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ON THE PARLIAMENTARY PLEDGES TO BE REQUIRED OF CANDIDATES AT THE ENSUING ELECTIONS.

An Address to the Electors of Great Britain.

In every point of view, and in the estimate of all parties, the ensuing elections are of peculiar and immense importance. Their results will not only verify or disprove the predictions of the enemies of reform; they will not only revive the apprehensions or strengthen the hopes of the timid friends of reform, but they will exercise an influence, the extent of which it is impossible to calculate,—an immediate influence on the internal condition of our country, and its external relations; while more remotely, they will affect the national character, the prospect of national prosperity and improvement, the interests of freedom and civilization in every country of Europe, and thus, eventually, the condition of the whole human race. At such a time it may be allowed to an individual, however unknown, to address himself to the great body of his fellow electors, on whom there devolves so deep a responsibility, to express his own sense of the importance of the trust which to many thousands is now confided for the first time, and of the duties which it implies, to ourselves, to our yet unrepresented fellow countrymen, and even to those of other nations, and of generations yet unborn. Ripe as the people are for that extension of the elective franchise which has been obtained, and which is indeed simply the recognition of a right; and calm, decided, and altogether admirable as their conduct has been through the protracted and arduous struggle which has so happily terminated, he must yet be a bold man who can look forward to the first exercise of these new powers without an emotion approaching even to trembling anxiety. Few have more confidence than I have in the people generally; or in that portion of them, particularly, which has now obtained political emancipation; or in that other and noble portion of them, the old electors, to whom we are indebted for the parliament which denounced its own

corruption and demanded its own regeneration. I have confidence, Electors of Great Britain, in your intelligence, in your principles, in your zeal; else were it vain to appeal to you at all; but I cannot be unapprehensive, nor can I be silent, when I consider how many causes and influences there are at work, by which honest minds may be misled and honest exertions misdirected, our best hopes for a time be blighted, and those blessings of good government (its tendency to produce which alone makes the Reform Bill worth any thing) be materially impaired or indefinitely postponed. Signal as the discomfiture has been of the Tories and boroughmongers, we must not deceive ourselves into the notion that they are unwilling or unable to sustain an arduous conflict in the ensuing elections, and in many localities, a successful one. Their power as a faction has been broken; but they may yet, and probably will, make a desperate effort for its recovery. They are strong in wealth, too much of it drawn from the pockets of the people during long years of almost unchecked plunder; they are strong in station, having so long possessed and availed themselves of that monopoly of power which enabled them to occupy with their myrmidons every post of authority in church and state, from the lord lieutenancy of a county to the parish constable; and they are strong in those parliamentary and electioneering tactics, in which the unprincipled have ever an advantage over fair and honest opponents; in which long practice has given them consummate dexterity, and by which they have more than once gained advantages that threatened to be fatal over the present administration, while its enjoying the full confidence of the crown was not yet suspected, and the voice of the nation was loud and strong in its support. True, they have twice been beaten; but the last two elections were carried by popular enthusiasm in all the heat and exaltation of a life-and-death conflict. At the last election they were cowed, abashed, paralyzed, by the lofty and invincible determination which the reformers universally displayed. They felt that their bribes and their threats would be alike utterly vain and impotent. They may now hope that, though the combatant was invincible, the victor may be vulnerable. The inconvenience and losses, in many cases even to distress, on the one hand, and the bribes and promises on the other, which many despised then, some may not despise now. Great efforts cannot be incessantly repeated; the people have made theirs, and the Tories may now think that theirs may be made with advantage. Having made our onset triumphantly, there yet remains the not less difficult task of sustaining and repelling their onset. They are already at work diligently and extensively, though with their characteristic cunning. Wherever the reformers are not on the alert; wherever they have not well organized their committees and arranged their plans; wherever divisions have sprung up, or

may be produced amongst them, they may depend upon it that their old enemies will not miss the opportunity. Either security or dissension may be alike fatal.

Another ground of caution, if not of apprehension, exists in the altered situation of the reformers as to the immediate object towards which their efforts are directed. At the last elections all eyes were fixed upon a single point, all minds were filled with a single purpose. There was but one word on all lips, and that was REFORM. So that a candidate did but pledge himself to this, no offences were remembered, no inquiries were made, no other pledges were exacted. Here there could be no diversity and no mistake. But now the bill *is* carried. That common and comprehensive watchword is obsolete. It is true the purposes remain to be accomplished which made reform the object of such intense desire, but the nature, number, variety, complication, and undefined extent of those purposes necessarily render them less fitted to serve as signals for combined and concentrated effort. All may deem all of them desirable, but there may be yet much difference of opinion as to their relative importance. There is need of discussion, of communication, of mutual understanding. There is need that the principles should be defined which the friends of their country will generally regard as paramount; and that pledges should be agreed upon to be generally exacted of candidates. I shall again advert to this topic, the importance of which is my chief reason for presuming to address you. I shall do what I can towards making the best use of the interval which may elapse, in this essential preparation for the coming elections—and a vigorous use must be made of it, if a wise and happy choice of representatives is to be secured.

There is danger even from the good feelings of the people. They may be misled by their gratitude. Much as we owe to the present administration, it by no means follows that its supporters are indiscriminately to be re-chosen. The great merit, both of the ministers and their majorities, is that they have passed the Bill. Let that good service never be forgotten. Let its memory be 'green in our souls' while England is England. Let no man dare to show his face before independent constituents who voted against the Bill. He bears the brand upon his forehead. The credentials of his ineligibility are signed, sealed, and delivered. But the converse does not hold good. To have voted for the Bill may cover a multitude of political sins in the past, but it does not discover a multitude of qualifications for the future. It is possible that some scarcely ever gave a good vote before, and may scarcely ever give a good vote again. Look farther than this. It is not for every fiddler who can scrape a single string, to set up for a Paganini. Intelligent gratitude is not the parent of blind confidence. The last parliament consisted of delegates; they have done that for which they were delegated. Honour to their names. The next parliament should be an assembly of legislators.

They will have much more to do than merely to vote, aye or no, as the people's proxies, on a single question. We want men of the highest intellectual capacity that can be found. They should have souls that can grasp futurity, and yet be equal to any temporary emergency which may arise. The present ministry is not likely to last long. The court is not with it, and the peers are against it. Whenever it dissolves, its supporters will be seen in hostile ranks. It does not appear, indeed, how any ministry that will satisfy the people can long exist without some great changes in the spirit of the peerage and of the court. The manner in which the Reform Bill was got through with, is sufficiently ominous. We shall evidently want men of clear heads, sound principles, and great moral courage, in the Commons. These are no times for compliment. Those who voted well last session deserve our thanks; but those on whom we can rely for voting and acting well through coming sessions, and it may be very trying and stormy ones, alone have claims on our suffrages.

The requisite qualifications for a member of the House of Commons have been, at all times, very much underrated by some electors, falsely estimated by others, and by too many totally disregarded. There are many men fitted for activity in parish and civic contentions, where only some limited and tangible interest is at stake; useful members of vestries and corporations, quite competent to the honourable discharge of the duties of local magistracy, whose minds are utterly incapable of expanding to the comprehension of national interests, and who only signalize themselves in the great council of the nation, by adding to the already monstrous mass of shortsighted, pettifogging, and vexatious legislation. There are others who aspire to represent particular interests, and who, therefore, only misrepresent the general interest. These are just the persons to sacrifice a great question to a little one. The timber trade almost upset the ministry and the Reform Bill together. Their practical knowledge is inestimable, as a source of information, but it is no security for their ability in its legislative application. Mere practical men have seldom any large views, even of the peculiar interests of the class to which they belong. In the various entanglements of those interests with the interests of other classes, they are often utterly confounded. Of the mutual dependence of all classes they have seldom any conception; they are chosen under the notion of protecting this or that trade; and so they stickle for duties and prohibitions which injure all trade. Then, again, there is another set of persons whom some would send into a reformed parliament, simply because they have stimulated the popular discontent with a corrupt parliament. A man may know how to pull down, and animate others in the work of demolition, who has little capacity for building up. Great effect may be produced at public meetings by a fluent orator, who has, perhaps, a stirring question of corruption or oppression to deal with, which only requires a direct appeal to the elementary

principles of morals, politics, or humanity; but this is a poor test of ability to grapple with the topics which engage the attention of Parliament. These are all men below the mark. At least they may be, and must be so, unless they have something better to recommend them; and then it is on that better qualification that their pretensions should be based. A member of Parliament ought to be a man of superior intellect and sound education. By education, I mean neither Latin, Greek, nor mathematics. The senior wrangler at a university may yet be a mere tyro in the education of a statesman. Many self-taught men have acquired it in great perfection. In fact every man who has it is, so far, self-taught; for our public institutions have been very worthless in this matter. He should be profoundly versed in history; especially the history of our own country; and especially that portion of that history to which our annalists have paid least attention, viz. the condition of the great mass of the population at different periods, and the influence of laws and institutions in improving or deteriorating that condition. He should be at home in statistics, familiar with the details of numbers, extent, occupations, productions, &c. of the different provinces of the British empire, and of the countries with which we have most to do, whether commercially or politically. He should be able to select, combine, and arrange all these materials with the master-hand of a true philosopher. Moreover, he should be no stranger to the people; no mere creature of the study or the drawing-room. He should know, by actual observation, and direct communication, something of the condition, the habits, wants, opinions, and feelings, of those who constitute the great mass of the community. He can never learn this from the newspapers, nor from public meetings merely, nor by club suppers and canvassing calls at election times. Nor will it be enough to look in, with Lord Wharncliffe, upon the shopkeepers in Bond-street. Better information about modes of existence which are common to millions should be acquired by him who purposes to be a faithful trustee of the interests of millions. He should be an independent man; independent in mind and in circumstances; the former, or he certainly will not be the latter, whatever his pecuniary qualification. We have had enough of mere political adventurers and place-hunters; they can only thrive upon corruption, and if they find not their food, they must make it. He should be able, when necessary, to speak with effect. It is a foolish apology sometimes made for the choice of members that their vote is as good as that of the most eloquent. It is not so good, unless they can give their reasons for it. The speeches delivered in the House of Commons are far from being the least important part of its proceedings. Not unfrequently they have been the most useful part. Much worse would have been the condition of the country had not the intelligence of the iniquitous votes of a majority been accompanied by the report of the sound

arguments of a minority, who though they could not avert injustice from the people, yet exposed the injustice that was perpetrated. True, there is debating in abundance; but it is confined to a comparatively small number of members. The same men seem to be retained as counsel in all causes. This need not be the case if every man were properly qualified; and every man ought so to qualify himself who aspires to public life. Nor should you, on any account, entrust your interests to men whose age is yet immature, whose characters are unformed, and whose principles are unfixed. Some previous services, some public warrant of the requisite ability, information, energy, and patriotism, ought to be required. The past ought to have given promise of the future.

Let none say, much less than this will do very well for us; much less than this will not do very well for the country, and therefore not for yourselves ultimately. The question is not what will content you, but what the country needs in its present unprecedented state. It needs all the wisdom, the foresight, the moral courage, that can be made available for its service. Your franchise is not a property, but a trust. You, the half million of voters, hold it on behalf of the four-and-twenty millions of souls that constitute the nation. You hold it on behalf of posterity: for how largely must the legislation of the present day affect the characters and the condition of those who will soon occupy our places in the world! You hold it on behalf of an immense colonial population, who, while they are kept in dependency, have a right to impartial and liberal consideration. You hold it on behalf of the civilized world, and when you exercise it unworthily, when slavish principles gain the ascendency in British councils, despots rejoice, and good men grieve, and the oppressed curse, from the banks of the Seine to those of the Vistula. The franchise is not your own; it is a sacred trust, and your exercise of it is a solemn act. I will not descend to the degrading admonition not to take a bribe. I write not for that base and worthless class. But I say, beware of rash promises. Be sure that you have found the best man that can be obtained, before you entangle yourselves in pledges and bestow improperly that which is not your own. Keep yourselves free to return the worthiest. Take measures for ascertaining the fittest persons. Submit not to the selection and dictation of those who think that every thing must yield to their local importance. If the candidates have been in Parliament before, let their career be scrutinized. Ascertain when they spoke and how they spoke. Examine their votes. Inquire into the regularity of their attendance, mark when and why they absented themselves. If they be new men, procure authentic information of their public conduct. Be not satisfied with professions and generalities. A few industrious, intelligent, and trustworthy men can easily be employed by you to make these investigations, so far as you cannot do it for yourselves individually; and a trifling contribution will defray all

the necessary expenditure. Form yourselves into district and parish societies for these purposes. Summon your candidates to meet these societies. Such meetings are a thousand times better than a personal canvass, about which there is much of drudgery, influence, and degradation, that might well be spared. And let no confidence in your candidate supersede the exacting from him the most distinct avowals and pledges on all great principles and essential points. No reasonable man can object to being pledged. If his mind be not made up on the principles by which the most important matters that can come before him must be decided, he had better continue in private life until he has considered the subject more thoroughly. The House of Commons is not a school to afford instruction to those who are ignorant of, or undecided upon, the elements of such legislation as the times require. As to going unshackled into the House, no trustee can be free, or, if honest, will wish to be free, from the obligation of attending to the interests and wishes of those for whom he acts. It is very desirable that, on the present occasion, the same or similar pledges should be adopted, generally, throughout the country. Various lists of proposed pledges are in circulation. I have seen none with which I am perfectly satisfied, though it is gratifying to observe that the same spirit pervades most of them. Some, however, are so indefinite that they may be easily evaded. Others are so numerous and minute that they become vexatious, may exclude some of the people's best friends, and do not leave sufficient latitude for the discretion which a man, who is fit to be chosen at all, may be safely trusted to exercise under circumstances which it is impossible to anticipate. As I purpose to make my own vote contingent on the following, I submit them to the consideration of my fellow-electors.

1. *The Repeal of all Taxes which tend to impede the Diffusion of Knowledge.*—The claims of no candidate ought to be entertained for an instant who does not give his unequivocal and hearty assent to this proposal, and declare his determination actively and promptly to support it in the legislature. The stamp duties on newspapers, the advertisement duty, the excise duty on paper, the custom-house dues on foreign books imported, ought to be swept away at once and entirely. Calculations have been made for the purpose of showing that the most pernicious of these imposts, the newspaper stamp, may be taken off without any loss to the revenue, and even with profit, by allowing the circulation of printed papers through the post on the payment of a very small postage. But it ought not to be made a question of revenue. Taxation should find other food to feed upon than public intelligence. The means of knowing all that it concerns a member of the community to know, should be allowed to come at the lowest possible rate to every man's door. The public treasury ought rather to be drained for the diffusion of knowledge, than reple-

nished by the obstruction of knowledge. Newspapers, periodicals, pamphlets, books, all may be so reduced in price, as to bring them within the reach of the great mass of the community. At present the enormous expense of advertising books, and the enormous capital required for newspapers, on the one hand, and the illegality of cheap publications on the other, interpose effectually between the people at large, and men of talent and information best qualified to be their instructors. This state of things must be put an end to. It is only by newspapers that the public can watch their representatives, can be present in courts of justice, can be cognizant of the mode in which their affairs are administered, their rights secured or invaded, their interests advanced or injured. It is by newspapers that materials must be furnished for the formation of a sound public opinion, and the safest of all vehicles provided for its expression. Let us have a free and popular press; one which shall cease to be the divided monopoly of the capitalist and the demagogue, and we have the best of all securities against the return of a reign either of terror or corruption, and for the full discussion and progressive adoption of all real ameliorations in the working of the government and the condition of the people.

II. *The Amelioration of our Code, both civil and criminal.*—That no man should be allowed to enjoy property of any description while resisting the just demands of his creditors; that no man should be unproductively and hopelessly incarcerated; that no man should find it prudent to forego a just demand, or to accede to an unjust demand, on account of the expense of the process by which the one must be enforced and the other resisted; that no rules of evidence should be allowed to prevent a jury's ascertaining the whole truth of a case; that proceedings should be divested of all needless complexity and delay; that to prosecute an offender should not be a tax upon the sufferer; that crime and punishment should be distinctly defined, and the law made generally known; that punishments should, as far as practicable, be made reformatory on the criminal, and productive to the community; that in the awarding and inflicting punishment, as little as possible should be left to the discretion of the judge, or to the irresponsible determination of that secret tribunal, the Privy Council; and that the punishment of death, which in its frequency only tends to harden criminals, and to corrupt and brutalize the crowds who assemble to witness its infliction—while, by the disproportion between the number of sentences and of executions, the threatenings of the law are divested of their terrors—should at least be restricted to the most atrocious crimes, and the sentence, when pronounced, be usually enforced. These are propositions, which scarcely any man of sense and humanity will dispute, but which show, that a reformed legislature has before it, in this department, a long and laborious, but a most necessary,

useful, and blessed work. The supposed interests and real vindictiveness of some classes, the prejudices and the profits of the legal profession, and the habitual phrases (which they mistake for mental convictions) of peers and judges, who dread any deviation from that to which they are accustomed, will doubtless oppose formidable obstacles to the consistent advocates of reason, justice, and humanity. It is only the more important, that the men whom we send into the House of Commons should be among the most enlightened and determined of those advocates.

III. *Hostility to all Monopolies.*—The first and foremost of these—the great trunk, as it were, out of which the rest sprout—is the corn laws—laws which benefit not the laborious cultivator, while they are the worst of injuries on the industrious consumer; laws which are the standing excuse of any class which wants the community to be taxed in order to keep up the price of whatever article that class may bring into the market; laws which are a tax upon bread; that is to say, upon human labour, health, and life. The free interchange of commodities with foreign countries, the free application at home of capital and labour to whatever will yield a profitable result, must, as the ultimate object, be the best interest of the community; and therefore, eventually, the interest of those classes and individuals who, from considerations alike selfish and short-sighted, obstruct the national good. The spirit of monopoly pervades this country to a frightful extent. It is found in every thing, from the government of colonial empires to the regulations of trades. The consumer pays for all; and men too often forget that they are plundered of much more as consumers than they can, as monopolists, plunder from others. It is the monkey system, rob and let rob; we want men who will revert to the old and better maxim, live and let live.

IV. *Church Reform.*—The members of the church ought to possess the power of revision over its creeds, articles, services, and offices, and not be driven to the necessity of dissent when they are dissatisfied with any of these as not accordant with the wants and improvement of the present age. Means should be taken to prevent the abuse of spiritual functions to political purposes. None should be taxed for the support of a form of religion which they do not approve. The clergy should be held responsible for the discharge of the duties for which they are paid. A better mode of payment than by making them the collectors of the national property of tithe should be adopted, and out of the ample revenues which are at present of such little avail for the moral and religious purposes to which they are professedly devoted, the foundation might be laid of an universal and efficient system of national education.

V. *Parliamentary Responsibility.*—Every candidate should pledge himself, if elected, to render an account, from time to

time, of his conduct to his constituents, and to vacate his seat whenever formally requested by a majority of them to do so.

It must be remembered that the Reform Act leaves parliament of septennial duration; that it leaves the constituency without any control over their representatives during the long interval between the elections; that it leaves a large portion of the population without any direct representation; that it leaves a large mass of aristocratic influence in the counties and small towns; that it leaves the practice of open voting, by which every facility is afforded for influence and intimidation; that it leaves many anomalies, and creates some, in the proportion of members to either numbers, property, or intelligence; and that the best direct remedy, at present, for these defects is by such a compact between the electors and the elected as shall ensure a fair and proper responsibility. This compact will be established by the proposed pledge; which will also have the additional advantage of keeping up an earnest solicitude in the representative, if he be an honest man, that his constituents should possess thorough information and exercise a sound judgment on all great political questions. He will have a constant stimulus to minister to the correctness and completeness of public opinion.

These topics include all that appears to the writer of these pages to be essential at the present time. The last of them makes a comprehensive provision for any which may have been omitted, or for any new ones which may arise. For convenience sake they may be put, and that very briefly, in the interrogative form as follows:—

If elected, will you exert yourself to obtain the prompt and total repeal of all taxes which tend to obstruct the diffusion of knowledge, especially those which affect the price of newspapers?

Will you support all such reforms as shall render the administration of the laws more simple, impartial, easy, cheap, and certain?

Will you oppose the continuance of the corn monopoly, and, in general, the renewal or enactment of any charter, tax, or other regulation, by which members of the community are debarred from the free direction of their capital, talents, or labour to any honest employment?

Will you uphold the right of individuals to support, exclusively, the religion which they approve; and the right of the nation over ecclesiastical property and institutions, to render them efficient for the promotion of national instruction?

Will you, at such times as shall be agreed upon, meet your constituents to explain to them the manner in which you have discharged your parliamentary trust, and vacate your seat on receiving a requisition signed by a majority of them for that purpose?

And now, Electors of Great Britain, let every man, in his own

particular sphere, be up and doing. Organize yourselves, if you be not already organized. Find your man, if you have not already found him. Secure the victory, if it be not already secured; and do not reckon upon that too hastily. Prepare to show the world what a Reformed Parliament is; and make despots tremble and nations do reverence before the free choice of a free people. Show them such an assemblage of honest and able men, the master-spirits of the age, as has never yet been collected together, for a like purpose, at any time or in any country. If the first Reformed Parliament be a failure; if it be filled with spendthrifts, dandies, and adventurers; spouters of froth, and men whose brains are in their pockets; the soulless minions of aristocracy, the impudent nominees of peers, the practised hacks of office, the timid slaves of circumstance; if these, and such as these, are to be found in any number within the walls of Saint Stephen's, then indeed, for the present generation, all is over; you will be eternally disgraced, and the cause of representative government and human freedom and improvement will be thrown back throughout Europe. I will not believe it possible. You will avert so fearful a calamity. You will wisely use the powers you have so honourably acquired; and, to use the expressive language of our poet and patriot Milton, you will 'not let England forget her precedence of teaching nations how to live.'

HAMPDEN*.

'To form, according to the best evidence within our reach, our conclusions as to the sincerity of his objects, their tendency, and extent,—as to the exigencies which may have justified, and the wisdom and moderation with which he pursued them,—is what surely may be undertaken, if not with a mind altogether uninfluenced by preconceived impressions, at least in a spirit not to be betrayed by them into injustice. Nor is it an occupation uninteresting, to such as have any desire to deal truly with the memory of a person who acted a great part in one of the greatest events that ever befell England.' Such Lord Nugent declares to have been his object in the composition and publication of this work, which will connect his name in the literature of his country with that of one of her worthiest children. Much novelty we did not expect to find. Hampden's was a race which, though short, was too glorious, and too much placed before the eyes of all men, not to have made it necessary that we should, long ere this, have known all that could be known concerning his history, his thoughts and his opinions. Accordingly, with the exception of a

* Some Memorials of John Hampden, his Party and his Times. By Lord Nugent. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Murray. 1832.

few letters which passed between him and his tried friend, Sir John Eliot, during that illegal imprisonment of the latter, which ended in consigning his worn-out frame to the grave, and his cowardly oppressor to the block he so justly merited, we have no new light thrown upon it here; but that which we had before to gather, from the often contradictory authorities of Clarendon, Denham, Hume, or Godwin, is sifted and arranged with impartiality and elegance. Lord Nugent's book will take its place among English classics. Would that the men of fortune of the present day, who share in the general and increasing taste for literature, would profit by his example, and employ their time on biography, that inexhaustible and always interesting subject, rather than on such ephemera as are most modern novels and even 'Personal Narratives!'—To collect materials, internal and external, to qualify for the editorship of a good biography, is an undertaking which requires much time and fortune; and in no way could those advantages be more usefully employed. What work of fiction can ever interest our sympathies so deeply as the adventures of those who, in good truth, have voluntarily suffered for the benefit of their fellow-creatures?—the names of Hampden, of Pym, of Sidney, of Vane, are indissolubly linked with our first boyish instinct of love of liberty: we pity him for whom those names do not awaken a host of associations, and bring back youthful dreams of high daring, and lofty purpose, and chivalrous honour, and constancy unto the death.—There is a charm in these things which we never lose, because it has its origin in the principle, eternally fixed in humanity, of opposition to wrong. We love to look back to the old picturesque times of feudal domination, and popular discontent, while sincerely do we hope they may never again return: we look to them for lights on the motives and workings of the human mind;—we see resolved in them the problem of the effect of actions and passions, which effect the men who acted and felt could only surmise and doubtingly hope; we are interested in them as in an important chapter in the chronicle of the world's history. And they were, for their purpose, fine and grand times, those, when the need of protection gave a species of devotion to the loyalty of the lowly, and the proud consciousness of protecting invested with a factitious nobility the grossness of self-interest. Then, as since, liberty and religion were banner-words, and perhaps by the mass have been in all times equally little understood. But, since those high and palmy feudal days, a great moral change has been steadily taking place. One of tyranny's strongest defences is founded in that blind belief of the many in the sacredness of whatever is in any way superior to them, arising from the principle of reverence, innate in every human mind, and which, if it be enlightened, is the noblest, and if servile, the meanest, of human emotions. When John's victorious barons established an oligarchy more hateful than the tyranny which it curbed, because more in-

timately and securely interwoven with what was denominated law, the numbers saw, with stupid vacancy, or with unthinking admiration, the 'liberty of the subject' emblazoned on their bearings. Théir boasted charter partook more of the nature of a patent of nobility, than of a popular defence. Yet so omnipotent have names ever been found with the multitude, that it was not until four centuries after the establishment of that charter, that the people discovered that they had been cheated by a shadow in the name of a reality.

The pampered and greedy selfishness of Henry the Eighth, intent only on the gratification of his degraded passions, was the cause of the overthrow of the Catholic faith as a state form, and thereby of the commencement of an important revolution in the habits and education of the English people. In abandoning their ancient worship, they also dared to question the authority for the doctrine of passive submission which marked the whole band of the ministers of the court of Rome. Not but that every religion, suffering under the baneful influence of union with the state, will almost necessarily hold the same tone; it has always been so, whatever the faith protected, but that fact was not yet felt. Luther, and his brother reformers of the church, were amply disposed to reform the state also, could they have found the power; and, as in the case of all new institutions, the first apostles of Protestantism sought popularity by a show of moderation. True, both Henry and his successors attempted, and often with some success, to unite the old awe of the spiritual, with that of their temporal authority, but it never again bound the minds of men in that entire and willing thraldom which it had done. The sacredness of mystery was gone. Men had been reared in belief of the immutability of that spiritual power, and of its superiority to all kings, princes, and powers; and when the insolent tyrant dared, unpunished, to question its tenets, supplant its authority, and appropriate its wealth, the charm of habitual reverence, while it left the church, was not transferred to the throne. There sprung up in its place the small beginnings of those habits of inquiry, which, step by step, have led, in our time, to universal doubt. This doubt even, we think to be promising of good—to be a transition to purified belief. To construct a stable foundation we must first clear the ground. It is not less needful in moral than in mental progression that analysis should precede synthesis. And the wisest and loftiest of our time see cause for hope in its signs. But the first effect of men's change of faith was to leave them more free for the consideration of their political condition. The quick tact of Elizabeth saw the bent of the popular mind: with consummate skill and energy she discerned the points on which she must inevitably yield; she made her concessions before the people had become aware of their power: so that they received from her as acts of grace, what she only had the foresight to see

she would have been obliged to concede as pure right. Thus she not only prevented further demands, but in the very fact of so doing won the hearts of her subjects. But less than her talent could not have effected the same result. The weak-minded egotist who succeeded her, invited contempt for his person and for his office; but it remained for the blind pertinacity of his son to put the finish to the work. The English have always been proverbial for their sensitiveness where their purses are concerned; and though they might have borne, for a time, even greater political humiliation, they were not disposed both to bear it and to pay for it. The political feelings of the people were roused into action by pecuniary injustice. But among the men, whose distinction, though not their ability, was born of the tyrannous exactions of the first Charles, were some of the first spirits of any time. They dared openly to proclaim the nullity of law when opposed to justice and reason. Hampden, especially, was a man not of this or that time only, but whose mind was prepared to expand indefinitely. He appeared in parliament at the age of twenty-seven, and was even then distinguished. After serving in two parliaments he retired, in 1628, to his house in Buckinghamshire. There he passed the next eleven years, in the quiet and reflection, which are the only efficient preparatives for useful exertion. There are at any one time in the world few such men as Hampden. It is one of the most remarkable and admirable traits of his character, that, with the ability to guide others and to meet the most unlooked-for emergencies, he was not only content, he preferred, living within the little world of his affections and of his own high thoughts. The finest combination of human character is that of calm and trusting simplicity of manner and habits, with the strength of purpose which uncontrollably produces that which it has maturely willed:—such was Hampden's. During this period he could have been but of little use in public. It was passed in a series of the most flagrant acts of tyranny and injustice on the part of the king, and on that of the people in an untired opposition. Imprisoned, branded, fined, and executed, their determination seemed to grow more firm by defeat; their detestation and forbearance arrived at its height. Hampden watched the spirit of the time: he saw the hour and the occasion when united resistance must succeed. He took upon himself the danger. He was the first to refuse the payment of the illegal tax, which though it fell lightly upon himself individually, would, had the people then succumbed, have been the means of riveting the disgraceful bonds which were offered them. He announced his intention to try in the courts of law the great question which involved the right of one man to unlimited control over the persons and property of every inhabitant of the kingdom. Clarendon, whose leaning to the court interest tinges most of his conclusions, is forced to yield admiring testimony to his bearing

during this arduous period. He says, 'till this time he was rather of reputation in his own country, than of public discourse or fame in the kingdom; but then he grew the argument of all tongues, every man inquiring who and what he was that durst, at his own charge, support the liberty and prosperity of the kingdom. His carriage throughout that agitation, was with that rare temper and modesty, that they who watched him narrowly to find some advantage against his person, to make him less resolute in his cause, were compelled to give him a just testimony!' As might have been expected, the venial court decided for its patron. The King then set his agents at work to endeavour by bribery or intimidation to secure the connivance or the silence of the man whose talents he estimated sufficiently to dread; but he had not in this attempt estimated the force of the principles which he had to encounter. Having refused both bribes and submission, the leaders of the popular party, among which Hampden was now perhaps the first, felt themselves no longer safe while within reach of the despotic usurpation which they could not yet crush. They determined for a time to leave England. It was by a remarkable and fortunate want of policy that John Hampden and Oliver Cromwell, his cousin, were arrested by an order from the king on board the ship in which they had taken their passage for North America. Thus did Charles, by illegal force, retain in England the man by whose masterly councils the war was carried on, which ended in the forfeit of his life, and the man who was to succeed to his throne.

After a lapse of eight years, during which the king had resorted to every expedient which he could contrive, to prop up his tottering authority, without a meeting of Parliament, in November, 1640, was held the first meeting of what is emphatically called the Long Parliament: Hampden's place was by all accorded to him among the most influential, and with just self-knowledge he ranged himself foremost in the patriot ranks. Clarendon well describes the influence of his character at this time. 'When this Parliament began, the eyes of all men were fixed upon him, as their *patriæ pater*, and the pilot that must steer the vessel through the tempests and rocks which threatened it. And I am persuaded his power and interest at that time were greater to do good or hurt than any man's in the kingdom, or than any man of his rank hath had in any time; for his reputation of honesty was universal, and his affections seemed so publicly guided, that no corrupt or private ends could bias them. He was of an industry and vigilance not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious, and of parts not to be imposed upon by the most subtle and sharp.' At this time the natural progress of affairs was once more checked, and a last chance given to the king by the ascendency which the moderate party suddenly acquired in the House of Commons: men felt themselves on the eve of a convulsion, fearful in its pro-

gress, and the end of which was most uncertain; all the horrors of civil war were before them, and they made, in the famous 'Remonstrance,' an appeal, which, had Charles not been utterly infatuated, must have been accepted by him with eagerness. They were willing to pass over in silence his manifold acts of treachery, cruelty, and falsehood: they offered him, unquestioned, all the power and wealth which the law had ever allotted for the support of the dignity, office, or pleasure of the crown; but the man was wholly blinded by selfishness to the real position in which he stood with regard to the country, and in the sword which was suspended as by a hair above his head, he fancied he could discern an instrument with which to enforce the slavery of millions. The answer to the 'respectful' remonstrance of his faithful Commons, was an order, in violation of every law on the subject, for the arrest and impeachment of the principal leaders of the opposition: this was in the month of January, 1642, and this may well be considered as the commencement of the war between Charles Stuart and the English people; and it was also the era of Hampden's short but brilliant course of active exertion. Accepting a command in the army, he enlisted his tenants and friends into his little band: wearing the colours of his family, the green, which betokens hope, and carrying at their head their leader's motto, 'Vestigia Nulla Retrorsum,' they followed him to the field where he fought and died for the good cause of human amelioration. He met his death in a manner worthy of him, not in an act of technical duty but in one of generous choice. 'Some of his friends would have dissuaded him from adventuring his person with the cavalry, on a service which did not properly belong to him, wishing him rather to leave it to those officers of lesser note, under whose immediate command the picquets were. But wherever danger was, and hope of service to the cause, there Hampden ever felt that his duty lay.'—P. 431. He put himself at the head of the attack, and in the first charge he received his death-wounds. 'His head bending down, and his hands resting on his horse's neck, he was seen riding off the field before the action was done, a thing, says Clarendon, "he never used to do, and from which it was concluded he was hurt." It is a tradition, that he was seen first moving in the direction of his father-in-law's house at Pyrton; there he had in youth married the first wife of his love, and thither he would have gone to die. But Rupert's cavalry were covering the plain between. Turning his horse's head, therefore, he rode back across the grounds of Hazeley in his way to Thame. At the brook which divides the parishes, he paused awhile; but it being impossible for him in his wounded state to remount, if he had alighted to turn his horse over, he suddenly summoned his strength, clapped spurs, and cleared the leap. In great pain, and almost fainting, he reached Thame, and was conducted to the

house of one Ezekiel Brown, where, his wounds being dressed, the surgeon would, for a while, have given him hopes of life. But he felt that his hurt was mortal; and, indulging no weak expectations of recovery, he occupied the few days that remained to him in despatching letters of counsel to the Parliament, in prosecution of his favourite plan.'—P. 435. His last words were a prayer for his country; and the news of his loss was the signal for universal sorrow. 'All the troops that could be spared from the quarters round joined to escort the honoured corpse to its last resting-place, once his beloved abode among the hills and woods of the Chilterns. They followed him to his grave in the parish church close adjoining his mansion, their arms reversed, their drums and ensigns muffled, and their heads uncovered. Thus they marched, singing the 90th psalm as they proceeded to the funeral, and the 43d as they returned.'—P. 440. And thus died Hampden. It is impossible to read this simple detail without being strongly affected. The cause for which he had perilled his all, seemed, at the time of his death, to be on the point of succumbing, less before the vigour of its opponents than the weakness of its own counsellors. It must have been bitter to die at the moment when he must have been conscious that his were the talents most efficient for his beloved cause, and when his clear judgment had already discerned the deficiencies of its leaders. We, who know as matter of long-past history, that result which his earnest gaze could only dimly and doubtingly see shadowed forth in the future, may feel a melancholy gratification in the fact, that he was spared the sight of the unworthiness of some of those on whom his hopes were placed, and the eventual recall of the dynasty by means of which he and his country had so deeply suffered. But his sacrifice, and that of the numbers of brave and honourable men who fell in the same conflict, was not in vain, did it achieve no more than afford a pattern and precedent for succeeding years. Who shall say what extremes tyranny might have dared, or to what excess of subjection men might have believed themselves forced to submit, had not the example of the conduct of Hampden and his compatriots, and of the death of Charles, been alive in the world's memory? Wherever, since, men have armed themselves with courage to beard usurpation or oppression, the English Commons of the 17th century have been quoted for an example of right, and for a ground of hope: instructing each individual to do his best for the prevalence of his own honest notions of right, secure that in the end right must prevail.

Over the bust of Hampden, in the Temple of British Worthies, is this inscription: 'With great courage and consummate abilities, he began a noble opposition to an arbitrary court in defence of the liberties of his country, supported them in Parliament, and died for them in the field. Let us revere his memory!'

ON THE CHARACTER AND PHILOSOPHY OF THE LATE JEREMY BENTHAM.

THE following passages are extracted from the oration (which we hope will soon be published entire) delivered over the remains of this most illustrious man, by Dr. Southwood Smith, at the Webb-Street School of Anatomy, on Saturday the 9th of June. None who were present can ever forget that impressive scene. The room is small and circular, with no window but a central skylight, and capable of containing about three hundred persons. It was filled, with the exception of a class of medical students, and some eminent members of that profession, by friends, disciples, and admirers of the deceased philosopher, comprising many men celebrated for literary talent, scientific research, and political activity. The corpse was on the table in the centre of the room, directly under the light, clothed in a night-dress, with only the head and hands exposed. There was no rigidity in the features, but an expression of placid dignity and benevolence. This was at times rendered almost vital by the reflection of the lightning playing over them; for a storm arose just as the lecturer commenced, and the profound silence in which he was listened to was broken, and only broken, by loud peals of thunder which continued to roll at intervals throughout the delivery of his most appropriate and often affecting address. With the feelings which touch the heart in the contemplation of departed greatness, and in the presence of death, there mingled a sense of the power which that lifeless body seemed to be exercising in the conquest of prejudice for the public good, thus co-operating with the triumphs of the spirit by which it had been animated. It was a worthy close of the personal career of the great philosopher and philanthropist. Never did corpse of hero on the battle-field, 'with his martial cloak around him,' or funeral obsequies chanted by stoled and mitred priests in gothic aisles, excite such emotions as the stern simplicity of that hour, in which the principle of utility triumphed over the imagination and the heart.

We give the commencement of the address, and then some illustrations of the principles of Mr. Bentham's philosophy, and of his personal character:—

'The occasion on which we are now met in this place, and the circumstances under which we meet, are remarkable and affecting.

'There lie before us the mortal remains of one of the most illustrious men of our country and of our age. That body, once animated by a master-spirit that now animates it no more, why is it here? Why instead of being committed to the tomb is it in this school of science? Why is it appropriated to the advancement of that particular science which is taught within these walls,

to the study of which most who now hear me are devoted, and in the advancement of which all of us have the deepest interest?—Because when the great and benignant mind that animated this now lifeless body was in its full vigour, such was the appropriation of it calmly, deliberately, and solemnly determined upon by that mind itself; and the circumstances which render the disposal of the body remarkable are the extraordinary eminence of the individual, and the extraordinary degree in which this act harmonizes with the peculiar character of his mind and the entire conduct of his life. By this act he carries by his own personal example, to the utmost extent to which it is possible for a human being to carry his example, the great practical principle, for the development and enforcement of which he has raised to himself an immortal name.

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'To give you a distinct and accurate conception of the number of dark spots, on the great field of knowledge, on which he has shed a clear and steady light, it would be necessary to enter into a minuteness of detail altogether incompatible with the time allowed to this discourse, and not in harmony with the feelings excited by the melancholy event which has occasioned it. A much easier task, and one far more in accordance with my own feelings, and I think with yours also, will be to state and illustrate that great principle which he has announced, as forming the basis of all that he has achieved, or aimed at achieving, in morals and legislation, and for the elucidation and application of which he is regarded, by every one whose intellectual and moral attainments qualify them for appreciating that principle, as the foremost among the benefactors of the human race, with which the world has ever yet been blessed.

'That nature has placed mankind under the governance of two sovereign masters, pain and pleasure,—that these two masters govern us in all we do, in all we say, in all we think,—that every effort we make to throw off our subjection to them will only serve to demonstrate and confirm it,—is as certain as the consequence is inevitable;—namely, that it is for these sovereign powers alone to point out what we ought to do, as well as to determine what we shall do; that the only actual as well as the only right and proper end of action in every sensitive being, and of course in every individual man, is his own greatest happiness; that in like manner the only comprehensive and only right and proper end of the social union, or of that aggregate of individual men which constitutes a community, is the greatest happiness of all the members of that community,—the greatest happiness of all of them without exception in as far as possible; and on every occasion, in which the nature of the case renders the provision of an equal quantity of happiness for every one of them impossible, the greatest happiness of the greatest number of them. This is the great principle which this great philosopher assumed, as the true

basis of morals, legislation, and government. This principle he designated the "greatest happiness principle," and he termed it all-comprehensive, because it includes every interest of every individual; every interest of every individual without exception,—of the evil-doer no less than of the most eminently virtuous; for the delinquent is a member of the community as well as any other individual, as well as the injured party himself, and there is the same reason for consulting his interest as that of any other; his well-being is proportionably the well-being of the community, and his hurt the hurt of the community.

'Now what the principle of gravitation is to the whole field of physical science, the "greatest happiness principle" is to the whole field of moral science: and what Newton did, when he discovered that the countless phenomena of the physical world have the former for their cause and governance, that Bentham did, when he discovered that the countless phenomena of the moral world have the latter for their cause and governance. As Newton saw that the apple falls from the tree to the ground, by the operation of the same power that moves the planets in their course, so Bentham saw that his own greatest happiness is the actual end of action in every sensitive creature. In the former principle the great philosopher of physical nature discovered the source and the solution of all the complicated phenomena that fixed his delighted attention on the earth and the heavens. In the latter principle, the great philosopher of human nature discovered the sure and certain guide to the attainment of the ultimate object of all sound morality, all wise legislation, all good government,—the improvement of the human being, the security and augmentation of human enjoyment. The principle of gravitation was known long before Newton lived, but the extent of the operation was not perceived; the grand benefit which he achieved for the philosophy of physics was, that he showed this principle to be, what it really was, all-comprehensive; that he applied it not only to the exposition of the phenomena observable in all bodies in the immediate neighbourhood of the earth, but also to the exposition of phenomena observable in heavenly bodies; that he assumed it as the great cause, not only of the motions and situations of the several component parts of bodies, but also as the great cause of the motions and situations of all bodies whatsoever, considered as wholes, or each in its totality.—In like manner the fact, that every sensitive being aims, in all his actions, at his own greatest happiness, and that the object of enlightened benevolence is to promote and secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number, was known and recognized before Bentham wrote; but the grand benefit which he achieved for the philosophy of morals was, that he demonstrated this principle to be, what it really is, but what it had never been recognized as being, all-comprehensive; the sole foundation of morals, the sole test of every thing that is good and of everything

that is evil in individual or private conduct, in legislative enactment, in the measures of government, in the totality of human action.

'When the perception of this principle, in all its clearness and brightness, first beamed upon his mind, he was yet a young man; he saw, though not fully, the extension of which it was capable; he saw, though not with the distinctness which after meditation afforded, the consequences that would result from its application; and the transport, the exultation of heart with which he exclaimed, "*Eureka!*" was as much greater than that of the philosopher who first uttered that word, as the objects to which his discovery relates are nobler and more beneficent. With a singleness of purpose rarely paralleled, he immediately devoted himself to the development and application of an instrument which he soon discovered to be destined to produce a mighty change in legislation and morals. Trying by this test every sensation, every volition, and every action, which it is right that the human being should indulge and cherish, or which, on the contrary, it is right that he should control and counteract, he resolved to endeavour to construct, on the basis thus afforded him, an all-comprehensive system of morals, an all-comprehensive code of law, of procedure, and of sanction, that is, of reward and punishment; he determined to devote his life to the effort to "rear the fabric of felicity by the hands of reason and of law."

'It may be interesting and instructive to view, in an example or two, the manner in which he has proceeded in relation to each of these subjects. And first in regard to the subject of morals.

'The object of morality, says this philosopher, is to promote human happiness,—the happiness of every man; nay, to extend the dominion of happiness wherever there is a being susceptible of its impressions. The chain of virtue will be found to girdle the whole of the sensitive creation; the happiness we can communicate to animals we call inferior, is intimately associated with that of the human race,—and that of the human race is closely allied to our own.

'Happiness is the possession of pleasure with the exemption from pain,—it is great in proportion to the aggregate of pleasure enjoyed and pains averted. And what is virtue?—It is that which most contributes to happiness—that which maximizes pleasures and minimizes pains. Vice, on the contrary, is that which contributes to unhappiness; that which maximizes pain and minimizes pleasure. Every pleasure is in itself good, and ought to be pursued. Every pain is in itself evil, and ought to be avoided.

'The fact that, after experience of its enjoyments, a man pursues a pleasure, is in itself evidence of its goodness.

'Every act whereby pleasure is reaped is, all consequences apart, good.

'Every act by which pleasure is reaped, without any result of pain, is pure gain to happiness,—every act whose results of pain

are less than the results of pleasure, is good to the extent of the balance in favour of happiness. And happiness and duty are not contraries: in the largest and truest sense they are coincident. All laws—all laws which have for their end the happiness of those concerned, endeavour to make, and in the degree in which they are wise and effective, actually make that for a man's happiness which they proclaim to be his duty. That a man ought to sacrifice his happiness to his duty, is a common position,—that such or such a man has sacrificed his happiness to his duty, is a common assertion, and made the groundwork of admiration. But when happiness and duty are considered in their broadest sense, it will be seen that, in the general tenor of life, the sacrifice of happiness to duty is neither possible nor desirable,—that it cannot have place,—and that if it could, the interests of mankind would not be promoted by it.

'Sacrifice! sacrifice! is the demand of the every-day moralist, and sacrifice, taken by itself, is mischievous—and mischievous is the influence that connects morality with suffering. Morality is the more effective when the least painful. Its associations are cheerfulness and joy—not gloom and misery. The less of happiness is sacrificed, the more of happiness remains. Let it be obtained *gratis* where it can—where it cannot be had without sacrifice, let the sacrifice be as small as possible. Where the sacrifice will be great, let it be ascertained that the happiness will be greater. This is the true economy of pleasure—this is the prolific cultivation of virtue.

'In treating of morals it has been the invariable practice hitherto to speak of a man's duty, and nothing more. Yet unless it can be shown that a particular action or course of conduct is for a man's happiness, the attempt to prove to him that it is his duty is but a waste of words. Yet with such waste of words has the field of ethics been filled. A man, a moralist, gets into an elbow chair, and pours forth pompous dogmas about duty and duties. Why is he not listened to? Because every man is thinking about interests. It is a part of his very nature to think first about interests. It is not always that he takes a correct view of his interests. Did he always do that, he would obtain the greatest possible portion of felicity; and were every man acting with a correct view to his own interest, to obtain the maximum of attainable happiness, mankind would have reached the millennium of accessible bliss, and the end of morality, the general happiness, would be accomplished. To prove that an immoral action is a miscalculation of self-interest—to show how erroneous an estimate the vicious man makes of pains and pleasures—this is the purpose of the sound and intelligent moralist. Unless he can do this, he does nothing; for that a man should not pursue what he deems conducive to his happiness is in the very nature of things impossible.

'There is the like coincidence between selfishness and benevo-

lence, between the self-regarding and the extra-regarding principle, between what may be termed self-regarding prudence and efficient benevolence. The first law of nature is—seek your own happiness; the united voices of self-regarding prudence and efficient benevolence add—seek the happiness of others; seek your own happiness in the happiness of others.

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'Trying by this test what sensations, volitions, and actions it is fit that the human being should indulge and cherish, and what it is fit he should control and counteract, he constructed with this view an all-comprehensive system of morals; an all-comprehensive code of laws, of procedure, of sanction, that is, of reward and punishment. In this manner he embraced almost an entire field of human interest and human enjoyment. For the accomplishment of a work so prodigious he put forth an energy commensurate to the end. The extent of mental labour required by this undertaking, and actually brought to it, is something truly extraordinary. Every day for nearly half a century did he devote to it never less than eight hours, often ten, and sometimes twelve. For this work he utterly disregarded fortune; he despised what is called pleasure; praise could as little bend him from his course as blame could check it; human fear, human favour had no control, no influence over him; he was labouring for human happiness, and the effect of the singleness and nobleness of this object, as well as of the energy of purpose with which he pursued it, was to raise him far above the ordinary infirmities of human nature, and to enable him to carry out his great principle in all its extent in reference to every subject to which he applied it, utterly regardless of all consequences to himself whether for good or evil, and the strong and deep conviction ever present to his mind, being that, whatever became of him, benefit would result to his fellow-beings.

'How his labours were appreciated by the master spirits of his own age, you know; how they will be appreciated by the still nobler spirits that will probably arise in future ages, those who are the most profoundly acquainted with his labours are the most ready to acknowledge their inability to express. In the mean time, it is certain they have already completely changed the prevailing opinions of this country on the whole system of its jurisprudence; and they have caused utterly to vanish opinions and prejudices which the most industrious and subtle and influential men in the country have endeavoured to defend with extraordinary acuteness and with fervent zeal. And yet the influence he has exerted has been not by the diffusion of his works among a great mass of readers, for no works have been less read even by educated men; on no works has greater ridicule been cast; none have been the subject of so much misrepresentation and abuse, while none can possibly present to the ordinary mind a more

repulsive style and manner. But his influence has been exerted over the most eminent and energetic *actors* of the age. To his study have resorted for counsel and aid the most distinguished statesmen, legislators, and patriots of his own country and of the world. In him Howard acknowledged an equal in benevolence, and in mental powers a superior beneficent genius. The laborious and eloquent Romilly was one of his earliest and most zealous disciples. The illustrious La Fayette, his junior contemporary and most affectionate and devoted friend, has more than once invoked his aid in the cause of liberty in France; and one of the last works in which his intellectual strength was put forth, was produced in obedience to his invocation; and contributed powerfully to the downfall of the hereditary peerage of the country. The practical beauty of his works, and the magnitude and beneficence of the changes they tend to effect, have obtained a tribute of unqualified and ardent eulogy from that shrewd master-diplomatist of the age, and most able minister of half a score of governments, the Prince Talleyrand. When first a gleam of hope beamed on Poland, when the probability of the establishment of a liberal government in this unhappy country arose, his legislative aid was besought by the patriotic and devoted Czartoryski. The legislators of the New World and countrymen of Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson, together with the legislators and patriots of South America, speak of him as a tutelary spirit, and declare the practical application of his principles to be the object and end of their labours.

'I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting a description given of this extraordinary man forty-six years ago, when he was in the prime of manhood, by a distinguished foreigner, who had underestimated him, but who, on visiting England and becoming personally acquainted with the then young jurisconsult, soon rectified his opinion. "If (says the celebrated Brissot) the reader has ever endeavoured to picture in his imagination those rare men whom heaven sometimes sends upon the earth to console mankind for their sufferings, and who, under the imperfections of the human form, conceal the brightness of an ethereal nature—such men, for example, as Howard or Benezet, he may perhaps conceive some idea of my friend Bentham. Candour in the looks, serenity upon the brow, calmness in the language, coolness in the movements, imperturbability united with the keenest feelings, such are his qualities. In describing Howard to me one day he described himself. Howard had devoted himself to the reform of prisons, Bentham to that of the laws which peopled those prisons. Howard saw nothing, thought of nothing, but prisons; and to better their condition, renounced all pleasures, all spectacles. Bentham has imitated this illustrious example. Selecting the profession of the law, not with the design of practising it, or of acquiring honours or gaining money, but for the purpose of pene-

trating to the roots of the defects in the jurisprudence of England; a labyrinth, the intricacies of which none but a lawyer can penetrate; and having descended to the bottom of this Typhonean cavern, Bentham was desirous, before proposing his reforms, of rendering himself familiar with the criminal jurisprudence of the other nations of Europe. But the greater number of those codes were accessible only in the language of the people whom they governed. What difficulties can deter a man who is actuated by a desire to promote the public good? Bentham successively acquired nearly the whole of these languages. He spoke French well. He understood the Italian, the Spanish, the German, and I myself saw him acquire the Swedish and the Russian. When he had examined all these wrecks of Gothic law, and collected his materials, he applied himself to the construction of a systematic plan of civil and criminal law, founded entirely upon reason, and having for its object the happiness of the human race."

'This account of Brissot's was written in the year 1793; and the editor of Brissot in the year 1830 adds this commentary:—

'"A few years ago Jeremy Bentham was in Paris. We had then the opportunity of ascertaining that the portrait which Brissot has given, is by no means exaggerated. Never did a noble countenance, or a more venerable head present to the age the material type of loftier virtues or a purer soul; nor ever was so prodigious a reputation more justly merited. Bentham should not only be regarded as one of the profoundest lawyers that ever lived, but as one of those philosophers who have done most for enlightening the human race, and for the advancement of liberty in his own times."

'You now behold before you that venerable and revered countenance. Half a century has passed away since it produced in all beholders impressions and emotions such as these which I have described. Years have only added to the majesty and benignity of its expression. It is now cold in death. It is now no longer lighted up by the beam of genius. The benignant smile which was wont to play upon those lips you cannot see; but you can never forget the countenance such as it is even now. And the heart which beat in that bosom—those of us who have been his familiar friends—Oh! never, never can we forget the kindness of its feelings—the gentleness of manner which those benignant feelings formed; the uninterrupted cheerfulness—the playful humour—the child-like simplicity which gave to his familiar conversation and intercourse a sweetness and a charm not to be described.

'Never was human being more considerate of the feelings of those with whom he came in contact. Never did any one study more to produce a *pleasurable* state of feeling in those around him. But this desire to promote the happiness of those over whom he had personally an influence, never induced him to compromise their higher interests, or the interests of others, for their

gratification. He never scrupled to give pain when he clearly saw that the good he aimed at was worth the infliction, and could not be procured without it.

'He would not have been here, he would not have made the appropriation of his body which has called us here, had not the strength to do this been a quality of his mind. This appropriation was considered with the calmness, candour, and integrity, for which he was so remarkable. He knew that there were persons for whom he entertained a sincere affection to whom it would give pain; he was satisfied, however, that the amount of the pain would be greatly overbalanced by the probable good that would be accomplished by the execution of his purpose. He had a great regard for the science of medicine. How could it be otherwise with one whose thoughts were so constantly employed in the promotion of human happiness and the mitigation of human suffering? We all know that the basis of medicine is anatomy, and that the only means of acquiring anatomy is through dissection. He had an utter contempt of the prejudices which withhold the means of pursuing dissection. He was aware that there is but one effectual means of putting those prejudices down, and that is, that those who are above them, should prove it by giving their own bodies for dissection. He determined to set the example. He was aware of the difficulties which might obstruct his purpose. He provided against them. He chose three friends to whom he was most tenderly attached, and on whose firmness he thought he could rely. He prepared them for opposition, for obloquy. He asked them whether their affection for him would enable them to bear whatever portion of either or both might fall to their share, in carrying his wish into effect. They assured him that neither opposition nor obloquy should deter them from performing what he required, to the letter. "Then," said he, "I charge you by your affection for me to be faithful to this pledge." They have been faithful to it.'

CHRISTIAN HUMILITY.

WHATEVER art or science is to be obtained, we naturally receive, and studiously obey, the directions of our instructor. Not so in Christianity—we commence its study, we seek the instructor. '*Do the will* of my Father,' saith Jesus, 'and ye shall know the truth of the doctrine.' Oh no, say the professed disciples, we will reverse the order; we will first determine the truth, and then follow it. Ours shall be a discerning, not an obeying faith.

Every iota and tittle of the doctrine shall be scanned, re-scanned, *demonstrated;* and then we will begin the purification of the heart, the offices of love to God and man, the fulfilling of the law. —And we advance accordingly—crab-like.

SONG—'THE BARONS BOLD ON RUNNYMEDE.'*

THE Barons bold on Runnymede
By Union won their charter;
True men were they, prepared to bleed,
But not their rights to barter:
And they swore that England's laws
Were above a Tyrant's word;
And they proved that freedom's cause
Was above a Tyrant's sword:
Then honour we
The memory
Of those Barons brave, united;
And like their band,
Join hand to hand,
Our wrongs shall soon be righted.

The Commons brave, in Charles's time,
By Union made the Crown fall,
And showed the world how Royal crime
Should lead to Royal downfall:
And they swore that Rights and Laws
Were above a Monarch's word;
And they raised the Nation's cause
Above the Monarch's sword:
Then honour we
The memory
Of those Commons brave, united;
And, like their band,
Join hand to hand,
Our wrongs shall soon be righted.

The People firm, from Court and Peers,
By Union won Reform, sirs,
And Union, safe, the Nation steers
Through sunshine and through storm, sirs:
And we swear that equal laws
Shall prevail o'er Lordlings' words,
And can prove that Freedom's cause
Is too strong for hireling swords:
Then honour we
The victory
Of the people brave, united;
Let all our bands
Join hearts and hands,
Our wrongs shall all be righted.

* The Music of this Song, and the 'Gathering of the Unions,' may be had of our publisher, price One Penny each.

GOETHE'S WORKS.

NO. II.

Our attempt to convey some idea of the nature of Goethe's poetry by an account of the contents of the first four volumes, is so unsatisfactory to ourselves, that we are desirous, before we proceed to another class of his writings, of presenting our readers with a few specimens of translation; and, for that purpose, with permission of the translator, we will reprint a few articles which appeared nearly thirty years ago, in a work of very confined circulation, and entirely forgotten now. The discerning reader will not fail to perceive that in these versions there is no attempt at ornament or poetical diction. For our purpose, however, they serve better than better compositions. There is no attempt to accommodate the German images and thoughts to English taste. They are all taken from the first collection of the author's poems, written early in life, and are among the most original and characteristic of his poems. The three first might be termed philosophic musings. They severally express—the first what it is usual to consider as the anti-religious feeling, but it is rather the heroic resistance to that monstrous conception, divine power without the other divine attributes: the second embodies the devotional feeling, and the last is an unimpassioned philosophic speculation.

The translator has followed his author's example in printing them as if they were verse, but it may be doubted whether the composition is not rather rhythmical than metrical.

PROMETHEUS.

Bedecke deinen Himmel, Zeus,
Mit Wolkendunst,
Und übe, dem Knaben gleich,
Der Disteln köpft,
An Eichen dich und Bergeshöhn;
Musst mir meine Erde
Doch lassen stehn,
Und meine Hütte, die du nicht gebaut,
Und meinen Herd,
Um dessen Gluth
Du mich beneidest.

Ich kenne nichts Aermeres
Unter der Sonn', als euch, Götter!
Ihr nähret kümmerlich
Von Opfersteuern
Und Gebetshauch
Eure Majestät,
Und darbtet, wären
Nicht Kinder und Bettler
Hoffnungsvolle Thoren.

Da ich ein Kind war,
Nicht wusste wo aus noch ein,
Kehrt' ich mein verirrtes Auge

PROMETHEUS.

Cover thy heaven, Jove,
With cloudy vapour,
And, like the boy
Who cuts down thistles,
Show thy strength on oaks
And mountain tops.
Thou canst not touch
My earth; the cottage
Which thou hast not built,
Nor this my hearth,
Whose glow thou enviest me.

I know nothing poorer,
Under the sun,
Than you, ye Gods.
You nourish sparingly
With smoke of sacrifice
And breath of prayer,
Your majesty.
And you would starve
If children, beggars,
Were not hoping fools.

When I was a child,
And nothing knew,
I turned my puzzled eye

Zur Sonne, als wenn drüber wär'
Ein Ohr, zu hören meine Klage,
Ein Herz, wie mein's,
Sich des Bedrängten zu erbarmen.

Wer half mir
Wider der Titanen Uebermuth?
Wer rettete vom Tode mich,
Von Sklaverey?
Hast du nicht Alles selbst vollendet,
Heilig glühend Herz?
Und glühtest jung und gut,
Betrogen, Rettungsdank
Dem Schlafenden da droben?

Ich dich ehren? Wofür?
Hast du die Schmerzen gelindert
Je des Beladenen?
Hast du die Thränen gestillet
Je des Geängsteten?
Hat nicht mich zum Manne gschmiedet
Die allmächtige Zeit
Und das ewige Schicksal,
Meine Herrn und deine?

Wähntest du etwa,
Ich sollte das Leben hassen.
In Wüsten fliehen,
Weil nicht alle
Blütenträme reiften?

Hier sitz' ich, forme Menschen
Nach meinem Bilde,
Ein Geschlecht, das mir gleich sey,
Zu leiden, zu weinen,
Zu genieszen und zu freuen sich,
Und dein nicht zu achten,
Wie ich!

To the sun, as if above
An ear were that would
Listen to my sufferings,
And a heart like mine
To pity the oppressed.

Who aided me
Against the Titans' rage?
Who rescued me
From death and slavery?
Was it not thou alone,
Thou holy glowing heart?
Thou, young and loving glow'dst
Deceived, with grateful warmth,
For yonder sleeper.

I honour thee! and why?
Hast thou the pains assuaged
Of the afflicted?
Hast thou the tears e'er quench'd
Of the tormented?
Was I not form'd to man,
By mighty Time
And destiny eternal,
Thy lord and mine?

Thou think'st, perhaps,
That I shall scorn my life,
And fly in wastes,
Because not all
The dream'd blossoms ripen?

Here I sit and form
Men like myself;
A race like me
To suffer and to weep,
And have enjoyment,
And to despise,
As I do, thee.

GANYMED.

Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herz drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärme
Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!

Dasz ich diesen fassen möcht'
In diesen Arm!

Ach an deinem Busen
Lieg' ich, schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebelthal.

GANYMEDE.

As in the morning sun
Thou dost glow round me,
Spring, thou beloved!
Love's joy, thousandfold,
Presses upon my heart,
Feeling most holy,
Of thy eternal warmth,
Infinite beauty.

Oh that this longing arm
Could but embrace thee!

Ling'ring I'm lying
Upon thy bosom,
Whilst thy own perfumes,
And thy own verdure,
Press on my heart;
And thou sweet morning-breeze
Coolest the burning
Thirst of my bosom.
Hark, too! the nightingale
Loving does call me
Out of the misty vale.

Ich komm'! ich kommet
Wohin? Ach, wohin?

Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Woken
Neigen sich der sehnenden Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In euerm Schosze
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfangen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Allliebender Vater!

Oh, come! I come,
Whither? Ah, whither?

Upwards! it upwards strives.
Clouds are descending,
Downwards are hovering,
Bend towards longing love,
Bend towards me.
Upwards, within thy lap
Clasping and claspen,
Upwards, and in thy breast,
All-loving father.

GRAENZEN DER MENSCHHEIT.

Wenn der uralte,
Heilige Vater
Mitt gelassener Hand
Aus rollenden Wolken
Segnende Blitze
Ueber die Erde sä't,
Küss' ich den letzten
Saum seines Kleides,
Kindliche Schauer
Treu in der Brust.

Denn mit Göttern
Soll sich nicht messen
Irgend ein Mensch.
Hebt er sich aufwärts,
Und berührt
Mit dem Scheitel die Sterne,
Nirgends haften dann
Die unsichern Sohlen,
Und mit ihm spielen
Wolken und Winde.

Steht er mit festen,
Markigen Knochen
Auf der wohlgegründeten,
Dauernden Erde;
Reicht er nicht auf,
Nur mit der Eiche
Oder der Rebe
Sich zu vergleichen.

Was unterscheidet
Götter von Menschen?
Dass viele Wellen
Vor jenen wandeln,
Ein ewiger Strom:
Uns hebt die Welle,
Verschlingt die Welle,
Und wir versinken.

Ein kleiner Ring
Begränzt unser Leben,
Und viele Geschlechter
Reihen sich dauernd
An ihres Daseyns
Unendliche Kette.

BOUNDS OF HUMANITY.

When the primeval
Holy father,
With slacken'd hand
Sows o'er the earth
From rolling clouds,
Lightnings that bless;
Then I kiss the last
Hem of his garment,
Filial awe
True in the breast.

For with gods
Shall no man strive;
Does he rise aloft
And with his forehead
Touch the stars;
His unsure sole
Has no where footing.
And he is the sport of
Winds and waves.

Does he stand with
Marrowy bones
On the firm and
Sure set earth;
He can at most be
Likened with the
Oaks or vines.

What distinguishes
Gods from men?
That many waves
Roll before them
An endless stream;
We rise on the wave,
Sink under the wave,
And rise no more.

A little ring
Circles our life,
And many races
Linked to each other
Thus connect the
Infinite chain of being.

MAHOMETS GESANG.

Seht den Felsenquell,
Freudehell,
Wie ein Sternenblick;
Ueber Wolken
Nährten seine Jugend
Gute Geister
Zwischen Klippen im Gebüsch.

Jünglingfrisch
Tanzt er aus der Wolke
Auf die Marmorfelsen nieder,
Jauchzet wieder
Nach dem Himmel.

Durch die Gipfelgänge
Jagt er bunten Kieseln nach,
Und mit frühem Führertritt
Reisst er seine Bruderquellen
Mit sich fort.

Drunten werden in dem Thal
Unter seinem Fusstritt Blumen,
Und die Wiese
Lebt von seinem Hauch.

Doch ihn hält kein Schattenthal,
Keine Blumen,
Die ihm seine Knie' umschlingen,
Ihm mit Liebes-Augen schmeicheln:
Nach der Ebne dringt sein Lauf
Schlangenwandelnd.

Bäche schmiegen
Sich gesellig an. Nunn tritt er
In die Ebne silberprangend,
Und die Ebne prangt mit ihm,
Und die Flüsse von der Ebne,
Und die Bäche von den Bergen,
Jauchzen ihm und rufen: Bruder!
Bruder, nimm die Brüder mit,
Mit zu deinem alten Vater,
Zu dem ew'gen Ocean,
Der mit ausgespannten Armen
Unser wartet,
Die sich ach! vergebens öffnen,
Seine Sehnenden zu fassen;
Denn uns frisst in öder Wüste
Gier'ger Sand; die Sonne droben

MAHOMET'S SONG*.

See, the rock-spring, joyous sparkling
Like a star, above clouds, twinkling,
For good spirits fed his childhood,
'Mongst the bushes,
Rough and savage,
In the rocks.

Fresh as youth, from the clouds he rushes
On the marble rock he dances,
And he shouting, towards the heavens,
Springs again.

Through the paths upon the summit
He pursues the spotted pebbles,
And an early leader, forcing
With himself, his brother-torrents,
Rushes down!

And below, within the valley,
Flowers spring, beneath his footsteps,
And the sparkling meadows flourish
From his breath.

But no shadowy vale can hold him,
Nor no flowers;
Tho' his knees they are embracing;
And with eyes of love are flattering,
For he presses towards the lowlands:
Snake-like wends.

Rivulets cling loving round him,
And he enters in the lowlands:
Shines like silver, and the lowlands,
Like him gleam.
And the rivers of the lowlands,
And the brooks from off the mountains,
Shout aloud, and cry out, Brother!
Brother! take thy brothers with thee;
To the eternal endless ocean,
To thy sire
Who with outstretched arms awaits us,
Which alas! in vain are opened
Towards us, the longing children,
Us to clasp.
For in deserts we are devoured,
By the sand so dry and greedy;

* Goethe conceived the plan of a tragedy very different indeed from Voltaire's popular play. The Frenchman's hero, it must be owned, is a mere vulgar tyrant and impostor, with no enthusiasm or power of fascination, who could hardly have brought over to his purposes the *badauds de Paris*. Goethe had imagined the prophet an enthusiast, out of whom grew the intolerant persecutor and sublime villain—he was to have perished the victim of his crimes, but before his death to have undergone a purifying process, and die once more an enthusiast. Nothing remains of the work but this ode or hymn which was published as 'Mahomet's Gesang;' but which in the tragedy was to have been put in the lips of Ali, the prophet's first disciple and partizan, and it probably would have been set to music and formed part of the ceremony of the prophet's enthronement. The verse of the original is irregular, consisting chiefly of trochaics. The termination of each period by a short line in the translation is not warranted by the original.

Saugt an unserm Blut; ein Hügel
Hemmet uns zum Teiche! Bruder,
Nimm die Brüder von der Ebne,
Nimm die Brüder von den Bergen
Mit, zu deinem Vater mit!

Kommt ihr alle!—
Und nun schwillt er
Herrlicher; ein ganz Geschlechte
Trägt den Fürsten hoch empor!
Und im rollenden Triumphe
Gibt er Ländern Namen, Städte
Werden unter seinem Fusz.

Unaufhaltsam rauscht er weiter,
Lässt der Thürme Flammengipfel,
Marmorhäuser, eine Schöpfung
Seiner Fülle, hinter sich.

Zedernhäuser trägt der Atlas
Auf den Riesenschultern: sausend
Wehen über seinem Haupte
Tausend Flaggen durch die Lüfte,
Zeugen seiner Herrlichkeit.

Und so trägt er seine Brüder,
Seine Schätze, seine Kinder,
Dem erwartenden Erzeuger
Freudebrausend an das Herz.

And the sun doth suck our blood up,
And the hills obstruct our passage
Forming lakes.
Take thy brothers from the lowlands,
Take thy brothers from the mountains,
To thy sire.

'Come all,' now he swells more glorious,
A whole race bear up the sovereign,
And he rolls in triumph forward,
And gives names to distant countries,
And beneath his footsteps spring up
Cities fair.

Unimpeded, he drives forward,
Leaves the turrets' flaming summits,
Marble houses, the creation
Of his power and his abundance,
All behind.

Atlas-like, he on his shoulders,
Bears gigantic cedar houses,
And a thousand brilliant pennons
Bearing witness to his glory,
High above his forehead whistle
In the air.

Thus he bears along his brothers,
All his treasures, and his children
To the father who awaits him,
And his beating heart fermenting
Foams with joy.

As a relief from the earnestness of these philosophical compositions, we now add a few from the poems on art.

The following dialogue, entitled 'the Wanderer,' is, in the original, written in a verse as irregular as the first of the above specimens. Without meaning to anticipate the sentiments of our readers on this poem, we would merely remark, that we should suppose there can be few travellers in Italy capable of reflection, who have not more or less indistinctly felt what Goethe was the first to express, the contrast between the perishable works of human art, and the imperishable affections of the human breast. This sentiment was never absent from Goethe's mind, It animates, as it were, and modified all his writings on Italy. and appears in every shape, cynical and sentimental, contemplative and dramatic. In all his works the poet is subordinate to the man; as in the matter the actual predominates over the feigned.

DER WANDRER.

WANDRER.

Gotte segne dich, junge Frau,
Und den säugenden Knaben
An deiner Brust!
Lasz mich an der Felsenwand hier,

THE WANDERER.

WANDERER.

God bless thee, thou young woman, and the child
That's sucking at thy breast; O let me here

In des Ulmbaums Schatten,
Meine Bürde werfen,
Neben dir ausruhn.

FRAU.

Welch Gewerb treibt dich
Durch des Tages Hitze
Den staubigen Pfad her?
Bringst du Waaren aus der Stadt
Im Land herum?
Lächelst, Fremdling,
Ueber meine Frage?

WANDRER.

Keine Waaren bring' ich aus der Stadt:
Kühl wird nun der Abend.
Zeige mir den Brunnen,
Draus du trinkest,
Liebes junges Weib!

FRAU.

Hier den Felsenpfad hinauf.
Geh voran! Durch's Gebüsche
Geht der Pfad nach der Hütte,
Drin ich wohne,
Zu dem Brunnen,
Den ich trinke.

WANDRER.

Spuren ordnender Menschenhand
Zwischen dem Gesträuch!
Diese Steine hast du nicht gefügt,
Reichhinstreuende Natur!

FRAU.

Weiter hinauf!

WANDRER.

Von dem Moos gedeckt ein Architrav!
Ich erkenne dich, bildender Geist!
Hast dein Siegel in den Stein geprägt.

FRAU.

Weiter, Fremdling!

WANDRER.

Eine Inschrift, über die ich trete!
Nicht zu lesen!
Weggewandelt seyd ihr,
Tiefgegrabne Worte,
Die ihr eures Meisters Andacht
Tausend Enkeln zeigen solltet.

FRAU.

Staunest, Fremdling,
Diese Stein' an?
Droben sind der Steine viel
Um meine Hütte.

Lay down my burden, and in the elm-tree's shade
Rest by thy side.

WOMAN.

And what does bring thee here
Thus through the mid-day's heat and dusty roads?
What is thy business? Dost thou carry goods
Into the neighbouring towns? I see thou smilest
At my questions, stranger.

WANDERER.

Nay, I have no goods.
The evening now grows cool. I prithee say
Where is the well you frequent? show it me.

WOMAN.

The path is there, between the bush and rock,
And yonder is our cottage, and hard by
The spring we all drink out of.

WANDERER.

Traces here
Between these shrubs of man's arranging hand!
Thou hast not join'd these aptly fitted stones,
Thou richly scattering nature!

WOMAN.

Farther up.

WANDERER.

An architrave lies hidden under moss!
Thou plastic spirit, I recognise thee,
Thy seal is stamped here!

WOMAN.

Stranger, farther!

WANDERER.

I tread on an inscription, now no more
Conveying aught. The deeply graven words
Which should have borne their master's piety
To distant ages,—now are vanished.

WOMAN.

Thou look'st with wonder, stranger, on the stone.
Yonder, around my cottage there are more.

WANDRER.

Droben?

FRAU.

Gleich zur Linken
Durch's Gebüsch hinan,
Hier.

WANDRER.

Ihr Musen und Grazien!

FRAU.

Das ist meine Hütte.

WANDRER.

Eines Tempels Trümmern!

FRAU.

Hier zur Seit' hinab
Quillt der Brunnen,
Den ich trinke.

WANDRER.

Glühend webst du
Ueber deinem Grabe,
Genius! Ueber dir
Ist zusammengestürzt
Dein Meisterstück,
O du Unsterblicher!

FRAU.

Wart', ich hole das Gefäsz
Dir zum Trinken.

WANDRER.

Epheu hat deine schlanke
Götterbildung umkleidet.
Wie du emporstrebst
Aus dem Schutte,
Säulenpaar!
Und du einsame Schwester dort,
Wie ihr.
Düstres Moos auf dem heiligen Haupt,
Majestätisch trauernd herabschaut
Auf die zertrümmerten
Zu euern Füszen,
Eure Geschwister!
In des Brombeergesträuches Schatten
Deckt sie Schutt und Erde,
Und hohes Gras wankt drüber hin.
Schätzest du so, Natur,
Deines Meisterstücks Meisterstück?
Unempfindlich zertrümmerst du
Dein Heiligthum?
Säest Disteln drein?

FRAU.

Wie der Knabe schläft!
Willst du in der Hütte ruhn,
Fremdling? Willst du hier
Lieber in dem Freyen bleiben?

WANDERER.

Yonder?

WOMAN.

Aye, on the left hand through the bush.

WANDERER.

Ye Muses and ye Graces!

WOMAN.

That's my hut.

WANDERER.

A temple's ruins!

WOMAN.

There, at the left side
Runs the little spring we daily drink of.

WANDERER.

Genius! thou glowing, hover'st o'er thy grave,
Thyself immortal! over thee lies fallen
Thy masterpiece in ruins.

WOMAN.

Wait, I'll fetch
A glass.

WANDERER.

Ivy has twined itself around
Thy slender god-like form. And you, ye pair
Of columns, how ye rear yourselves above
The vileness that defiles your pedestals.
And thou! a solitary sister there,
Thy sacred head, crowned with gloomy moss,
Majestically mourning, dost look down
Upon thy fallen sisters, who there lie
Crushed at thy feet! Under the brambles'
Shade they lie obscured by earth and rubbish:
And high grass nods o'er them. Nature, canst thou
So prize thy masterpiece's masterpiece?
Remorselessly thy holy spot pollute,
And strew thy thistles there?

WOMAN.

How the babe sleeps!
Come, stranger! will'st thou go into the hut,
Or rather stay here in the open air?

Es ist kühl! Nimm den Knaben,
Dass ich Wasser schöpfen gehe.
Schlafe, Lieber! schlaf!

WANDRER.

Süss ist deine Ruh!
Wie's, in himmlischer Gesundheit
Schwimmend, ruhig athmet!
Du, geboren über Resten
Heiliger Vergangenheit,
Ruh' ihr Geist auf dir!
Welchen der umschwebt,
Wird in Götterselbstgefühl
Jedes Tags geniessen.
Voller Keim blüh' auf,
Des glänzenden Frühlings
Herrlicher Schmuck,
Und leuchte vor deinen Gesellen!
Und welkt die Blüthenhülle weg,
Dann steig' aus deinem Busen
Die volle Frucht,
Und reife der Sonn' entgegen.

FRAU.

Gesegne's Gott!—Und schläft er noch?
Ich habe nichts zum frischen Trunk,
Als ein Stück Brot, das ich dir bieten kann.

WANDRER.

Ich danke dir.
Wie herrlich alles blüht umher
Und grünt!

FRAU.

Mein Mann wird bald
Nach Hause seyn
Vom Feld. O bleibe, bleibe, Mann!
Und iss mit uns das Abendbrot.

WANDRER.

Ihr wohnet hier?

FRAU.

Da, zwischen dem Gemäuer her.
Die Hütte baute noch mein Vater
Aus Ziegeln und des Schuttes Steinen.
Hier wohnen wir.
Er gab mich einem Ackersmann,
Und starb in unsern Armen.—
Hast du geschlafen, liebes Herz?
Wie er munter ist, und spielen will!
Du Schelm!

WANDRER.

Natur! du ewig keimende,
Schaffst Jeden zum Genusz des Lebens,
Hast deine Kinder alle mütterlich
Mit Erbtheil ausgestattet, einer Hütte.
Hoch baut die Schwalb' an das Gesims,
Unfühlend, welchen Zierrath

'Tis cold now. Take the babe, and I will fetch
Some water from the spring—sleep, baby, sleep!

WANDERER.

Sweet is thy rest! Swimming in heavenly health
Thou breathest peace! Born 'midst the sad remains
Of holy times of old; O may their spirit
Rest on thee, for he o'er whom *that* hovers,
Enjoys each day self-conscious like a god.
Full of rich buds, O bloom the ornament
Of splendid spring; above thy fellows shine,
And when the blossom fades away, O then
May the full fruit out of thy bosom spring,
And, sunbeams catching, ripen.

WOMAN.

Lord love it,
It sleeps still! Stranger, I've nought to offer
With the cold draught, save a dry morsel here.

WANDERER.

I thank thee, no: how splendid all things round
Glow, and how sweet the green.

WOMAN.

Do stranger, stay,
And share our evening meal. My husband comes
Home soon from his day's labour; stranger, stay.

WANDERER.

You dwell here?

WOMAN.

There
By the wall's side, yonder,
'Twas my own father built the cottage there,
Out of the bricks and rubbish which he found.
He gave me to a labouring man, and then
Died in our arms—Darling, art now awake?
How brisk he is and playful, little rogue!

WANDERER.

Nature! Thou, ever-brooding, didst create
Each being to enjoyment. All thy sons
Have each his portion and his mansion here.
The swallow builds in the cornice his high nest,

Sie verklebt.
Die Raup' umspinnt den goldnen Zweig
Zum Winterhaus für ihre Brut;
Und du flickst zwischen der Vergangenheit
Erhabne Trümmer
Für deine Bedürfniss'
Eine Hütte, o Mensch,
Geniessest über Gräbern!—
Leb wohl, du glücklich Weib!

FRAU.

Du willst nicht bleiben?

WANDRER.

Gott erhalt' euch,
Segn' euern Knaben!

FRAU.

Glück auf den Weg!

WANDRER.

Wohin führt mich der Pfad
Dort über'n Berg?

FRAU.

Nach Cuma.

WANDRER.

Wie weit ist's hin?

FRAU.

Drey Meilen gut.

WANDRER.

Leb wohl!
O leite meinen Gang, Natur!
Den Fremdlings-Reisetritt,
Den über Gräber
Heiliger Vergangenheit
Ich wandle.
Leit' ihn zum Schutzort,
Vor'm Nord gedeckt,
Und wo dem Mittagsstrahl
Ein Pappelwäldchen wehrt.
Und kehr' ich dann
Am Abend heim
Zur Hütte,
Vergoldet vom letzten Sonnenstrahl;
Lasz mich empfangen solch ein Weib,
Den Knaben auf dem Arm!

Unconscious of the ornament it hides;
The little worm spins round the golden branch,
A winter habitation for its brood.
And thou, O man! patchest a hovel up
For thy low wants, amid the wreck sublime
Of ancient days; hast joy too over graves!—
Farewell, thou happy woman.

WOMAN.

Wili'st not stay?

WANDERER.

May God be with thee and thy little child!

WOMAN.

Good luck attend thee.

WANDERER.

Whither leads the path
O'er yonder mountain?

WOMAN.

That is Cuma road.

WANDERER.

How far from hence?

WOMAN.

'Tis distant full nine miles.

WANDERER.

Farewell! O nature guide the wanderer's steps,
Which bear me o'er antiquity's dread graves,
And lead me to the asylum, shelter'd
Against north winds, where to the mid-day beam
A poplar grove does wave. And if I then
Return at evening to the lowly hut,
Illumin'd by the ray of the setting sun,
May such a woman then receive me there
With such a child in her arm!

DIE NECTARTROPFEN.

Als Minerva jenen Liebling,
Den Prometheus, zu begünst'gen,
Eine volle Nectarschale
Von dem Himmel niederbrachte,
Seine Menschen zu beglücken,
Und den Trieb zu holden Künsten
Ihrem Busen einzuflössen;
Eilte sie mit schnellen Füssen,

THE DROPS OF NECTAR.

Prometheus had formed the human race,
When Pallas, of his bold deed patroness,
To render blessed the men whom he had made,
And fill their bosoms with the ardent thirst
Of art benign, brought down from heaven, below,

Dasz sie Jupiter nicht sähe;
Und die goldne Schale schwankte,
Und es fielen wenig Tropfen
Auf den grünen Boden nieder.

Emsig waren drauf die Bienen
Hinterher, und saugten fleiszig;
Kam der Schmetterling geschäftig,
Auch ein Tröpfchen zu erhaschen;
Selbst die ungestalte Spinne
Kroch herbey und sog gewaltig.

Glücklich haben sie gekostet,
Sie und andre zarte Thierchen!
Denn sie theilen mit dem Menschen
Nun das schönste Glück, die Kunst.

A bowl brim full of nectar. As she pass'd
Hastily on, to escape the eye of Jove,
The golden bowl was shaken, and there fell
A few drops on the thirsty earth beneath.

The industrious bee flew eagerly and drank.
The butterfly, too, fluttered there and sipp'd
His portion: E'en the formless spider crawl'd
Upon his monstrous legs and sucked with might.
And happily they tasted, for thus they
And other little creatures share with man
Art, his chief pride, supreme felicity.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A BISHOP?

'If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work.' Thus spake the Apostle of the Gentiles, and he spake from experience, for he was a bishop himself; and had done his work manfully, and could judge what a work it is. In his hands it was a *work indeed*—*no sinecure*—a *work of hazard and peril*; of anxiety and suffering; of ardent love to the souls of men, and of self-denial and self-devotion, to try by all means to save them. While he had hard work he had scanty pay. The bishop's hands were hardened with labour manual that he might not be burdensome, when the support of a bishop of most simple habits would have been burdensome to his see. He had no palace, for his episcopal residence was any house where, in his peregrinations, he was kindly received, and at Rome, where he resided for a considerable time, he dwelt 'two whole years in his own hired house,'—which there is abundant evidence was not the Vatican. How fervently he preached there are unquestionable intimations. With lungs and nerves of the best structure, they were fully put to the proof when he continued till midnight exhorting one church; and though one thoughtless young man fell asleep and nearly broke his neck in falling from his seat, the hearers were in general too intensely interested to be fatigued, and were all dissolved in tears. And his work *tells* well. We have, indeed, no list of nephews and nieces, or children and grand-children, raised to aristocratic rank and splendour on the proceeds of his labour; we have no history of cathedrals in Corinthian or Gothic style which his ample resources founded; but we have the account of a weekly contribution which his zeal prompted the churches of his diocese to make, to send to the poor saints at Jerusalem; and Asia, Greece, Italy, abounded with churches composed of Christian converts, which his episcopal labours had made. His travels as a missionary were not expedited in a coach-and-four; he was, indeed, 'Let down in a basket' at

Damascus, because he had no other means of escaping the fury of the bigots there; and he crossed the waters in a vessel, where if he went voluntarily, or as a prisoner, there is reason, *quantum sat*, to convince us a state cabin was not fitted up for his accommodation. On land he travelled on foot. Covered with dust, with callous foot, with weary limbs, his spirit rose above the depression of bodily fatigue, and the spot he reached was destined to hear him commence preaching the beauty and the glory of the dispensation of grace of which he was a minister. Who has not wished to see him? When Raphael paints 'Paul preaching at Athens,' he takes his notion too much from the orator of Greece or Rome. There is the graceful perfection of a commanding form, there is the well turned elevation of the arm, there is the flowing gown effectively adjusted. But this accords not with 'a bodily presence weak and contemptible,' nor with that 'spirit with power,' which, having divine aid, disdained all the adventitious aid of art. His dress and appearance were, indeed, far from canonical. It resembled that of his brother bishops, and though no prescribed dress is on record, yet we incidentally hear that it differed not from that of other men: for it is stated that Peter (the κατ' εξοχην bishop) wore 'his fisher's coat.' But in the absence of all worldly pomp and wealth; of all pretensions to civil rank and respect; of all artificial polish from the coveted advantages of the world; what glory attaches to their effective zeal, to their sufferings and their success; to their difficulties and the spirit with which they surmounted them! What a mighty moral change did they effect! what a shaking amongst the dry bones, or drier and more dirty prejudices of the whole living and thinking world did they cause! And weighing celebrity in the scale of extensive renown on earth, who share it from the cottage almost to the throne, on the tongue, in the mind and heart like this Paul—Paul the youthful conscientious zealot, Paul the humble convert, Paul the active apostle of the gentiles, Paul the bishop who founded churches, and fixed over them pastors to take the charge, and to be scarcely any charge to them whose spiritual wants they sedulously supplied.

The idle disputes that have been maintained about the meaning and application, and gradation of rank attached to the terms presbyter or elder, bishop or overseer, would never have attracted the attention or wasted the time of thinking men, if they had confined themselves to what the sacred documents teach. They mean a witness and a minister; an example and a teacher. Paul is a presbyter, an elder, and he makes the elders of the church at Ephesus 'bishops,' by imparting to them the πνευμα ἁγιον. Now upon the common principle—fortes creantur fortibus et bonis—neque feroces progenerant aquilæ columbas—a presbyter is as good and great as a bishop. And as age is commanding in a life well and intellectually spent, the bishops seemed to

rise to the honour of being called elders, presbyters, when the snows of life's winter indicated the experience on which the church might confidently repose.

These are stirring, searching times. Our grandmothers express the feelings which their disturbed repose suggests by calling them awful times. We were early taught that truth should be our guide, and that where it leads we should follow; and we fearlessly explore all things that we may hold fast, and expect others to hold fast that which is good. And if any folly, time-consecrated, crosses our path, any prejudice, the ivy-clad ruins of a barbarous age, comes in our career, we remorselessly and fearlessly set too to remove the rubbish, fully persuaded that the space will be occupied by something better and more useful.

In this spirit we feel inclined to contrast, no—let us be candid—to compare the bench of bishops with this primitive model on which we have descanted. And far be it from us to intend any reflection on the man who may be so fortunate as to hold that high station, except as this station has unavoidably operated to produce a modern bishop, the ostensible and parliamentary successor of those who flourished in the primitive ages of the Christian church.

Their dress, grotesque and singular, and upon vulgar minds imposing, is, to say the least of it, very inconvenient for much exertion; adapted to impede motion, unless they tuck their aprons up as Peter metaphorically exhorted the elders to gird up their loins. Their large and ample wigs 'made white with other snows than those of time,' which could suffer no energy of motion and speech, no supplosio pedis, or vehemence of fervid action, without changing what was black to dusted white; their silk and lawns, their splendid palaces and enormous incomes, their high thrones and higher ambition, their seats in the House of Lords and their subserviency to lordly aristocratic pride, their total separation from the people, or the unmeaning ceremony in which alone they come in contact with the mass of living beings who look up to them as vicegerents of heaven—Good heavens! what have such things to do with Christianity? What can clothe so much worldly-mindedness with such a sacred name? What infatuation can prevent the people from seeing that the spiritual power and character is gone, and that the worldly state and pomp of circumstance have assumed its place? And so long as this remains to be the ardent object of aspiring priests, the comsummation devoutly to be wished, the good to which by all means they push forward!—alas! it is written, 'My father's house is a house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves.' Not 'something,' but all 'is rotten in the state of Denmark.' Far other aims his heart has learned to prize, who possesses a spark of the truly episcopal spirit; who aims to be one of those 'made kings and priests unto God;' who desires, in the apostolic sense, the

office of a bishop, and in this desires, as disinterestedly as man can, a good work.

'A city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid;' and men did formerly look to see the good work, with such appliances to boot, prospering in their hands. But oh! how poor the labour, though so rich the pay! How basely have they spurned the labour, which the slightest portion of that love for the people which ought to dwell in their hearts, would have made them eager to perform. They have put forth a prayer calling cholera what we have no reason to believe it was; what it would have been most unjust if it had been, since it attacked almost exclusively the wretched poor; what has proved an invaluable blessing hitherto in exciting, from selfish motives, an active interference to remove filth and dirt, and establish cleanly habits amongst the lower ranks. They have witnessed the most scandalous abuses of church property in all cases of plurality, in almost all cases of non-residence, in the existence of profligate clergymen, and they have done all in their power to remedy the evils, *i. e.* in the estimation of competent judges they have put every impediment in the way of removing abuses; and all their measures have thwarted the wishes of the people to have some duty done for the public property, which the legislature appropriated to the support of the ministers of the Protestant faith. In the public form of prayer, every thing that is antiquated, every thing that is ridiculous, every thing that is anti-scriptural, every thing that substitutes Jewish devotion with all its exclusive appropriation of divine goodness, with all its execrative prayers upon enemies whom Christ commands us to love, with all its local prejudices, and with all its earthly bearings —is retained. And while the priest piously exclaims, 'I am like a pelican of the wilderness;' the clerk and people devoutly respond, 'I am like a sparrow on the house-top.' Why then not add the beard to the wig, and resemble Aaron, down whose beard the oil flowed, and in whose official character there is something much more like a modern bishop than in Paul, Peter, or any of that humble tribe. Even the falsehoods with which this pious farrago is sprinkled, they have not had the industry, or the honesty to expunge, and though the nation pays millions annually to have all done in a manner worthy a great nation, the most damnatory creed still retains the name of Athanasius, who is known not to have composed it. The confession of the fraud would endanger the doctrine; else the labour would not be great, which would accomplish this piece of common honesty. But what this book of common prayer is, we shall take another opportunity to show.

The bishops of the present race do preach more frequently than has been their wont, and the fashionable world which witnesses this effect of condescending love, gives considerable eclat to every instance of their zeal. But the office seems to put a damp upon all literary emulation, all spontaneous intellectuality, all efforts to

promote the real welfare of society. It places them above the speculum, whence the evils that spread around can be properly viewed. The present Bishop of London has left his Æschylus unfinished. His elevation has prevented the finishing this useful contribution to the classical literature of our country, and he has put forth a diatribe about the keeping of the Sabbath, which would have come more fitly in the same style, in the same erroneous and limited view of the subject, from some flaming zealot puffed up with the amens of the conventicle; but the assumption of power which his lordship possesses not, which no title now can give any man, shows the absurd tendency of the existence of an office as weak and useless as it is vain, ostentatious and expensive.

But the disposition of the order, the spirit which actuates them as a body, the damning proof that they exist for themselves and their makers, and not for the public good, has lately come out. The reform bill invited their co-operation; it was the darling of the intelligent—the country cried for it with an eagerness not to be resisted, with an authority not to be despised with impunity. And the bishops, who are the ministers of peace, whose professed doctrine breathes peace on earth and good will to man, and liberty to the captive, and holiness to the Lord, and the putting away the old man of the flesh with the affections and lusts; these bishops in the first attempt—it is well known, it will never be forgotten, it will never be forgiven—cast out the bill. In that one deed they sealed their own condemnation. They can never face the nation again. The veil is taken away. Over each episcopal throne we may now write, or we may soon legally write, 'Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin.' A bishop will hereafter be a by-word, and a term of reproach. What more irrefragable proof can be given than their own conduct? If the public papers in this instance relate the truth, with one consent they have laid aside their silk aprons, and their ample wigs, and appear like other gentlemen! Alas! how art thou fallen! O Lucifer! Lay aside the apron and the wig! Why what are they? Where is their glory? Did fear compel this voluntary resignation of insignia, which they had been bowing, and cringing, and pamphleteering, and some of them more honourably striving to gain? Did they wish to escape the notice of an indignant people? Where is their spirit of martyrdom? Where the dignity of such language, 'I am ready to be offered up;' 'I can endure all things; I glory in tribulation?' Conscience is a brazen wall, and a consciousness of studying the welfare of the people would arm and even protect them far better than the sneaking deposition of their wigs and aprons.

The plea has been advanced, that as members of the legislative body, they were bound to give a conscientious vote for the good of the nation. Let us then see what kind of conscience episcopal dignity forms. What they were implored to vote against was the

grossest corruption, a system of lying, deceit, and fraud; the most notorious bribery; the most beastly intemperance; a state of things in which these were not incidental evils, but the necessary unavoidable consequences of the circumstances which the national mind was bent on changing. They were entreated to change a system that had plunged us into the most expensive, and bloody, and cruel, and unjust wars; that has saddled the nation with an enormous and overwhelming debt; that has favoured the grossest abuses of public trust in the army, the navy, the court, the cabinet; that in short has made the nominal representation of the people the real tools of faction in the other house, the pander to the greedy appetite for idle luxury of hosts of their dependents, and that has formed a pension list of disgraceful profligacy wrung from the wearied hands of the nation—the bishops' gentle sheep to be given to those, who could more justly be called their rampant goats. That boroughmongers, that friends of corruption, that enemies to change, be it for the better or worse, should withstand the wishes of the people; that they should pant for the struggle in which their vanity concealed from themselves their utter weakness; that they should hypocritically denominate the subservience of the commons, the balance of the legislative power to make the motion equable, and the work smooth—yes, smooth to those who advanced none of the capital, paid for none of the labour, but monopolize the whole of the produce, which this expensive well-working machinery created,—this indeed was natural. But that the bishops should, like Gallio, care for none of these things that stink in the nostrils,—that cried to heaven for vengeance on the authors of so much depravity and vice,—that 'were as notorious as the sun at noon day,' —that they should wish to uphold the evil, and set themselves against all the wishes and prayers of the people, and stick by the proud aristocratic fashion that has since been tumbled to the dust!—who doubts, ye mitred heads! that your patriotism is equal to your zeal and virtue, that your piety is entitled to the rich reward that it enjoys; that your elevation is as subservient to the public good, as your exertions for the people's cause are notorious. What man can doubt, who is not blinded by party prejudices, by antiquated ceremonies, by shadows, and chimeras, and hobgoblins, that have survived the dark ages in which they were engendered, that your days are numbered; that a Christian people, and a Christian church, will not much longer tolerate the farce of your princely elevation, the burden of your luxurious and proud maintenance, or the perversion of useful property to the support of the most extravagant and farcical sinecures, which this gulled nation has hitherto once admired, long endured quietly; but long felt to be an unworthy temptation placed in the way of men, who ought to be moved by better motives, and pressingforward to a nobler prize.

[We have received from another correspondent, on the same subject, the following parody on the well known ode of Sir William Jones, 'What constitutes a State?']

What constitutes a Bishop?
Not stipend large of twenty thousand pounds;
Not purpose strong, to fish up
Forgotten tithes from the poor peasants' grounds;
Not wig, and lawn, and stall,
Where laughing in their sleeves they snugly sit;
Not pride that looks on all
The whole broad world, as made to worship it.
No:—worth, contented worth,
With soul as far above the cares that haunt
Court, church, camp, and so forth,
As is the good they lack o'er that they vaunt.
Worth that its own ne'er heeds,
Nor glares at other's wealth with open sockets;
Worth that the hungry feeds,
And loves the poor, nor seeks to pick their pockets.
This should a bishop have!
And charity, (of God's own self a part,)
That far o'er land and wave
Shines like a sun to warm the human heart.
Touch'd by her sacred beam,
The clouds of hate and strife change into light;
Hope borrows from her gleam,
Triumphant faith bows at her presence bright.
Such is the Christian's dower,
Dearer than all the wealth that earth can give;
Shall men pervert their power?
Shall numbers suffer that the few may thrive?
Since those who win must toil,
And those must conquer who the right maintain,
Firmly bear on awhile,
Nor yield while others weal is thine to gain.

MISS MARTINEAU'S PRIZE ESSAYS.*

In 'The Monthly Repository' for March, 1830, an advertisement was inserted by the Committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, offering a premium for the production of three tracts, to be approved by them, of which the object should be the introduction and promotion of Christian Unitarianism among the Roman Catholics, the Mahometans, and the Jews, respectively. Three distinct sets of judges were appointed to decide on the merits of the Essays which were forwarded in consequence of this notice; and

* 1. The Essential Faith of the Universal Church, deduced from the Sacred Records. 2. The Faith as unfolded by many Prophets. 3. Providence as manifested through Israel.

the result was, the preference of those whose titles we have given, and the discovery of their all being by the same author. While such a result is highly honourable to Miss Martineau, it it is also an advantageous circumstance as to the tracts themselves; each acquires additional interest from its comparison with the other two; and they constitute, in fact, one work, exhibiting the Christianity of the New Testament, in its relation to the three most important systems of religion with which it comes into contact. While each essay seems to be admirably adapted to the class of persons to whose opinions it refers, the three together have a unity of purpose, and harmony of plan, by which they are rendered an excellent study for the members of the denomination from which they emanate. Many may learn from them more distinctly the religion which, by them, they desire to teach others; and not only have their faith confirmed, but their views corrected, expanded, and elevated, by contemplating that religion from points of view so remote, and through media so differently coloured.

One great source of the excellence of these Essays is in the distinctness, simplicity, and comprehensiveness of the writer's notion of the gospel dispensation. If the converse of Robert Robinson's proposition, 'that any man who understands Christianity may teach it,' were practically established, and no one taught religion who did not understand it, the ranks of missionary preachers and writers would be very much thinned. Few comparatively seem to have formed, or attempted to form, any precise idea of that divine scheme for human instruction, of which we possess the authentic records in the holy scriptures. Theological controversy is usually a warfare of posts and skirmishes. Orthodox, heretic, and unbeliever, contend for this or that book, or for this or that text, and the struggle of principles, the only really important struggle, is carried on incidentally and in the dark. A huge collection of parts does not necessarily constitute a whole; and many of those parts may be changed, and changed again, and yet little or nothing be done towards that mutual adaptation and harmonious arrangement by which alone they can be 'fitly framed together,' and acquire unity and power. There are many who can tell us, and prove it too, that a certain doctrine is or is not scriptural; that these texts are genuine and rightly rendered, and those spurious or mistranslated, who yet can give very little satisfaction in attempting to reply to what should be deemed the primary question, 'What is Christianity?' While, on some accounts, it has been favourable, on others it has been a disadvantageous circumstance, that so many of our teachers have been converts from Calvinism. A conversion in detail, extending perhaps over many years, is apt to leave the mind in an indistinct and confused state as to general principles. One particular error after another may be corrected; but oftentimes the supposed correction itself will subsequently be deemed a mistake; it will be

impossible ever to be assured that the sum of corrections is complete; and there will be, throughout, the want of a guiding star by which to shape the course of inquiry, and indicate its natural and satisfactory termination. Unitarian Christianity is not, what it has been so often called, a *negative* system. It is not a corrected and amended edition of Calvinism. It is a different view of the divine plan. True it is, that general principles must be arrived at by an extensive induction; but then how much of the facility and certainty of the generalization depends upon the selection of the particular cases. To start with a multifarious system,—Calvinism, for instance —and set about the correction of its mistakes, real or supposed, great or small, is the labour of a life, which may end before the corrected particulars can be formed into a correct whole. Let scripture furnish the materials; make the induction of particulars there; thence ascend to general principles; and then, from those principles, descend upon the details of controversy; and not only is the task simplified and shortened, but results are gained which, by a different process, will probably never be realized, and the soul find a peace and rest which are unknown to those who are ever learning and never arrive at a knowledge of the truth. The demolition and reconstruction of a theological system cannot well be accomplished by piecemeal. The new building will not arise, in its due proportions, out of the ruins of the old, without an architectural plan. Hence converts, especially those who become so late in life, and who continue to teach through the process of their own conversion, often understand much better the falsehood of the errors they renounce, than the spirit of the truths which they embrace. The tendency of their circumstances is to make them powerful for attack, less skilful in defence, and yet less fitted for that positive instruction which is much better than either attack or defence. There have been many profound critics and acute controversialists who could never have produced such clear, harmonious, and powerful delineations of genuine Christianity, as Miss Martineau. She treats of it not polemically but demonstratively; not analytically but synthetically. Her general notion of God's plan for the spiritual education of mankind, is never lost sight of in dealing with particulars. Its identity and completeness are always preserved. It is 'one entire and perfect chrysolite.' She has extracted the spirit of the written word, and enshrined it in her own intellect. Hence her own words are imbued with spirit and life. There is never any inconsistency in her positions. She does not, like so many controversialists, repel one objection on one principle, and another objection on a different principle. By her distinct perception of *what is*, she always readily exposes *what is not*. The best defence against the multifariousness of error is the unity of truth.

Another source of pervading excellence in these Essays is the skill with which the author has thrown herself into the minds of

those for whom, peculiarly, she was to write, and looked at Unitarianism from their point of view, as well as from her own. Having contemplated their religions in its light, she then contemplates it in the light of their religions. Having looked from the centre around the vast circumference of the diversified field of religious opinion and feeling, she then descends to those points of the circumference which they occupy, and looks towards the centre. This is the true missionary process, for lack of which much good argument is often wasted, and much bad feeling needlessly generated. Every one who reflects must feel the felicity with which she has seized upon the congenialities and affinities between the religion she would teach and the religions for which she would substitute it. With the Catholic, universality is the prominent idea of his religion; he delights and prides himself in it; it allays his doubts and strengthens his faith, and gratifies his feelings, and has possession of his head and heart. The Mahometan regards all events as predestinated by the Deity. He lives or dies, as it is decreed for him. This is 'the faith unfolded' by the one God whom he adores, through the 'many prophets' whom he reverences. The Jew looks back to the national peculiarity of his forefathers, when the law which he yet observes, as far as now is practicable, was ordained on Sinai with miraculous pomp, and enforced in Canaan by the sanctions of a special Providence. Now, with each of these leading ideas there is something to correspond in genuine Christianity. They are, in fact, reflections of its great characteristics. Accordingly the first Essay displays the universality of Unitarianism. By tracing this favourite quality, and applying this favourite test of the Roman Catholic, the author separates human additions from Divine Revelation, winnows the chaff from the wheat, and presents the pure result in that precise form which is most adapted to ensure its acceptance. In the second, which is a rich and noble apologue, where the peculiar garb of oriental lore is gracefully worn by occidental philosophy, the doctrine of necessity is used as the means of elevating the fatalism of Mahomet into the providence of Christ. In the third, the wisdom and design of the supernatural structure of Judaism are admirably traced; and it is shown to point to, and require for its completion, that Christianity of which it forms the basis. It is not by overturning that the author aims to convert, so much as by confirming and developing. She looks out, not for hostilities, but affinities. Waging war with the false is postponed till she has parleyed with the true and gained its alliance. In each she finds some emanation of that 'true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world,' and cherishes it so, that of itself it exposes and scatters the darkness by which it is surrounded, while it is gradually brightening into the perfect day of the Gospel. And rightly is it presumed, that truth will be attracted towards truth more closely than it has

ever adhered to falsehood. Find a great Christian principle incorporated in a false religion, and you have an element on which to work. Deal with it as the chemist does when he would draw a substance out of one combination into another: he presents some substance with which it will combine more strongly. If the gospel be divine, its combination of principles must exist in a more perfect harmony than can any of those principles with the falsehoods with which superstition has bound them in a forced and unnatural union. They will be drawn, and the mind and heart of the believer along with them, towards their native and proper sphere. Thus did Paul make use of the Grecian poets and the Athenian altars. The motto of these Essays might be, 'Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.' The author unfolds to the Catholic the true universality, to the Mahometan the true predestination, and to the Jew the real supernaturalism. They combine in and characterize genuine Christianity.

The following passage may serve as a specimen of the style in which the first and third of these Essays are written, and of the tone which pervades them. It is from the Introductory Address to Roman Catholics:—

'We know, brethren, that our mode of belief appears to you under the greatest possible disadvantage, as being, even more than Protestant religion generally, divested of the claims and graces of antiquity. You regard our sect as newly formed from the dispersed elements of other sects which have melted away. You find no mention of our heresy in the records of the middle ages, or only such hints of the doctrines now held by Unitarians as might serve as suggestions of our present opinions; and you therefore naturally conclude that the parts of our faith to which you object are but of yesterday, and consequently the impious inventions of men. If it were so, our present address would indeed be indefensible; our challenge to investigation would be an insult; our appeal to the Scriptures would be blasphemy. But to shake your conviction of this assumed fact, to convince you, if possible, that the reverse is the fact, is the object of the exposition of our opinions which we now present to you, and of every effort to explain and defend our faith. It is because we believe our religion to be primitive Christianity that we are attached to it as other Christians are to theirs. It is because we feel that we can carry back our opinions to a remoter antiquity than other Churches, that we prefer them; and though they were completely hidden under the unauthorized institutions of the middle ages, we find no difficulty in establishing their identity with those which were diffused by the messengers and under the sanction of God. He who sees a stream gushing forth from the cave, and can trace it back no farther than the darkness whence it issues, may reasonably conclude that he stands near its source; but there may be a wayfarer who by observation and experience knows and can attest that this is no subsidiary spring, but the reappearance of a hidden stream, whose source is hallowed and whose current is inexhaustible. We only ask you to listen to our evidence of this, and to admit it or not, as you shall be afterwards disposed.

'We agree with you in your reverence for antiquity in respect of the faith; and desire nothing more than that by their comparative claims to antiquity our respective religions should be judged. We feel that grace as well as authority is conferred by every evidence of long duration. We can enter into your reverence for your doctrines, because they were held by Saints in cloisters which have crumbled to dust, by heroes and anchorites whose arms were the relics of centuries gone by, or whose rocky abodes have retained their sanctity for a thousand years. We can understand your emotions on receiving sacraments or witnessing ceremonies which fostered the devotion of the saintly and the heroic of the olden time, and which filled the Christian temples abroad with music and fragrance, while in our land the smoke of Druidical sacrifices was ascending offensively to Heaven. But we thus sympathize because we too refer our worship to ancient days. Our hearts also thrill under the impulses which are propagated from afar. We also delight in spiritual exercises, because they are sanctified by long-tried efficacy; and enjoy our devotion more, because the same hopes exhilarated, the same trust supported, our spiritual kindred of the remotest Christian antiquity. In our Churches we believe we feel the spirit of brotherhood which first gave to the believers one heart and one soul. In the silence of our chambers, or amidst the solitudes of nature, we are open to the same incentives to prayer and praise which visited Peter on the house-top, and Paul amidst the perils of the sea. When intent upon the words of life, we, like the Apostle, are impelled to exclaim, "O! the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" And were the times of persecution to recur, we doubt not but that, at the very stake, the consciousness of fellowship with the holy Stephen would add vigour to our courage and splendour to our hopes. We refuse to perpetuate the imposing ritual of the early ages because it is not antique enough; but whenever we behold two or three gathered together to worship with the heart and voice alone; when we see men assembling on the first day of the week to break bread in remembrance of Christ, in the simplicity of the primitive ordinance; when we see teachers, in all external things like their brethren, gathering wisdom from the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field,—we could almost forget the lapse of ages in sympathy with those from whom they separate us.'—p. 6—8.

From the same Essay we take an accurate and philosophical description of the growth, in the human mind, of the notion of a Deity. The description is introduced by the author in order to found upon it an argument for the Divine Unity:—

'If we examine our own minds, we feel that our first notions of a God are low and earthly. We conceive of Him as of an earthly parent, watching over our sleep with bodily eyes, furnishing our food with a bodily hand, and following us from place to place with a material presence. As infancy passes away, our conceptions become less gross. We think of Him as omnipresent and invisible; but, deriving our notions from our experience, we conceive of him as subject to emotions and passions. We believe in the real existence—if not of his smiles and frowns—of his joy, sorrow and anger, pleasure and pain. We can then imagine his knowing and remembering all that has ever

taken place, but can scarcely conceive of His unlimited prescience. Our childish obedience is then yielded as to our parents,—partly through fear, partly through a desire of approbation, and partly with the hope of giving pleasure. All the qualities or attributes which we ascribe to God have their origin and counterparts in our parents, or those who supply their place to us; and in no other way can the conception of Deity be originated. No man can arrive at the recognition of a general principle, but through an observation of its particular applications; nor can a conception be formed, otherwise than by the gradual reception of its elements, or enlarged, but by adding to their number. From the watchfulness of its parent in satisfying its wants and defending it from injury, the child forms its first notion of Providence; and, from the visitings of parental approbation and displeasure, of a moral governor. When the presence of Deity is thus recognized, some more abstract qualities are by degrees attributed to him. Instances of the strength, foresight, and knowledge of the parent are daily witnessed; and these, somewhat magnified, are transferred to Deity;—and the moral attributes have the same origin. Steadiness in awarding recompense, tenderness in inflicting punishment, or readiness in remitting it on repentance, gradually communicate the abstract ideas of justice, compassion, and mercy. Our first low notions of holiness are formed by putting together all the best qualities we have observed in the persons around us, and supposing them to be unimpaired by the faults we are conscious of in ourselves. All these attributes are ascribed to one Being; and the conception, already more exalted than any we have formed of any other individual being, is further improved by the richer elements of a more extended experience. The imagination becoming stronger as the materials supplied to its activity become more abundant, the conception of Deity perpetually grows in grandeur and beauty, till it absorbs the intellect of a Newton and engrosses the affections of a Fenelon. Still, this notion of a Being, whom we know and feel to be infinite, is formed from the results of our finite experience; and the conception, however improved in degree, is unchanged in kind. Let it be magnified to the utmost extent, it is still only magnified, not metamorphosed. As there is a strict analogy between the moral attributes of God and of men, there is also a strict analogy between their natural modes of being. Justice in God is the same quality as justice in men, however perfected and enlarged; and Unity in God is the same as individuality in men, though ascribed to an almighty and omnipresent Being.'—pp. 9, 10.

There is much lucid and discriminative thought in the remarks (which we extract from the third Essay) on the relative effects of prophecy and miracles.

'The faith which it was the object of miracles and prophecy to generate being now established, the exhibition of both became less and less frequent, till at length they were heard of no more. The object of miracles was to establish a belief in Him who wrought them by the hands of his servants; that particular direction of miraculous power which takes place in prophecy, has the further object of carrying forward the views of those to whom the prophecy is delivered. The effect

of a miracle is an instantaneous belief in the Divinity of the power by which it is wrought; the effect of a prophecy is to rivet the attention, to excite expectation, to engage the mind in a protracted interest highly favourable to its elevation and enlargement, while the ultimate faith is, if possible, firmer than that consequent on a miracle, because it has been formed after a longer preparation. The faith of Abraham was superior to that of his descendants, probably in proportion as his insight into futurity was more distinct and extended than theirs. He was more willing to obey and resign himself to the Eternal, because the promises vouchsafed to him were of peculiar splendour. The assurance that the whole earth should be blessed in his seed induced him to leave his country and kindred; and he prepared to relinquish what was all-precious to him, on the promise that his posterity should outnumber the stars. Promises so vast were not given to his posterity immediately on their departure from Egypt, nor for long afterwards, and accordingly their maturity of mind was far inferior to that which had been wrought in their progenitor. In proportion as the range of prophecy became wider, their faith was extended and confirmed, till, as has been seen, it was so far matured, on their return from the captivity, that prophecy was gradually withdrawn. These relative effects of miracles and prophecy remain the same, whether prophecy be regarded as a prolonged miracle, or whether, as some view the matter, a miracle be considered as a prophecy immediately fulfilled. Both views are correct; since it is equally clear that prophecy is an exertion of supernatural agency, and that he who works a miracle only foretells an effect which will immediately take place by an exertion of Divine power. In both cases it is God who works, and whose agency is made known by the servant he has chosen. In both cases faith is generated; the only difference being, that in one instance the faith is more pure, firm, and salutary, from its growth having been more gradual, the scope of its exercise more extended, and the period of its gratification more remote. In a case of miracle there is no time for inquiry, no room for doubt, no trial of faith; the annunciation is made, and the event immediately follows. In a case of prophecy there is much to ponder; there is scope for speculation, for variations of opinion, for vacillations of hope and fear. The prediction is compounded of obscurity and clearness. Some points in it are obvious enough to excite expectation; while as a whole, it is left in sufficient obscurity to occasion uncertainty up to the moment of its accomplishment. Its appropriation is decided at last by the clearing up of some one enigmatical expression or allusion, usually hidden and so apparently trivial as to have escaped previous notice; but subsequently so apt, so decidedly appropriate, as to leave no doubt respecting the true explanation or the design of the framer of the prediction. Whatever may have been the variety of speculation upon it, however difficult it may have appeared to reconcile the different parts of a prediction, no sooner is it fulfilled than the agreement of all minds in its truth is involuntary, for the conviction is irresistible. A strong light is cast on some clause which had perhaps escaped conjecture; and now this disregarded expression affords a key to all the rest, and by its coincidence with the actual event puts to flight all plausible conjecture and impresses cer-

tainty on every mind. In the instance of prophecy we have not only the evidence of design, which is apparent in every mode of communication by which truths are let down into the narrow limits of the human mind, but an example of the wise methods by which the faculties are exercised and disciplined to a longer foresight and a more extended range of hope and fear perpetually.'—p. 19—21.

The Tract designed for Mahometans, 'The Faith as Unfolded by many Prophets,' is with great propriety, and with great beauty too, couched in a more ornate and oriental phraseology. It consists of a succession of dialogues, and the effect is aimed at by comparing the two religions, as severally regarded by their votaries, and not by the exhibition of a polemical conflict, in which the Christian would, of course, be made the victor. The execution is as happy as the plan is judicious. There are many passages which deserve quotation for their poetical beauty or their argumentative force; but by taking less than an entire section we should do injustice to the Essay, and for so much we have not room. We give the commencement, in order to convey, more distinctly than by our own description, the kind of work which we recommend to the reader's attention:—

'There was a friendship like that of brothers between Havilah the son of Aram, and a man of another nation, to whom Havilah gave the name of Eber. Yet Eber was a Christian, while Havilah was a follower of the Prophet. Havilah remembered how his father had early taught him to despise the Jews and Christians, and how he had hated them in his youth; yet he did not repent of his love for Eber.

'Eber was not like many persons, whether Musselmen, Jews, or Christians, who having known no men but those of their own country and their own religion, despise or fear all other men. He had left his own country many years before, and had travelled from the sun-setting to the sun-rising; and as his heart was open to every man, there were some found to love him in every land: and among these was Havilah. When Havilah's child was sick, Eber had, by the blessing of God, restored him. When Havilah's wife had died, Eber wept with the mourner and comforted him. Havilah, in his turn, opened his house and his bosom to the Christian, and made him as his brother.

'It happened, one day, that as the sun drew near its setting, Havilah and Eber went out beneath the shade of spreading trees, where the evening breeze might come to them to refresh them after the heats of the day. While the Christian watched how the sun hastened down the sky, his friend withdrew a little space to repeat his accustomed prayers. When Havilah had returned, and they were both seated beneath a tree, Eber said to him:—

'"Though we worship not side by side, nor in the name of the same Prophet, yet we worship together; for we pray to the same God, often at the same time,—and may it not be said in the same spirit?

'"So I even believe, my friend. Yet has the Prophet declared that there is much evil in friendship with unbelievers. Listen to what is said in the Book: "O true believers, have no intimate friendship with any besides yourselves: they will not fail to corrupt you." "Behold,

ye love them, and they do not love you: ye believe in the Scriptures, and when they meet you, they say, 'We believe;' but when they assemble privately together, they are full of wrath against you*." If I had loved a Christian of whom these things were to be believed, I had disobeyed the Prophet; but Mohammed himself would have loved one whose heart is open as the heart of Eber.

'Is it not elsewhere told in the Book, Havilah, who are the infidels whose friendship is dangerous? Is it not those "Who make a laughing-stock and a jest of your religion†;" who "when ye call to prayer, make a laughing-stock and a jest of it, because they are a people who do not understand?" I have never thus jested, nor sought to turn Havilah from his faith.

'Never, said Havilah. Yet is Eber among those who do not understand: else, as surely as the thirsty fields drink in the rain, would the heart of Eber receive gladly the wisdom of the Prophet.

'So say the Christians of those who are called the Faithful, replied Eber. Why should we not both be of those who understand? The same God, the One, who spread out the firmament and the sea and the fruitful fields, who bade the lion roar in the desert, and the elephant hide himself in the forests, and the flocks gather round the dwellings of men, hath given to each of us, not only the heart to love, but the mind to understand. Let us therefore try to understand, and to learn wisdom, each of the other.'—p. 1—3.

To circulate these tracts among the persons to whom they are severally addressed is the business of the Unitarian Association; and never have its funds been more usefully employed. *Our* object is to make them known and read at home. They are not more valuable for conversion than for instruction. It can be scarcely possible for any one to read them without a more vivid perception of the nature, design, truth, loveliness, and power of Christianity. While to others each of them has its distinct mission, it is for ourselves to enjoy their combined influence. The work of each is enhanced by the unity which pervades them all. The writer is reaping laurels in a very different, and to common observers a more conspicuous field, but these are unwithering ones, and of a nobler kind; though they grow, indeed, upon the same stem. For with Miss Martineau the loftiest theological truths and the homeliest practical utility are derived from the same principles. She has won a wreath for her brows from that tree whose roots are fed by the river of immortal life, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

* Koran, chap. 3. † Ibid. chap. 5.

ON THE CONNEXION BETWEEN POETRY AND RELIGION.

ART. I.

AMONG the many views in which poetry has been regarded, we know not that it has yet been separately considered with reference to its bearings upon morality and religion. This subject has, indeed, been frequently touched upon incidentally; or rather the occasional touching upon it was scarcely to be avoided. The critic could not always be merely a critic; he sometimes forgot himself into something of that, which the exercising of his art, when only exercised *as* an art, is very apt to exclude from his mind. The tendency of certain passages to excite the devotional affections, and to confirm the religious convictions of the reader, could not fail occasionally to strike even a critic of the order to which we have just alluded; and much less him, to whom

'That strain he heard was of a loftier mood,'

and who could rise into a noble sympathy with the noblest inspirations of humanity. Yet even critics of this higher order, as far as we are at present aware, have not devoted any exclusive attention to the subject, nor ever considered it as a topic to which the entire powers of a vigorous and cultivated mind might be directed, with no fear of satiety, and with no danger of exhaustion.

It is not with any hopes of supplying this desideratum, or even of producing any succedaneum for it, that we take up our pen to write a few papers upon the subject. Without any pretensions to geographical knowledge, the swallow (now building in our chimney) has dashed over the waters of half the globe; and it is even thus that we design to commit ourselves to the perilous expanse before us, intending only to dip the wing here and there, and humbly content if the drops we dash from the surface shall show the splendid substance of the element to which they belong. Metaphor apart, we simply design to make use of our own observations, in order in some degree to classify and arrange some brief but beautiful examples of the songs which poetry has consecrated to religion. And even in doing this, we must limit ourselves to a very small part of the subject. We do not mean to be reapers, but gleaners. We shall have nothing to say upon the ancient poets, nothing upon the foreign ones, nor even on the earlier poets of our own poetical country; but shall confine ourselves strictly to such of our recent or living bards, as have ever, (to our knowledge,) though but in a single song, excited the imagination for the benefit of the heart and the soul. For our part, we acknowledge, that the breath of genius is never so

green in our eyes, as when the palm is intertwined with the laurel; and we do not think that *he* has lived in vain, who has given but one pure song to virtue and to God.

We do not apprehend that any difficulty will occur, in assenting to the proposition upon which these papers are to be founded. We should have entitled them, 'Papers on the Connexion between Poetry and Religion, as exemplified by passages from recent or living British Poets;'—and we shall not fail to take advantage of the vagueness and latitude of the title. The connexion between them is mutual; their influences upon each other are reciprocal; and it is difficult to form an opinion, as to which has gained the most by the association. As this paper is merely meant to be introductory, we will premise a few remarks on the reciprocal nature of these influences, not with a view to a philosophical account of it, but simply as laying down a few popular observations, to show how little we intend to philosophise on the subject. Could we succeed in inducing the young to take a higher view of the lore they love, than that which regards it only as affording amusement to the vacant and excitement to the romantic, we should feel a pleasure little inferior to that of having produced a great part of what we shall point out to their attention.

Religion, in the first place, influences poetry. We do not place this proposition before its converse, because we believe that such is the most correct arrangement. The powers of the mind, from which *both* arise, are equally inherent in it; and, in a certain sense, it may be said that their developments are simultaneous. If veneration has its cerebral organ, so also has imagination: if men were venerative enough to reverence their God, they were also sufficiently imaginative to praise him. We do not, therefore, place the position, that religion influences poetry, *before* its converse, because we are persuaded that such is their natural order, but simply because we must mention them separately, and the precedency must be given to the one or the other. The position itself admits of no hesitation. We accede to it, as soon as we hear it. Setting aside even the noblest of its proofs and examples,—those contained in the writings of the inspired sacred poets of the ancient Jewish theocracy,—we need but advert to the fact, that, among every people, the veneration of whatever was believed to be divine created the hymns which were the vehicles of their devotion; and that few nations, if any, have had any religion at all, who have not also possessed some lyrics, however rude, inspired by its genius and consecrated to its worship. The red hunter of America chanted the praises of the Manitou; and the hymn of the Druid was heard amid the oaks of Mona. On the banks of the Nile and the Indus, of the Orinoco and the Obi, the religion of each people has inspired the strains of its worship; and the mythological hymns of Homer and Callimachus did but that, in the most tuneful of human

tongues, which was done by the Arab before the sacred stone of the Caaba, and by the Runic Scald at the granite altar of Odin.

The converse of this is equally indisputable—that poetry exerts an influence upon religion. In its simplest form, this position is simple indeed; for who will require to be informed, or convinced, that *religious* poetry has an influence upon religion? But there is a broader sense, in which the proposition is to be understood, and in which this influence, though equally real, is not equally apparent. Besides the many exquisite and magnificent passages, in which the poets frequently express their thoughts and feelings respecting religion in general, or any particular branch or system of religion, it may be asserted with truth, that all good and genuine poetry, of every degree and kind, has, in the mass and altogether, in the collective and aggregate impression which it leaves upon the mind, a tendency to open and prepare it for the sublime conceptions and more solemn emotions of religion. Great and elevated poetry has, and imparts, a sympathy with whatever is great and elevated; and most of all, in consequence, with that which is *most* so. The mind is always struggling, like the plant in the shade, to work its way, by a vague yet glorious instinct, to something which is not 'of the earth,'—to the reality of *the dream of light* by which it is hallowed and haunted. Poetry communicates to this instinct a new and noble impulse, without supplying the full vent of the soul. It is the melon in the desert which does not *satisfy* the pilgrim, but gives him strength to find his way to the remoter fountain. Falling in with our natural aspirings after something indefinite and infinite, something immeasurably beyond and above us, it fans and feeds the sacred fire, without defining the creed or supplying the altar. We may have failed almost completely, in attempting to explain what we feel; but we cannot at least be misunderstood, when we repeat the simple proposition, that poetry at large, no less than that department of it which is exclusively devotional, is calculated, by the collective impression which it leaves upon the mind, to produce an effect the most favourable to the rise and growth of religion. The inundation passes away; but, in the sediment which it deposits there are the elements of a harvest, which will tell that *the Nile has been there.*

An objection may here arise, which it will be as well to dismiss at the threshold. Of the poets in general, a great part have been misbelievers, full of erroneous opinion, and abounding in fallacious doctrine. Of our own poets in particular, it may be said, that some wrote under the impression of the ancient Catholic superstitions; that some have written apparently with very little regard to what they wrote; and that, diverse as are the colours of sectarian opinion, there are few sects so obscure, as not to possess a poetical choregus, whose verses they quote in defence or exposition of their creed. It may be asked whether the collective

impression of what is thus inconsistent and heterogeneous can be eventually favourable to *any* system whatever; or whether, like the wits of the Roman citizens in *Coriolanus*, 'their consent of one direct way would not be at once to all the points of the compass?' we reply that is *not* so, because we firmly believe it. Men do not go to works of fiction to learn the principles of their belief; *they* are taught us by very different works from that—

> 'Where, taught by Phœbus, on Parnassian cliffs
> The Pythian Maid unfolded Heaven's decrees.'

But we assert, and think we are amply borne out in asserting, that the aggregate—*the collective impression*—of these earthly but glorious productions, is decidedly favourable to the development of devotional feeling, and even to the fixture of the great principles of religion. If there is an evil alchymy which can extract poison from aliment, there is no less a good one which can extract aliment even from poison. The poets of paganism themselves may, in one sense, be said to serve the cause of Monotheism, where they little designed it. They not only exhibit to us the beauty of truth by placing it in contrast with error, but, by the direct or implied recognition of something superior to their gods, they refer us to the One, who 'is above all, and through all, and in all.' The same may be said of the use to which our own poets may be applied, as teaching a theology such as no individual among them would have acknowledged, and which yet is the only key that will reconcile and harmonize this department of their writings. To carry along their pages the power and the habit of generalizing and abstracting, is to subject them to the touch of Ithuriel's spear: what is false is discovered and expelled, like the Evil One; what is true remains, like the sleeping Eve in her beauty. The theological opinions of Milton were, in many respects, objectionable; but no human composition, excepting those of the Bible, has done more effectual service to religion (in the *great* sense of the word) than the inspirations of his own divine Urania. The hermit-bard of Olney, the devout and susceptible Cowper, was the believer of a creed which made his *life* a martyrdom; but we aver, nevertheless, that *his* devotional feelings must be in a pitiable state, who can open his works without feeling their sacred power. And, what is true of the works of each separate poet, is true, in a more comprehensive sense, of the collective works of 'the laurel-browed' of our country. Truth predominates so much over error, and right feeling over wrong, that he, who reads them with a view to profit by them, may make them a beautiful commentary upon the revealings of the Bible.

We well remember, when we were young,—for we did not always wear spectacles, neither was our hair always of 'the silver grey,'—the extreme difficulty which we had to interpret some

scattered lines of Milton's, in which his peculiar but erroneous opinions were referred to, as things with which the reader was supposed and expected to be familiar. When increasing years, and some advancement in knowledge, had revealed to us the import of these 'dark sayings,' we were greatly disappointed to find that it rested upon no firmer basis than the authority of the Christian *Talmudists*—the fathers, or that of the Hebrew *Fathers*, the Talmudists and Rabbis. We have now left both the ignorance and the disappointment behind us; and we are not quite sure that we should, if the power were granted us, call the immortal Blind Man from the 'rest' which he has made 'glorious' to substitute any other lines whatsoever, for any now standing in the 'Paradise Lost.' If (supposing it offered) we should accept of such a privilege, it would be for the sake of others, and not for our own. But we reconcile ourselves to the want of it, by remembering that all who think with us, or like us, will have passed through the same process when they have numbered our years, and think as little as we do of these spots in the great Epic Sun. We merely adverted to the facts, to show that the mind *does*, in some degree, exercise the power of which we have been speaking. And if this be done imperfectly without our consciousness, may it not be done more perfectly from design? If it be practicable in the case of an individual author, why should we not endeavour to extend it to imaginative literature at large; to collect the honey of a garden, as well as of a flower; to make not one poet only, or two, but Poetry herself the preceptress of Wisdom and the handmaid of Religion?

While we are upon the subject, we will just advert to another poet, whose writings present a similar incongruity between a part and the whole, or rather between the letter and the spirit. Several passages might be taken from the 'Night Thoughts' of Young (a work only approached by the few, who can pardon the stonyness of the mine for the sake of its gold), which are abundantly orthodox in the wrong sense of the term. One of these especially used to give us particular annoyance. Many will know that we refer to the Athanasian invocation of the Godhead. Yet we now read the 'Night Thoughts' as a decidedly Unitarian poem; and we say, that *this* is the character in which it will be read by coming ages. We earnestly advise our young readers to anticipate them. We can assure them that, in time, the objectionable parts of the poem will be lost in the general and glorious spirit which pervades it; and that Young, who, for his popular passages, is often found on the window-sill of the cottage, will be discovered to be a philosopher as well as a poet, beautifying truth itself by passing it through the gorgeous picture-glass of his Gothic song.

We have already noticed the tendency of poetry to expand and elevate the mind, by falling in with its innate and unquenchable thirst for the vague and infinite, for that which is beyond and

above it. It does this indeed; but it does a great deal more. We have aspirings after the infinite in power and knowledge (which *is* power); but we have a nobler and holier instinct towards moral beauty and perfection. The mind has a thirst for the infinite, which corresponds to it; but there are deeper and purer yearnings implanted in the heart and soul. Who is not conscious to himself, that he has within him an abstract idea of perfection, which colours all he loves with its own rich overrunnings, and which hides, as it were, in the cloud of its glory, much or most of that on which he would dislike to dwell? Poetry, in a general view is eminently qualified to refine and to elevate this ideal standard of perfection; to keep alive in the heart and soul the sympathy with excellence and the passion for the beauty of holiness. It is well known (and we wish that we had the lofty passage of Channing at hand, in which he cites the fact and comments upon it), that our own Uranian Blind Man, the sweet singer of Eden, was excited to the love and pursuit of virtue *by perusing books of romance and chivalry*. Instead of becoming a dreamer or a Quixote by these studies, they sent him forth to be one of the glories of humanity, and, swan-like, to sing the songs of heaven along the stream of a life as pure as his song. Of so much less importance is it, what is read, than in what spirit we come to read it. If, then, romance could thus become the preceptress of virtue, how much more directly must poetry lead to the same end, if it be read in the same or in a similar spirit of self-improvement! This is what we now wish to enforce upon the young reader. Poetry may be so studied, that it shall most importantly subserve the purposes of religion, by elevating and fixing the standard of moral excellence, without which nothing great or good will ever be effected. There is no such being as a grovelling poet. Every *true* poet has that in his writings, which may be employed in the education of the human heart and soul. Without this, no writer can *live*. Books of blasphemy and ribaldry appear from time to time; but they are not 'had in everlasting remembrance.' Nothing is preserved *for the sake* of its profaneness or obscenity; but if anything partaking of such becomes popular and lasting, it is because these qualities are so blended with other and better things, that the worm is preserved for the sake of the amber. But, generally speaking, the muses form but an anti-chorus to the virtues, and the echoes of fancy repeat and harmonize the voice of wisdom. But all (we must again impress it) depends upon the views which we take of what we are doing. 'The pure in heart will see God' in the works of his gifted creatures as well as his own; and they, on the contrary, who bring a vain or corrupted heart to this or any other branch of study, will not fail to dwell upon the unsightly reptile, where others see but the moving gem.

It was, we believe, Fletcher of Saltoun who said, 'Give me

the making of the national ballads, and let who will take the *making of the laws.'* At first, this may sound somewhat fantastic; yet it is founded upon the truth of ages. Poetry *does* exert a strong influence upon the minds of nations; and it is confessedly of the first and last importance, that the character of the floating poetry of a nation should be elevating and ennobling. But with this part of its effects, reason and volition have nothing to do. Nations take the impression of the poetry that passes over them, as the waters flow in the direction of the trade-winds. Be it good, or be it evil, it is an involuntary thing; and the mind is passive under the agency which stirs and forms it. Now we say, that, since the influence of poetry is thus deep and powerful even where it is wholly involuntary, it may well be worth our while to examine whether it may not exert a strong and certain *good* influence, under the direction of the will and the reason. We fairly believe that it *is* susceptible of such an use. We believe that the wind, which produces such sweet effects in passing over the strings of its own wild harp, may be breathed into an instrument, in which it shall be subjected to the governing touch of the musician, and yield forth tones, which, though spontaneous no longer, shall gain by their loss a hundredfold. We maintain that poetry may be studied, by a virtuous mind desirous of self-improvement, so as to make it materially instrumental in promoting the great end for which we came into being. It is to state this position, that we have thrown these desultory remarks together; and it will be to avail ourselves of it, that we shall attempt, in some subsequent papers, to illustrate it by many and beautiful examples.

One observation more. We would not have it imagined, that we claim for poetry any peculiar pre-eminence above the other departments of human genius and knowledge. We simply take it as *an existing thing*—as a thing that *will* exist as long as our race and world. We say, that it may be viewed and used, as a vitiating, an amusing, or an improving study; and that we believe the two last may 'work together for good,' to the almost entire exclusion of the first. If so, we could wish that we had written a better paper, in maintenance of a truth of such magnitude and importance; but 'what we have written, we have written;' and we must trust to the opportunities with which the future may supply us, for the fuller development of what we now 'leave half untold.'

"LION OF BRITAIN."

CHORUS AND GLEE.

Adapted to the Music of a Chorus in Der Vampyr by Marschner.

(*Tutti.*) Lion of Britain! arise in thy glory,
And scatter the foes that would hold thee at bay:
Lion of Britain! it runs in our story
How thrice thou hast trampled such hunters as they.
Forth from thy covert once more they have brought thee;
But quakes their own ground with the weight of thy tread:
Burst are the toils where they fain would have caught thee;—
O! lie thou not down till thy last foes are fled!

(*Soli.*) Where is the hero that thought to bestride thee?
And where they that helped him with stirrup and rein?
On, in thy freedom! who dares to deride thee—
Who muzzle thy mouth, and who plunder thy mane?
(*Tutti.*) Lion of Britain, &c.

(*Soli.*) Rouse not thy wrath, nor in slumbers forget thee,
But calm in thy freedom thine empire maintain;
(*Tutti.*) Cease not thy watch! some are left to beset thee;—
O! spend not thy glance and thy thunders in vain!

Lion of Britain! the hunters have sought thee;
But quakes their own ground with the weight of thy tread:
Burst are the toils where they fain would have caught thee.
O! lie thou not down till thy last foes are fled! H. M.

ON THE PUBLIC MIND OF FRANCE.

Paris, June the 22nd, 1832.

I PROMISED to send you, occasionally, some details on the philosophical ideas and doctrines of the French nation at this moment. But, alas! now, neither France nor Paris are in a *philosophical* state. We have little time left for theory and meditation amid the distraction of our politics, which is such, that it would require a very keen foresight to decide *what* France will be a year hence. Our dearest interests are so much involved in the issue of the contest, that it is hardly possible to speak or write of anything else. I am then *compelled* to make this letter rather a political one. In general, the situation of our public mind is little known out of France. There is not out of France an enlightened foreigner who will not feel extremely amazed at what has taken place in Paris; and, to take an example, what Englishman will not stare with wonder when he learns that the citizens of Paris, twenty-two months after the glorious three days of July, 1830, have calmly submitted to see the capital placed under military law, in complete defiance of all constitutional and

chartered provisions? All this is a sad and mysterious enigma, which, however, the consideration of a few facts will solve. There exist with us *three principal features* of our manners and internal state; there prevail in France among the active and enlightened part of the nation, a *military spirit*, a *democratic spirit*, and a *commercial spirit*. Our *military* taste is a relict of the wars of the revolution, and a living branch of the laurels of Napoleon. Blows and fighting are a favourite *divertissement* with the French people. Fighting, purely in the abstract sense, will always be popular in France, and this we call *glory;* and such is our love for parading in arms, that here, by some at least, no king that fights well will be called despot. This explains what has happened in July 1830, and in the beginning of this month, — that a rumour in Paris is ever apt to degenerate into a pitched battle; and that, as I am certain it has happened nineteen days ago, people go to blows with immense delight, and not only young men and rabble, but *respectable* tradesmen, persons of all professions, and even fathers of large families. Such is with us the intoxicating influence of gunpowder; and there is no doubt, that if we end in having a war with any power, either king or autocrat, that the French will go to work with a violence that European tyrants had better avoid!—Our *democratical* spirit is equally a fact, and is owing to many causes. The principal is the active and eternal *souvenir* of the French revolution. Liberty, fraternity, equality, are magic sounds that no tempest can drown in the ears of an active and enlightened people. I do not mean to say that our ideas of *liberty* are very sound and rational; but our ideas of *equality* are very deeply fixed. We detest domination, either princely, feudal, or ecclesiastic. The absolutism of our Catholic clergy is a prominent cause of the disgust which they excite. The power of a free press in the latter years of Charles X.'s reign did much for the education of the minds of the people. In this country, when a man or a boy above childhood knows how to read, his first book is our *newspapers*, which provide an every-day food. In this manner many people in France discuss, argue, and decide in political questions of the greatest import, without having the firm and standing principles of a sound and philosophical education. This is so much the case, that our press, though small compared to your own and to America, has devoured almost all the other modes of publication. In France, there is now nearly no literature at all, but the *periodical*.

In this lies one cause of our democratical spirit, and of our political ardour, which, however, is rather *superficial* in many cases. Another cause is a tendency towards a general emancipation of the provinces from the administrative despotism of Paris. Every large town in France, nay, every village will have politicians of its own, and our Parisian dignitaries were much amazed in the course of last year, to see in all parts of France good and well

conducted papers rising one after another. But there is a still deeper cause of our democratical tendency. In the same proportion as civilization, political knowledge penetrates in the most remote parts of France—there, as a natural inference, every small *bourgeois*, every peasant, who grows rich, resolves that his son shall be a gentleman, *un Monsieur*. The consequence is that in this country there is a general struggle of every class to come up, and rear itself above its level. This is very good, and a sure symptom of progress. But the result is, that each new generation is determined to be *something* in the state and country: crowds of young men come to Paris, where they imbibe the philosophical ideas and liberal notions of our great Babylon, and then they carry back the gift to their departments; so that the electric fluid circulates perpetually by all these young men, from Paris to the provinces. Another result is that our liberal professions do not afford one-tenth of the demand that would occupy our young men. We have actually *a standing army* of *lawyers* and *doctors;* but, alas, the first have proved as useless against the *etat de siege*, as the second against *cholera*. All these influences will explain our immense ardour on political questions—our fixed and powerful ideas of *equality*, which is, among the great majority, nothing else but a general determination of filling some part, either in action or in speech, in public life and in the movement of our age.—A third feature remains, which is not the least important. In France, commercial spirit and enterprize is abroad in every direction. This is owing to the powerful impulse that Napoleon gave to our arts and manufactures, and to the necessity that we were placed under by the *blockade* of France by English fleets. A great proportion of our young men, and indeed of all France, is engaged in commerce. Now, commerce and speculation can only thrive under the protection of peace, order, and a strong government. Reversing the Polish motto, commerce will always prefer '*quieta servitus*' to '*periculosa libertas.*' While our military and democratical spirit ask for agitation and war as their proper element, our commercial spirit demands repose and submission to laws, good or bad, provided they do not interfere with its own concerns. The first is a *spirit of mind*, and the second *a question of money*, at least in France. It is thus, that by a long circuit,—that however the complete consideration of the case rendered necessary,—we can point out the exact explanation of the state of France, and of the revolt of this month. Any violent political movement (unless provoked by an *atrocious* conduct of government, which was not the case at the procession at General Lamarque's funeral) will have to contend in France with the whole interest of commerce, property, and good order. It was owing to this that a large part of the bourgeois of Paris took arms and left their families and concerns to fire on the republicans. It is for this reason that the

etat de siege, though a mad and unjustifiable measure, was not opposed, but rather supported, by the majority of the citizens of Paris. We may conclude that every event in France must be considered as the result of our three-fold character,—military, democratical, and commercial; or, rather, as the result of the kind of *contest* and *opposition* that these principles have among each other. However, one thing appears to me certain, nothing—no measure, either of force or skill, will destroy the democratical feature of French society. It may be crushed for a while, but never can be suppressed. Great prudence and great concessions are requisite to save our monarchical form from destruction; and if violent and imprudent measures are resorted to against democratical spirit, future revolutions are inevitable. Then the hosts of all Europe will be directed to extinguish the flame. Then will be verified Napoleon's strange prediction, when he said, that within a century Europe's destiny was to be either *Russian* or a *republic*.—To add a word on philosophical questions:—great scandal was created here by the conduct of the St. Simonian convent at Menilmontant, during the firing of the 6th of June. These philosophers and theocrats had solemnly declared, often enough, that in the first bloody encounter between soldiers and the people in Paris, they would come, in sacerdotal pomp, and interpose between the combatants. However, while Paris rung with the noise of musketry and cannon, they thought proper to remain snug in their retreat. It cannot be denied that *prudence* is one of the qualities of their doctrine.—You will soon hear of a plan that has been proposed among the Protestants of Paris, to unite, in the same organization and same name, the Calvinists and Lutherans of France, who neither of them believe the tenets of Calvin or of Luther. United, we shall show a broader front, and we shall reckon about two millions. Sectarian spirit alone can be adverse to the measure; and that will be overruled. It was well remarked in the meeting, by one of the Calvinist (so called) pastors of Paris, that in the nineteenth century, and in 1832, nothing appeared to him more ridiculous than to see any Protestant Christian styling himself either *Calvinist* or *Lutheran*.

O.

SCRIPTURE CRITICISM.

Matt. iv. 1, *et seq.*

Whatever interpretation we give to the extraordinary narrative contained in this passage, it will be found impossible to reconcile it with the common idea of the superhuman, and still more of the divine nature of Christ. But more especially will this remark appear to be true of the literal interpretation, which yet is most generally prevalent among those who ascribe to Jesus omniscience and other attributes of divinity. Did he know who it was

that was addressing to him these insidious suggestions?—who it was that proposed to the Creator of heaven and earth to fall down and worship him in order to receive in return the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them? If he did, how could he be affected by any such temptations? If he did not, what becomes of his omniscience? But how was it possible for such a being to be under any temptation to try the love of God to him by turning stones into bread, or by casting himself down from a pinnacle of the temple? How could all the glories of this world be any temptation to him who (according to the Arian scheme) had made all things, under the direction of the Supreme Being? Had he forgotten the power and glory which he once possessed? Above all, how can we conceive that any of these things should be temptations to the second person of the Trinity, himself equal to the Father?

In fact, there seems something so strange, so inconsistent with all our notions of the character of the blessed Jesus, in the supposition that a being so pure and so holy—so free from every thought of worldly glory or aggrandizement—could really be *tempted* by the prospect of such things as these, that it seems to present an almost insurmountable objection to all modes of interpreting this narrative, which proceed on the hypothesis that any *actual* temptation was presented to his mind. The notion of a dream or vision of some kind, though liable to objection upon other grounds, is free from this difficulty; for we know, from constant experience, that the mind, under these circumstances, is not affected or disturbed by inconsistencies either natural or moral, which would be altogether revolting at other times. The same character evidently applies to many of the prophetical visionary representations in the Old Testament; and Dr. Hartley has even suggested that an argument for the genuineness of these prophecies might be derived from this very circumstance. So that its utter inconsistency with the real character of our Saviour is no reason why he may not be supposed in a dream to have imagined himself really influenced by the petty and sordid inducements supposed to be held out by the devil in this story. Nor, again, does our entire disbelief in the real existence of such a being, as the devil or Satan is usually described, oppose any obstacle to the conjecture, that *in a dream* he might suppose himself to be really holding a dialogue with this imaginary personage.

The supposition of Mr. Cappe and others, that Jesus actually repaired to a pinnacle of the temple (a place which there is no reason to think was accessible to persons not officially connected with the temple service), and that in that situation the idea suggested itself to his *waking* thoughts, 'What a magnificent thing it would be to throw myself down from this height to commence my ministry among the people below!' seems to me fraught with insurmountable difficulties. Did he travel alone to Jerusalem, from

the wilderness beyond Jordan, for no other purpose but to have such an idea as this awakened in his mind? Besides, it is in itself altogether a silly and puerile notion, quite unlikely to have occurred during his waking hours to a mind so humble and unobtrusive—so averse on all other occasions to everything like unnecessary ostentation or parade. That it should occur in a dream or vision is conceivable enough; because we all know that very strange, inconsistent, and extravagant things often do present themselves in our dreams; but the supposition that, with the full exercise of his understanding, he could entertain such a thought as this, appears to me quite incompatible with the simplicity, the dignity of character, the humility, the wisdom and good sense which we justly ascribe to the meek and holy Jesus.

On the whole, therefore, though with some hesitation, I am disposed to acquiesce in the interpretation of this narrative recommended by Mr. Farmer. That the διαβολος was a wicked spirit, supposed to be permitted to address his evil suggestions to the minds of men, would not, on this scheme, be an inadmissible supposition. Without at all admitting the existence of such a being, or supposing that Jesus believed in his existence, there is no difficulty in admitting that the popular notions of his character and attributes then prevalent among the Jews might present themselves in a dream. Still, however, it does not appear to be *necessary* to resort to this supposition. The word properly denotes an accuser or adversary; it is generally, if not always, used in a bad sense, and may therefore be understood to denote the adversary of God, or of good men, or of any cause or undertaking of which good men may wish the success. Now there was in those days a person who was then, and continued for many ages afterwards, to be invested with power which he was commonly disposed to apply to these evil purposes; and more especially was it true of him, that all the kingdoms of the οικουμενη, or Roman world, were given into his hands, and that to whomever he would he gave them;—a fact which was nowhere more remarkably exemplified than in the distribution of political power in the various regions of the holy land. I refer to the Roman Emperor; who may very well be supposed to have been presented to our Saviour's *dreaming* imagination as saying, 'All the provinces and districts into which this land is now divided are subject to my uncontrolled disposal, and I have accordingly committed them to the charge of various petty chiefs and governors. In thy character of the Messiah expected by the Jews, thou aspirest to a dominion over the whole of it, and I am ready to invest thee with this authority, provided that thou wilt do homage to me for it, and acknowledge the Roman Emperor as thy political superior.'

Matt. xxv. 37.—'Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee?' &c.

The reply here made by the true disciples is very natural, and conformable to the simplicity and humility everywhere ascribed to those whom Christ will acknowledge in that character. But I should think that those who believe that we are saved solely through a satisfaction rendered by the death of Christ to divine justice, and that our own good works are mere 'filthy rags,' might well be surprised to find that no allusion is made in this reply to what they consider as the only effectual and procuring cause of salvation. When the blessed of Christ and of the Father were thus disclaiming that merit which he seemed disposed to ascribe to them, one would naturally have expected to hear them profess their reliance for admission to the grace and mercy of God solely upon the righteousness of Christ and the efficacy of his atonement. A modern orthodox believer could not have failed to express himself in this manner; but not a word or a hint of the kind occurs here; a clear proof, to my mind, that no such doctrine is to be found in the Gospel, or formed any part of the message of grace as communicated by Jesus.

Halifax. W. T.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A Church Establishment Antichristian, the House of Bondage, a National Grievance, an Obstacle to the Growth of Religion, to Human Improvement, and to the Progress of better Views of Society; a Lecture. By Franklin Baker, A. M.

The above title is too long, and clumsily constructed besides; but not so the spirited discourse to which it is prefixed. It consists of an amplification, with especial reference to the Church of England, of the several particulars which the title enumerates. Those allegations are well and vigorously proved. The author is an ardent assailant, but not an abusive one. He exposes and denounces corruption with the feelings of a true patriot, an honest man, and a zealous Christian. He sees no reason why superstition, oppression, and extortion, should be allowed to pull the cloak of religion over their shoulders, and make men do them reverence. His manner has a freshness and vitality about it which are very pleasant, and powerful too, and which made it a surprise to us, to find that we were reading the discourse of an invalid. May returning health enable him to make many more such efforts, until success renders them unnecessary. We quote an apology, for which we had seen no occasion, because it manifests a spirit for which we see much occasion:—

'In extenuation of its deficiencies I must be allowed to state, that the lecture was prepared in the intervals of sickness, and during a state of languor which prevented any prolonged exertion. Nor can I venture to hope, that the feeble condition of my health may not have communicated a want of energy to the delivery, as well as to the expression of my sentiments. In fact, that effort has not been made without a considerable sacrifice of personal comfort; but were it to be the final

effort I should ever make in public, my last words, like those of the Athenian soldier should be, " I have struck the citadel." '—p. 40.

A Discourse on the Nature of the Instrumentality which God exercises by his Son, in the Salvation of the World. By Simon Clough, Pastor of the First Christian Society in the City of New York.

We have introduced to the notice of our readers, a republication of two pieces by Mr. Clough, which state the rise and establishment in twenty-five years, in the United States of America, of above one thousand Unitarian congregations under the designation of Christians. In the discourse now before us, Mr. Clough states his views, and those of 'the Christians,' in regard not only to the unity of the Deity, but also the person of our Lord.

'Jesus Christ is the Son of God, another and distinct Being from him, whom the Father has sanctified, and sent into the world to be the Saviour of sinners.' 'Jesus Christ is, by way of eminent distinction from all other beings, styled in the original Greek, *ὁ υἱος του Θεου*, the Son of the God.' The sacred writers have also informed us in what sense Jesus is the Son of God; first, because he was made of a woman by the immediate power of God, without the intervention of a secondary cause; secondly, because he is holy, "That holy thing," says the angel, "which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." As Jesus was produced by a holy operating power, he must, consequently, be a holy being; hence, we regard the manner of his conception as a means to obtain an end; this end was to exhibit to the world, a being who should possess the moral image of God in a supereminent degree, and therefore called his Son.' 'Here is a plain, simple, and positive statement of facts, as exhibited by the sacred writers, respecting the persons of the Father and the Son.' 'We now pass to show that the plan of salvation originated in the infinite wisdom, goodness, mercy, and love of the Father Almighty.' 'This grace was manifested to us by his son Jesus Christ.' 'During the apostolic age, on several highly important occasions, our blessed Lord made his visible appearance after his ascension.' 'There are, also, frequent intimations that the apostles and primitive Christians received counsel, and support and consolation by spiritual communication through the instrumentality of their exalted Lord, when he made no personal appearance. And the inspired writers give no intimation that the active benevolence of Jesus Christ in behalf of his Church, and the extension of his kingdom in the world, would terminate at the expiration of the apostolic age; and we see no foundation on which to rest this opinion. For our own part we fully believe, that the same instrumentality which he exercised during the apostolic age, he will continue to exercise till "He shall deliver up the kingdom to God."' 'No doctrine in the New Testament is more interesting, more tangible, more consoling than this. When the sinner reflects that the benevolent Jesus, who voluntarily laid down his life for him, is now interceding with God in his behalf, is calling by his word, by his ministers and by his spirit, to forsake sin and lay hold on the hope set before him in the gospel, if his conscience is not seared as with a hot iron, he must feel its touching influence, its attractive energies, its vivifying power. To reflect too that we have in heaven a friend who

is ever mindful of our best interests,—a friend who was once a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, is equally consoling and interesting to the Christian. Jesus is not the passive but the active instrument of God's goodness. He is the conveyer of pardon and immortality to us in such a sense that we owe them to him, as well as primarily to God. He was appointed to be the Saviour of the world, in a sense in which every thing depended upon his benevolence and faithfulness; and having finished the work, is entitled to our love, gratitude, obedience, and veneration; for had he betrayed his trust, the dispensation would have been frustrated, darkness would have covered the earth. He came to be a Saviour. The world was lost in sin, and he came to seek and save that which was lost. His salvation then is a salvation from the power, dominion, and consequences of sin. While on earth he established a series of means, which, if diligently improved, will lead us to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, knowing that it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do. The efficacy of these means is essentially promoted by being associated with the personal labours and sufferings of him who died to establish them.'

We copy the whole of the form of dedication of a 'house of prayer,' on the opening of which this discourse was delivered:—

'We end as we began, by dedicating this house to God the Father Almighty, the only living and true God. We dedicate it to his undivided unity,—to his supreme and unrivalled majesty. We dedicate it to his paternal love,—to his free grace,—to his supreme worship. We dedicate it to his son Jesus Christ, the only mediator between God and man;—to the memory of his love,—to the celebration of his moral perfections,—to the preaching of that gospel which he sealed with his blood and confirmed by his resurrection from the dead. We dedicate it to the Holy Spirit, the regenerating and sanctifying power of God;—to those heavenly influences which bring back the rebellious sons of men to the smiles of their Holy Father;—to those celestial visitations which communicate peace, joy, and strength to the devout soul. We dedicate it to the sacred cause of Christian liberty,—to the rights of individual judgment. We dedicate it to social worship, to religious intercourses, to the communion of saints. We dedicate it to Christian morals,—to social order,—to diffusive benevolence,—to universal good will. We dedicate it to those solemn warnings,—to those affectionate entreaties, to those persuasive arguments by which a perishing sinner may be arrested and brought to God. We dedicate it to the precious promises of the gospel, which pour consolation into the devout heart, and lighten the burden of human woe. We dedicate it to the hope of a blessed immortality in that brighter world of glory where reigns our eternal day of rest, and peace, and joy. Finally, we dedicate it to the great work of preparing the soul for that state of blessedness and of nearer approach to God its maker. Here, in this house, may heart meet heart; here may man meet God; here may devout gratitude, may fervent prayers, may songs of praise—as fragrant incense—ascend to heaven. Here may the blessings of God descend upon his people, and the dews of heaven water generations to come. May parents bequeath to their children, down to the latest posterity, this sacred spot, this holy temple, when they have met the smiles of their Heavenly Father, and received pledges of everlasting love.'

On the prevailing Forgetfulness of God;—its Cause, and Remedy. **By Thomas May, Minister of the Old Chapel, Stand. Forrest, Manchester.**

THERE was no need for Mr. May to deprecate the severity of criticism on the ground of his having consented to publish this discourse at the request of the very respectable congregation before whom it was preached, for it is creditable alike to the writer's head and heart; and we are glad to find in it an evidence that the loss which the congregation at Stand has recently sustained will be repaired in him who now ministers to them in holy things.

We doubt if the first part of the sermon corresponds accurately with the title. It is not so much an exposition of the fact of a prevalent forgetfulness as it is an argument in defence of the assumption, that wrath is a better teacher of piety than mercy. As it is, the position requires limitation. It is not true as a general principle, but with some minds, and in certain states of mind. With at least equal correctness might it have been said and enforced, that the goodness of God leadeth to repentance. The fact is, both statements are false in the generality in which they are put forth, and true only when set over against each other with their mutual checks and counterchecks.

Another position is taken in unison with what are the prevalent notions among Unitarians on the subject, that God cannot—as he is a God of justice and goodness—entail on his unoffending offspring the consequences of another's crime. The plain answer is, that he does. The child of a vicious parent is weak in body and depraved in mind in consequence of another's crime! And, while the bonds of society last, the evil as well as the good of one generation will descend upon the next. The mistake arises from a confusion of ideas. Sin and suffering are identified. Sin is not transmissible, but suffering is. In the popular theology the two are confounded; and I am called a sinner by birth as well as in fact. All that Unitarians have to do is to expose the monstrous folly of transferable guilt, while they acknowledge the obvious fact of transmissible suffering.

The author ascribes the prevalent forgetfulness of God, not to any defect in our original constitution, but to the prevailing (prevalent) if not universal neglect of a proper early education. The affirmation of this proposition is correct, but scarcely the negation. Impiety prevails in consequence of a bad education.—True. But what causes that bad education? Trace back the process of demoralization, and in what can you rest but a defect in our original constitution? Man is by nature imperfect, therefore sinful. A delicate logic is needed to handle these subjects well; and we have often been pained to hear vague talk against 'original sin,' when the declaimer was as far from truth as the orthodoxy which he assailed. Here, too, a distinction must be taken, between an imperfect and a sinful nature. The first man,—whoever he was,—and all men, are inclined to sin by the very imperfection of their nature; but they are not sinful by birth any more than they are righteous. Virtue and vice are acts and habits of intelligent beings; but suffering and imperfection are the heritage of all creatures that God has made. Having got, in some manner, over these rocks and shoals of controverted theology, Mr. May passes smoothly and agree-

ably on in illustration of his positions, that 'education is too long deferred;—you have slumbered and slept while you should have been up and doing. The tender mother should be most assiduously watching for the first dawning of her infant's intellect to give its expanding powers a proper inclination to virtue's side; for in this stage of our existence we are entirely passive, and receive, with equal avidity, every species of impression;—that the education of the young is of too worldly a character;—earth, not heaven, is the principal care with parents; and as far as education is of a religious character, it abounds in mysteries and delusions, while it is the simplest truths, and these, if possible, not in an abstract or didactic form, but embodied and animated in the moral and attractive tale, which should be first presented to the young opening mind. And that, in the last place, the evil example of the mature and old tends to counteract whatever is good in the education of the young, and thus helps to spread and perpetuate irreligion in the world.'

The Messiah, a Poem in Six Books. By Robert Montgomery.

THIS poem is very like Mr. Robert Montgomery's other poems, and will neither disappoint his admirers nor convert his critics. It is all 'words, words, words!' There is the same conventional phraseology and turgidity as before, and the same absence of touching sentiment and pictorial beauty. The author is singularly unhappy in his use of scripture language, which he continually adds to, or twists about, so as to mar its simplicity. Nor do the facts of scripture fare better, disfigured as they are by an interlined commentary of orthodox theology. 'The Temptation,' for instance, is almost a travesty. We have a God and a demon confronting each other in all the pomp of their supernatural forms and attributes, and ascending into the air only to exchange a plain sentence or two of quotation. Expressions are continually occurring which never ought to be written, either in poetry or prose; and which never would be, were not fanaticism too strong, not only for poetic taste but for common sense. It is not sublimity but absurdity that is introduced into the history of Christ by his deification. What but disgust can be excited by making 'a man pronounce a verdict on a God;' or attempting to put him to a shame 'beyond the brightness of a God to bear;' or by there being a supposed possibility that 'to atoms they had hurled the Saviour-God?' Nor are the author's incongruities confined to his theology. What can we say of such a figure as the following?—

> 'Moonlight's wizard hand
> Throws beauty, like a spectre-light, on all.'

Fitzgeorge; a Novel. 3 vols. Wilson.

WE are not partial to novels which, under a slight veil, intended to be transparent, describe recent events and characters. No such recommendations can be urged for the practice as apply to the occasional introduction of historical personages into fiction; nor has it even the apologies which may be made for such amusing and satirical transformations as Mr. Bulwer has given a specimen of, in his Paul Clifford.

Publications of this class usually derive their interest from the assumption of their telling more truth than contemporary history records, while their form is an exemption from any responsibility as to telling historical truth at all. They are often frameworks for pictures which, if correct, public justice requires should be verified; and which, if not correct, ought not to have been delineated; at least not in connexion with scenes and persons known to have had a real and recent existence. We should therefore have preferred a different form for that moral dissection of the character of George IV. which is presented to us in this tale. At the same time we must say that it is performed with a steady and able hand. The narrative is constructed in a masterly manner, both for interesting the feelings and impressing the judgment. The author's powers of description are exercised under the guidance of philosophical analysis and directed to the promotion of moral principle. The last few pages of the novel leave an impression on the mind similar to that noble conception which Voltaire embodied in the soliloquy which concludes his tragedy of Mahomet.

What the People Ought to do, in choosing their Representatives at a General Election: a Letter addressed to the Electors of Great Britain by Junius Redivivus. 1*s*.

THE object and tendency of this letter nearly coincide with those of our first article, and therefore it is needless to say that they have our cordial approval. This pamphlet ought to be extensively circulated. The pledges proposed are nine in number; but substantially the same with the five we have recommended. At least they would ensure the same principles in the candidate. The writer displays all the elasticity and causticity of style which have, in combination with higher qualities, made his *nom de guerre* distinguished. His character of Lord Grey is a powerful sketch:

'Lord Grey is not all that could be wished; he is behind the spirit of the age. Liberal in many things, he is deeply prejudiced in many others. He is imbued with the spirit of *caste*; he clings to the absurd dignity of his *order*. He is a cold, good, honourable man, who would probably suffer himself to be torn by wild horses, rather than break his pledge; but he does all this as a debt which is due to his own reputation, and not because it is an act of justice towards the people. There is no warmth, no enthusiasm in him, no fellow feeling. He shrinks from the touch of the people, as though it were pollution; and what he gives them, is given, Coriolanus like, out of his own bounty, not in answer to their claim. As Charles Grey, in the days of his youth, he said that the house of Commons required remodelling to a given extent; and as Lord Grey, in his age, he adheres to the same thing; but he would run a whole country upon the verge of wreck, rather than inflict the smallest indignity upon the aristocratic class whose interests are wrapped around him. Peace be with him! He has had the fortune to command the vessel while her gallant crew have borne her safely through the breakers; and when she reaches the harbour, his best course will be gracefully to resign his commission to those better fitted for the modern system of navigation. Those who can honour

his consistency, while they ever greet his pride with equal hauteur, would grieve over the mortification to which he must be inevitably subjected, in a fruitless resistance to the will of that people on whom he has more than once vented his patrician scorn. Whig and Tory aristocracy are alike extinguished, as to all future power, or influence, in the destinies of this mighty nation.'—pp. 33-34.

Calabria, during a Military Residence of Three Years. By a General Officer of the French Army. Wilson. 1832.

The letters of which this volume consists, and which are now first published from the originals, were written to the author's father, between October 1807 and November 1810. They abound in graphic descriptions of the face of the country, the manners of the inhabitants, the exploits of the banditti by whom it is infested, and the military operations of which it was at that time the scene. They are very amusing and interesting, besides being valuable for presenting authentic information about a region which is justly termed 'the *terra incognita* of Italy.'

SCHOOL BOOKS.

1. *A Scripture Catechism for the Elder Classes of Sunday Schools.* By a Bible Christian. Birmingham.
2. *An Introduction to Goldsmith's Grammar of Geography.* By J. Dowling. Longman.
3. *Ince's Outline of General Knowledge; or, School Essentials.* Gilbert.

The first of these is the best thing of the kind that we have seen. It is really Scriptural. And although it was impossible altogether to avoid the obvious evil of the plan; viz., that in making texts answer questions, the questions lead the child to affix to the texts the compiler's interpretation, yet we have never seen a smaller number of doubtful interpretations inculcated by a Scripture Catechism. For the sake of those who adopt this mode of instruction, there should have been the name of a London Bookseller to the Catechism.

No. 2. is designed for very young pupils in Geography, and is very well adapted to its object.

No. 3. Mr. Ince's Outline of General Knowledge deserves our warm praise and recommendation. It is a capital shilling's worth for boy or girl, full of instruction and amusement. It is a book to make little folks relish, and learn how to use, other books. The Historical, Geographical, and Miscellaneous Selections of Facts are all excellent; and, what is more uncommon, they are all interesting.

There is a packet for C. C. at our Office.

The Letter from Newcastle came too late.