who engage in Sunday School tuition may be, and too often are, checked and counteracted by the adverse influences to which the children are subjected in their homes. But might not even this difficulty be met by Sunday School missions? I cannot but think that if every School would undertake to send out into its immediate vicinity, and especially into the houses whence its pupils come, pious, kind-hearted, and earnest Christian men and women, who would seek by the means of books and tracts—of conversation—of example, the moral and religious improvement of those whom they visited, that the melioration of the discipline of Sunday Schools would be easily effected, and the labour which it requires, prove not only, as it is, a labour of love and self-denial, but of far greater utility than at present.

I am inclined to think that by a mission of mercy, such as that to which I have now alluded, another, and I grieve to say, a prevalent evil, and a most powerful check to the Sunday Schools, might to some desirable extent be alleviated,—I allude to the squalid penury which abounds, at least in some districts of the kingdom. I know, for I have seen with my own eyes, the moral devastation that extreme poverty commits. Perhaps no other thing has so fatal an efficacy in demoralizing the human being,—in extinguishing every better principle of his nature, and reducing

him to a level with those brutes, who, in many cases, enjoy more happiness than he. Existing privations are not, it is true, so extreme as to produce this extreme of moral ruin; yet they are great enough to create a mass of depravity which one cannot think of without a shudder. How much of this is fairly attributable to the misconduct of individuals, and how much to a system of government that has sought, all but exclusively, the interests of the few to the detriment, the fearful and lasting detriment of the many,—it is not now my object to inquire, so much as to suggest, that a mission to the poor might do something to relieve their wants by pecuniary aid, and eventually still more, by encouraging the growth of that moral excellence, which, except in awfully adverse times, will find or make a way to a sufficiency, if not to comfort. I am fully persuaded that the best charity is that which, by improving their characters, enables the poor to improve their physical condition by their own exertions. Knowledge,—virtue is with them, as in all cases, power,—and pre-eminently the power of multiplying the necessaries and comforts of life.

I have alluded to an extension of the subjects of education in the Sunday Schools. To effect so desirable an end the formation of a teacher's class has, I know, been found useful, and might, perhaps, be rendered still more serviceable, if those who undertake the important work would, in addition to instructions in geography, history, and science, direct the reading of the young persons over whom they preside in the Evidences of Christianity,—and generally all the great fundamental truths of religion, striving, by connecting with their pursuits devotional exercises, and infusing a spirit of genuine, unobtrusive piety into all their intercourse, to foster and develop the spiritual affections, which are at once a source of the highest pleasure, of the loftiest virtues, and the most consistent and self-denying character. In those cases where ministers are not burdened by the duties of a school, nor worn down by its jading toils, they could not, I think, find a sphere of greater and more certain usefulness than in the class which consisted of those who would communicate each to many the knowledge and good impressions they had themselves received. It admits of a question if all that they are capable of occasioning has been made of the places that are set apart for education on the Sunday. Why should they, as in many cases, remain unoccupied six days out of seven? There they are, ready to be employed in any beneficent service, and there, too, is their machinery of teachers, desks, kind and christian supporters, which might surely be turned to some good account. How easily may a Sunday School be converted, six days in seven, into an infant school. And if objections are felt to teach history and science on the Sunday,—or, if the whole of that time is well occupied in imparting religious knowledge, and religious impressions, and the time is not too much for so important an object,—then why may

not the evenings of the other days be employed in teaching, especially the deserving, the elements of the higher and more directly useful branches of knowledge? And here I must be allowed to put in a plea on behalf of the female youth of the labouring population. One of the most marked and injurious defects of education is its almost entire divorcement from what is of immediate practical utility. A Grecian, we are told, being asked what children should learn, replied, what would be of service to them when grown up. But the little that the youthful poor are taught is almost entirely disconnected from any practical application. Why cannot our Sunday Schools be made the occasions of forming what may be termed seminaries for the practical duties of life? Is it of value to a poor girl to know how to read? as much so to know how to sew,—to be formed to habits of order, neatness, cleanliness,—to be taught to obey that she may learn how to command, to be instructed in the proper mode of domestic discipline,—what motives to appeal to, what to repress,—what sanctions to use, what rewards to offer,—how the good may be encouraged, the bad improved,—and especially how to make a small income procure the greatest comforts,—how to treat the ordinary complaints of children and others,—how to perform with skill, and so as to make the food go farthest, the more simple operations of cookery,—in a word, how to become good servants, good wives and mothers. Of these things the need in the manufacturing districts is, we know, immeasurably great, and the ignorance that prevails respecting them a source of the greatest discomfort and wretchedness. Girls are sent into factories at the early age of eight or nine years, and there they continue, with no opportunity of learning the duties of housewives, till they are married and taken to a home which they soon, by their ignorance and sluttish habits, render filthy and miserable. The husband has no attractions in his home, but many discomforts, and, therefore, though well disposed perhaps at first, soon quits it to seek, in his few hours of leisure, enjoyment and relaxation in the pothouse. We know not how all that is desirable could be effected for the female poor unless our Christian mothers, who are in easy circumstances, would receive each three or four poor girls into their house, with a view to train them in the duties of housewifery, —to form them to good habits, and to impart good moral and religious principles. In this, as in every thing, practice is of more value than theory, and the discipline and model of a well regulated family would be of incalculable good to the female poor. In this work of beneficence there might, there would be trouble, not much expense,—the girls would, by their labour, nearly if not quite reimburse the cost of their clothes and subsistence.

LIESE; OR, THE PROGRESS OF WORSHIP.

A TALE.

(*Continued from p.* 161.)

WITH a happier state of the conscience came greater activity of body and mind. In a few months, it was not enough for Liese to saunter by the river side, or meditate in the fields for a certain time every day, and to go through the stated offices of devotion in her chamber. In proportion as grief retreated, ennui encroached: and this ennui was attended with no small portion of shame; for Laura—the lost, the heretical Laura—was free from this visitation. The zeal of this reformed family led them to read all the works of the reformers that they could obtain; and their studies supplied them with a perpetual flow of ideas, banishing the dulness which had till now brooded over the interior of a German home. Hour after hour of every day did Liese hear the steady voice of Laura reading to her mother, interrupted occasionally by exclamations, or subsiding into a pause, to allow of a reference to Martin's bible.

'If they would but read something that I dare listen to!' thought Liese, as she sat at work by herself. The same idea had occurred to Laura; but the difficulty was to find in those days any book which the orthodox and heterodox could and would read together. The proposal was, however, made on both sides, consulted about, attempted, and very soon given up. The readings were broken off by disputes so often, that in order to preserve peace, which was equally the wish of both parties, the plan was relinquished; not, however, before the question had been asked why Liese should not study for herself. Here the accomplished Laura was ready and fully able to assist her friend. It was no disgrace to Liese that she could read little, and write not at all. Few nuns could, and fewer women in any station were so cultivated as Laura.

Helena was invited to join the party, and a considerable time was devoted each day to books and papers. The ci-devant nuns read apart, and a frequent intercourse of notes exercised them in their new accomplishment, in which they advanced with all the rapidity which might be expected from persons of active minds who wanted an object.

'You read more than I, Helena, and you write better by far. Is it because you are younger, or have greater talent? And you enjoy books more than I, which I wonder at, because they are almost my only pleasure, while you have many,—your bees and your garden, and old nurse Bohrla to take care of.'

'I was going to say,' replied Helena, 'that I get on all the faster for having so many other things to do; and I enjoy books

more because I have them in turn with other pleasures. I wish, Liese, you could be as busy as I have been lately. You do not know the pleasure of waking at dawn, and thinking, "I must be up and conning my task, or I shall not get it done to-day; for there is nurse's new boddice to be made in the morning, and a letter to be written to my uncle at Frankfort,—and it takes a long time still to write a letter,—and poor little Wilhelm, who is so ill, to be looked to before dark, and my plants to be watered at sunset." O! it is such a pleasure to feel that the day is too short for what is to be done, and to lie down at night hoping to do more to-morrow! When I was in our convent, I learned every thing more slowly, and took less pleasure in all I did every day. You know I told you then that I could not govern my mind like you, and be equally good in different places. Now I am in the way to be as good as you were there; for the more I have to do, the better I do it, and the more pleasures I have, the more I enjoy them every one.'

Liese looked grave while she warned her young companion of the enticing snares of the world, and asked whether she did not find her time too short to perform her devotions properly.

'If you will believe me,' replied Helena, 'I love God much more than I did when every body thought my whole time was spent in loving him. I have so much to thank him for now!'

'Do you mean that you use the same prayers as often and as devoutly as in our convent?'

'I do, indeed: and do you know,—I think I will tell you, whatever you may think of me,—I have found out another way of praying, which makes me all the more devout when I pray in the old way. I make prayers of my own.'

Instead of blaming Helena, Liese coloured crimson, and hid her face, murmuring,

'O, Helena, so do I. I should have died if I had not. If we both wanted it so much, if we each found out the way, surely it cannot be a snare, as I have sometimes feared it was.'

'It cannot be a snare, Liese, or it would not make us love God more, as I am sure it does me.'

'But Father Gottfried would not have allowed it.'

Helena lowered her voice as she replied,

'It was allowed by some who must have known as well as Father Gottfried. Give me Martin's bible, and I will show you where I learned this. You have not thrown it away, have you?'

Not Liese! She went, making no objection to Helena's offer, and took her bible out of its corner of the press, where it lay wrapt in its silken covering. When Helena took it, she looked full at her friend, who coloured again and shrunk from observation, as if she had been guilty.

'This book has been read, Liese, much read. It has been

more used than mine. O, why have we not told one another every thing as we used to do?'

'I will tell you now, Helena. My cousin Laura repeated something out of this book, one day long ago,—the first day I went to see you. I wished to find it again, but something always stopped me. There was always something else that I wanted to read wherever I opened; so I began at the beginning, and I found what I wanted, and now I have got so far.'

'Do you mean to finish it? If you do, we may as well read together. We will have no secrets from one another henceforth.'

'Tell me then, Helena, how you make your prayers. Are they like our other prayers?'

'O no, not at all. When I ask any of the new things I want, I pray to God only, because the saints cannot help me in them. If I want to be forgiven, or to have more of the true faith, I use my old prayers to Mary and the saints, because they will intercede for me; but when I want that nurse should not die, or that Wilhelm should be better, or when I am very thankful for being so happy, and for every body loving me, I speak to God himself, as every body seems to have done who was taught by Christ himself. I should like very much to hear some of Martin's prayers; for he prays in this way. But now tell me, Liese, how you pray.'

'Just in your way, except that I am not so happy, and have not so many people to pray for. I wish I had; but I cannot help the sick and the poor, because all who are within my reach are heretics. I am afraid there are very few of the right faith left in Nuremberg; and I am sure I do not know how to find them out.'

'I will help you, Liese; and if you will come to me, I will take you to see Wilhelm, and two or three more people who want nursing and help very much. Here comes Laura.'

'O put away the book!' cried Liese. Helena delayed, to ask why, and then it was too late. Laura's quick eye observed where it was opened, and she remarked that this was the very portion which her father was presently going to read in the family. The time for reserve being past, and Liese's secret no longer in her own keeping, she owned that she should much like to hear the bible read by somebody else sometimes, but feared the commentary with which she knew Laura's father was wont to accompany the text. He did not always expound, however, it now appeared, and his daughter was sure he would refrain from doing so, if Liese were present. Laura's greatest surprise was to find how easily the objection that he used prayers of Luther's was got over. The nuns just observed that they need not join in these prayers, and made no further difficulty, but went down with Laura when the summons for family worship was heard.

The reader had the discretion to announce nothing that was very new or strange to the two friends, and the family audience the kindness to show no wonder at their presence. The tone of natural petition and ardent praise in which the devotions of the kneeling household were offered, struck on the hearts of the strangers who did not kneel; but that which affected them beyond restraint was the closing hymn. Neither of them had heard other music than that of birds since their own choir had been broken up. Snatches of their sacred chorusses had recurred a thousand times to each; but having no heart to sing their own songs in a strange land of heresy, they had never given voice to these fleeting melodies. The hymn they now heard, slow, solemn, and harmonious, melted them with mingled emotions, the most distinguishable of which was shame at having disbelieved that heretics could offer true worship.

From this hour, Liese was subject to no self-complainings of the tedium of her days, the monotony of her prayers, or the want of sympathy in her religious emotions. Helena helped her to find objects of charity, and the benevolent affections thus exercised gave life to her prayers. The three friends read the gospel together, and Laura's power of illustrating many passages which contained no disputed doctrine, and were therefore approachable, rendered her assistance so valuable, that a common interest in the study was soon established, and topics for religious converse abounded from day to day. Still much was wanting to the happiness of Liese. She experienced the common lot of humanity, that as soon as one trouble is surmounted, another arises. Her heart still throbbed with painful emotions of unkindness towards heretics in general, though she had learned to make exceptions in favour of the Hüsens, and to hear the name of Martin Luther with a sensation of awe almost as powerful as her curiosity. That curiosity led her now to court every mention of his name, to obtain the minutest information from any one who had seen him, of his countenance, manner, mode of preaching, employments and recreations, that she might reconcile the reports of opposite parties, and account for the fact that the same man was idolized by some and abhorred by others, who pretended to know him equally well. In answer to her inquiries, Liese obtained so many anecdotes of the suavity of his domestic manners, of the playfulness of his conversation, the disinterested warmth of his friendships, that she could not avoid making this prince of heretics another exception to her anathema against the body,—a pretty sure sign that her orthodoxy had changed its character as well as its forms of manifestation. But here her charity ended. She took pains to feel no pity for the martyrs, whose sufferings and constancy made an occasional appeal to her sympathies. She would not look upon the sickness and poverty of heretics, because she was uncertain whether their afflictions might not be judg-

ments upon their heresy; and was satisfied that their own corrupt leaders were the persons on whom the charge ought to fall. 'The dead must bury their dead,' thought she, 'and I must follow my Lord. Even Martin's gospel teaches this.' So she still turned her head another way, when a petitioner would have obtained notice, still gathered up her garment when the hand of the excommunicated would have laid hold of it, still, when she saw a sufferer in the way, passed by on the other side. Her prayers, when they were the most sincere, expressed the most thankfulness that she was not as others, and therefore nourished in her the painful sense of uncongeniality, instead of changing it into free and heartsome sympathy, and increased instead of allaying the restlessness of spirit which arises when the easy yoke is uneasily worn.

Ere long, tidings arrived at Nuremberg, which created a greater commotion than had been excited even by the breaking up of the monasteries. Martin himself was coming. He had left his retreat for some time, and had preached in many places against the excessive zeal of some of his followers; and now he was travelling from Wittemberg into Franconia, where the violence of Carlostadius and his followers had occasioned some disasters, to declare his displeasure at such unauthorized methods of spreading the gospel of peace. His name was now in every mouth, and there was a general contention for the honour of entertaining him during his stay. Liese lingered and listened anxiously to the hopes and fears of the Hüsens, as to whether the confessor could be persuaded to take up his abode with them, on the plea of the services they had rendered to the great cause. Others, however, had rendered equal services, and could besides boast of a more familiar personal acquaintance; and some of these having carried their point, nothing was left for the Hüsens but to hope that he would break bread under their roof. Liese was thus relieved from her doubts whether she should venture to remain in the house which held the arch-heretic. She comforted herself with the thought that accident might throw him in her way, and gratify her curiosity while it saved her conscience. The great day arrived, the morning meal was hurried over, the early service of the family offered with peculiar fervour, before the gentlemen set off to meet the distinguished body of reformers who were supposed to be now approaching the city. At dinner, the conversation was all of the hearty frankness with which Martin had received the welcome of the citizens, of the grace of Melancthon, as he would have retired behind those whom he declared more worthy of a welcome than himself, of the promise of both to visit this house during their stay, of the general joy which was spread through the city, and the intense expectation with which the preaching of the evening was awaited. Liese longed inexpressibly to go. She watched Laura with a sigh as she equipped

herself, yet sighed much more as she thought how her impatience would be doubled a few hours hence, when she should hear a relation of all that had taken place. Laura turned suddenly round upon her.

'Liese, how you sigh! I am sure you are longing to go with us.'

'It is very true, Laura. You must listen well, and tell me every thing when you come back.'

'If you are to hear all, Liese, how much better to hear it from himself!'

'Not so; for I can trust to your passing over what I ought not to hear; or, if you did not, I could stop you. But I could neither get out of the church nor stop the preacher.'

'But we know what the preaching is to be about,' persisted Laura. 'It is the very subject on which you and we think alike.'

'It might lead to others. No, Laura, I must not go. Do not persuade me against my conscience.'

'I will not,' said Laura, and she hastened away, leaving her cousin melancholy in her solitude.

When the door was closed behind them, Liese wandered from room to room, unable to settle her mind to any employment. The unusual quietness of the streets made her look out. Not a human being was visible, none of the hum of a city was to be heard, and the evening sun shone upon the gables and flung the shadows from the lofty houses, amidst a repose as complete as could invest a city of the dead. Liese was presently weary of the still lights and shadows, and longed for sound to dissipate her thoughts. She opened a music-book at one of Luther's hymns, and began to sing. This she did with unusual energy, because without fear of being heard, till startled by a knock at the gate. It was only Helena. Who else could it be? for every Protestant in Nuremberg, that is, almost the entire population, was hearing or attempting to get within hearing of Martin Luther.

'O, Helena, I was never more glad to see you. But are you alone?'

'Yes. I knew there was no danger of meeting any one during service time. We two, Liese, are almost the only ones shut out from yonder church.'

'Do not let us think about that, Helena, it is dangerous. Do sing this hymn with me.'

'One of Martin's, I hope. There are none like his. Yes: we will sing it, but not here. I do not know whether it is really very warm, or whether all I have heard to-day has put me into a fever, but I feel stifled in this room. Let us go to the arbour and sing there.'

Liese assented, observing that there would be abundance of time before the Hüsens returned, as the service would no doubt

be very long, and they would remain to see the great man go home from the church. She did not know of Luther's recipe for a good preacher, one of the ingredients of which is 'that he should know when to make an end.' The nuns sought the arbour, where the evening breeze refreshed them, and began to sing, each requesting the other to give the earliest notice of the bustle which would mark the dispersion of the people.

'Beautiful!' exclaimed Helena, after a frequent repetition. 'Now let us try one of our vesper services beside it. It is long since we sang any of them together, Liese.'

'We will then presently; but here is another you have not heard. Join me; it is very simple. Ah!' she resumed, when she had gone over it once, 'this is not as it ought to be sung. If we could but once hear Martin himself——'

'I am ever willing to sing,' said one who presented himself at the entrance of the arbour. 'Music is a fair gift of God, and nearly allied to divinity; and so think some here who will join me with such skill as they have.'

So saying, Luther took the book from the hands of the astonished nuns, and uplifted a voice as powerful and as sweet as it had been described. He was joined by some who stood behind and beside him.

Liese and Helena arose to offer their seat to him who was probably wearied with the labours of the day. They had no thought of departing, however. They mingled with the little party of friends who had accompanied their apostle from his church to partake of the hospitality of the Hüsens. Laura's mother was nowhere to be seen: she was within, making her domestic arrangements for the entertainment of her honoured guests; but Laura drew Liese's arm within her own, and stood to listen.

Liese did not know whether to be pleased or not at all that passed. Instead of the vehement outcries against ancient superstitions, or the solemn assertion of new doctrines with which she expected Luther would intersperse his conversation, there were sallies of playfulness, and an easy flow of thought and feeling, which would, she thought, have been suitable in any other good and happy man, but which did not at all answer to her conceptions of him who had stirred up all Christendom into an uproar. His references to religious topics were made in the same spirit and tone of expression; she did not object to their cheerfulness, but she could not understand their freedom. She had learned of late to be reminded of holy things by that which she saw and heard; and the habit was growing upon her so much as to convince her that it is much more easy to live a life of devotion, where a free range among the works of God is allowed, than she had once thought,—more easy than in a convent; but she had never heard such devotional thoughts as are suddenly prompted

by passing circumstances immediately expressed like other thoughts, as they were now by the man who was wont to let his full soul overflow into his discourse. He was led on by the suggestions of those about him, especially by one of mild manners and graceful countenance, whom he addressed by the name of Philip. This Philip, whom Liese ascertained to be Melancthon, observed upon the refreshing coolness of the open air, in contrast with the crowded church.

'Even so,' said Luther, 'does God lead us from one scene of his grace to another. When we entered the church, we thought it a good exchange for the crowded streets; and now we like the stillness of an arbour better than a choir of singers, and yon speckled sky better than the roof that man built up. Yet it was grace that thronged the streets, and grace that hallowed the worship; and it is grace that breathes this coolness over our bodies, and the content that Philip speaks of into our spirits. Thus grace is everywhere, whether there be preaching or no.'

'God, indeed, preaches wherever there is grace,' replied Melancthon, 'but men do not know or heed.'

'There,' said Luther, pointing to some kine that entered from the pasture field into an enclosure near,—'there go our preachers; there are our milk-bearers, butter-bearers, cheese-bearers, which do daily preach to us faith towards God as our loving father, who careth for us and will nourish us.'

'Then God's preaching has endured as long,' observed Melancthon, 'even backward down to Adam, as Christ's preaching shall endure forward, even when we shall say "Amen" at heaven's gate.'

'Aye,' said Luther; 'and God will go on at the same time preaching in the old strain, that will never be worn out till this world is worn out. As David heard and made answer, "Thou madest man to have dominion over the work of thy hands," so we hear and answer, "He hath created all things sufficient for us. All the seas are our cellars, all the woods are our huntings, the earth is full of silver and gold and of innumerable fruits, which are created all for our sakes; the earth is a granary and a larder for us, and he who provided all these put it into the hearts of men and women to help one another to the benefit of them." So go we in to supper, and try whether there is not grace at the board as well.'

As the party left the garden, Helena whispered to Liese, 'Father Gottfried saw cattle come home to be milked, and his lattice looked westward, and he hastened to the refectory, yet he never bid us be thankful for the kine, or praise the sunset, or carry our religion to our repast.'

'Because Father Gottfried did not see that the Gospel had anything to do with these things. He taught us to take the

Gospel by turns with other things, which seems to me a fault; but I doubt whether there be not also a fault in ——— ; and yet St. Paul did it, and St. James.'

'They preached from what they saw, but was it not more gravely, more solemnly?'

'We know not, Helena. Would we could have seen them resting in Gethsemane, or assembling for the evening meal!'

Liese was much less disposed to demur to the propriety of Luther's ease and frankness when supper was over. The host led the conversation to the subject of monastic dedication, on which Martin eagerly enlarged, saying little to offend and much to astonish the released devotees, who sat afar off listening breathlessly to the energetic speech which reached them, and might possibly be partly designed for them. The scope of his argument was, that those who become devotees after a popish fashion evade in part the obligation to devotion; yea, they evade the greater part, being devoted for themselves alone, and not for their brethren. No one could esteem a vow of devotion more than himself, who valued it all the more highly the more strictly he learned to keep it; and it therefore grieved him to see how few of all who took this vow (for every Christian took it) were strict to observe it, and how those who evaded it most got the most praise. He had himself been one of these unprofitable devotees; but God had given him time, just before he was shut into the outer darkness, to dig up his talent, and get it exchanged before Satan could overtake him.

'Whereupon,' said Luther, 'he held back his claw and shrunk away, and now the gnashing of teeth is his and not mine; for Christ has given wonderful increase unto my traffic, and every day more and more of the redeemed come to him, and say, "This friar who used to beg, now buys souls faster than the Pope can chain them, and hide them in dungeons."'

'And this it is to be a devotee,' said Melancthon, 'as the Apostles were devotees.'

'Yea,' replied Luther. 'David thought it an honour to be a door-keeper to the tabernacle; and it is a glory to St. Peter,—the true St. Peter,—to hold the keys that Christ gave him. But heaven has other doors, and there may be other keepers; and I wot of one who praises God, as I said, that instead of being turned out himself, he stands to call others in with the cross in his hand for a rod, and the Gospel for a golden key of like workmanship with St. Peter's.'

'And is there a charge for every devotee?'

'Yea, for every one. God's work is not done in a day, though that day be eternity; and none need be idle but they that have nothing to do but to lie and be tossed on the burning lake. If any love such idleness, let them go into a convent, which is ever built close upon the brink. Well I wot I saw something of the dancing

of the fiery waves when I was there, though I did not, like some, clap my hands for admiration, and take it for the sun shining on Christ's golden palace.'

Liese slept not at all this night; and the first question she asked of Laura in the morning was, what Martin preached the evening before. Merely on the sinfulness of the violence by which Carlostadius and others had disgraced the Gospel; and the subject was to be resumed this day. Was there no doctrine? Little or none; he preached peace, and therefore dropped his warfare with the Pope for the time. This being fully ascertained, little persuasion was needed to induce Liese to attend his service.

When her perturbation on first entering a temple of the reformed faith had somewhat subsided, she became sensible that portions of the prayers were like an echo of some that had been between herself and her God. Losing the sense of where she was, yielding to the emotions of sympathy with those around her, she, for the first time, called them brethren and sisters in her heart, and no contradiction came from above or from within.

(*To be continued.*)

ON NATURE AND PROVIDENCE TO COMMUNITIES *.

Two Essays have been added to the three published some time ago under the title of 'Essays on the Lives of Cowper, Newton, and Heber; or, an Examination of the Evidence of the Course of Nature being interrupted by the Divine Government.' We notice them as a whole, not only because we have hitherto been silent on the first publication, but because the five essays have a close connexion with each other, forming the component parts of a fine treatise on the doctrine of an Interruptive Providence.

The three first parts of this treatise contain the inferences from facts respecting the tendency of this popular doctrine, and the two last,—on Human Corruption and Divine Grace, and on Nature and Providence,—proceed to apply the principles thus obtained to a more extensive class of facts. The issue is a logical triumph over a wide-wasting superstition; and since Providence gave us our logic as well as our grace, we conceive that no adversary can gainsay the result without first confuting the logic.

No three men ever lived more according to their opinions than those whose names stand in the title. No one will deny their being fair representatives of the different classes to which they belonged, whatever name is given to each class. Whether the first be called by different parties, the evangelical or the super-

* Essay on Nature and Providence to Communities. 8vo. pp. 79.

stitious, the same class is meant, and Cowper is its representative. Whether the second be called the elect or the enthusiastic, the same class is meant, and Newton is its representative. Whether the third be called the lukewarm or the religious, the same class is meant, and Heber is its representative. What were these men? The first, with all his gifts and all his graces, was the most abject of spiritual slaves. The second, with all his Christianity, was the most despotic of spiritual tyrants. The third, with all his orthodox entanglements, was free, and tried to make others free, with a glorious liberty. And whence this difference, while the faith of the three was, according to the letter, the same? The two first were practical believers in an Interruptive Providence; the third was not.

The evil tendency of such a belief being established by a chain of evidence as interesting as it is complete, it is applied to the explanation of some of the ills under which man is groaning,—the spiritual sufferings and consequent moral perversion of individuals, and the political evils and consequent moral hinderances of society. This last method of testing principles assumed to be religious,—by applying them largely to the state of society,—has not been used so extensively as it deserves. In the work before us, it is done with admirable success. Mr. Sadler may be ineffably scandalized at the ridicule cast upon his favourite principle of 'a self-adjusting, sacred equipoise, by which Nature proportions her numbers to her means of sustentation;' but those to whom our author addresses himself,—'men of a clear judgment, of feelings and imaginations under their own control, and too fearful of error not to be bold in the cause of truth,'—will fully agree with him in the principle which it is the aim of his book to establish,—that Providence governs man by giving him unvarying principles, natural and moral, whose operation he must modify himself.

To perceive this is the best wisdom, to act upon it is the highest glory of a human being; and though but few minds have discerned this truth otherwise than faintly, and still fewer have acted upon it otherwise than fitfully and indolently, yet through it alone has there been happiness in the world. We are ready enough to allow this in whatever relates to the external world, while we hesitate to admit its uniform operation in the world within.

We admit, because we cannot help it, that the whole duty of man as regards his outward condition is to modify the operations of unchanging principles. When we grow our corn, we modify, as it suits our purpose, the influences of principles which we cannot touch,—those by which roots strike down, and sap rises, and affinities act, so as to produce now a verdant leaf and a juicy stem, and then a hard and golden grain. When we erect our dwellings, we bring various forces to bear upon one another, and obtain our purpose through their counteraction. We avail our-

selves of gravitation when we lay the foundation, and of cohesion when we plaster the walls, and of combustion when we kindle our fires, and of radiation when we light our candles, and of far more principles of light and colours than the ancient world dreamed of, when we dispose our curtains and carpets and pictures and chandeliers so as to please the eye. When we cure diseases, we expose certain substances to the operation of certain principles, and either obtain the wished-for result without reaching the principles themselves, or fail through ignorance of some intervening influence. In proportion to our knowledge of principles is the accuracy of our calculations, and the variety of achievements of which we become capable: *i. e.* in proportion to our physical knowledge is the improvement of our temporal state. But it is clear that we can have no *knowledge*, and can form no calculations, and can therefore make no steady progress unless there be immutability in the principles on which we depend. If gravitation acts to-day and not to-morrow, there will be poor encouragement to build a house. If the principles of vegetation sometimes work, and are sometimes suspended for two or three seasons together, the husbandman may till his field for the sake of taking his chance of the corn coming up, but he will lose all the heartiness of assured hope. If the crew of a merchant vessel which sails for America find at last that the compass has (for however wise a purpose) varied so as to guide them to India, they may possibly see such a destination to be best for them in the present instance, but they will be slow to trust their compass again. There may be one case in which this immutability may apparently give way without producing injury. If it be intimated by the Power which institutes the principles that, at a particular period, for a particular purpose, and by means of a particular set of persons, bearing credentials which cannot be mistaken, so unusual a modification shall take place that it shall appear as if the principles themselves were changed, such a phenomenon need not shake man's confidence in the constitution of nature. Warning being given, and the power of causing change being confined to those who bear indisputable credentials, the world may go on as if nothing had happened, except in as far as it has become wiser respecting the origin of all principles, and enlightened respecting the power by which they are ordained and conducted. Ordinary men will not, any more than before, attempt to walk the waves, or to heal diseases by a word, or to make the dead sit up and speak by touching the bier, while they may discern more clearly than before by whose command the deeps open a path to the industry of man, through whose permission sickness vanishes before the skill of man, and by whose will the principle of life is withdrawn to act more vigorously in some other region.

The intimate connexion between the physical and the moral state of man, the blending of the finer shades of natural and moral

good and evil, afford a strong presumption that a process precisely analogous to that of the natural is appointed to the spiritual man. And such a presumption is borne out by facts to a degree of certainty which no reasoning mind can resist. There is only one point of difference,—that the laws of the spirit have been absolutely unvaried in their operation. There has not even been one guarded and express exception, as Christians hold there once was in the outward world.

'What! not in that very case? Not in the very men who held the credentials?'—No. Their means of illumination were special, and therefore their light was singular in their day: but the means being once furnished, the rest of the process was natural, though rapid. There is no reason to doubt that Christ himself *grew* in grace, however that growth might be fostered by unusual influences to rapid and absolute perfection. The apostles were gradually initiated into the wisdom and trained to the holiness which they attained, and surpassed their countrymen only precisely in proportion to the superiority of their natural means. Paul, the object of a stupendous miracle, was withdrawn to undergo an education of years before he was fitted to execute his commission; and we all know how long afterwards it was that he described himself as still reaching forwards, still conscious that he had not fully attained. There is no instance on record of a moral miracle; inspiration itself being the natural result of a physical miracle.—What follows? That to suppose a natural miracle out of the kingdom of Christ,—*i. e.* after the destruction of the Jewish polity, after the credentials were withdrawn,—is to err against reason and fact; and to suppose any moral miracle at all is to create a phantom of the imagination.

Man's business, then, is to discover the principles which operate upon the spirit, and so to submit his spirit to them as best to attain the ends of his being. If he has a clear discernment of these ends, and a strong reliance on the stability of the means, together with a due sagacity in their use, he is on the direct road to perfection. Such, with a fair allowance for error and frailty, was Heber. If there be a partial discernment of the ends and a disbelief in the stability of the means, the result will vary according to the temperament and position of the disciple; it may be enthusiasm, as in Newton; or despondency, as in Cowper; or recklessness, as in the thousand reprobates who perish through the prevalence of superstition in a Christian land.

The commonest and loudest objection to this doctrine is that it generates and fosters pride, inasmuch as it makes a man's improvement depend on his own exertions, and his achievements the results of his own efforts. But what has man that he can call *his own?* God not only instituted all the principles on and by which man works,—He also gives the sagacity to discern and the impulse to act. He disposes the circumstances, he moulds the

will, he confers the power, he offers the result. It is all of him, and through him, and to him. It is all the fruit of his grace; only, instead of being an exclusive, arbitrary, unaccountable gift of favour to a few, it is an inheritance of boundless wealth and extent, offered to every one that breathes God's air and rejoices in his sunshine.

This attainment is only called man's own in the same sense that his food and raiment are called his own. They are the gift of God in every way,—in the constitution and adaptation of the materials and their powers, and of the agent and his powers. When the labourer is accused of pride for calling the crust of bread he eats his own; when the savage is reproved for his impiety in calling his wigwam his own work, the same objection may with equal truth be urged against those whose struggle to attain is animated by their faith in an undeviating Providence.

It is well that the rulers of nations do not act upon the belief of an Interruptive Providence. However much we may wish to trace in their measures those Christian principles for which we as yet look almost in vain, we had rather by far that they should govern, as at present, alternately on impulses of expediency and on ill-discerned and ill-digested principles, whose main scope is good, than on dogmas whose practical influence, so applied, would be dangerous in the extreme. Though our nation has been now and then guilty of the impiety of ascribing an unjust victory to Divine interposition; though we have formerly expected to recover some forfeited advantages of war by propitiating God with fastings and penitential confessions; though, even now, we have one political adviser at least who commands the impoverished to increase and multiply their starving population in the expectation that God will, by some means or other, furnish food where he has permitted life, we have fortunately escaped a course of policy founded on such erroneous principles. Though our legislators have not been careful enough to ascertain what are the moral laws which their civil law is to embody, they have happily acted on the belief that there is an invariable provision of principles on which the practice of nations, as well as individuals, must be based. However careless they may have been in encouraging, by some of their institutions, the increase of population beyond the means of subsistence, they do not, for the most part, stand up, like Mr. Sadler, to inculcate and defend such a policy on the plea of the appointment of Providence. Though they have erred in the construction and administration of our national law, they do not advocate its unaltered continuance on the plea that Providence allowed it to be thus formed and administered, and that all must therefore be right. Though our statesmen have, from age to age, been all too ready for war, they have now ceased to represent it as a providential scourge, which men have only to lie under and bear as patiently as they can. The connexion of cause and effect,

though not traced to nearly its full extent, is admitted as far as it is thought of at all by the rulers of nations. We should have fared much better if our governments had been as religious as Heber; but much worse if they had been as superstitious as Newton or Mr. Sadler.

So much for what is past and cannot be recalled. Now for what our eloquent author says of present duty.

'To expect the course of nature to be interrupted, sensibly or insensibly, in the affairs of nations or individuals, is to confound the dispensation of ordinary Providence with the dispensations which a peculiar people, and for a special object, is recorded to have enjoyed. The more attentively we observe the progress of nations to prosperity and their relapse to decay, the more convinced shall we become that events occur according to a fixed connexion of cause and effect; that fixed connexion by which virtue and vice, prudence and imprudence, receive their natural reward and punishment. Man's free agency consists in the power which he possesses to discover and to avail himself of this connexion. And the existence of an over-ruling, or rather of a ruling Providence, (for the term over-ruling is often misunderstood to imply interruptions of the course of nature,) is evidenced by the natural order of events, even unaided by human wisdom, carrying the designs of Providence so far into effect, that farther and more important objects become indicated, and the means of attaining them discovered. And when men avail themselves of these, they are but the intelligent instruments of Providence; they are his ministers which do his pleasure. But it is of the first importance to be convinced (in opposition to Mr. Sadler's conclusion) that Nature never accomplishes the entire, or even the greater part of the objects of Providence; but, having indicated the objects and disclosed the means of attaining them, leaves it to the free will of man to profit by or neglect this knowledge. And it is only second in importance to this truth, to observe, (in contradiction to Mr. Croly's interpretation of the Apocalypse,) that Providence will not in our times accomplish its objects by interrupting the course of Nature. Οὔτε φύσει, οὔτε παρὰ φύσιν, neither *by* the course nor *against* the course of Nature, is the rule of ordinary Providence. The cessation of war, the adjustment of population, the distribution of justice, and the diffusion of knowledge,—in a word, the perfecting of all blessings, are yielded to human efforts, and are yielded to these only.'

'Human happiness is the temple of God's glory. As knowledge is extended and civilization advances, the general design and the several proportions of this temple become more evident. We observe that its roof cannot be supported by creatures of superstition; its aisles ought not to be dishonoured by effigies of cruel persecutors; its sanctuary must not be crowded with ascetic and fanatic idols. As the true proportions of that temple become

more evident, it is perceived that the full completion of that 'building not raised by hands' is not yet effected. Shall we say, then, that the rules of this vast and noble architecture must be sought in religion, as exhibited in a sound and scriptural theology; and in reason, as contemplated in demonstrative and practical science?—that the materials are the capabilities of moral and physical nature?—that the workmen are the wisdom and energy of man?—and that the work is human happiness—the temple of God's glory? Or must we expect some overwhelming and wide-spreading evil to rouse us from our lethargy—to remind us of the period of the world's age, and the infancy of many of its institutions—to startle us out of our recklessness into a sense of the true elements of happiness—and to bid us remember that, if our progress in the physical sciences prevent the ravages of individual disease and public pestilence, of barbarous irruptions and wasting famines, there is the more need that we be protected from moral evils.'—p. 281—284. (Of separate edition, p. 51—54.)

'But if the objects of Providence be more and more attained; (if, indeed, the miseries of war can be arrested by civilization becoming watchful over her blessings; if the wretchedness of excess of population can be gradually removed by the adjustment of numbers to "the means of sustentation;" if the grievances of the law's injustice can be made to give way to more perfect institutions; if the gratifications of intellectual cultivation and the fruits of knowledge can be extended, so that the enjoyments of imagination and memory and reason may unrol their page to the poor man's hour of rest;)—supposing these objects to be not only possible, but looking forward to the time when they actually shall have been attained by human wisdom and energy, there yet remains a duty which it will be not only ungrateful but dangerous to neglect. For, when men shall have at length loved mercy and sought justice, it yet remains that they walk humbly with their God;—that they feel that still they have nothing but what they have received;—that it is His kingdom, not their kingdom, which is come;—that it is His will, not their will, that has been done.' —p. 288—(58.)

It may be said that all this is, after all, only the alphabet of morals,—only a new rendering of the old fable of the waggoner and Jove. It may be so; but have we out-grown the moral; and may not an old truth be extended and newly applied? We refer our readers to the work before us for proof that such teaching is not out of date, and that the learning and the eloquence of a minister of the gospel may be well employed on the same theme as once exercised the ingenuity of a heathen fabulist. Our author has availed himself of his own and his readers' classical predilections to illustrate, in the appendix, the truths of his treatise in the form of a dialogue of Lucian. There is much use in diversified presentations of the same truth to minds variously

prepossessed. By this consideration we are tempted to put the argument under still another aspect for the sake of those who may have connected the popular scandal of atheism or profaneness with the name of the philosopher of Samosata.

DIALOGUE, AT THE GATE OF A HEBREW CITY, A.D. 50.

Samaritan.—Alas! for the city of our habitation, for sore is the affliction Jehovah hath dealt unto her. The poor crieth for justice, and is scorned. The rich glory in their oppression, and no one gainsayeth them.

Sadducee.—I marvel that thou shouldst persist to call on one who regardeth not. Speakest thou of a just and merciful Ruler while such things come to pass on the earth?—If there had been such an one, there had been no need of judgment, for there had been no injury: there could have been no glorying in oppression, for into no man's hand would the power of oppressing be given. Where would be the thunder, if no hurtful vapours were gathered together? Or how should the valleys be overflowed, if the streams of the hills were restrained within their channels? There is none to guide, or overlook, or avenge. Let us, therefore, make our hearts merry, knowing that we cannot help that which is, nor foresee that which shall be.

Pharisee.—Nay; but it is for the guilt of our people that Jehovah smiteth: and if he shall stay our desolation, it will be for the sake of the ten righteous (of whom his grace hath made me one) whom he hath redeemed from his wrath. Blessed be his name for his wondrous works towards us his chosen ones!

Samaritan.—Blessed art thou in the light of his countenance! Intercede for us that our plagues may pass away; for they are heavier than we can bear.

Pharisee.—Rather let his righteous will be done, for it is such as thou that have drawn down his wrath upon our city. Yet will I intercede, forasmuch as I was once as thou. From what wouldst thou be delivered?

Samaritan.—From the iniquity of our rulers, and the disputes of them that contest one with another before the judgment-seat. From the plague of war also we would pray to be freed, but that our fields are small and the harvests scanty, so that the people are more than can be fed.—If we escape from one snare, we fall into another; and thus Jehovah willeth the destruction of his people.

Pharisee.—I will entreat him that he stretch forth his hand and save other than the few whom he hath brought nigh unto his footstool.—But whence is the smile on the lips of the stranger who hath overheard our discourse? These Nazarenes account themselves wise. Let us hear how he regardeth the calamity of our city.

Stranger.—Ye two believe that there is a God. Others also have rightly believed this; and less hardy than thou, O Sadducee, they trembled!

I was nigh thee, O Pharisee, in the synagogue, when a poor man entered whose garments were worn with travel, and soiled with the dust of the way. He bore also no purse, and his scrip was empty. Him thou didst appoint to sit beneath thy feet.—In a while, came one in a purple robe, with a jewelled signet at his breast, and a goodly staff in his hand. Him thou didst rise up to greet and place in the seat of honour. If thou, who holdest thyself taught of Jehovah concerning his will, thus showest partiality, marvel not that the judges do likewise. Pray for justice if thou wilt: but see that thine own way is equal, and then shall the ways of Jehovah be seen to be equal also.

For thee, O Samaritan, I have mourned that thy faith is gone from thee.

Samaritan.—Gone from me! and even now I besought the prayers of this Pharisee. Yea, five times daily, also, do I pray myself (unworthy as I am!) that our woes may cease.

Stranger.—Thy faith is naught if it lead thee only to prayer. If thou sittest mourning till destruction carry thee away as a flood, shall such a faith save thee? Your woes come by your works, and shall not your redemption come by your works also? Whence come your wars in the field and your contests within your borders, but from your own fierce passions and evil desires? and how shall they be assuaged unless ye cleanse your hands and purify your hearts?

Samaritan.—But if we make peace, then famine will arise, for our people are more than can be fed. We ask food and receive not.

Stranger.—Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss. As well might ye expect the cold and hungry to receive, because ye say, 'be ye warmed and be ye filled,' as because ye only pray. Jehovah fed our fathers in the wilderness with manna rained down from heaven: but he hath long given us fields to till and bid us rejoice in the harvest.

Samaritan.—But the harvest is not enough. When all is consumed, our children still cry for bread. He who bade us increase and multiply giveth not food in proportion to the increase.

Stranger.—Nay: not to you, said he 'increase and multiply,' but to a little flock when all the earth was before them. Tell me,—are not the days at hand of which he spake, who was of my kindred in the flesh, but my Master in the things of the spirit? Are not the days nigh when there shall be woe to the daughters of Jerusalem who bear their young whither they go, and when the barren shall be more blessed than she that hath borne seven? Why discern ye not better the times and the seasons?

Samaritan.—The husbandman hath waited patiently for the early and the latter rain. Shall not we also wait patiently to know the will of the Lord?

Stranger.—Wait upon Jehovah; but do also the work of Jehovah, under the laws which he hath given, and moved thereunto by thy faith.

Hearken! I was with the Prophet when he met one carried out to burial, and raised him up, so that he hath gone to and fro among us since. Let not thy faith be as the young man of Nain when he was indeed fair to look upon, but cold and still, and tending to decay. Let it rather be as the living man who glorifieth God, and showeth loving-kindness unto man. For, as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.

A DREAM.

METHOUGHT I wander'd through a wilderness;
And many a turn, and many a devious way
I traversed o'er, and many a form I met
That, like myself, seem'd bent upon some end
Which still they found not. Ever and anon
The tread of footsteps hurrying to and fro,
The busy hum of voices in dispute,
Throughout the maze, came sounding far and near:
At last from out this dreary labyrinth
We came upon a plain;—in the centre stood
A temple; high in pillar'd pomp it rose;
So that mine eye did wonder to behold
Such loftiness of marble majesty!
Towards this I hurried on—and many more,
Differing in age, in station, and degree,
Moved on by different paths across the plain.
But all seem'd hastening to one common end,—
To add themselves unto the gathering crowd,
That like a troubled ocean heav'd and swell'd
Around the mighty temple's open gate:
Still they increasing came, and still pour'd in,
Wave after wave, and yet no overflow.
I gain'd the thickening throng. Anon there came
A swarthy Oriental, by my side:
He had a face whereon each passion wild
Had deeply trac'd its darkest character;
A snowy turban mock'd his sallow brow;
And, in return, his eye sent forth such rays
As put to shame the flashing gems that serv'd
To fix its pliant folds:—beneath a vest
Of bloody red, you saw his sanguine heart
Leap up against his glittering armed belt
To claim a kindred with its native hue.

He spoke of war and murder, curse and crime,
Of heathen rite, and burning sacrifice;
And then his dark idolatry he made
A fit excuse for all his foul misdeeds,
And, like the bigots of a nearer clime,
All those who differed doom'd to agony;
Inflicted what he could; and when no more
He had the power to make them suffer here,
Liv'd in the hope of their eternal pangs—
But, as he pass'd beneath the stately arch,
His speech was stopp'd, his white and restless lips
Suddenly clos'd, leaving a lie half told:
We enter'd silently and stood within.
Thousands on thousands, in a circle vast,
Of every tongue, and tribe, and station, there
Mingled in mighty union—all arrayed
In the extremest pomp of their degree:—
Kings, in their coronation robes of state;—
Warriors, all armed as if for deadly fight;
Courtiers, in all their pride, and priests in theirs;—
And yet no sign was there of kingly rite,
Nor battle fierce, nor courtly pageant gay,
Nor that miscalled religious pomp which makes
The worship of the ever-blessed God
Naught but a sensual, soulless offering!
Each seemed unconscious of the other's being.
There was a Turk, who by a Christian sat
(A *Christian!*—such are called so oftentime)
They both were men whose eyes, if bent on each,
Would have flashed daggers of the deadliest hate,
But like the rest of that mass'd multitude,
They spoke not—stirr'd not:—Silence cast her spell
In such complete perfection o'er the whole,
That, with clos'd lids, you might have deem'd the place
A vast untrodden desert in a calm.
Lifted the curtains of the precious sense,
And looked upon that mighty moveless mass,
You would have thought them senseless, lifeless all,
But for the fixed intent in every eye;
And there her seat of empire life had made,
And in such bright, consummate glory shone,
As if she had deserted for a while
Each other sense, to reign triumphant there.
The gaze of all was fastened to one point,—
What seem'd a cloud—a small dense purple cloud—
And rose above the centre of the throng;
Anon it brighter grew, and then it glow'd
With ever-changing colours:—all sat by
In rapt expectancy,—when suddenly
A ray of heavenly light swift darted down,
And, like a golden wand, it touch'd the cloud,
Which, parting instantly, display'd to view

A radiant angel form—how dazzling bright!
How pure! how beautiful to look upon!
With snowy wings outspread, poised like a bird,
She seem'd to hover o'er the multitude
Like an embodied blessing from above;
I could have liv'd a long and blissful life
In gazing on her—but brief time had I,
For as the sever'd cloud dispers'd in air,
The spell that bound that deathly stilly throng
In silence, was dissolved, and there uprose
One universal, rending, deafening, shout—
One word was all I heard—that word was *Truth.*
And I awoke! Awoke unto a world
Where yet the angel form is veiled in clouds.
Oh! God our Father, when wilt thou send down
The blessed light from Heaven to pierce the gloom?
Thou wilt in thine own time,—thy will be done.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY.

PART II.—ART. I.

Till the termination of the first century, the church of Christ remained undefiled by heathenish corruptions respecting the person of our Lord. The best specimen that we can take—the only one of any value—of the sentiments of this age, is the epistle which Clement wrote to the Corinthians. Clement, third bishop of Rome, died about the year A.D. 100. The highest title which he ascribes to Christ—'sceptre of the majesty' of God—is not so lofty as some applied to our Lord in the New Testament, nor as some applied even to Christians, while he gives the fullest proof that he believed in and worshipped the Father only, and held, as was natural to expect, the subordination of Jesus Christ. Whom does he call on the Corinthians to adore? God the Father. To whom does he ascribe the works of Christ? God the Father. Whom does he make supreme over all? God the Father.

A few years after the death of Clement, Philo flourished. He was a Greek Jew of Alexandria. He had imbibed the principles of the new Platonic philosophy, which was in high estimation among the Alexandrian Greeks. This philosophy had taught its disciples to interpret the poetry of Homer allegorically—and hence Philo, learning to apply the allegorical explanation to the writings of Moses, converted into fables what was meant for real history. He therefore found in the Old Testament, the logos which he had brought with him from the Platonic school. This logos was at first an attribute in his estimation. But having a purpose for it to fulfil, something more than this was needed. Philo, influenced by his gentile philosophy, deemed it unbecoming the Creator to appear to man, as God is often recorded to have done in the Old Testament. This office, however, might with

propriety be discharged by a minister of God, and it was therefore assigned to the logos. In order to fulfil its duties, the logos must of course assume a personal shape. And thus Philo's doctrine was completed. The logos, being an attribute of God, was occasionally sent forth in a personal form, and when its duties were discharged it was taken back into the bosom of Deity, its assumed form having been laid aside.

From Alexandria this heathenish fiction invaded the church of Christ. Most of the early fathers studied in its schools. There they received the infection of mystery, which, when placed in stations of influence in the church, they laboured but with too much success to spread through the minds of the faithful. The first idea that they advanced was, that Jesus was a divine attribute. To gain currency for such a notion would, in an age when reason was feeble and mysticism prevalent, require no long time or considerable effort. In the Scriptures the Saviour is set forth as having received from God, wisdom, power, and love, and the transition was not very difficult, that he *was* that wisdom, power, and love. To aid the change, recourse was had to that peculiarity of the Hebrew tongue, in the spirit of which the New Testament is written, which makes into a person almost everything possessed of active power. The logos then, it was contended, was not merely an attribute but a person of God, and in consequence, Jesus, who was the logos, was God. At this conclusion the minds of the many revolted. They thought, and justly, that this was to introduce two Gods. The abettors of mystery contended that the consequence did not follow—since the Father was superior to the Son. The Unitarians, however, were not to be thus bewildered. One God might be inferior to the other—still two were made to exist. Long did the struggle last. The corrupters themselves were not agreed. Many of them continued throughout the second century to maintain that the logos was nothing more than an attribute of the Father and placed in the man Christ Jesus. Those who went farther, and ascribed a proper personality to the logos, were not always consistent with themselves. Even Justin Martyr speaks more than once of the logos as an attribute. Amidst this diversity the bulk of the people remained attached to apostolical purity, and earnestly opposed the doctrine of two Gods.

Justin Martyr is the first writer in whom we meet with a distinct assertion of the doctrine of the pre-existence and deity of Christ. In Clement of Rome, his predecessor, no trace of the doctrine we have seen, is to be found. And the apologetic tone in which Justin proposes the doctrine—the gentle manner in which he speaks of the Unitarians—believers as they were in the proper humanity of Christ—his implied admission that the doctrine which he propounded was not essential to make a man a Christian—his implied doubt of his ability to establish that doctrine—the very

fact of his undertaking to prove it in the laborious manner in which he applies himself to the task—all tends to show the novelty in his day of the doctrine of the deity of Christ, and his consciousness that it was not only novel but unpopular. Since Justin Martyr has had so much to do in corrupting the purity of the Gospel, it is desirable to know who and what he was—what claims he has to our respect—what right he had to exercise authority in the church of Christ, so far even as to introduce novelties in doctrine. Justin Martyr was born in Samaria, at the beginning of the second century. Before his conversion to Christianity, he had gone through all the schools of the philosophers, searching chiefly for an intimate and transcendental knowledge of God. Justin was a visionary, and fond chiefly of what was lofty and mysterious. Justin had been a philosopher, when converted to Christianity he retained the name and the garb of a philosopher. Justin had been a Platonist, and when he had become a disciple of Christ, he found that the doctrines of his new master were 'not of a different nature, but only not altogether similar' to those of his old master; he laboured to discover points of resemblance between the Platonic and the Christian doctrines, and, like many other fathers of the church, created them by imagination when they existed not in reality.

Plato and the Christians are both of the same mind about a future judgment; he affirms only they differ as to who is to exercise the functions of judging. The birth of Jesus of a virgin, he compares with the birth of the sons of Jupiter; 'there is Mercury, Jove's interpreter, *in imitation of the logos*, in worship among you (the heathen), and your chief teacher—there are Pollux and Castor, the sons of Jove by Leda, and Perseus by Danaë.' 'As to the son of God called Jesus, *should we allow him to be nothing more than man*, yet the title, son of God, is justifiable on account of his wisdom, for is not God styled by your own writers, Father of Gods and men? But if we say that the logos is begotten of God by a generation different from that of men, this you might tolerate, since you (the heathen) have your Mercury worshipped under the title of the word and messenger of God. As to his being crucified—suffering was common to all the sons of Jove; as to his being born of a virgin, you have your Perseus to balance that—as to his curing the lame and the paralytic, this is little more than you say of your Esculapius.'

Justin taught that demons were produced by the intercourse of angels with the daughters of men; that the demons, as soon as they heard the prophecy of Moses respecting the coming of Christ,—'The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, till Shiloh come, and unto him shall the gathering of the people be; binding his foal unto the vine, and washing his garments in the blood of the grape,'—(thus he quotes) 'set up Bacchus for the son of Jove, and make him in-

ventor of the vine, and introduce an ass into his mysteries, and give out that, after he was torn in pieces, he ascended into heaven; and because it is not expressly determined in this prophecy, whether he who was to come was the son of God or man, they proclaimed Bellerophon, a mere man, to have ascended up to heaven on his horse Pegasus.' He goes on to add, that Perseus was 'forged' to mimic Christ, as the son of a virgin, and the giant Hercules to fulfil the *prophecy* of him, in which he is described as *rejoicing as a giant to run his course;* and Esculapius 'they palmed upon the world to ape him' in his power of healing diseases. In this ridiculous strain is the larger part of his defence of Christianity, presented to the Roman emperor and senate, penned. The resurrection, he undertakes to prove to them, from the alleged fact of the magicians evoking souls from the regions of the dead—from necromancy—the inspection of the entrails of children—from the possessions of the demoniacal—from the visit of remarkable men to the infernal regions. Do we wish to know his principles of belief and disbelief? The statement is clear. 'We have justly presumed it the most natural to believe what may seem inconsistent with the nature of things, and to men impossible, rather than stand out and imitate others in a foolish infidelity.' What were his views of scripture? He considered the words of scripture as full of mystical meanings, which were concealed from the view of those who regarded only the literal sense. Though not so much addicted to the allegorical mode of interpretation as Origen, he is by no means free from the practice. Types he discovered in abundance in the Old Testament. The cross he sees every where, as he did the divinity of Christ. Moses, with his hands extended, was a type of the cross—the tree of life in the garden of Eden was a type of the cross. In Plato he finds the cross; and where not? 'Without this trophy of ours, you cannot,' he says to the heathen, 'go to sea. There is neither ploughing nor digging, nor any handicraft work performed without instruments of this figure. Nay, a man is distinguished from a beast by the uprightness of his body and the extension of his arms and the prominency of the nose he breathes through, which are all representations of the cross; in allusion to which, the prophet thus speaks—"*The breath of our nostrils, Christ the Lord*" (!!) Moreover, your banners declare the power of this figure; and the trophies you use as symbols of power and dominion; though, in your practice, you have no respect to the reason of the figure; and the images of your departed emperors you consecrate upon cross-like engines, and inscribe them gods. Since, therefore, we invite you, by reason and the ceremony of the cross, we shall be blameless in future, whether you embrace the faith or not, for we have done *our best* to make you Christians.'

After the same manner, Justin is at no loss for types of Christ in the Old Testament. The Paschal lamb—the scape-goat—

supply him with pregnant instances. That he interpreted scripture according to his own imagination is no great wonder, since he professes to have received divine illumination to enable him to understand its meaning. Nor is his assertion on this head of a doubtful character. His claim he advances repeatedly; and, in reference to the pre-existence of Christ, in a manner the most distinct. On this subject, he asserts that the sources of his knowledge are two-fold—the scriptures, the power to interpret which, God, he affirms, had given him; and a revelation from the Son himself. Jesus must certainly have been best informed as to his own nature, and had we not a few scruples of doubt on this alleged revelation, we should be of course obliged to believe the Saviour's account of himself. We hardly think it, however, likely that Jesus should keep the fact of his deity concealed for one hundred and fifty years, and, passing by all his apostles, communicate it to a dreamer, and to so amphibious a Christian as was Justin, 'the martyr and philosopher.' Is the deponent then to be impeached of falsehood? He was a visionary, and was probably self-deceived. Whether an impostor or a dreamer, he can possess small authority with men of sound understanding. And this was the man who introduced the doctrine of the pre-existence of Christ! He it is who gave rise to arguments which now obtain currency because they have long been appealed to, and influence people's judgment because their minds have been trained under their influence. Thus fools invent and wise men follow. Let the reader reflect on the account we have given of Justin, by no means, we assure him, exaggerated, and then determine what ought to be the authority of such a man, and of what worth his principles or his reasonings are, so far as they are his. Let him also say, if it is strange that so great a visionary and mystic should have raised Christ to the dubious honours of divinity, if it would not be stranger still if, in regard to the person of the Saviour, he had not corrupted Christianity as it passed through his head and his pen. Leaving the reader, however, to his own reflections, we think it of consequence to lay before him the following passage from Le Clerc, a most learned man and a most competent judge.

'When Justin said that the logos was called by Philo "another God," he presumed to speak himself in the same manner respecting the divine nature of Christ, and to apply to the logos whatever he found in the Old Testament unbecoming the supreme Creator. His ignorance of the Hebrew language gave occasion for his failing but too often in this matter. Hence we may understand how wisely Christ acted in choosing fishermen, and not philosophers, for his apostles, lest they should foolishly mingle their inventions with his doctrines—since, in a short time after his death, philosophers, whilst they thought they were illustrating his teachings, added many empty conjectures and doctrines opposed to revealed

truth, and gave them currency as Christian dogmas. But Providence did not suffer the essential truths of the gospel to be lost. True, many explained, in a blameable manner, the unity of God; but all agreed that God was one—the creator of all things—that many deities were not to be admitted—which, having reached our day, we must explain in agreement with apostolic authority.'

We have spoken of the corrupter—what was the corruption? Thus, Justin taught respecting the logos. The divine mind is essentially λογικος, that is, intellectual, consequently the logos existed in the Deity from all eternity. The word logos signifies, that command which is the result of thought, as well as thought or motion itself. The commands of God are all efficient—he speaks, and it is done. By his logos, then, he commanded the world into existence. For this end it went forth from him as speech from man, assuming a separate and personal existence. All the wise men of antiquity, Justin terms *logikoi*, that is, partakers of the logos, and therefore he asserts, they may be called Christians; but Jesus was wholly *logikos*, wholly intellectual—in other words, the peculiar logos of God. Others were wise, Jesus was wisdom itself. This wisdom, or logos, used in the creation of the world as the efficient agent, appeared unto the patriarchs and prophets, performing acts inconsistent with the immensity and infinitude of the universal Parent, and was finally made flesh in Jesus for the redemption of the world. Sprung from God, the logos was of a divine nature, and therefore God—though inferior to the supreme Being. Of the assumed deity of the Holy Ghost, Justin is silent; and that the doctrine was not broached in his day is evident from the fact that he vindicates, as well as he can, his teachings from the charge of setting forth not three, but two Gods. Subsequently, when divine honours were arrogated to the Holy Ghost, the corrupters of the Gospel were taxed with holding not two, but three gods.

The doctrine of Justin, however, was simplicity itself compared with that of some of his successors, and for its incompleteness is reprehended by those, who, coming after him, had the happiness of being more richly orthodox than he was. Justin was, in fact, an Unitarian, though we should be ashamed to acknowledge one who did so much to corrupt the Gospel. He was, however, in some sense an Unitarian, since he acknowledged and maintained the supremacy of the Father, while he declared Christ to be God, making two unequal deities. From his corruptions, if we turn to the public belief, we find ourselves in another world. Abundant is the evidence from his writings, that the people were still Unitarians and hostile to the innovations of the philosophic and mystic few. Again and again, we learn from him, that 'the prayers of the churches were put up to God the Father through Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit,'—in other words, that 'universally prayers and thanksgivings were offered up through

the name of the crucified Jesus to the Father and maker of all things.'

We should spend much time, and add little to our real information, if we extended our inquiries into the precise notions of other writers of the second century. It is of more importance to see full evidence of the fact, that, while little by little Christian theology increased—we use the words of Le Clerc—and lost its primitive simplicity, and was obstructed with inextricable labyrinths, the people, everywhere devoting their attention to what was clear and practical, had sounder notions than their teachers, and adored the one supreme God, holding his unity in the strict and scriptural sense. That this was the fact, take the evidence of Irenæus of the second century, who tells us, that the whole Christian world in his time believed in one God, the Father omnipotent, who made the heavens and earth and sea, and all things which are in them; and in one Lord Jesus Christ, the son of God, made flesh for our salvation, and in one Spirit, who prophesied of the events of the Gospel. Is there no worship claimed for Jesus? None. Is it not said that the Father, Son, and Spirit are each God, and all three but one God? No. The universal church in the second century knew nothing of such things, the corrupters of Christianity themselves being witnesses. Take the evidence of Tertullian, A. D. 200. He himself was bolder in his assertions of the deity of Christ, than its author, Justin; for somewhat of its novelty was lost in his day. But the people were still Unitarians. When the martyrs were brought to the stake, and challenged as to their faith, 'We worship,' they said, 'one God through Jesus Christ.' In another passage, in a work written against an eminent Unitarian, he allows, with evident pain, that the people, that is the greater part, as he explains himself, of Christians shuddered at the doctrine of the Trinity, and eagerly maintained the doctrine of the divine unity and of the supremacy of the Father.

Take the evidence of Origen in the third century. From him we learn, that while some Christians believed in the deity of Christ, others denied it, and held merely that he was a man approved of God. The latter, he tells us in another place, constituted the many. And in a third place he speaks of many *pious* persons who were terrified at the prevalent doctrine of two Gods, and denied the deity of the Son. Nor did the teachers of religion in his day venture to 'communicate the logos,' except to 'those who were further advanced and burning with the love of celestial wisdom,' while to 'the carnal' they 'preached Christ and him crucified.'

In the same century, so popular was the Unitarian faith in Africa, that Athanasius says, the deity of Christ was scarcely preached in the churches. From Epiphanius, also, we have evidence of the acceptance which the doctrine of the divine unity

met with at this period, and of the contest which was going on in all the ranks of society respecting the question. Even in the days of Athanasius, who flourished in the fourth century, 'the multitude' pained the orthodox by their adherence to Christian simplicity. Let it not be thought that even the orthodoxy of the age was the same as is now current. No—those who corrupted and those who retained the simple teachings of Jesus, alike give, but in different ways, evidence of the prevalence of Unitarianism. Origen himself contends most strenuously and at length, that prayer was due only to God the Father. Novatian, in a work on the very subject of the Trinity—so—if the title be his, which we doubt, he styles his book from its treating, not of a threefold God, but a threefold operation—Novatian, about fifty years after Origen (A. D. 250), omits any assertion or proof of the deity of the Holy Ghost, though he labours, and in such a way as to show that Unitarianism was prevalent and well-defended in his day, to establish the deity of Christ; attributing, at the same time, some kind of supremacy to the Father. More direct and much more indirect evidence might, if necessary, be adduced. Meanwhile the process of corruption was, in the hands of the ecclesiastics, proceeding rapidly. In vain the Unitarians contended strenuously for their simple and primitive faith. Learning and talent were on the side of their opponents, and where these were, there also were the sure pledges of success. In vain Unitarian ministers strove to arrest the flood: it was stronger than they. In vain their people solaced them when persecuted for their principles: this might afford comfort, but not victory. In vain had they the majority on their side; what the few wanted in numbers, they made up in power.

THE SNOW-DROP.

Welcome, once more, Flower of the pale cold bell,
Sure it some spirit is! so chaste and pure
Its pendant head, as it would ring the knell
Of hoary Winter in his dying hour—
And well one sigh from thing so fair might lure
The frozen stream back to his wither'd heart,
And warm the hand of Death!
Constant and true it is, it will not part
From its accustom'd haunt—and when the breath
Of wanton Zephyrus would touch its cheek,
Congeals it into snow. A tale there goes,
That once a gentle girl, tender and meek,
Died for the love of the bright God of Day—
When straight her Spirit to this flow'ret rose—
And now he vainly courts her with his ray.

TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

The idea has long been abandoned, even by poets and novelists, to the wildest romancers, of a man selling his soul to the Evil One for riches. Yet something like a parallel to this absurd and disgusting fiction actually exists at the present moment. It may be found, not in the insanity of some wretched individual, but in the deliberate conduct of the great British nation, so far as the nation identifies itself with those by whom it has been governed. By the taxes on knowledge the public mind is sold to ignorance and degradation for the sake of revenue. To realize an income of a few hundred thousands, or say it be a million or two of pounds per annum, we barter the means of spreading through the great mass of society, that humanizing and beneficent knowledge which, as Solomon says of wisdom, is more precious than rubies.

On behalf of the nation it may be said, that hitherto the nation has not governed itself, and should not be held responsible for the acts of its rulers; that it has not loved darkness rather than light, but been held in darkness by those who could have said, 'let there be light;' and that the people are therefore rather to be regarded as the objects than as the agents of the offence which has been committed,—as the victims rather than as the instigators of the crime which has been perpetrated. This defence involves a heavy accusation. It supposes an aristocracy so selfish as to seek the retention of power by obstructing the progress of civilization and improvement, by perpetuating the degradation of their species and their countrymen, and by preventing the diminution of ignorance, vice, and misery. This ground ought not to be taken till its firmness has been tried. Let the fact be brought to the test. The people are not to be blamed for acquiescence in the privation of that knowledge, the worth of which can only be appreciated by those who have, in some degree, its possession; but a sufficient sense of its importance has now gone abroad to render longer acquiescence culpable. The people must clear themselves by petitioning for the repeal of these taxes; and the legislature must clear itself by granting the prayer of those petitions, and thus remove every stigma save that of having originated the evil in question, and retained and aggravated it until those whom they should have enlightened had exposed its enormity.

There is something so extraordinary in the notion of levying taxes upon knowledge, that many good easy people will at once set down the expression as a vehicle of misrepresentation. They will regard its employment as the trick of a political party. And yet, if they persist to shut their eyes on present things, the history of the past may show that the ruling few have ever been very capable of bandaging the mental sight of the subject many, whenever their own interests required it. This is one of the worst

corruptions wrought on the human mind by the possession of power. Priests have been examples of it in all countries and ages. We have no wish to taunt Roman Catholics; we hold the present generation as exonerated as they claim to be, from the sins of their forefathers; but the locking up of the universal word of God from the laity is an act of impious daring never to be forgotten. There can be little doubt that the interests of their order dictated this assumption. They concealed the title-deeds of humanity that they might usurp the property. From the Reformation to the Revolution, the Censorship and the Star-Chamber figure in our annals. The attempt to enlighten the public was subjected to a criminal punishment before it was impeded by a fiscal imposition. The tendency and the iniquity of the two proceedings are much the same; and while the old and straightforward method surpassed in atrocity, the modern invention excels in baseness. Were Milton 'living at this hour,' he would indite a second Areopagitica, but with his dignified appeal there would mingle more of contemptuous remonstrance.

That the excise duties on paper, the stamps on newspapers, the advertisement duty, and the custom-house dues on books imported, are really a heavy tax on the diffusion of knowledge, is easily shown. Indeed the more the subject is investigated, the more extensive appears the injurious influence which they exercise. Whatever raises the price of books diminishes the number of readers. Only a certain proportion of people's income can be expended on literature; and whatever is taken for tax diminishes the quantity which that proportion will purchase. The lower we descend in society, the heavier the tax falls. Is it not monstrous that the poor boy, who patiently lays by his halfpence till they shall have accumulated into the shillings which will purchase some volume that may be his companion through life, should be kept back, by the interposition of government, though it be but a single week, from the possession of his treasure? We have known sixpenny publications purchased by people so poor that the price was paid by weekly instalments. It is with the means of knowledge as with those of subsistence,—an addition of price which is unfelt by the proprietor actually starves the labourer. And the evil, to the lower classes, multiplies itself by its effects upon those immediately above them, and who are, incidentally or avowedly, their instructors. The small tradesman, the cheap schoolmaster, the village preacher, the natural teachers of the poor, who give out orally what they have derived from reading, these all feel the pressure, and are less qualified in consequence to execute the useful task which devolves upon them in society. And higher yet, Christian ministers, of every denomination, established or dissenting, notoriously feel the evil, as a body, of having to commence the duties of their vocation under the unfavourable circumstance of a deficient supply of

books. It may be thought that this can be little affected by the taxes in question, nor would it, if the sole difference were that the cost of ten octavo volumes might be made, by their repeal, to purchase eleven. But that is a very narrow view of the subject. The repeal would render practicable plans of cheap publication by which the cost of ten would obtain the contents of thirty. The substance of whole libraries might be brought home to humble doors at an obtainable rate. It is a great mistake that these taxes only affect the circulation of newspapers. They enhance the cost of all books. But it is by their action upon newspapers that the worst part of the mischief is produced. The sale of publications is always limited, sometimes stopped altogether, on account of the expense of advertising. Every advertisement pays three shillings and sixpence to government. This is more than the advertisement itself need usually cost if untaxed. All pamphlets previously pay a small duty, besides the excise upon the paper. But the cost of advertising is the millstone on the neck of this species of publication. Many valuable pamphlets on topics of importance have been published at a loss. Why should there be a penalty on the rapid communication between mind and mind which might be established throughout the country?

> 'This is true liberty, when free-born men,
> Having to advise the public, may speak free:'

and it is not only true liberty, but common good. Yet that medium, which is worth more than all the speaking and hearing in the world, is made too expensive for those who would make, and those who would receive the communication! And not only is the quantity of instruction limited, but the quality is deteriorated. On the one hand, regular newspapers, requiring a large capital, are got up to suit the notions and prejudices of those who, by purchasing, will render such outlay a profitable speculation. They trim their sails, often with great dexterity, to catch whatever breeze is blowing; but some of them at least never attempt to sail with the wind in their teeth. On the other hand, cheap papers are addressed to the most violent passions of the multitude. They are often put forth by men who, come what may, have nothing to lose. And the poor read them because they can get nothing else. They are read by thousands of the working classes, who deprecate their violence, and would gladly prefer sounder instructors if within their reach. It is idle to talk of illegality and prohibition. No power can suppress this class of publications. Castlereagh could not, Wellington could not, and Grey cannot. The only plan to render them harmless is to take off the restrictions by which a monopoly of such publications is given to men who defy the law. That which breaks up the monopoly of the capitalist also destroys that of the demagogue. Throw the market open. The people must and will have poli-

tical reading. Let those teach them who are qualified, but who will not descend to illegality, and who have neither wealth enough to become proprietors, nor servility enough to be the agents, of a trading speculation in public instruction. One of the happiest results of the proposed repeal would be the establishment of journals devoted to the dissemination of knowledge and of principles. The French newspapers have much more of this character than ours possess, chiefly because the taxation upon them is comparatively light. Most of the ablest and best public men of France are or have been connected with newspapers. The advantage to trade and commerce of a repeal of the advertisement duty is yet more obvious than that to literature. In America, business advertisements are in the proportion of forty to one to what they are in England. Announcements are made for a few pounds, which here cost hundreds. The direct good, in the promotion of religion and morality, would be incalculable. Ignorance and crime have always been associated, and always will. And while the general influence of knowledge upon the manners and enjoyments of the people is undeniable, why should not the advocates of theological truth and moral principle be allowed to avail themselves of such powerful machinery as that of a newspaper to second the efforts made from the pulpit, and to promote the same objects in many ways which, in the pulpit, cannot be employed at all? In America all religious bodies, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Catholics, Independents, Methodists, Baptists, Unitarians, have their newspapers; some have several; none we believe fewer than two. Here the attempt has been made, but with very unpromising success; nor can anything effectual be done till at least the stamp be taken off. Then they would immediately appear; and can there be a doubt of their great utility?

A plan has been submitted to his Majesty's government for allowing the transmission of printed papers by post at the rate of one halfpenny for a sheet of printing demy paper, accompanied with calculations tending to show that, at least so far as the stamp is concerned, a much larger revenue might be realized than would be relinquished. We trust it will receive their immediate attention when the necessary means shall have been resorted to for securing the Reform Bill. In the disposition of some members of the Cabinet we have the firmest confidence. But we cannot rely on their power even in so simple, expedient, and righteous a measure as this. It ought not to be a question of revenue at all. There is unhappily too much reason, in the history of these taxes, for the inference, that raising the revenue was not so much in the hearts of the imposers as restricting the information. And in their dread of the extension of political information, the repression of knowledge connected with art, science, and religion passed unheeded. There is yet enough of that bad spirit left in high

places to cripple the energy of such men as Lord Althorp, and other friends of knowledge, truth, and humanity. Let the people strengthen their friends. We rejoice to see that the supporters and teachers of the Birmingham Sunday Schools have petitioned for the repeal of these taxes. It is a good example, and should be followed throughout the country. All political, all commercial, all scientific, all philanthropic, all religious bodies should petition. It deeply concerns them all. Institutes, unions, societies, congregations, schools, all should seek relief from imposts which prevent their promoting more efficiently the beneficent objects which they contemplate. We have thrown out these hasty and desultory remarks simply to call attention to the subject. We shall soon see how it is treated in parliament, and, if needful, shall advert to it again and again.

SANDOWN BAY.

A Topographical Sketch from an unpublished Volume, entitled 'Reminiscences of a Hypochondriac.'

The world is full of affinities: the living are linked not only with the living but with the dead, and the animate with the inanimate. There are scenes and places which, even when the organ of locality is not strongly developed, speak to the heart with some 'most miraculous organ' of their own, which lay hold of the idiosyncracies of a sentient being by some congeniality which is not easily analyzed, and which, when this original power is increased by that of connexion with circumstances of deep interest, seem to become even objects of passion. Something of this kind has the Isle of Wight ever been to me, and especially since I found refuge there from the demons of hypochondriasis which had pursued me as inveterately and savagely as the furies did Orestes, until they had hunted me to a region too pure and lovely to be polluted by their presence. There, many years ago, had I my first strong impression of the beautiful in scenery, and there some of my latest sensations of the restorative influence of nature on mind and body. Well may I love the Isle of Wight; and so I do. I love it with the love of admiration, and I love it with the love of gratitude, and I love it with the love of love;

> 'And I will love thee still, my dear,
> 'Till a' the seas gang dry,—
> 'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
> And the rocks melt i' the sun,
> And I will love thee still, my dear,
> 'Till the sands of life be run;'

and no better sands do I desire them to be than the sands of Sandown Bay, so warm, and broad, and firm yet elastic, spreading themselves in security beneath the lofty cliffs, and quieting the

roar of the passionate billows into the gentle rippling that only murmurs peace.

Frequently as I have visited the Isle of Wight, it somehow happened that I had never taken more than a very cursory view of that part of it which is now the most endeared to me, until the completeness of its solitude and the congeniality of its scenery attracted me thither, and fixed me there, at a time when I was so thoroughly invalided as to be incapable of all exertion; and the only power left me was what metaphysical theologians call 'passive power,' the capacity of being acted upon by external influences. Hence the scenery of Sandown Bay imprinted itself upon my mind and heart: it wrought itself into me; its objects were so many agencies, each identified with some portions of the process by which I again became myself. And as that process might almost be described as the re-construction of my little world after it had been dashed into chaos, no wonder that the traces should be vivid and indelible.

Mine was, indeed, just then a deplorable condition. Anxiety, and exertion, and illness, had worked the animal machine so furiously and so irregularly, and pulled it about in so many different ways, that the whole was in terrible disorder. Food had ceased to nourish me,—light had ceased to gladden me,—the reports of my senses were not to be trusted, my eyes saw sights, and my ears heard sounds, which were not sights and sounds, but only internal sensations,—my muscles would often suddenly refuse to obey the will, and the limbs ceased to act, while the heart made up for their deficiency of motion by the rapidity and violence of its pulsations. All the tissues of which modern physiologists talk seemed to relax in the cohesiveness of their constituent atoms, and Monas Termo daily threatened to assert his individuality and independence. Strange thoughts came uncalled for, and would not depart when bidden. Falsehoods and sophisms usurped possession of the mind, and I detected them, and yet they mastered me. I knew that I saw things through a discoloured medium, and yet I could see them through no other medium. The poor soul sat upon the pineal gland, with the brain tossing around her, like some antediluvian king whom the flood had driven to the last mountain top, his broad lands all overwhelmed around, and the rains yet pouring down from above.

What I went through, and how I reached my rest and renewed my course, the reader has already partly seen in the preceding chapters of these Reminiscences, and I shall soon resume the tale; but this chapter is consecrated as an affectionate memorial to the scenery of Sandown Bay. Solitude and safety were the first sensations it inspired. The very extent of the bay; the sweep of that graceful arch, whose ocean chord is miles in length; the protecting hills behind, completing the circle with the shoreless ocean in front; the few dwellings, and of the part nearest

the coast one may almost say the fewer trees, all gave me the sensation which I needed of vast space, where I might range as far as physical strength would allow, without interruption or intrusion. For disease had generated a deep aversion to society, a shrinking from the presence of humanity. The feeling was not at all the less distressful from being unnatural and unaccountable. The apprehension of a call would produce a nervous tremor, and on the commonest exchange of courtesies, I had to pay a tax of pain which kindness, knowing it, would have regarded as a prohibitory duty. Much, therefore, was it to me to see and feel that there were neither visiters at my door, nor acquaintances in my path. Even woods my imagination would have peopled; streets I could not have endured; and in a narrow bounded scene like that of Shanklin, I should never have emerged from the ravine, or have passed the projection, without expecting to come suddenly upon somebody who would talk to me; I should never even have looked towards them without expecting momentarily to see some one approaching from behind or from above. But at Sandown there were only those quiet and beautiful and everlasting objects which grew near to my heart because they never moved towards me, and became powerful over me, by their very quiescence. I often loved the hills better than the billows, because they did not roar and roll and tumble, like bustling people determined to be influential. And while the general effect upon me was pure and peaceful, there were particular objects which, as in succession they attracted my attention, acted as stimuli, and roused my imagination to exercise, which, though sometimes it was extravagant enough, and partook of the morbidness of disease as yet unconquered, nevertheless was, upon the whole, healthful and restorative.

All scenery acts upon the mind by the power of association; but the only associations which I felt in the objects around me, in addition to the simple, natural, and universal ones of colour and form, were those of pure fancy, and not of historical recollection. For the latter, from Isabella de Fortibus down to Wilkes and forty-five, I cared nothing, even though the *Villakin* was there, its disproportionately large kitchen the last remaining monument of its master's taste. The green hills behind; the brown cliffs stretching away towards the bastion rock near Shanklin on the right, on which the finger of Time had traced a thousand hieroglyphics, which it would rather require the genius of a Jean Paul Richter, than of a Champollion, to decypher; the white cliffs stretching away to the left, broken only by that little amphitheatre of red rock which rises from the ground into which it sunk at Alum Bay, until they swell into the lofty heights of Culver; and the infinite sea before, with its everlasting sameness, and in its everlasting changes, smooth and swelling, green, dark, and sparkling, in sunlight and in moonlight, or shrouded in the ma-

jesty of mist: these were books, and poetry, and history, and prophecy, and association to me; a world of associations, which they generated by their own inherent power. The only artificial things in which I delighted, and they were to me as if they were natural, and God had made them too, were the ships. Ships cannot anywhere else be what they are at Sandown. They come suddenly, in their full proportions, from behind one point of the bay, and they depart as suddenly behind the other; or, steering straight away from the island, their white sails diminish in the distance until they dissolve in the visible infinity. One of my first strong sensations was produced by the unexpected presence of one of these creatures of the elements. I had a pen in my hand, and I sketched it at the moment.

'A ship! a ship! Thanks to the broad window, I can watch her from my sofa. She steers full for the centre of the bay. I should not wonder if this very house be her landmark. What a rate she comes on at! pelting away—"snoring through the water," as Allan Cunningham says in his Paul Jones. I verily believe I can hear her, though she must be two miles off—at least she was then; but she drives in faster than I can write,—how she grows! one's eyeball swells to keep pace with her. She runs up in height like Jack and the bean-stalk, and spreads in width like an army wheeling out of column into line. She'll be a-ground surely—no, no, trust her for that—there's a beautiful tack! how gracefully she swung about! just the sweep of Catalani's curtsey. Now you have her in profile—instead of a mountain mass of canvass, you catch the curve of every sail, and see every mast bending before the breeze. What a length! and what lightness with that length! and what power with that lightness! Away she goes, springing, bounding, darting along, an ocean race-horse, and Culver cliff the goal. I'll bet on her against Time with his best pair of wings on. No—what cares she for Culver Cliff! gone off, at an angle, into the wide sea yonder. If she's steering for anything, it must be for infinite space—there's nothing else there. I'll just go watch her into invisibility.'

Ships were the only visitants I could tolerate, for they sought no communication with me, and, like the wind which impelled them, I could neither tell whence they came, nor whither they went. Even they perhaps excited me rather too much. Their forms took possession of my diseased fancy, and any semblance of outline was sufficient to give a sort of preternatural vitality to the cliffs which were sleeping in their calm and quiet whiteness. I also wrote down a sensation of this kind, half dream, half madness, but not the less true, as a memorial of that communion between the mind and the scenery which was gradually to assume a sounder character.

You know the form of this bay—a noble semicircle of several miles; one extremity of which is formed by the white and lofty

Culver cliffs. They terminate, far in the ocean, very abruptly, in a bold perpendicular mass of dazzling chalk. Well; I walked one day towards the other extremity of the bay, often looking back at those white Culvers blazing in the sun, until I got so far as to see another white cliff, not so high, but still of enormous size, projecting beyond them, and which, being in form and colour not unlike the swelling mainsail of a man-of-war, had something the appearance of a gigantic vessel doubling the point in order to come into the bay. Struck with this appearance, I lay me down on the sands to enjoy it, when, after gazing intently for some minutes, I actually beheld it move. It sailed off, right out into the sea, and then stood for the centre of the bay. Only imagine my astonishment. On it came, that huge ship of solid chalk, and the very waves fled away affrighted from its prow, and came crowding and trembling to the shore for protection. As it approached, their alarm seemed greater, and for escape they even ran into the country, and up the adjacent hills, all in a foam. On it came; and I saw that it had a crew (such a crew!) of the same material as itself—monstrous animated blocks of chalk—their eyes, the black glassy substances which stick about in the cliffs, all irregularly disposed, and glaring as with the light of spirit-lamps behind them; their limbs, half shaped, as if not cut, but broken roughly out of the rock, moving as if by pulleys, and with a harsh grating noise; their tramp on the deck resounded and re-echoed like thunder along the shore, towards which they seemed addressing themselves in a wild chaunt, which I imperfectly caught above the roar of the terrified waters—something like this:—

'Brethren of chalk! Brethren of stone!
Whose blood is the billow, and granite your bone;
We are free—so are ye—quick, awake from your trance;
Start, move, and unite in our song and our dance,
Which we sang and we danced ere the hand of creation
Had fixed us for props to vile man's habitation,—
The song and the dance which old Chaos sublime
Rejoiced in before the curst birthday of Time.
We are free—so are ye—join our dance and our song,
Father Chaos is coming in triumph along.'

'Is he indeed, thinks I; then here's a pretty white flag hoisted, and for a precious restoration.' But I had no time to meditate, for all the cliffs along the bay, from Culver to Shanklin, from Shanklin to Dunnose, and from Dunnose to Chine End, were already responding to the invocation of that chaotic crew. That whole majestic line of coast broke into thousands of pieces, and every shapeless lump became instinct with life. O the horrid variety of monstrous forms that rushed into the ocean, leaving the land they had pillared for ages to sink, a helpless mass of untreadable mud! The only tolerable form amongst them was my

own grassy walk to the shore, which itself walked off, a spruce chaotite, in a green jacket. Meanwhile the ship itself and its swelling sail had also become animated, the former seeming the Long Tom, and the other, with its thick rotundity, the Falstaff of the party; and there was the sea full of them, all dancing and yelling and chorussing something about 'Chaos comes! Chaos comes!' which he was already too much come, in my brains, for me to remember; and then they joined hands, and jumped and capered till the very world and sky and all seemed reeling to their drunken measure, and with the rapid circular tread of their infernal dance the sea itself was churned—churned I say, literally *churned*—just as it was once before, when Brahma and Narayan used it like a pot of milk to get at the Amreeta—and that's the reason why salt butter is at least five farthings a pound, besides the expense of carriage, cheaper here than you can possibly get it at ———.

The ships were objects that could be seen from any part of the bay. The projecting cliff of which I had made a sail, but which the natives affirmed to be a white horse, and truly he has a magnificent saddle of green sea-weed on his back, on which Gog and Magog might ride double, required only a short walk on the Shanklin Sands to see all that I had seen. As my strength increased and I could go farther a-field, or rather farther a-cliff, the objects with which I became familiarized affected me in a less extravagant way, and kept the mental process in a corresponding ratio with the physical improvement. There was still wildness in the fancies they suggested, but the longer were my walks, the clearer were my thoughts, and I got from the dark age of demons, into the only dim mysteries of middle age, mythology. I next reached the region of red rock, about half way from the centre of the bay to the point of Culver. This is a strange amphitheatre, which looks as if it might have been a heathen temple with a huge form of an idol above, projecting from the cliff, to which it seems only to adhere by magic; and a rude altar below which sea-kings might have landed to sacrifice their victims at. The strangest of all is, that the lofty idol has his back towards the altar, and seems to hold in his hands a colossal volume. I read his history in a manuscript, entitled 'Autobiography of a Deity.' He was one of those extraordinary chieftains, who, in the heroic ages, did for various savage tribes the shadow of that which Moses did for the savage Israelites. They were under a different influence; and the fathers of the church knew, and have told a good deal about the manner in which evil spirits mimicked the proceedings of divine inspiration; and by their oracles and arts did the world a certain degree of good, that they might the more effectually secure its homage, and maintain its dominion against its rightful Lord and his holy angels. So was this chieftain prompted, and he had intercourse with the spirits whom he

honestly, though blindly, worshipped, and at his death they ratified the apotheosis of his grateful subjects and inducted him into their community, and he believed them, that they were the gods of earth, and that he himself had become a partaker of their divinity. He still presided over the destinies of his tribe. He was their Hercules, their Mars, or their Odin. In their migrations from the east to the north they bore his shrine, and his spirit dwelt therein proudly. When Britain was doomed to sustain their fierce invasion, they thought to secure its permanent possession by hewing in its eternal cliff, his image and his altar. And now a wonderful change awaited the hitherto deceived but not utterly depraved deity of their and his own imagination. Christianity had already sanctified the soil, in which the attempt was made at this unholy consecration. The Bible was in the land, and the spirit who had hitherto only floated over lands where the powers of darkness reigned, at length learned how spirits had deceived him; how he had been the misleader of men, and the companion of demons; and he loathed his own impious honours; and the material forms, by sympathy, or by the spirits' agency, testified to the transformation of him whom they represented, and the image turned its back upon the altar, and raised the Bible in its hand; while to his affrighted followers, when next they resorted to the red rock temple, the billows seemed to murmur, and every rock and cavern to respond, a 'Miserere, Domine.'

Afterwards, when the power which was over me had led me farther towards sanity and soundness, I could begin to bear that the faint shadow of humanity should cross my lengthened and lengthening walks, and the sound of its distant voice, sometimes mingle with the unceasing and peerless music of the billows.

I could master the toilsome ascent to the cliff, where, at a depth of a hundred feet from its summit, (it rises almost perpendicularly about five times that height from the sea beneath,) was the cavern called 'The Hermit's Hole,' in which some ascetic, who had forsworn the world, is said to have spent the long close of his life without ever ascending to the hill above, or descending to the beach below. It is only accessible by a path most perilous, on which to turn is impossible, and to slip is destruction. On the downs, which are abruptly terminated by this cliff, there is, hard by, a little dell in whose shelter nestles a precious little colony of trees and bushes, as if they would not have their species altogether excluded from a scene which, in all its bleakness, has so much of beauty. Here I could read, and even grow critical, upon the never-failing Waverley novels. There is a hermit in one of them, in the motto at least of a chapter in the 'Monastery,' who offers some points of resemblance, but more of contrast, to the legendary recluse of Culver. I have traced both their paths, and here is the map. First, for Sir Walter Scott's:—

'Then in my gown of sober grey
Along the mountain-path I'll wander,
And wind my solitary way
To the sad shrine which waits me yonder:
There in the calm monastic shade
All injuries shall be forgiven,
And there for thee, false-hearted maid,
My orisons shall rise to heaven.'

I could almost see that vowed hermit winding slowly along the mountain-path to the vacant cell which he was henceforth to occupy, — walking *slowly;* his step sometimes faltering; but never looking back on the world he had abandoned. Did he not move like the sole mourner to his own funeral? Was it not a mercy to him that the path left the open mountain side where the sunshiny world, and the haunts of men, and some spots to him infinitely dearer, could be seen; and wound away into that dark glen, through which he had to pass to the yet lonelier and wilder seclusion of the hermitage? Was it not like dismissal by a gentle gradual death?

What a contrast to the path of that crime-stained but miserable wretch, who, when he became the tenant of 'the hermit's hole' in Culver, had vowed never to remount from it to the top of the cliff! When *he* went to take possession of his cave, his way was along the ridge of that glorious height; all nature's beauty and man's pride were below and around him; his step over the edge down to his lonely nest was as an instantaneous and violent death. If the other was like death, animated enough to walk to its own decent interment; this was like life plunging headlong into its unnatural tomb.

'The heavens were clear; the sun was bright
O'er Culver's proud and snowy height;
Sweet music sang among the trees—
The billows wanton'd in the breeze;
—But the hermit rush'd along unheeding,
His soul was dark, his heart was bleeding.'

All things around, below, above,
Spoke, look'd, and breath'd of only love;
But the hermit's love to hate was turn'd:
At heaven, and earth, and sea he spurn'd,—
Curs'd that false-hearted one,—and then
Leapt to his lone and fearful den.

When the dark and anti-social spirit which had possessed me began to stand revealed in all its deformity,—when the spear of Ithuriel had touched it, and its power was over, my last and longest walk was to Shanklin, and a lovely walk it is, rising from the centre of the bay, so that you look down on the boatman's black-boarded hut, the planks of which have now, like their master, a

long rest after many a long voyage; and the three or four scattered houses, which then were all the buildings on the beach, with a garden or two clinging to the cliff, where it had become tame enough to allow the hand of man to touch it; and the inland road bending towards the village, with the top just visible of the neat Methodist chapel;—primitive Methodists should they be who worship in such a spot; and the fort, the little fort with its pretty terrors, five honeycomb guns, and an invalid to watch them, and to hoist the flag once a week, a joint compliment to the governor and the Sabbath; and the antique farm-house or parsonage,—both perhaps,—and lowly church of Yaverland; and towards the Downs rising around, and the opening where you see the water beyond the hills, and the coast of the continent, as the natives call England, beyond the water; and the broad sandy beach changing, as the cliffs change and become chalky, to a rocky and pebbly beach where ever and anon the agates shine; and the red rock with the idol, whose form the winds and rains have worn away since his conversion, so that perhaps even now it may not be recognized; and the 'hermit's hole,' and the sail of the demon-ship; and turning from these and leaving on the left that grassy bit of broken ground, a Jacob's ladder, —and angels might tread it,—from the lofty cliff-top to the billows' edge, you pass the 'high buildings,' which have long ceased to be barracks, and become a shelter and a picture; and through fields which are fertile to the very verge of the cliffs, the golden corn bending and waving over their brown brows; and along lanes, with here and there a cottage all rich in flowers, with more beauty than flowers have anywhere but where they love to grow; and then on that crumbling brink, and round that deep but narrow chasm, and down till the world is all shut out, and up till the 'world is all before you where to choose,' and you choose Shanklin; Shanklin with its beautiful chine, as the islanders call those singular ravines which open in their cliffs down to the level of the sea; Shanklin with its beautiful hostelry where you may rest, with turf inwrought with harebells for your carpet, and thick blossoming myrtles for your tapestry; Shanklin with its beautiful church, 'beautiful for situation,' as the royal Psalmist said of Mount Zion, and where meet it is that He should be adored whose word you may hear and whose works you may behold at the same moment; He who made earth, sea, and sky, which are smiling around in all their loveliness and grandeur. This is no place for dark or wild imaginings, or for the excited extravagance of which I have recorded some illustrations, and which ever alternates with deep depression. And when I reached it, I had been raised above their power and their indulgence. The external harmony of nature found at length a corresponding harmony within. The various objects of that scene, from Culver Cliff to Shanklin church, are monuments of suffering, of struggles,

of emotions, of convalescence, of restoration to the great family of man. The memory of Sandown Bay will never fade within me. Again I say, I love the Isle of Wight. Look on it from Portsdown hill, lying there in its little length, like a sleeping infant, and say, is it not a thing to be loved? Beautiful nursling of sea and sky, farewell—and bless thee!

Bless thee, bless thee, little isle!
Heaven in love is o'er thee bending,
Like a mother o'er her child,
When by sport to sleep beguil'd,
Love, and pride, and gladness blending,
In the bright fondness of her smile,—
Bless thee, bless thee, little isle!

Bless thee, bless thee, little isle!
Ocean his rough arm is throwing
Round thee, as his baby-boy,
With a father's manly joy;
His billows love, when tides are flowing,
To lave thy form so infantile,—
Bless thee, bless thee, little isle!

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Correspondence between the Rev. Dr. John Ritchie and the Rev. T. B. Stannus. Edinburgh. 1831.

A Letter to the Rev. Richard Bingham, Junior, by Thomas Cooke, Junior. Portsmouth. 1832.

We put these pamphlets together, because they have a common character, the object of each being the rebuke of insolent and vituperative language. That theological controversy should ever assume the form of personality, is doubtless a great evil; but it is not an evil altogether unmixed with good. The spirit of a party may often be best understood by contemplating it in the dispositions and conduct of an individual. There are many who, when the self-named orthodox assume infallibility, and fulminate damnation, although they feel that all is not right, yet have by no means so strong a perception of the nature and degree of the wrong, as when individual is brought into contact with individual; and the Rev. Richard Bingham, jun, talks of *the guilt* of the Rev. Edmund Kell, or the Rev. Dr. John Ritchie denounces the *blasphemy* of the Rev. T. B. Stannus; and both represent the objects of their dislike as out of the pale of the Christian church here, and of Christian blessings hereafter. There is nothing said by such persons, on such occasions, but what their creed says, everywhere and always, as distinctly; but the spirit is more plainly manifested when its assumption is personified in one individual, and its anathema is

fixed upon another individual. Those who would believe that Socinianism has a cloven foot, while the assertion is only abstract and indefinite, may perhaps be moved to doubt when the Rev. Richard Bingham's finger points to the Rev. Edmund Kell's boots. And the Rev. T. B. Stannus may be personally known to many who are moderately orthodox, who, never having heard him in conversation blaspheme, that is, speak evil of any respectable person whatever, will be backward to believe, even on the authority of the Rev. Dr. John Ritchie, that he is in the habit of doing so, deliberately, of his Saviour and his God. Such vituperations are nothing more than the theory of orthodoxy reduced to practice, and made level to the meanest capacities. And it may not be amiss that as we often rebuke the individual in the system, so we should sometimes rebuke the system in the individual. Mr. Stannus has done this with becoming spirit; a spirit, we mean, not unbecoming a Christian minister, who has been unprovokedly insulted; and he says, that when he sent the correspondence to the press, he had been anxiously awaiting a reply for more than a fortnight; but we believe that for a satisfactory reply he may wait to eternity. Mr. Thomas Cooke's ability in a case of necessity to inflict wholesome flagellation has been before evinced on several occasions, one of which was felt so long and strongly as to call for his present disciplinary exercise. The Rev. Richard Bingham has been stimulated, it seems, to speechify to the Bible Society last year, and since that to pamphletize the public, by the soreness yet remaining from the lashes inflicted on his impertinence and bigotry at a Bible Society meeting in the Isle of Wight, so long ago as the year 1824. Of that meeting he himself tells us, and we have no doubt, in this instance, tells us truly, 'I found myself *suddenly assailed*, and eventually PUT DOWN by a gentleman on the platform, who, I discovered, was a lay member of a Socinian congregation in the place.' The Rev. Richard Bingham, jun. should take care how he catches tartars.

A Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature. Vol. II. By J. B. B. Clarke, M.A.

MR. CLARKE has completed the account of ecclesiastical writers, commenced by his father, Dr. Adam Clarke, in a very satisfactory manner. His own opinions are sometimes interposed, we think, rather unnecessarily; but commonly his abridgments and analyses of the writings of that motley race called the Fathers, are all that could be wished. He stops short at the end of the thirteenth century, instead of continuing the catalogue to the invention of printing, as was originally intended, from a sense of the increasing and exceeding worthlessness of the materials. 'The authors were generally either hair-splitting casuists, or contemptible enthusiasts; and the reader, when he knows that the *fourteenth* century is still more deficient, both in interest and information, than the thirteenth, will perhaps be inclined to thank the author who ceased his labours at a period when there was no more either to instruct the head or mend the heart.' For continuing them so long, and rendering them so complete, the author deserves the thanks of all who are interested in the study of Christian antiquities, real and nominal; and we especially recommend his work to young ministers of all denominations.

On the Nineteenth Article of the Church of England. (Library of Ecclesiastical Knowledge, No. 26.) Westley. 1832.

THE numbers of this publication have of late been an almost unbroken series of attacks upon the Established Church, often vigorous, often coarse, and often inconsistent. All these epithets apply to the present number. It shows that the church is unchurched by its own articles. The definition in Art. XIX. is seized with a strong hand, and it comes thundering like a battering-ram against the walls till the whole fabric is demolished. Thus, to use the choice phraseology of the writer, and establish our second allegation, the Episcopalians are made 'to damn their own church.' Such is his mode of showing (to cite another specimen of his taste) his 'faithful adherence to the rights of *the celestial Cæsar.*'

It seems, and yet it is very obvious, to have been wholly unsuspected by the writer, that his use of the Episcopalian definition of a church, which he unconditionally adopts, might be turned against himself, and so doughty a champion be slain with his own sword. 'The visible church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in the which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments administered, according to Christ's ordinance in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same.' Now it is true that here is no mention of legal establishment, nor of a liturgy; but it is also true that there is no mention of a confession of the Trinity, nor of any other creed to be imposed upon the 'faithful men' who may congregate to hear the preaching of the 'pure word,' and attend the administration of the sacraments 'according to Christ's ordinance.' Yet it would be to little purpose that the most faithful followers of Christ, if they would not confess to more than he taught, should present themselves for communion to a congregational church. They might knock; but it would not be opened unto them. Faithfulness would be sent back to learn his catechism. The congregational church, in its administrations, deals with honest men according to the ordinance of Dr. Caius. 'Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? Dere is no honest man dat shall come into my closet.' Let the 'Evangelical Dissenters,' by whom these tracts are put forth, look to themselves. Let them cease to barricade the Lord's table with their creeds. Let them throw it open, as he left it; and then they may wield the sword of Goliah against the establishment without cutting their own fingers.

A little bit of jesuitry occurs at p. 49, which savours much more of the advocate, making out a plausible case anyhow, than of the fair disputant. 'A visible church of Christ, then, is a congregation. We say *a* church, for though the English uses the definite article and speaks of *the* church, the Latin, which was composed at the same time, and is of equal authority, may be rendered *a* church.' It is difficult to imagine how any man could write this without being conscious of the trick he was attempting to put upon the understandings of his readers. We will say nothing of the historical and chronological curiosity of the original and the translation having been both 'composed at the same time;' if so, it was a singular event; but let that pass. It may readily be admitted that 'the Latin is of equal authority' with the English translation. But it also happens, in this case, that the English translation is of equal authority with the Latin original; the articles having been subscribed *in both languages.* The interpretation is thus fixed,

The construction is open to no discussion. The authority of convocation enforces the definite article. 'Ecclesia visibilis' may *not* be rendered *a* visible church. And even if the writer had forgotten, or remembered pervertedly, the history to which he appeals, still the connexion in which the expression occurs was before him. The nineteenth article is one of a long series of propositions relative to church government. They are all connected. It must be *a* church, or *the* Church, all through; and the former would violate the manifest intention of the framers and the dictates of common sense. The author's translation, and all that hangs upon it, is not worth a straw; and so he might, and we could almost say must, have known.

After all deductions, however, the Library of Ecclesiastical Knowledge is a valuable publication, and we rejoice very much in its success, especially considering 'whence it cometh and whither it goeth.'

Cholera, as it has recently appeared in the Towns of Newcastle and Gateshead. By T. M. Greenhow. London: Highley, Fleet Street. pp. 162.

WHATEVER may be the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the alarm which has prevailed, and is, in many districts, prevailing about Cholera, it is certain that the disease is very curious, and worth the attention of the unprofessional, as well as the medical disputants concerning its principle of progression. Every body is conscious of a personal interest in whatever is discovered respecting it; every body reads what newspapers and placards have to say upon it; and all whom we have met with inquire into the opinions of those who have witnessed its exhibition in this country. Every body would therefore read this book if every body had it lying beside him: and well worthy is it of being read. It is the first absolutely satisfactory account we have been able to meet with, making the whole case clear to the public as well as the profession, classifying the cases so as distinctly to mark the stages of the disease, giving incontrovertible evidence of its non-contagion, and bringing an adequate proportion of experience to bear on the establishment of sound principles of practice. Its author well understands the principles of philosophizing, and in no case is the exercise of those principles more wanted, and at no period in relation to this disease could their exhibition be more seasonable. We wish every Board of Health would study this book, and see what the disease really is, how it approaches, how it may be arrested, and how, when it is not arrested, it ought to be treated. Here we have the condensed, arranged experience of one who has watched the manifestations of the malady in its worst forms, who has removed it in some cases, warded it off in others, and reasoned successfully upon it in all. For the accuracy of this statement, we refer our readers to the narrative of cases.

The fifth case is a buffet for the contagionists. It is difficult to obtain more than negative evidence against contagion; but here the evidence is positive enough: and if the wise ones in authority had known how to reason upon such facts as well as our author, the nation would have had to grapple with the natural force only of an evil to which their delusions have added tenfold power.

We advise our readers to do as we have involuntarily done,—to read this book twice; first, to learn about cholera, and then to admire its philosophy.

Thoughts on the New Era of Society. By C. Rosser.

Table-talk on the State of Society, Competition and Co-operation, Labour and Capital, Morals and Religion. Birmingham.

THE first of these tracts is the production of a mind labouring under convictions of mighty truths respecting man and society, but not yet trained to exhibit those convictions in their mutual connection and natural order. A lecture, delivered to auditors from the working-classes,—a single lecture, comprehending all the great principles on which human character ought to be formed, and social relations organized, is one of the signs of the times now hourly arising. That these principles are huddled together, without their connexion being clearly traceable, and that they are announced in the form of assertion, makes the token all the more significant. Convictions are crowding upon the mind of the multitude so fast, that there has yet been no time to arrange them; and men are too busy declaring their own knowledge to consider how they may best lead others to attain it, instead of pressing it upon them. These things, while they show that the new era is coming, show also that it is not come; for then the philosophy which we find intimated in publications like these, will be expanded into system, and substantiated by stated facts; and the soundness of heart manifested through them will have for its concomitant, an intellect, not only vigorous but well disciplined.

The other publication at the head of our notice is a sign, of which we cannot see too many; a sign that the educated and reflective are discharging their proper office: uniting themselves with the classes above and below them, with the view of assisting in the more equal distribution of the necessary and good things of life. This dialogue is admirably conducted; and it is cheering to see such talent and cultivation dedicated to the service of the people. We are not going to enter now on the discussion of its leading point,—usually deemed a knotty point,—the principle of co-operation as applied by Mr. Owen. We will only refer to it as being stated here in a manner equally interesting and moderate. Our only objection to its perfect fairness is, that the wide relation which the co-operative system bears to the greater system of which it forms a part not being followed out, the whole evidence is not before the reader. Much remains to be said about the relations of capital and population which might modify the reader's opinion considerably. But as far as he goes, we give the co-operatives joy of their advocate.

Mr. Buckingham's Defence of his Public and Private Character. Sheffield. 1832. 8vo. pp. 187.

MR. BUCKINGHAM is an able, an active, and an injured man. His life has been a varied and an adventurous one, even from early boyhood. His literary acquirements are highly creditable to him, considering the circumstances under which they have been made, while those circumstances have also enabled him to gain more knowledge by personal observation than other students obtain imperfectly from books. He has at once familiarized his mind with the political science of Europe, and his senses with the scenery of Asia. Accordingly,

many of his schemes, literary and commercial, have been marked by an oriental magnificence in their conception; but they have been distinguished also by genuine philanthropy in their tendency. His whole life has been one of enterprise, and consequently sometimes of disappointment, and sometimes of conflict; and consequently, again, he has enemies both public and private. A circumstance occurred last year, which excited this enmity to activity. Events have made Mr. Buckingham a lecturer; and a very interesting lecturer he is: and some of the good people of Sheffield, in return for his enlightening them from his abundant stores of knowledge, concerning the various countries of the East, and our political and commercial relations with those countries, determined, in the event of the Reform Bill recognizing their right to be represented, to exert themselves to send Mr. Buckingham to the House of Commons. A requisition, respectably signed, was accordingly forwarded to him. This proceeding became the occasion of attacks upon his character in a Sheffield newspaper. Mr. Buckingham returned to Sheffield, and challenged his anonymous accuser to a public meeting. The challenge was not accepted, and Mr. Buckingham defended himself against the various allegations which had been made, in a manner which was unanimously regarded, by a vast multitude which had assembled together, as most completely satisfactory and triumphant. But an accuser, who would neither appear nor avow himself, was not likely to submit to this award. The charges were renewed, or others adduced; and after much skirmishing in the newspapers, it was judged desirable that a complete and connected reply to the whole should be put forth. Hence the pamphlet before us. Its primary object is to satisfy the electors (as they are to be) of Sheffield of the trust-worthiness of their candidate who is to be. So far as those allegations are circulated elsewhere, we can only say, that no man ought to believe them until after this pamphlet has been read, nor to repeat them until after it has been refuted.

The Cabinet Annual Register, and Historical, Political, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Chronicle for the year 1831. London. Washbourne.

A CHEAP, comprehensive, and useful summary of facts, and collection of documents. It is intended to be the commencement of an annual series; and the editor puts in a plea for charitable judgment on it, as a first attempt. He hopes 'that if, as a *whole*, his compilation is deemed valuable, it will not be too severely criticised in *parts*.' But he must bear in mind that the value of the whole is very much dependent upon accuracy in particulars. If there be a 'celebrated' individual, whose name is *Robert*, he must not call him *George*, (p. 384). In speaking of persons or institutions, he must not implicitly rely on the authority of the newspapers which are hostile to them. Unless on the supposition of his having done so, we cannot account for the complete tissue of misrepresentations which he has put forth concerning the National Political Union. That institution never called itself 'Grand,' or 'Central;' it never had 'district' or 'parochial branches;' nor has it ever put forth any document which Lord Melbourne 'denounced as treasonable;' nor has anything in its plan or objects ever been declared, by any respectable authority, to be 'seditious' or

'illegal;' nor has Sir Francis Burdett seceded from it; nor, in short, is any reliance to be placed on what is said in this volume concerning one of the purest attempts ever made to conciliate and unite all classes, for the purpose not merely of obtaining political rights, but of promoting mutual confidence, sound knowledge, and social improvement. Of course, newspapers must furnish the materials for such an annual compilation; but their authority must be better weighed in future. The editor must exercise his judgment more in this matter. His diligence seems exemplary. An abstract of the New Population Returns, and many other valuable tables and documents, are appended to the historical and biographical records which constitute the main portion of the volume.

Outlines of a Constitution for the University of London. By James Yates, F.L.S. and G.S. Baldwin.

The London University has sadly disappointed our expectations; and we cannot but be grateful to Mr. Yates for the aid which he has afforded by his personal exertions, and by the publication of this pamphlet, towards retrieving its affairs, providing for its prosperity, and accomplishing the useful purposes for which it was instituted. The alterations implied in the scheme before us are chiefly such as tend to bring the London University into a closer resemblance to the continental universities. It is recommended that the professors be made responsible for the maintenance of discipline, and form for this purpose a *Senatus Academicus;* that the members be divided into *Faculties*, the medical, the juridical, and the philosophical; that certain regulations be adopted to render the council more efficient and responsible; and that professors and graduates be considered as members of the body, with the same rights as those now enjoyed by the donors of 50*l.* Some of these suggestions, or, at least, the first of them, has, we understand, been adopted by the proprietors. They will, we hope, bestow on all of them that serious consideration to which they are entitled, coming, as they do, from a gentleman so extensively acquainted with institutions of this description, and so zealous in promoting the objects of the London University.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are indebted to an Old Subscriber, and to several other correspondents, for some friendly hints relative to the management of the 'Monthly Repository,' and the 'Unitarian Chronicle.' We cannot act upon all of them, because they are, in some points, dissimilar and contradictory; but no suggestion has been dismissed without attention.

The following remarks were alluded to at the close of our February number. We perfectly coincide in them:—'I am disposed sometimes to doubt whether we do not carry the *anonymous* system too far in our periodicals. It may be useful, sometimes, in order to give an argument some chance of being judged of by its own merits; but where there is no purpose of that kind to be served, I cannot help wishing often that I could have the pleasure of knowing to whom I am obliged for much useful and agreeable information. In the political press, I think there can be no doubt that the system of concealment has done mischief by severing the connexion which ought always to exist between public and private character, and by affording facilities to a dereliction of principle and consistency, (to say nothing of still more disgraceful

motives,) which have brought the general reputation of political writers to a very low ebb. Surely it is desirable, that men who have the management of such formidable engines, for good or for ill, as *The Times* or the *Morning Chronicle*, should have the check of public opinion placed on them by the consciousness that they were known and narrowly watched by those who are so deeply interested in their integrity as well as ability.'

Two protests have been sent us, and are subjoined, against opinions expressed in this work. They are not accompanied with any comment, because both subjects may probably, before long, be brought under the attention of our readers in a more ample and satisfactory manner than that of rejoinder on the present occasion:—

'To the Editor of the Monthly Repository.

'Sir,—You conduct your publication upon a principle I very much approve—connecting a review of the moral and political state of the community with its religious objects. The attempt to separate these interests from what may be considered doctrinal, would be to make more of faith and less of practice, while the latter is the essential, the former involuntary, and not absolutely in the power of any individual. Under your own classification, then, I claim a right to remonstrate with you on your mixing up the large interests of the community, the landowner, the silk manufacturer, the timber merchant, and the shipowner,—these composing the *vital* interests of the country,—with the slaveholder. The struggle these respective interests (except the slaveholder) are making against the innovations imposed upon them by theorists, is a matter of too great importance to admit of sarcasm, and is making too great ravages amongst the labouring poor, which, remember, constitutes a great portion of the morals of the country. If profitable labour is destroyed, all motive to industry is considerably lessened. The former protection, under which the country flourished, being withdrawn, and foreign competition being encouraged, is demonstrably the occasion of most of the misery that exists; with the *want* of taxation being taken from property instead of poverty. It is too much to witness these direful effects, and have the attempts that are making by all practical men for their removal, stigmatized as monopoly and *slaveholders*. I am sure I am too well known in your connexion to be accused of wishing to uphold injustice. It is, Sir, the principle of justice to ourselves, without any personal or partial interest, that has rendered me the uniform and constant enemy to what is called free trade, better known by the name of robbery,—designating the persons in power, acting upon it, as better fit for Bedlam or the Tower than statesmen: they have introduced a system upon which no *reciprocity* (the pretext for it) can exist, and the effects are ruin to the master and starvation to the men. These facts ought to engage every moralist (in which term I include religionist) to exert every means for the removal of so great a calamity to our suffering country as that foreign competition that does not meet with reciprocity. Hoping you will be more cautious in your future classification, and not stigmatize honest endeavours for that protection to our labour, which the burthens of the country render essentially necessary and just to our well being,

'I remain, Sir, truly yours,

'*Hackney*, 12*th Jan.* 1832.' 'James Young.

'To the Editor of the Monthly Repository.

'Sir,—I am indebted to your liberality for the insertion of the slight notice I sent you of Dr. Hincks's recent pamphlet on Irish Tithes, assuming the form which it did, and not being, as I am sorry to perceive, in accordance with your own sentiments. You and I agree in the grand principles, that the present Protestant Established Church has no claim to its revenues, but that which is founded on Act of Parliament; and that the sooner it is deprived of them, consistently with justice to individuals, the better. It seems we cannot quite agree as to the manner in which tithe ought to be disposed of, nor, perhaps, as to what it is which justice towards individuals, now holding situations in the Church, requires. You say, in your note, that it is the doctrine of our ablest political economists, that tithe falls on the consumer. Certainly this is the doctrine of very able men, whose opinions ought always to be received with respect; but the question is not to be settled by authority, and, if it were, it is difficult to say to whom we ought to listen. Ricardo, Mill, and M'Culloch, assure us that taxes on land fall on the consumer; but Adam Smith lays it down as positively that they all fall on the landlord; Perronet Thompson now defends the same doctrine; Smith is also supported by Jean-Baptiste Say. Among such men, who shall presume

to strike the balance of talent and judgment?—we can but look to their reasons, and form an opinion for ourselves.

'I must not think of occupying your pages by a statement of the reasoning which has satisfied my mind. It is manifest that our decision of the question chiefly depends on our view of the circumstances which regulate *price*. Does not the produce of land, in every thickly-peopled country, in consequence of the limited quantity of good land within a convenient distance, and to a much greater degree in our own country, in consequence of corn-laws, sell at a *monopoly price*, which is considerably and permanently elevated above the average cost of production? It is said this price is the cost of production (the necessary expenditure, with the usual profits) on the poorest land, which is obliged to be cultivated in order to obtain the required supply; but it is answered—land of a certain quality is brought into cultivation (or, which is the same thing, additional produce is obtained from better land by additional expenditure, producing a proportionably less return than the previous expenditure), because corn sells at a price which will allow of this being done with advantage. The high price of corn, which is as much as men will give for it rather than do without it, is the cause of inferior land being cultivated, or additional capital being employed on land—not the consequence of this more costly cultivation. Now it is evident that the landlord alone can permanently profit by the monopoly price. The tenant must be content with the return of his expenditure, together with such profits as the degree of competition amongst his class, and the customs of the society to which he belongs, render usual.

'In Ireland a population too great for the present capital of the country causing great numbers to have no prospect of employment but what agriculture affords, creates a competition for the land, which obliges the tenant to be content with almost as little as will support life.

'This wretched state of things is the consequence not of tithe, taxes, or exaction of any kind, but of too great competition in a particular employment. Of course, as price is independent of these circumstances, the landlord (together with the larger tenants, called middlemen, where there are such,) gets all the difference between the whole produce and the necessary expenditure with the miserable subsistence which the tenant is obliged, by competition, to accept. The question, who pays the tithe, is the question, who would be benefited by their abolition. Would the prices of produce fall? No; for the demand and supply remain the same. The buyers are willing to give so much, rather than not have what is offered; the sellers try how much they can get, and find this to be the limit. Would rents rise? Yes! for the competition for land will not allow tenants to retain, when present leases expire, more than the usual profit on the capital they employ, and the surplus above this constitutes rent. The landlord, then, must be, as it appears to me, the real gainer: of course he is now the loser by tithes being paid; and so he ought to be; for it was the ancient proprietors who *gave* the tithes, meaning to give them for ever; and every purchaser gives a less price for his estate in consideration of tithes. The question, then, for the nation is,—whether the landowners, who by means of corn-laws have so long unjustly increased their own gains at the public expense, are to receive in addition a present of an immense national property, to which they have no equitable claim, and which may, if well employed, so greatly relieve all classes of the community?

'I advance these opinions, Sir, as my present sincere convictions, with great deference to your judgment, and only wishing to be assisted to see the truth if I am in error. I know that your feelings are of the same kind, and I shall be glad to receive information from you or from others; but the importance of the subject will, I hope, justify my taking this notice of your note. As for the case of incumbents, I cannot help still regarding it as that of a contract for life, except in cases of gross misconduct; and as the individual is led often to enter into pecuniary engagements founded on the belief of his having a certain income for life, I hardly think that justice could be done in reducing him; yet I think I should not greatly quarrel with your notions of what justice and humanity require.

'THE AUTHOR OF THE REVIEW OF DR. HINCKS'S PAMPHLET ON TITHES.'
