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ON THE INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MEMOIRS and characters of Sir Walter Scott have already appeared, as might be expected, in great abundance. In those which we have seen, there has been little or nothing of novelty. Both had been very much anticipated; the former by himself, in the various biographical facts which either directly or incidentally were communicated to the public by means of the notes appended to the new edition of the Waverley novels; and the latter, by the articles which, as his productions called them forth, have been contributed, by the ablest critics of the day, to the best of our literary journals. But little was left, therefore, at least little which could be done on the spur of the moment, either of biographical record, or of critical analysis, for the present occasion. In fact, the only thing to be done was to express the public respect and regret for one who had so long and largely ministered to its enjoyment; and it was right that this should be done. And we, too, have our grief and gratitude, to which we would give expression, not by repeating details of events with which our readers are, probably, by this time familiar; nor by affecting to occupy a judgment-seat on which few are qualified to sit; but simply by stating the impression on our own minds of the peculiar character of that intellect which is now extinguished, and in whose far-beaming, penetrating, playful, and kindly brightness we rejoiced. A just appreciation is our best tribute to his memory.

The distinguishing quality of Scott's mind, and the source of his literary power, was the faculty which has been termed *conception*, that faculty by which the various component parts of a transaction, a character, or a scene, are combined into a whole, which is distinctly and vividly presented to the mind. Phrenologists, we suppose, would say that he had the organ of constructiveness, it was rather that of re-constructiveness. Had he when a boy been turned into a disarranged armoury, we should have expected to have speedily seen him picking out the corslet here and the greaves there, and fitting the different pieces together, until the perfect form of the antique warrior stood before us, the trophy of his peculiar skill. His forte was description; and in this, whether

it be of objects material or mental, he has, probably, never been surpassed. His delineations are never either on the one hand the creations of his own phantasy, or, on the other, a mere catalogue of uncombined particulars. Our notion of his intellectual rank is, that he occupied a midway station between the man of memory who merely reproduces what he found *as* he found it; and the man of poetical imagination, or of creative power. It is true that imagination must derive its materials from actual existence; but the combination is original: the parts may be, but the whole is not, a re-production. It is no disparagement of Scott to say, that to this "highest heaven of invention" he never ascended. Many a character which Shakspeare drew *was* an original: every character which Scott drew *had* an original. But if he could not create like Shakspeare, he was only second to Shakspeare for presenting the vivid portraiture of what nature had created. The temples which he restored from materials that, in other hands, would have been only isolated, scattered, and shapeless fragments, shewed not unworthy their original architect. He was an admirable renovator. It was beyond him to mould the form of a Pandora, but he had power to re-animate the mummy of a Cheops.

From the first (as it will be to the last) one great charm of Scott's poems and novels was the distinctness and completeness of the descriptions of natural scenery with which they abound. The fidelity with which he delineated the individual objects or features of a landscape was always subservient to the communication of the impression or emotion which it excited as a whole. The recollection of two literary landscape painters of the last generation may serve to illustrate what we take to be the singular felicity of his delineations. Both Mrs. Radcliffe and Cowper were at one time celebrated for their scenery. The defect of the one was the absence of distinct detail, and that of the other, the want of an entire and general impression. There is a dreamy beauty about Mrs. Radcliffe's forests, with their waving and wide-spreading foliage in the golden lights and deep shadows of autumnal sunsets; but it is all unreal, intangible, incapable of being painted or identified; her descriptions of Udolpho were only the "mysteries" of Udolpho, and all her tree painting only made the 'romance of a forest.' She aimed at general effect, but missed it for want of truth, precision, accuracy of detail. Cowper fell into the opposite extreme; he is definite enough in minutiæ, but the spirit which should pervade the whole, the conception or taking together the several objects so as to realize the entire scene, the combination of each separate material and effect into a single impression; this is very much wanting in his descriptions. Their perfection is that of an auctioneer's catalogue or bailiff's inventory: item, one hill of a conical form; stream, thirty feet wide, meandering in an irregular curve; fifty trees, viz., twelve oaks, eighteen beeches,

twenty pollard willows; and sundry flowers, class pentandria, order monogynia. It could not be complained of Cowper's landscapes, as it was of Mrs. Radcliffe's, that for aught that appears they might be in the moon, for nobody could identify them upon earth; he gave specific marks by which their recognition is easy; but it is in the same manner as a runaway may be identified by consulting the description of his person in the 'Hue and Cry' of the police-office, with as much idea of character in the one case as in the other. It is in landscape painting as in benevolence,

> God loves from whole to parts, but human soul
> Must rise from individual to the whole.

Mrs. Radcliffe attempted to give the effect of the whole without condescending to particulars; Cowper expatiates on particulars, without harmonizing them so as to produce the general impression; Scott is the true 'human soul,' who, through the means of minute accuracy, works out the comprehensiveness and enjoyment of the general impression. Instances of this faculty are especially to be found in his longer poems and his earlier novels. The best specimens, perhaps, of all he has produced, are in 'The Lady of the Lake.' It is no degradation, it is part of the excellence of this beautiful composition that, with all its grace, and tenderness, and power, it is yet one of the best guide books that ever was produced. The traveller has only to take it in his hand when he leaves Callander, and not an inch of ground is there from Coilantogle Ford to the end of Loch Katrine, that he will not recognize as an old acquaintance, with as perfect a conviction of its identity as when he gazed upon the royal towers of Stirling. Little of imagination has the reader of the poem who does not feel as if he had lived before in all that scenery; upon whom it does not come like the dim recollections of infancy. And there is an additional enjoyment imparted to these and similar descriptions in his other writings by the peculiar manner in which they are interwoven with the narrative. The particular character of the scene is usually involved in the construction of the story. It is not a mere back-ground, the better to exhibit the actors in front of the stage, but is the real world in which they live and move. To any one who has visited the localities of Scott's poems and tales, the idea cannot fail to suggest itself that the story was framed upon the spot; that it grew out of the scenery; and that the features of the landscape generated the incidents of the romance. His personages are the true Autochthones. They are born of the soil. He must have had a keen eye and a true feeling for capabilities and fitnesses. The story and the scene always harmonize so perfectly, that one must have been as a mould in which the other was cast. He took nature for his partner, and they played into one another's hands. Hence the scenery and

the stories are linked together in men's minds as never before were human productions and divine, indissolubly and for ever*.

The same faculty was conspicuous in his copies or restorations of artificial scenery, of palace, castle, or cathedral, the village or the city. How well did he rebuild, not only the Kenilworth of Elizabeth's days, but the London of King James's. Streets and squares never stood in the way of his imagination, if fields and gardens had been there; he laid them out again in all their antique order, and the changes and additions of centuries were 'as though they ne'er had been.' This conception of the past was the source of a most extraordinary power for its re-production. As easily as Mephistopheles evoked Helena to gratify Faust, could he have rebuilt Troy had Constable or Murray bespoke its re-edification.

In the narration of events, the record of a battle, trial, coronation, or any other complicated transaction, we recognize the same predominant faculty, and find it producing the same pre-eminent excellence. We doubt whether any account of 'the current of a heady fight' has ever been presented to the world either in prose or rhyme, fictitious tale or faithful chronicle, half so intelligible as that in 'Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk,' of the battle of Waterloo. Here, as in his fictions, he commenced by studying the scene, and it is very much owing to the reader's being previously made so well acquainted with the localities, that he so perfectly comprehends and enters with so much interest into the details of the action. Nor is less skill displayed when the object was to pre-

* The soliloquy of Fitzjames is a beautiful illustration of the kind of associations which such scenery as that around Loch Katrine suggested in the author's mind, and shadows forth the mode in which it is probable the frame-work of his stories was constructed.

From the steep promontory gazed
The stranger, raptured and amazed.
And, What a scene were here, he cried,
For princely pomp, or churchman's pride!
On this bold brow, a lordly tower,
In that soft vale, a lady's bower,
On yonder meadow, far away,
The turrets of a cloister grey.
How blithely might the bugle horn
Chide on the lake the lingering morn.
How sweet at eve the lover's lute,
Chime, when the groves were still and mute.
And when the midnight moon should lave
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy matin's distant hum.
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake in yonder islet lone
A sainted hermit from his cell
To drop a bead with every knell—
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
Should each bewildered stranger call
To friendly feast, and lighted hall.

sent the transaction as it appeared to some supposed spectator; as in that most animated and graphic of all poetical battles, in 'Marmion;' or the attack on Front de Bœuf's castle, as seen by Rebecca from the chamber of Ivanhoe; or the coronation of George III., as it appeared in glimpses to the bewildered niece of Redgauntlet. In these and a thousand other scenes which have imprinted themselves on the memories of millions, and will on those of millions more, the elements of the power exercised over the imagination are the same; truth of detail, with skilful combination, making it available for the production of a single and deep impression.

The most difficult province in which this faculty of conception can be exercised, is that of human character. From the external manifestations, recorded or invented, of an individual mind, to penetrate into the inner chambers and sanctuary of the soul, and thence to look back again, through the media of his opinions, passions, and senses, upon the world without; to see with his eyes, feel with his heart, act on his motives, and express his hopes and fears in all their strength and peculiarity; and to accomplish this with characters formed under the most dissimilar influences of station, age, religion, and different degrees of civilization, is a proud triumph of genius. Scott achieved it to an extent, and with a success, which have never been surpassed. By shrewd observation of the living, careful study of the memorials of the dead, and an induction which seemed to approach to intuition, he could see, and make us see, the world, and life, and all things, as they appear, or have appeared, to lowland trader and highland marauder, to the duke or the dominie, to whigs and jacobites, to cavaliers and covenanters, to courtiers and Alsatians, to the crusader and the bagman. He had possessed himself of the globe, kneaded by the witch in 'Thalaba,' of a thousand eyeballs, and as rapidly as the features of Matthews could change, does he give us, for glasses to gaze through, the oculi ipsissimi of Richard Cœur de Lion, and Gilbert Glossin, Esq., W.S., of Meg Dodds, and of Queen Elizabeth.

Various circumstances were subsidiary to the exercise of this faculty, and to the delight which it was the means of producing to a multitude of readers. The time and country of Scott's birth were fortunate for it. During the early years of his life, Scotland was peculiarly rich in subjects for its exercise. Society was just in the state which it had passed in this country, and which had yielded the rich harvest reaped by Smollett and Fielding. There was the constant excitement, for an acute observer and humorist, of a strongly-marked individuality of character. Its scenery, too, was comparatively unexplored. The faculty which could have given a charm to the most familiar prospect, had the advantage for its materials of diversified and romantic views, all fresh and startling, and of which any tolerable copy could not have

failed to interest. He could have delighted, and he did delight, with only the Thames and Richmond hill for his theme; but that was only 'braw feeding for the cows,' compared with the sensation which the treasures of the land of mountain and of flood enabled him to produce. Another great advantage may be noted in his early familiarity with the national ballads and oral traditions of his country, and the early direction of his mind to antiquarian studies. He thus became familiar, in an extraordinary degree, with the details, material and mental, of the mode of existence in past generations. His tenacious memory became enriched with the particulars whose combination was to produce the localities, to rear the dwellings, to clothe the persons, to form the characters, and to suggest the adventures, of his future productions. This is the best and truest history. He shews us men as they were, externally and internally, singly and in combination. It was a good thing, too, that he was 'the Shirra;' Meg Merrilies, and Dirk Hatteraick, and Edie Ochiltree, and Sharpitlaw, and many others are all the better for it. He probably apprehended many of them in virtue of his office. It was a pleasant treadmill, to be sent to labour for a month in a Waverley novel; a benevolent chastisement on gypseys and smugglers, rogues and vagabonds, getting good out of them for the community; and much better even for those who had been plundered by them, than having to pay yet more for the pleasure of knowing that they had all been flogged in the Tolbooth. Would there were ever open such a House of Correction and Refuge for the Destitute. Would there were more such moral anatomists to whom subjects of this class might be handed over for dissection. Like an active magistrate, Scott sent them all to serve their country in the ranks of the regiments he had raised; and they have done their duty.

The limitation of Scott's power, and his occasional failures, are, as well as his success, to be traced to the peculiar mental character which we have endeavoured to indicate. The process which he pursued was, as we have shewn, one of practical observation and logical induction, rather than of poetical creation. Hence he never succeeded in the supernatural. His materials failed him. His creatures were all of the earth, earthy. He could scarcely rise enough above the actual world even to depict effectively an unwavering faith in starry, or spiritual influences. Mannering does not believe in his own calculations, and Norna has doubts of her own conjurations. His best believers are Meg Merrilies and M'Aulay, and even their faith he has neutralised by throwing into the scale a grain or two of insanity. The White Lady is but a lady in white; and he seldom got safely beyond the letter of his legend; he wanted documents. His country was very rich, and he coined and circulated the wealth, in superstitious records, but there were none of these which could help him to penetrate, as Shakspeare did, into the innermost workings of the

thoughts of a spirit of the air, or a soul in purgatory. Hence, too, there is little in his writings of that elevated, generous, unworldly character, which has so often constituted the power and charm of romance. He could not enter thoroughly into such a character. He was no enthusiast. And his characters always become unsubstantial and deficient in vitality, in proportion as they recede from the times in which authentic and abundant information could be obtained. He failed, also, in all his dramatic attempts. The drama requires imagination in addition to conception. Its rapid developments, its selection of contrasted situations, its bounding over long intervals of the process to fix at once and exclusively on the more striking and startling points; these were beyond the sphere of his peculiar faculty. The narrow space of five acts did not afford him room enough. His novels are better than his poems, for the same reason that his poems are better than his dramas. As he arrived at his idea of a character by the combination of a multitude of particulars, fitting them together, and building them up into an harmonious entirety, so he required, for the conveyance of his idea to the reader's mind, full space for the converse process, scope for unfolding and exhibiting it by particulars as minute and multitudinous as those from which it was concocted. His most congenial model for the drama would have been the German who produced a comedy in four volumes octavo. The preparatory writing in his novels is often rather lengthy. Had he written without regard to booksellers, his narratives would have been interminable. There seems no good reason (except the shop) why his people should not have carried on their sayings and doings in the same amusing way, through thirty volumes instead of three. Hence though his characters are often very dramatic, his mode of developing and disposing of them is usually most undramatic. He plays with them, and 'exquisite fooling' it is, till the required quantity of letter-press is completed, and then he huddles up the catastrophe, and sends them about their business in a hurry. The school breaks up; go home, boys, and be good; and then he briefly tells us that they were, or shall be, very happy all their lives ever after.

Scott is said to have been so delighted with 'the Pleasures of Hope,' that, the manuscript having been left with him late one night, he was able, after twice reading it, to repeat the whole poem next morning, with only a few trifling omissions. We should have thought that the Pleasures of Memory (not Rogers's) had been more to his taste. His genius was no Janus. The future did not divide its regards with the past: it looked only backward. He was eminently the man of the past. In a literary sense, he thought little of the world to come; his heart was in the bygone world. Reform was a trouble to his mind; he dwelt in the fading shadows of feudality, and was appalled at the growing glare of democracy; he knew not the people; and *as* the people he loved

them not. The king's evil of aristocracy was hereditary in his moral constitution, and the disease was incurable; in fact, he died of it: the spirit of aristocracy was his murderer; it made him undervalue those laurels which, had he rightly prized them, would have saved his brows from the flash which scathed him. He more gloried in being the laird of Abbotsford than the author of Waverley. His passion for becoming the connecting link of a broken feudal chain was his ruin. The purchase and improvement of his "policy" outran even the unprecedented profits of his publications. He became involved in the unfortunate speculations of Constable's house, and the tenacity with which he clung to the retention of Abbotsford, and the preservation of its entail, impelled him to the gigantic attempt of writing down a debt of one hundred thousand pounds. One-half of this mountain he did heave off, and then sunk, crushed beneath the remaining portion. The laird destroyed the novelist. A popular journal has suggested a national subscription in order to free Abbotsford from the claims of the creditors, and entail it on the heirs of the baronetcy. This would be like honouring the memory of Achilles by raising the *effigies* of his vulnerable heel as a monument. Let the nation endow his family, if there be occasion, and amply too; and let Abbotsford be purchased, but rather to be preserved as the author's monument, than by being made an aristocratical *appanage* cherish the folly which hastened the extinction of so much mental energy and moral worth. That has already cost us enough, for it cost us Scott. It will be long ere aristocracy will balance that account. But for his healthy habits, his regularity of application, his cheerfulness of disposition, his good heart and conscience, it would have inflicted the loss upon us long before. The kingdom which he ruled in the regions of literature dissolves with his death. 'The age of chivalry is gone.' The age of improvement is come, and futurity will now be the poet's inspiration. 'Let byganes be byganes;' they have been nobly chronicled, and peace to the manes of the *ultimus Romanorum;* 'We ne'er shall look upon his like again;' that is too much to hope for. Let his toryism 'lie with him in his grave, but not remembered in his epitaph;' it did not mar his kindheartedness; it did not disfigure, or but very faintly, his beautiful sketches. If he did not rightly estimate what a people is, collectively, he well appreciated what they had been individually; he did them justice, and rendered them affection,

> For this single cause
> That we have, all of us, ONE HUMAN HEART.

In theory he was no disciple of Bentham; no advocate of the 'greatest happiness principle;' but practically, and considering only the immediate result, who is there of our times, either among the living or the dead, that has generated a greater amount of human enjoyment?

NOTICES OF FRANCE.—No. III.

(Extracted from the Common-place Book of an Invalid.)

Abbey of Marmoutier—Decline of the Gallican Church.

At about the same distance from Tours on the east as Plessis on the west, close by the side of the road to Orleans is the site of the ancient and splendid Benedictine Abbey of Marmoutier. Of all that remains of its former grandeur, are now to be seen only a small plain round tower, in an angle of the wall projecting inconveniently into the public road; a curious massive gateway in good preservation, having been formerly the chief south entrance, and some low and nowise remarkable buildings engrafted on part of the high wall, which probably once served for the accommodation of some of the menials and retainers of the monks, but which are now converted into a kennel for the use of the English boar-hounds. Had an earthquake been commissioned to engulph the tapering spires and stately towers of Marmoutier, with all their appendages of choirs, chapels, oratories, cells, subterranean passages, sacred images, and holy relics, the destruction could scarcely have been more complete. If besides those enumerated a fragment remains on the spot, it is embodied and lost in some modern building, or reduced to a mere shapeless block deprived of all insignia of its former destination. Within the present inclosure, a neat country-house has sprung up with its offices, vineyards and gardens, exhibiting a striking contrast in its modest, cheerful, and comfortable exterior, to the recollection of the gloomy grandeur of its predecessor. The situation of Marmoutier on the right bank of the Loire, is as fine as the views from it are rich and beautiful; and whilst it retained its former glories, and before the noble embankment of the Levée was made; and ere yet it had been shorn of the leafy honours of its stately timber, it must have been, to an eye qualified to judge of the beauties of picturesque scenery, a lovely and surprising spot to look at. A few simple words may suffice to describe it as it *is*, but its "tale of former times" is not so briefly told. The Abbey of Marmoutier boasted of higher antiquity than the French monarchy, for it dated its origin in the fourth, whereas the latter was founded in the fifth century *.

St. Martin having succeeded to the see of Tours in the year 375, occupied himself almost immediately thereon, in fixing upon a retreat in which he might collect a few disciples and devote himself, after the manner of the age, to meditation and prayer. The valley, which lies at the foot of the côte (hill), but little removed from the city (a spot at that time uncultivated and solitary) appeared to him favourable to his views. In a short time he assembled five and forty followers, a number, says the

* Chalmel.

historian, for that period considerable, and which continuing to increase, caused his monastery to acquire the name of Magnus Monasterium, then Maire Moustier, and finally Marmoutier. The ravages of the Normans, unrestrained by the terrors of the Church in that freebooting age, have deprived us of those ancient documents which recorded the history of the abbey till after the end of the 7th century ; but it is known that in the beginning of the 9th century, Louis le Debonnaire, after the example of Charlemagne, his father, took the abbey under his especial protection, and exempted it from taxes, as did Louis le Chauve in 849. The accounts which have been handed down to us, prove that about that time the *religious* at Marmoutier amounted to one hundred and forty in number, for no less than one hundred and fifteen were massacred by the barbarians of the north ; whilst the remaining twenty-five, saving themselves by concealment in the deep caverns of the hill, afterwards took refuge with the canons of St. Martins of Tours, and accompanied the shrine which enclosed the remains of their patron Saint, when it was transported for safety into Burgundy. Thus the ruined monastery remained a long time abandoned ; but about the year 958, in order that the services of the Church might no longer be suspended, the chapter of St. Martin placed in it a number of regular canons. These remained till 987, when the abbey resumed its former constitutions through the agency of St. Mayeul, and thirteen other of the religious of Cluni, after an interval of one hundred and forty-two years. The chief patrons of this restoration appear to have been Robert, Count of Tours, and Bertha his wife, the former of whom was buried at Marmoutier, as well as his son, Eudes the Second. Thibault, the son of the latter, when compelled to cede Touraine to Geoffry Martel, Count of Anjou, reserved this abbey, which at that time enjoyed so high a reputation that different powerful seigneurs requested monks for the abbeys they were founding. Foulques Nerra obtained this favour in 1020 for the Abbey of St. Nicholas, at Angers ; Geoffry Martel for that of the Trinity at Vendôme ; Hubert, for that of Noyers, in 1030 ; and William the Conqueror, in 1066, for Battle Abbey in England. In short, the religious of the Abbey of Marmoutier about that period were in their turn the restorers also of the Abbeys of St. Florent at Saumur, St. Julian at Tours, St. Serge and St. Aubyn at Angers, and such reputation and authority had they acquired that they were twice chosen (in 1196 and 1204)*, to be the mediators between the Crowns of France and England. St. Louis took Marmoutier under his special protection, and Charles VII., in giving Touraine as an appanage to the Duc d'Anjou, his brother, solely reserved this abbey. It is well known Marmoutier was the depository of a precious relic, which

* Chalmel.

in that superstitious age acquired such celebrity, that, as appears from the records of the second Council of Châlons, in 579, great numbers of Christians, and even kings themselves, came to visit the *St. Ampoule*, usually at two fêtes which followed that of Easter; and that compound of hypocrisy, cruelty, cowardice, shrewdness, and superstition—Louis XI., in the malady of which he died, obtained a bull from the Pope to bring to his succour at Plessy the vaunted phial of Marmoutier. This phial, with its holy oil, had been condescendingly brought from heaven by an angel for the cure of St. Martin's bruises, when he fell down the steps of his cell; but though it cured the saint, it could not save the sinner. This miraculous gift, however, seems to have lost none of its sanctity in the eyes of true believers on this occasion, for it was reconducted to the abbey, after its failure, with as much ostentatious pomp and ceremony, as accompanied its progress to Plessis, and was greeted with equal devotion by the ignorant, priestridden multitude as it passed through the city of Tours *. Down to the period of the Reformation, the Abbey of Marmoutier had great possessions in England, which it then of course lost, notwithstanding which, and its having been pillaged by the Protestants in 1562, it still continued to be one of the most considerable in France; and if, after all these deductions, it was not the foremost for its riches, it ranked among the very highest both for its splendour and antiquity. Its extensive library contained many choice editions of the fifteenth century, and above all was rich in MSS., which afterwards became serviceable in the republic of letters. A catalogue raisonné preserved in the noble public library at Tours, describes no less than 820 of these different works. The church which was finished in the year 1320 was one of the finest in the kingdom, and part of the conventual building subsequently acquired great celebrity and notice from the curious, on account of a staircase, said to be of unparalleled workmanship, grandeur, and beauty †. Since the first creation of abbots, about the year 378, Marmoutier reckoned one hundred and twenty-three, of which the thirteen last were abbots *in commendam*, the last of whom, Louis de Bourbon Condé, Compte de Clermont, in 1740, on the revenues of the abbey being seized and united with those of the Archbishopric of Tours, threw up in disgust his dignity and charge. Stripped of its immense wealth, and reduced to a state of downright dependance, thus fell the pride, and thus was tarnished the glory of the oldest of one hundred and ninety-three establishments of the kind which had existed in France! There can be little doubt that such acts of spoliation practised by the Church, *upon the Church*, struck deep

* Henry IV. pressed this same St. Ampoule into his service at his coronation, the particulars of which are preserved in a curious volume in the Library at Tours, of which some account will be given.

† A model of this staircase in cork is to be seen in Tours.

at the remaining prejudices of the French people, and tended much to strengthen the opinion which about that time began generally to be entertained, that the sanctity and rights of the Church were coincident with its power, and that both the former would be deemed mere usurpation, so soon as the latter should become unequal to their defence. It had not been forgotten, it seems, that, when as early as the year 554, king Clotaire claimed one-third of the revenues of the Church, and issued his edict for the payment thereof to himself, Injuriosus, then Archbishop of Tours, firmly as well as successfully resisted the demand on the ground that "*the wealth of the Church is the property of the poor.*"* Other instances also were not forgotten, proving that both kings and prelates set little store by "the rights of the Church," when they interfered with the gratification of their own personal interests, aggrandizement, or licentious appetites. Thus in the year 1166, Louis VII., *instigated by the Archbishop of Tours*, had sacrilegiously seized on the money raised in the province of Maine *for carrying on the crusade*, which had been deposited for safety *in the sanctuary of the Church of St. Maurice.* Henry II. of England, (add the French historians,) having entertained the same *righteous* intention, enraged at being forestalled in his act of villany, drove the archbishop from his see by force of arms, and made war on Louis, in which many persons perished on both sides, and the cathedral and part of the city of Tours fell a prey to the flames! But although Marmoutier ceased to have an independent jurisdiction, it ceased not to be a monastery of high repute amongst the self-called religious of the day; yet the perversion of its vast income into another and not less impure channel tended still further to open the eyes of the people to the enormous abuses of that system of fraud and oppression, the yoke of which they had for some time felt to be a galling one. Strong as their prejudices, and deep-rooted as their superstition might be, numbers could not avoid seeing that what would have been deemed and punished as blasphemy and sacrilege in others, kings and churchmen practised with impunity.† Shorn of its honours, and plundered of its immense wealth, Marmoutier, in a state of degradation and dependance, lost much of its hold on the prejudices, as it had probably before done on the affections of the people; whilst the Archbishopric of Tours sunk more in reputation by its covetousness, than was compensated by this enormous acquisition of wealth; and in point of fact, though tens of thousands of converts made to Protes-

* Tablette Chronologique—The members of the council general of the Gironde, in 1831, seem to have been of the same opinion, for they voted the continuance of the salary to the Archbishop of Bourdeaux, "*because* he gave all this part of his income *to the poor.*"

† About this time the most atrocious murder of Grandier by that elder son of the Church, Cardinal Richlieu, of which more hereafter, excited a strong feeling in Touraine and Poitu.

tantism in Touraine had been exiled from their country by the detestable persecutions consequent on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, there appears to have been a strong suspicion infused into the mind of many a good Catholic, that the principles and practice of Jesus Christ and his apostles were very different to those of the archbishops, canons, and other dignitaries of the Gallican Church. Suspicion had been before excited as to the genuineness of the most vaunted relic of Marmoutier, so that the stripping it of most of its revenues tended still further to lessen the respect hitherto entertained for a religious establishment, whose wealth "covered many sins." And it certainly would appear not a little extraordinary to many, that an angel from heaven should have been specially commissioned to present to the monks of Marmoutier a glass bottle, the contents of which were potent enough miraculously to heal the wounds of St. Martin, and yet that there should be no supernatural interference to prevent the holy receptacle of so holy a relic from being sacrilegiously despoiled of its independence and wealth. M.

THE PRAYER OF NOAH.

God of Creation,—Lord of Heav'n and Earth,
Who wast before the Universe had birth,
Whose hand hath spread the curtain of the skies,
And fram'd the Sun, which light and life supplies :

At whose command the ocean's billows roar,
Or calmly sleep, or die along the shore :
Whose will each subject element obeys,—
O, hear thy servant, while he suppliant prays !

Him whom thy boundless love with life hath blest,
Whilst winds and waves have rush'd o'er all the rest,—
O, hear him, as his songs of praise ascend,—
God of the vast creation,—Father,—Friend !

But what were life, without Thy guardian pow'r ?
An empty shadow, or a fading flow'r !
And what were all my joys, bereft of Thee ?
A rising billow on the pathless sea !

Lord, *Thou art* GREAT !—How mighty was that hand
Which spread the Deluge o'er this guilty land,
And whelm'd the souls thy mercy did create !
God of the storm and tempest, *Thou art* GREAT !

Lord, *Thou art* GOOD !—and, though the raging sea
Hath swept o'er all mankind, and sav'd but me,
'Twas boundless mercy rais'd the rolling flood !
God of the out-spread ocean,—*Thou art* GOOD !

But how shall feeble pow'rs like mine express
Thy acts of mercy, King of Righteousness !
My lips refuse to ease my lab'ring breast :—
O, read the thoughts within my heart that rest !

J. C. W.

ON THE STUDIES AND PUBLIC MINISTRY OF F. V. REINHARD *.

Article I.

We call the attention of our readers to the little work, the title of which we have recorded at full below—not as the subject of a review, for it has been published several years, and to those who interest themselves in foreign literature, has been long well known—not simply because it is in itself very interesting and instructive, but chiefly to afford ourselves the opportunity of saying a few things concerning the state of theology and preaching in our own country, which could not be so conveniently thrown into the shape of an express article on the subject. In sitting down to compose a sermon, as every divine must have often experienced, nothing gives greater unity and directness to the flow of ideas than to find an appropriate and fruitful text: we shall take Reinhard's volume for our text on the present occasion; and if any, who might otherwise have been inclined to bestow a few moments on our pages, shall be alarmed at the nature of the illustration, and expect something as prosy and somniferous as a regular discourse, we must remove their apprehensions by assuring them, that Reinhard, whom we are desirous of introducing to their notice, and whom we shall leave as much as possible to speak for himself, was the most popular preacher and sermon-writer of his day in Germany.

A very general prejudice prevails in England against German theologians, often, we believe, without any solid ground; but whether well-founded or not in the majority of instances, it can have no rational existence in the case of Reinhard, whose opinions were avowedly, and, as the present work will show, most conscientiously orthodox, and who stood at the head of what might, with great propriety, be called the *conservative* party of the German divines of his age. But, generally, we are inclined to think, that the tendency of German literature on moral and religious topics is misconceived on this side the water; it is identified with the French philosophy of the last century; and, if we are not mistaken, the eloquent author of the 'Natural History of Enthusiasm' has somewhere stated this as his impression respecting it: whereas, we believe the fact to be, that nothing can be more widely at variance than the material and anti-religious doctrines of the old French school, and the prevalent philosophy of Germany. Upon the whole, we conceive there is much justness in the following observations of M. Monod, in his preface to the French translation of the present work:—

'We may further remark, to quiet the fears of those who appear to

* Lettres de F. V. Reinhard, sur ses Etudes et sa Carrière de Prédicateur; traduites de l'Allemand, par J. Monod, Pasteur de l'Eglise Réformée de Paris; avec une notice raisonnée sur les Ecrits de Reinhard, par Ph. Alb. Stapfer, Ministre du Saint Evangile. Paris, 1816.

dread the consequences of that extreme fondness for abstract speculations, with which they reproach the Germans, often without properly understanding their character,—that there is always in their minds a fund of moral principle, and in their researches a love of truth, and a respect for virtue and humanity, which preserve them, if not from all error, at least from dangerous aberrations. Their philosophy never tends to degrade mankind, and to confound them with material beings;—their morality is never the apologist of self-love and sensuality. Perhaps its fault rather is, that it is sometimes a little too lofty, and seems better calculated for a being all spiritual, than for a mixed nature like that of man. But of the two extremes, it is at least more honourable to man, and assuredly less dangerous, to make him a god than a machine *.'

Reinhard, in the course of his letters, alludes to several circumstances of his early life, which had a decided influence on his future character and studies. The following particulars furnish the principal outlines of his brief and simple biography †. He was the son of a Protestant clergyman, and born in 1753, at Vohenstrauss, in the duchy of Sulzbach. His earliest education was received in his father's house, whence he was removed to the Gymnasium at Ratisbon. In 1773 he entered the University of Wittemberg, where he filled successively the chairs of philosophy and theology, and soon acquired celebrity as a preacher. His distinguished name procured him an offer of the office of court-preacher at Dresden, which he accepted in 1792, and continued to discharge, with growing reputation, till his death in 1812.

'Till the age of fifteen,' he observes‡, 'I had no other instructor than my father,—a man, whom I should always have honoured though he had not been my father, and who was considered one of the best preachers of the country. One of the characteristic merits of his sermons was the justness and regularity of their arrangement. You may judge how natural and easy this was, from the fact, that as early as the age of ten or eleven years, I could follow a sermon as I heard it, preserve it in my memory, and, on returning home, give an account of it in writing. Finding this exercise pleased my father, who read over and corrected my analyses, I constantly employed myself in this way on the Sunday, and acquired such skill, that none of the principal ideas of a sermon escaped me.

'Thus the conception of a sermon, well arranged, and of which the principal heads follow in an order easy to retain, was early and lastingly imprinted on my mind with all the authority and attraction of paternal example. From that time forth, every sermon, which was wanting in arrangement, and of which I could not seize the plan, has been lost upon me; and chiefly for this reason, I have been so seldom satisfied with those that I have heard.'

Owing to peculiar circumstances, the course of his studies—

* *Pref. du Trad.*, p. xi.
† See *Pref. du Trad.*, and *Conversations-Lexicon*, article *Reinhard*.
‡ Lettre ii. p. 8-9.

particularly his theological studies—was not very regularly pursued at the University; and, on this subject, he thus candidly speaks in his 6th letter:—

'Most sincerely do I recommend all young students to avoid the errors which I here confess, and to study the theological sciences according to a plan as methodical and complete as time and circumstances will allow. If I had had more time for my studies, and pursued them in their natural order, what facilities should I have experienced in the sequel! How many branches of knowledge might I then, without much difficulty, have cultivated to a considerable degree of perfection, which I have since been able to acquire only by great exertions, and always in an imperfect manner?'

There is no circumstance in the character of Reinhard to which we would more earnestly call the attention of young divines, than the high standard of literary excellence, which he always proposed to himself, as a means of increased influence and usefulness in his profession, and the great importance which he attached to his early familiarity with the finest models of classical antiquity. His active and enlightened zeal in the walk of pastoral duty was nourished and adorned by profound and various learning; and his example furnishes a striking proof of what it has sometimes been the practice to doubt in this country—that studious habits and great acquirements do not unfit a man for being an industrious pastor and a popular preacher. Unfortunately, with us the cultivation of learning and philosophy, and the study of popular eloquence, are not so combined in the education of our divines as they ought to be, and as they certainly might be. On the contrary, they have been so generally separated in England, that some almost question the possibility of their union. Facts, however, prove the reverse. In the vigorous spring-tide of our earlier literature, the most celebrated preachers, Hooker, Hall, Donne, Taylor, South, and Barrow, were all men of learning—men whose ideas and whose attainments were rather above than below the level of the average learning of their day; and hence the influence which they exerted on the public mind, and the rank which they have permanently retained among the master-spirits of their country's literature. We might apply the same remark—making the necessary allowance for the greater strictness with which the Catholic Church fetters the free action of the human mind—to the great preachers of France: and in Germany, the names of Reinhard, of Herder, and of Dr. Schleiermacher, who, at this very day, draws crowded audiences at Berlin, by his clear and easy flow of extemporaneous eloquence, are sufficient to prove that the most profound acquirements, critical and metaphysical, are not only compatible with all the graces of popular oratory, but, when warmed by the spirit of a living piety, furnish its noblest conceptions, its most delightful embellishments, and happiest illustrations. Certainly, this was Cicero's idea of true

eloquence—of eloquence, indeed, employed in a different department, but still comprehending human life in some of its most interesting relations. 'Meâ quidem sententiâ nemo poterit esse omni laude cumulatus orator, nisi erit omnium rerum magnarum atque artium scientiam consecutus: etenim ex rerum cognitione efflorescat et redundet oportet oratio; quæ, nisi subest res ab oratore percepta et cognita, inanem quandam habet elocutionem et pene puerilem*.'

These last words exhibit no exaggerated description of much that is considered pulpit eloquence in the present day; and the prevalence of this loose declamatory style among the most zealous and popular sects,—disjoined, as it usually is, from all exact knowledge and sound philosophy—is one cause, doubtless, of the very little influence exercised by the pulpit on that portion of the community, who are the most distinguished for their knowledge and intelligence. The influence of the pulpit is most directly felt within the circle where it is least wanted—by those who have already strong religious convictions.

The head of the preacher cannot be too richly stocked with materials, especially on the all-important subjects of scriptural interpretation, history, morals, politics, philosophy, and the knowledge of human nature,—if, at the same time, he be rightly instructed how to use those materials to the greatest advantage, for the purposes of popular influence and instruction; and provided also that his heart be deeply engaged in his work, and actuated by an earnest zeal for the salvation of human souls. It was once remarked, rather severely, of a popular preacher, that if the man had had anything to say, he could have said it: with equal justice it might be said of others, that they have plenty to say, if they only knew how to say it. We will not decide which of these predicaments is the worst; but we are quite sure that, with proper discipline, neither of them need exist, and that neither of them ought to exist. The academies of the Unitarian Dissenters have generally provided well and amply for the literary and scientific part of a minister's education; and those who have had the privilege of studying at York will not find it easy to express, in terms sufficiently warm, their deep and grateful sense of the advantages enjoyed in this respect. If a knowledge of theology, derived from an enlightened and critical interpretation of the sacred books, and communicated with the utmost candour and impartiality, were the whole of what is required for the equipment of a Christian minister for the efficient discharge of his various duties, it would be impossible to desire anything in addition to what that excellent institution affords. But an acquaintance with critical aud dogmatic theology, though a most essential, is not the only,

* De Oratore, 6.

qualification for a useful preacher; and a knowledge of the mode in which his materials must be combined and displayed in order to produce the most powerful impression on an audience, must be next, at least, if not equal, in importance to the possession of the materials themselves. Nor will occasional lessons in mere elocution supply the want of which we are speaking. We rather refer to the necessity for such instruction in the composition of sermons, in the popular handling of theological difficulties, in the choice of subjects and the management of them, according to the temper and circumstances of the congregation, and generally in the whole conduct of the pastoral office, more especially with reference to the young and inquiring, which is so indispensable to the comfort of a minister in first entering on the duties of his charge, and which a long course of pastoral experience and reflection can alone supply. It would be unreasonable to devolve the duty of such instruction on the professor of theology, however highly accomplished as a preacher; for each subject—that of theology, and that of pulpit eloquence and the pastoral care—is enough to occupy the whole of a teacher's time and thoughts, and demands qualifications peculiar to itself. In Havard College, North America, this division of academic labour has been adopted, and we gather from Reinhard's account of what was defective in his own pastoral education, how these things were—and we suppose still are—managed in some of the Universities of Germany. Speaking of his course of study at Wittemberg, he says*—

'I gave my whole time to the sciences which a preacher ought to possess, to do full justice to the importance of his calling. I applied closely not only to the Hebrew, but to the other cognate languages; and I had the good fortune to meet with a very able instructor in the elements of these languages in the late Professor Dresde. I devoted myself with more ardour still to philosophy, under Dr. Schmid, the nephew of Crusius. And when I tell you, that with all this I attended courses on the interpretation of the Old and New Testament, on dogmatic theology, and on mathematics—that I reviewed all these lectures with much care at home—that I exercised myself daily in reading the Bible in Hebrew—that I took part in discussions on subjects of theology—and that I reserved to myself still many hours for the Latin, but more especially for the Greek writers—you will easily conceive that, during these two first years, I had no time for preaching. Circumstances having enabled me to remain longer at Wittemberg than I had calculated upon, I formed, during the third year of my residence there, a more intimate acquaintance with Professor Schroeckh, and attended his private lectures on Church History. This was a new field opened to my studies. My guide introduced me to its most interesting portions with so much learning, and with such encouraging kindness, that I devoted a considerable share of my time to this interesting labour. During this and the following year I occasionally preached for my friends, but not often enough to derange my plan of study. I had to regret having no oppor-

* Lettre v., p. 56.

tunity to pursue some studies particularly necessary to the preacher. During the whole course of my studies I was unable to attend the lectures on Theological Morality, on Pastoral Theology, and on *Homiletik*. I was not a member of any *preaching society* (*prediger collegium*), and those who knew Wittemberg, from 1773 to 1776, are well aware that it was not wholly through my own fault that I was deprived of these assistances.'

By *Homiletik*, it is hardly necessary to observe, is meant the art of preaching, or pulpit eloquence, which thus most properly formed, at Wittemberg, the subject of a separate course of public instruction. The *preaching societies* in the German universities are voluntary associations of students in divinity, generally under the superintendence of some distinguished professor or clergyman, for the purpose of exercising themselves in the art of preaching, and other functions of the ministry. We can hardly conceive of any institutions more admirably fitted than these to imbue young divines with the *spirit* of their profession, and to induce them to consider their learning as an instrument of public usefulness, urging them by all the incentives of a generous emulation, to bring all their attainments and their speculations to bear upon the great and sacred object of their future lives—the conduct of the human soul to truth, virtue, and happiness. In 1784, while he was still a professor at Wittemberg, and first pastor of the University Church, Reinhard was earnestly solicited by a number of students to become the president of a preaching society, and complied with their request. It consisted of sixteen ordinary, and a certain number of extraordinary, members. The former presented weekly, each in his turn, the plan of a sermon, and eight days afterwards a sermon composed upon this plan; the others furnished only plans. The subjects were sometimes the usual lessons from the Gospels and Epistles, and sometimes texts adapted to particular circumstances. Two days before the meeting of the society the compositions were transmitted to the president, who read them. These meetings for criticism attracted a great number of auditors. The plan, after being read aloud, was carefully discussed: Reinhard proposed his ideas and corrections, and often suggested another plan. In the sermon he demanded, as the principal qualities, soundness of reasoning, order and continuity in the ideas, and a style that was simple and elevated, and void of all affected embellishments. He objected to the introduction of hypotheses into the pulpit, and, as contrary to his own practice, and to the Confession of Augsburg, any quotation, in proof of the views maintained, from the Apocryphal books. Nothing could be more interesting than his advice as to the manner in which the preacher should vary the tone of his address according to the subject. For example: in preaching on impurity, he recommended the orator to adopt the language of

sincere benevolence and compassion, because he considered it the only language which could gain over the lovers of pleasure, while menaces would disgust them, or drive them to distraction. His own sermons furnished admirable models to the young men, and were a beautiful exemplification of his own precepts. Reinhard thus speaks of the manner in which he supplied the deficiencies of his own education for the ministry * :—

'I never made a study of pulpit eloquence, or took part in the exercises of the preaching-societies. This may be discovered in my sermons, which exhibit many instances of transgression against rules in their division and arrangement. But if, independently of rules, I have been able to succeed as a preacher, I owe it to my assiduous study of the ancient rhetoricians and orators, and my no less assiduous application to philosophy. I am persuaded this course of reading proved more profitable to me than lectures on sacred rhetoric would have been.'

The earliest object of his admiration had been Cicero, to whom, however, he subsequently preferred Demosthenes. Of the latter he thus speaks:—

'The more I read this orator, the more clearly I perceived that true eloquence is quite a different thing from the art of dressing up fine phrases; that nothing is more unlike it than that glittering display of antitheses and subtleties, which Kant forcibly designated *prose run mad;* that torrent of sonorous terms and phrases which the multitude admire without comprehending a single word that is said. And this was the inference which I drew for my own guidance. If, thought I, I could speak from the pulpit in such a manner, that each of my discourses should form a well-arranged whole, closely connected in all its parts, and developing itself in the most natural order; if I could always select a subject interesting to my hearers, adapted to their circumstances and their most important relations, and fruitful in the most valuable practical suggestions; if I could always clothe my thoughts in words which set them forth with the greatest precision and strength; if I could always seize those expressions which were the most perspicuous for instruction, and the most picturesque for description, for exhortation the most forcible, for reproof the most pathetic, and for consolation the best fitted to carry peace and tranquillity into the heart; if I could adopt a language that would, as it were, render visible all the modifications of thought, shades of sentiment, and degrees of passion, and touch just those cords of the heart which it was desirable to move; if, finally, by a style that was easy and natural, full without redundance, and smooth without a studied harmony, I could at once gratify the ear and win the heart,—that would be the eloquence which is suitable to the pulpit; then would my discourses enlighten the understanding, imprint themselves on the memory, and kindle sentiment; then should I speak of religion with that noble simplicity, that majestic dignity, and that benevolent ardour which it always ought to inspire.'

In estimating the justness of Reinhard's conception of pulpit-

* Lettre vi., p. 45, et seq.

eloquence, we should remember that his audiences, both at Wittemberg and at Dresden, consisted for the most part of persons of high intellectual cultivation. To the study of the ancient orators and poets he joined that of the ancient moralists, Plato, Aristotle, Arrian, Plutarch, and Seneca. From them he passed to modern moralists, and more especially to the best poets and historians of different ages, reading them with a constant reference to morals.

'It was only,' he observes *, 'when I was called to the functions of a preacher that I felt the whole of the advantage which I derived from this mode of studying morals. It is, indeed, evident that a minister of the gospel ought to possess a systematic knowledge of moral truths; but that alone is not sufficient. He must understand the human heart, and have traced all its movements, propensities, and artifices; he must observe the endless varieties of inclination and character, and know what are the difficulties and obstacles that present themselves to the practice of good in general, and of each virtue in particular: in one word, practical wisdom is for him the most essential of all attainments. And whence can that wisdom be so effectually obtained as from those authors who have displayed a profound knowledge of the nature of man? I must confess that the study of the ancients, especially their moralists (Reinhard might have added the great classics of every literature), joined to the uninterrupted reading of the Bible, was the source from which I drew the treasures of the preacher. Even in the precepts of the Scripture itself, I should have overlooked a thousand applications without the assistance of these invaluable guides.'

In the very same spirit, the late Sir James Mackintosh † eloquently vindicates Grotius from the charge brought against him by Dr. Paley, of needlessly loading the margin of his great work (*De Jure Bell. ac Pac.*) with quotations from the classics:—

'They are witnesses, whose conspiring testimony, mightily strengthened and confirmed by their discordance on almost every other subject, is a conclusive proof of the unanimity of the whole human race on the great rules of duty, and the fundamental principles of morals. In those very writings which Grotius is blamed for having quoted, the general feelings of human nature, and the according judgment of all ages and nations, are recorded and preserved. The usages and laws of nations, the events of history, the opinions of philosophers, the sentiments of orators and poets, as well as the observation of common life, are, in truth, the materials out of which the science of morality is formed.' T.

* p. 57.

† On the Study of the Law of Nature and Nations, p. 24. London, 1828.

GOETHE'S WORKS.—No. 6.

Vol. xii.—*Faustus.* (Faust *eine Tragödie*—not *Trauerspiel*, the proper German word for tragedy, which would have been most improperly applied here; but we are not reconciled even to the Greek appellation.) When we, thirty years ago, became first acquainted with the marvellous *fragments* which are found in the first collection of our author's writings, we persuaded ourselves, that if it were ever completed, (now it has both a beginning and a middle,—and, according to report, an end also, which exists in manuscript,) Goethe would condescend to borrow a title from one of his most illustrious predecessors, and call it a *Divine Comedy*. The epithet 'divine' is, by common usage, applied to the matter, not the form of a work; and Faust treats of all those awful conditions of existence which absorb the deepest thoughts, and concern the highest interests of man;—the scene reaches to the heavens above; the characters are the most tremendous which the imagination of man has ever attempted to conceive—the heavenly hierarchy and the powers of hell. The action, no less awful than that of the permitted attempt of the infernal spirit to fix in disobedience to his God a man who has ventured to trespass beyond the limits of humanity. Whatever be the issue, the struggle is tragic, and the matter divine, if anything can be, that concerns mankind. Comedy, nevertheless, is the drama, and that essentially in its style. Critics have disputed the propriety of Dante's application of the word to his divine poem, on the ground that the style is, in general, too elevated, and the state of mind which it excites too earnest. In both of these particulars, no one can deny that 'comedy' would be here the only appropriate term; for it is this which distinguishes Faustus from every work of imagination with which we are acquainted;—that, while the matter is the most awful, dreadful, and pathetic that can be conceived, the form is in such direct contrast, that we know of but one appropriate epithet, which, joined to the Greek denomination of the class of poem, would express the peculiar character of the individual work. It is a *grotesque tragedy*; and it will be found that this grotesqueness is no accident; it arises necessarily out of the very idea of the work. No other style is possible; and in this necessity lies its justification, its good taste, aye, its morality in the highest sense of the word. The seeming incongruity, as soon as the author's drift and purpose are clearly understood, will resolve itself into strict propriety. That purpose we shall endeavour to explain to our readers, which, being understood, they will be better able, whenever the opportunity offers, to appreciate the execution. We wish it were also in our power to furnish specimens enow from which they might, with no other knowledge, form

some opinion of the work itself. With unaffected humility, we confess our inability to do this to our satisfaction.

The very title of the poem will inform our readers, that it has been framed out of the legendary tale which everybody has heard of, and which was even found a fit subject for the drama, by one of the great contemporaries of Shakspeare. It never occurred to *Marlow* to make his Faustus the vehicle of philosophy; but his tragedy abounds in talent, and has some scenes of great poetical beauty. The subject, however, is better known to the people than to the educated class. We recollect buying the 'The Tragical Story of Doctor Faustus,' as it hung dangling from a string against a wall, more than forty years ago, and being duly frightened by the reading of it. We have not seen it of late years; the age is grown too rational, as well as refined, for such coarse appeals to the superstitious feelings of the vulgar. It was, probably, about the same time that Goethe became aware of the infinite *capabilities* of the Gothic fiction. The tale is current through all Europe; and the idea of the possibility of acquiring supernatural power by præternatural means, or, in other words, by a compact with the devil, has formed, for centuries, an inherent and inseparable part of the popular creed. That Goethe, when he wrote his first-published fragments, being about twenty-five years old, had already clearly developed in his mind the philosophical problem which was afterwards executed, is by no means certain. The first-published fragments are still the finest of the work; but they are independent of the leading philosophical ideas. The pro-drama, the prologue in heaven, &c., are the produce of his riper years.

In an introduction to *Helena*, an intermezzo to Faustus, one of the latest of Goethe's writings, he thus explains his idea of the principal person:—

'The character of Faustus, at the height to which he has been raised, in the modern work, above the ancient and coarse legendary tale, represents a man who is ill at ease, and impatient under the restraints which appertain to our common nature, finds the possession of the highest knowledge, and the enjoyment of the deepest felicity, insufficient, in the slightest degree, to appease his longing. He is a spirit, therefore, which, in its restlessness, is ever changing its position, and is ever coming back to its former state more wretched than before. This feeling is so analogous to the modern state of existence, that several men of talents have felt themselves impelled to undertake the solution of the problem.'

Our author has nowhere, in didactic verse, said what idea he meant to personify in the Evil Spirit to whom, in his agony, Faustus applies; but no inscription is necessary under the figure. However, as there are varieties even in infernal natures—according to Milton—it may be right to say thus much,—that Mephistopheles is a laughing devil—an impudent and scornful derider of

whatever has the form of goodness, or beauty, or truth. Hence his peculiar style, and that grotesqueness which gives so unique a character to this work. But when we state that Mephistopheles is an enemy to truth, we must explain in what sense this is meant. The lies of Mephistopheles are, at the same time, truths. His sarcastic strictures on human life and character are equally acute and just. They are always uttered to deceive and mislead, but cannot be reproached with not being true, in any sense. This is, indeed, the character of those misanthropical works of real genius, in which great intellectual power is perverted to an evil purpose, and is remarkably true of one of the most admirable of our prose writers, whose scheme of moral philosophy is as detestable as can be imagined, and concerning whose too-famous book we have been often tempted to say, that every word is both true and false—true, as an insulated and individual observation,—false, in its misrepresented bearing upon the totality of the human mind. This writer, by a singular coincidence, has all but the name of *Man-devil*. Mephistopheles might have written the 'Fable of the Bees.' We will, before we close this article, illustrate this by a translated scene.

The profoundest and most beautiful scenes of the drama are dialogues between the Evil Spirit and the unhappy man: indeed, the whole of the action lies between these beings. The conflict between them, and its issue, is the sole purpose of the drama. To this, every other object, usually within the scope of the dramatic poet, is sacrificed. Only one person is introduced who at all diverts our attention from Faustus and the demon; and that is Margaret, the purest and most lovely of female characters. But to what end are these mighty engines used? Herein lies the philosophic character of the poem, and Goethe's wise departure from the popular legend. The Dr. Faustus of the populace is carried away by the devil; Goethe's Faustus, it is quite certain, is to be victorious over the demon, though this development has not yet been made public. This is clearly announced in the prologue. Faustus, therefore, may be described as a philosophical drama, exhibiting the successful struggle of the better principle in man with the worse. His guilty passion; his excessive love of knowledge, had led him to the crime of daring to break the laws imposed on his nature; but in that desire, and in his susceptibilities of beauty and virtue, lies a principle of good, which saves him from succumbing to the Spirit of Evil that himself has evoked, and over which, becoming an object of divine mercy, he at last triumphs.

That our readers may be able to take, as it were, a bird's-eye view of the plan of the author, we will, in the first instance, content ourselves with rapidly passing over the successive scenes, only adverting now and then to a passage which reveals what may be called the author's system. Of his poetry, his incidental philo-

sophy, including his diversified views of human life, which the leisure of half a century has enabled him to accumulate, we can give nothing.

The poem is now introduced by some most pathetic stanzas, called a Dedication—but to whom, does not appear—written on his resuming the work after a pause of many years, and in which the poet seems painfully impressed with the deep significance of his poem. He even intimates a desire to die—a sentiment not to be found elsewhere in his works. Then follows a 'Prodrama on the Theatre'—the characters, the Manager, Dramatic Poet, and *lustige Person, i. e.* Mr. Merryman, as the clown is still called at our shows at fairs. The manager complains of poverty, and applies to the poet for aid, which is refused; for the poet is full of all the elevated ideas and disinterested passions which his divine art generates as it is produced by them. Here the author shows on the stage that which is seen equally in life. The noblest of arts, like the sublimest of truths and the most exquisite productions of talent and genius, are made subservient to the lowest of purposes—personal gain. Shakspeare's plays are performed, that shillings may be collected at the door; and Christianity is preached, that parsons may collect tithe. Mr. Merryman interposes, taking care to assert the importance of *his* part in all such undertakings.—'He who has skill to do rightly what is to be done, will take care not to oppose the humour of the people..... Set your fancy at work with all its choruses—reason, understanding, feeling, passion; but harkye, not without folly.' In the end the manager announces Faustus.

Then follows the 'Prologue in Heaven,' about which it is difficult, in a few words, to do justice to the author, yet those few words are the more necessary as Lord Levison Gower has thought it prudent to omit it in his translation. We are much less inclined to find fault with his Lordship for what he did not than for what he did. But Goethe was dissatisfied with the omission. He said to a friend of ours, three years since, 'I cannot comprehend why the prologue was omitted—*sie ist so ganz unschuldig*'—'it is so entirely innocent.' Innocent we are persuaded it was in the author's mind, and innocuous, too, in the mind of every reflecting reader. Goethe meant, assuredly, no irreverent parody on the introduction to the Book of Job. He rather thought the example of a poet of the remotest antiquity, the piety of whose sentiments, as well as the lyrical and moral beauties of whose work, had gained it a place among the sacred writings, the chronicles, prophecies, and moral and devotional poems of his countrymen, was an authority for the use of the same imagery. The best excuse for Lord Levison Gower's omission is, that the version of this scene by an infinitely greater man, a real poet,—the late Mr. Shelley,—is exceptionable. His translation is more offensive than the original, nor has the translator been always able to express the deep sense of the author.

In this 'Prologue in Heaven,' Raphael, Michael, and Gabriel sing each a song of praise before the Lord (der Herr), and then Mephistopheles comes, as Satan did before him, into the awful presence. Like him he demands, and obtains, permission to try his seductive powers on his intended victim, with a warning that he will fail. Whatever objection may be taken to this scene arises from this, that Mephistopheles even here speaks in character, undeterred by the Divine presence. There is no part of this scene that is particularly fit for quotation: at the same time there is one which deserves notice, as it may be considered not only as the key to the whole poem, but as one of the various attempts at a *theodice*, in which the profoundest of thinkers have hitherto been baffled. As a reason for this acquiescence in the request of the demon, the Lord answers—'The active spirit of man too easily relaxes—he soon delights in absolute repose; and, therefore, I have been willing to give him that companion who stimulates him, and works on him, and influences as a devil must:' and then addressing the heavenly host, commands them, as the 'genuine sons of God,' to rejoice in the eternal growth of beauty; there being, in the Divine creation, a ceaseless flow of beautiful phenomena, which the Divine intellect fixes, as it were, by contemplation and thought. This is our interpretation of a passage which Mr. Shelley has not rendered intelligible, nor have we been able to translate literally.

The tragedy itself opens with a soliloquy from Faustus, who is in his solitary study at night; one of those poetical passages which, like the stanzas of Ugolino in Dante, Milton's Morning Hymn, Wordsworth's Ode on the Recollections of Childhood, belongs to the most perfect productions of genius and poetical art. Faust developes his misery, and seeks his remedy in the magical volume of Nostradamus. A Spirit appears—a contention arises between them; the Spirit asserts his higher nature, but Faust never forgets that he is made in the image of God—it is the talisman that protects him. The dispute is interrupted by Wagner, Faustus' famulus. Now, Wagner is the representative of the sheer college dunce; an honest simpleton, who sees no wisdom but in book learning, and by his wearisome commonplaces makes the wretched philosopher more sensible of his misery. Faustus drives him from him, and pursues his moody contemplation till his passion rises to madness. At length he seizes a phial of poison to terminate his sufferings. It is at his lips when the church bells are set in motion, and he hears a choral hymn in the air—'Christ is arisen.' It is the morning of Ascension Day. The divine song softens him—it brings back to his mind the pure affections of his childhood; the poison falls from his hand—his burning passion subsides, and he melts into tears.

The second scene is a cheerful exchange. Before the gates of the town (Leipzig, we suppose) the people are following their

humble occupations. We have peasants, servants, students, beggars, soldiers, &c.; Faustus and his famulus appear among them, and the old contest is renewed. A mysterious dog joins them in their walk, and, unobserved, goes with Faustus to his apartment. He opens a volume, and reads—'In the beginning was the *word*:' on which he utters a soliloquy of presumptuous interpretation. *Word*, he thinks, cannot be meant; it should be *sense* (*Sinn*): that dissatisfies him—it must be *power* (die Kraft). Finally he adopts, 'In the beginning was the *deed* (*That*).'—During this spoken meditation the dog howls—the holy words are a torment to him: the dismal accompaniment is succeeded by invisible spirits, who sing responses to the rash soliloquies of the philosopher. At length Mephistopheles appears in his proper person, and a subtle dialogue ensues, in which the author attempts the impossible.—Why don't God Almighty kill the devil? is the question put by many a child to his father: fathers are generally wise enough to decline answering. We are far from thinking that Goethe has found the word of the riddle, yet we know not where a nearer approximation is to be found than in the following:—

'*Faustus* (repeating his question to the spirit).—Who art thou, then?'—

Mephistopheles answers—

'Ein Theil von jener Kraft
'Die stets das Böse will, und stets das Gute schafft.

(A portion of that power which, ever willing evil, ever produces good.)

'*Faustus.*—What means the riddling word?

'*Meph.*—I am the Spirit that ever denies, and that justly; for all that arises deserves but to perish: and better were it, therefore, were nothing to arise. Hence, all that you call sin, destruction, in one word, evil, is my proper element.

'*Faustus.*—Thou callest thyself a part, and standest yet entire before me!

'*Meph.*—It is, indeed, a modest truth I utter, when man—a little world of folly—deems himself a whole. I am a part of that part which at the beginning was all. A part of the darkness which begat the light; that proud light which now disputes with its mother night her rank and her precedence. Yet light still prospers not; for, with all its struggles, it does but stick to bodies; from bodies it streams, and bodies it makes fair: body stays its progress, and therefore hope I that, with body, soon 'twill perish!'

In this curious speech it is to be remarked what use our author has made of the speculations of the earliest philosophers on the origin of things. The demon proceeds in a passionate, yet ironical declamation against the works of the creation.—'How many have I buried! and yet fresh blood is ever circulating anew. It drives one mad! A thousand buds are springing from air and water as from the earth, in dry and moist, in hot and cold; so

that, had I not reserved fire, there would be nothing apart for me.' Faustus, pressing on his new master-slave till he is weary, the demon calls spirits to his aid, and they, in a magic song of marvellous beauty, throw Faustus into a trance.

Another scene follows between Faustus and the demon, which rivals the first in intensity of thought and fearful vigour of expression. The compact is concluded between them; Faustus, however, is cunning enough to impose a condition on his infernal servant, which suggests the possibility of future escape. He is willing hereafter to be the slave of the demon, in return for immediate services.

'*Faustus.*—If e'er I lie upon a bed of rest, then let me perish. Canst thou by flattery so delude me that I e'er please myself, and canst thou cheat me with enjoyment, be that my latest day. . . . . If e'er I say to the moment, stay! for thou art beautiful! then fix thy chains upon me, I'll perish willingly—let the bell of death sound for me—thou art free from servitude. The clock stands still, and time for me is o'er!'

This dialogue is interrupted by a lad who is just come up to college, and seeks advice from the Doctor about his studies. The Devil takes Faustus's cloak, and makes a trial of his skill,—we mean to copy the scene by-and-by,—suffice it here to say that, by insidiously bringing before the boy's imagination all the evils inseparable from all the active pursuits of professional learning, he sends him away bent on renouncing all studies except for profligate pleasure.

The scene changes to Averbach's cellar, in Leipzig, a drinking shop where students meet. Here they are in all the wildness of noisy and boisterous gaiety: their intense and coarse joviality is idealized by wit and fancy: not an indecorous word is uttered, unless it be in the idea of a song of the king, who makes the tailor a minister for fitting his favourite flea with a pair of breeches. Even this wild scene is tame in comparison with what follows—*Hexen Küche* (the witches' kitchen); not so picturesque, but equally significant with the weird sisters on the blasted heath. This monster, with her hated imps, serves to fix the dominion of the Evil Spirit over the mind of his intended victim. Amid the seeming nonsense which she reads out of her book, especially in the witches' multiplication-table, we suspect there is more meant than meets the ear. The concluding verses have a sense but too obvious.

'Die hohe Kraft—Der Wissenschaft
Der ganzen welt verborgen,
Und wer nicht denkt—Dem wird sie geschenkt
Er hat sie ohne Sorgen.'

('The mighty power of science, hidden from the whole world—and he who does not think, to him it is given—he has it without any care.')

The world has never been without fanatics of this description;

and when all the known dialects of the earth are exhausted in its development, an *unknown tongue* will be at hand, not to enhance the folly, but to vary the manifestation. Not merely to perplex the understanding is the witch there; she sets his senses and his imagination on fire by a draught from her charmed cup and a look into her magic glass, in which he sees the figure of Margaret.

We are next introduced to this admirable creature, the conception of whose character demonstrates no less the great author's exquisite sense of moral beauty than this whole work does the immeasurable extent of his thinking and imaginative powers. Her innocence is such that Mephistopheles has no power over her. It would seem, though this is but our inference, that this innocence becomes even the safeguard of Faustus himself; for that appetite which is imbibed from the witches' chalice becomes an ennobling passion. The fierce conflict within him between his desire, that hurries him on to her destruction, and his love, that makes her an object of *compassion*;—betwixt his irresistible appetite and his unextinguishable remorse, excite the deepest sympathy; while the accompanying derision and mockery of the demon, his profligate jests, and impudent scorn of all the good that still lingers in Faustus, add to the already powerful compound that comic element which so singularly sharpens and seasons the poem.

Amid the scenes in which these opposite ingredients are mixed together is one which Madame de Staël has noticed with more than her usual discernment—it is that in which Margaret questions Faustus about his religion. The episode of Margaret becomes now intensely pathetic—her shame at the apprehended exposure of her guilt—her prayer to the Virgin before an image in the street, and the scene in the cathedral, in which her devotions are, on the one hand, stimulated by the choral singing of the '*Dies iræ, dies illa*,' &c., but, on the other, impeded by the whisperings of an infernal spirit, which infuse despair, and she mistakes for the workings of her own mind, are intensely pathetic. This latter scene terminated the fragments which for many years were all that was publicly known of Faust. These that follow have been added at different periods: nor do we know when they were written. It will be an object of research to the future editors of Goethe. Not the style merely, but the structure of the drama undergo great changes in the course of its progress. There is more action and far less of discourse and metaphysics than in the earlier scenes.

The poet next leads us to a spot well known in the history of superstition in Germany—the mountain of the Harz in Hanover. Here on the *Walpurgisnacht*, May-day night, witches hold their sabbath, and thither go Faustus and Mephistopheles. We, happily, the English public, have been put in possession of a

felicitous translation of this admirable scene, which will be found among the posthumous poems of Shelley. It is a more successful work than the version of the prologue. We have not compared it so closely with the original as to be justified in saying that it is perfectly correct. It has a greater merit than verbal accuracy: it has been conceived in a congenial spirit, and this has required occasionally imitation rather than translation.

The machinery of this witch scene is that of the popular superstition of the middle ages, and a northern climate. Its character is grotesque horror; but we are not learned enough in necromancy to see the propriety of every fantastic incident. It ends with an intermezzo, the

Walpurgisnacht Traum, the May-day night dream, or Oberon and Titania's golden marriage (festival of fiftieth wedding-day). It is personal, modern, and tame, compared with the preceding. We have the fairy family, and all sorts of fantastic personifications, with occasional strokes of local and personal satire.

The drama returns to real life; but the incidents are too unconnected to allow of strong sympathy. The brother of Margaret had been murdered before by the hand of Faustus, though involuntarily. And now Margaret is in prison, condemned to die, as it seems, for the murder of her child. Faustus has access to her—the scene is excessively painful—it goes beyond the licence given to poets in the accumulation of horror, or would do so, but for the finale. Margaret resists the entreaties of her lover to unite herself with him again. And when Mephistopheles comes to bear away Faustus from the prison, and of her exclaims, 'She is condemned!' a voice from above is heard—'She is saved!' Thus ends the first part.

There was then a pause; and it was some years afterwards that Goethe published the intermezzo which now appears in the fourth volume, entitled *Helena*. We have above extracted from the introduction to this intermezzo, Goethe's own explanation of Faust's character—he proceeds to remark on what had followed the publication of the first fragments:—

'My plan was approved of, and men of superior qualities * studied and commented upon my text, which I thankfully acknowledged. But this surprised me, that those who undertook to continue and complete my fragment should not perceive (what yet lies so near) that a second part must rise altogether above the miserable sphere hitherto occupied, and that such a man must be led into higher regions by the aid of nobler beings. This idea I kept secret, in the hope that I might myself finally bring my work to its conclusion.

'The great chasm between the woeful termination of the first part and the appearance of a Grecian heroine still remains unfilled up,—

* *Schink*, Berlin, 1804. *Klingemann*, Tragedy. 1815.

may the following, nevertheless, be received with kindness! The old legend says, for instance, and the puppet-show does not fail to give the scene, that Faustus, in the insolence of power, requires of Mephistopheles the possession of the beautiful Helena of Greece, and after some resistance, this was granted to him. I considered it a duty not to omit so significant a situation in my work; and how it has been discharged will appear in this intermezzo.'

Of this intermezzo we are unwilling to speak: indeed we have no right. The unsuccessful attempt to comprehend it would have been truly painful, but for the consolatory lines in the 'Geheimnisse'—Mysteries—a poem to be noticed hereafter.

'Ein wunderbares Lied ist euch bereitet,
Vernehmt es gern und jeden ruft herbei
. . . . . .
Und wenn der Pfad sacht' in die Büsche gleitet
So denket nicht, dass es ein Irrthum sey
. . . . . .
Doch glaube Keiner, dass mit allen Sinnen
Das ganze Lied er je entrathseln werde,' &c.

('A wondrous song is here prepared for you—give a willing ear to it, and call every one to it . . . . And if the path loses itself in the wood—do not think that this is an error . . . . But let no one believe that, with all his efforts, he can ever unriddle the whole of the song.')

There is much, indeed, in all Goethe's works, in Faustus especially, which his warmest admirers confess they do not understand. But Helena is perhaps the only production of any importance of which the whole remains, according to the confession of many a disciple, still a riddle.

The *second part* contains but two scenes: indeed, there is but one which affords a glimpse of the author's scheme in effecting the deliverance of Faustus; and for that purpose he has adopted one of the poetical offsprings of the greatest of his predecessors. Faustus is seen lying on a grass-plot, wearied and restless from suffering. Ariel, Shakspeare's Ariel, is tending him. The Beneficent Genius convokes the spirits of the air to shed their benign influence over him. The choral songs are delicious. Faustus expresses his joy in nature at this twilight hour, in stanzas of *ottave rime*, the verse in which Goethe succeeds the most perfectly.

This lusciously-sweet scene is succeeded by one of the boldest and bitterest of Goethe's satires on public life. It wants only a closer connexion with his plan, to be one of the most excellent of his works. We see the emperor—aye! the German emperor himself—on his throne: he is surrounded by all his ministers; but these delight him not: he misses his fool. In answer to his anxious inquiries, he is told that his fat counsellor has fallen down, and is carried away drunk or dead; they do not know. And at the same time, Mephistopheles, in a fool's dress, forces

himself through the resisting crowd to the foot of the throne; by a single speech, in character, gains favour with his imperial majesty, and is allowed a seat at the emperor's left hand. Affairs of state are brought forward: the lord high chancellor, the commander-in-chief, the chancellor of the exchequer, the lord high marshal, successively deplore each the wants of his office. The main evil, however, is an empty treasury. Mephistopheles, to the satisfaction of his master, denies the fact. The emperor's omnipotence; the splendour of the courtiers; the unexplored wealth of the country; all render this an impossibility.

'And do you ask me *who* will bring it to light? I answer, he whom nature and mind have endowed with power.'

This rouses the indignant chancellor, whose short speech is the *summa summarum* of all courtly wisdom, and, therefore, we think it right to insert the original. It may serve to show our radical friends, that if Goethe did not join their party in actual life, and even became a conservative, it at least did not proceed from an incapacity to *imagine* all that their earnest and conscientious enthusiasts, as well as their least scrupulous and bitterest of scornful adversaries, have ever declaimed and suggested against the superstition of the ruling powers and privileged orders. It is all here in less than twenty lines:—

'Natur und Geist! so spricht man nicht zu Christen;
Desshalb verbrennt man Atheisten,
Weil solche Reden höchst gefährlich sind:
Natur ist Sunde, Geist ist Teufel,
Sie hegen zwischen sich den Zweifel,
Ihr misgestallet Zwitterkind.
Uns nicht so!—Kaiser's alten Landen
Sind zwei Geschlechter nur entstanden,
Sie stützen würdig seinen Thron:
Die Heiligen sind es und die Ritter,
Sie stehen jedem Ungewitter
Und nehmen Kirch und Staat zum Lohn,' &c.

'Nature and mind! that is not language fit for a Christian. For such, Atheists have been burnt ere now. Nature is sin—mind is Satan. And between them they have bred doubt, their misshapen double brood. None such for us! The emperor's throne is duly upheld by the two races in his ancient dominions—the saints and the cavaliers. They resist every storm, and they receive as their reward the church and the state.'

The reply of Mephistopheles would please our last-mentioned friends from other lips. Suffice it to say—and it is no mean proof of devilish skill—he beats the chancellor at his weapons, oratory and philosophy, and establishes himself in power by means of a lecture on political economy. And when the court leave him for the pleasures of the carnival, he, as usual, sends a sarcasm after them.

'Wie sich Verdienst und Glück verketten,
Das fällt den Thoren niemals ein;
Wenn sie den Stein der Weisen hätten
Der Weise mangelte den Stein.'

'It never occurs to the fools how worth and success are bound to each other. Had they the stone of the philosopher they would still want the philosopher for the stone.'

We have then a mask exhibited before the emperor by his new favourite and minister, in which, under the wildest and most whimsical of forms, comprehending all kinds of personifications, intellectual qualities, classes of society, the Parcæ, Furies, Pluto, and other creatures of Grecian philosophy, we have the gayest and bitterest of contemplations of human life. It ends, as if in derision of the threatened fate of the universe, with an universal conflagration, which, however, fixes Mephistopheles in the favour of his imperial master; and the work concludes abruptly with a —ist fortzusetzen—*to be continued.*

We have already spoken of the announced termination. To Falk, Goethe expressly declared, that Faustus had at last found mercy. Our hopes of what is still behind are repressed by the knowledge that whatever additions may have been made, must have proceeded from a man beyond seventy years of age; and literary history affords no instance of productive mind, poetic invention, retained to such an age, the limit of the lower faculties of man, the boundary set to mere animal life. Instead of speculating, therefore, on what may be left unpublished, we are disposed once more to look back on the poem as it is, and endeavour to give our readers an idea of the execution by a prose version of two scenes. The first, the dialogue between a student, a Freshman, who comes to the Doctor for advice—which Mephistopheles gives. We pass over a bantering reference to some of the peculiar practices of German universities.

'*Meph.* Declare, before you further go, what is the faculty you choose?

'*Student.* I wish to be a learned man, know all that heaven and earth contain—the Sciences and Nature too.'

This modest desire the Devil of course applauds, and as a first step advises the study of logic—

'So will your mind be duly trained, laced-up in Spanish boots, steadily moving in the path of thought, not rambling like a will-o'-the-wisp; so you will learn that what you formerly did all at once, like eating and drinking requires a one, two, three. It is with the manufactory of thought as with a weaver's web, in which one step sets a thousand threads in motion, and while the shuttle flies the unseen threads are driven—one blow forms a thousand combinations. Now comes the philosopher, and he shows you how this must be. That the first being so and the second so, therefore the third and fourth were so, and if the first and second were not, the third and fourth could never be. This is praised by the disciples in all places, but they have never

become weavers. He who is bent on knowing what really lives, must point out the spirit that is in it. For when he has the parts in his hand, the spiritual bond is wanting. *Encheirisin naturæ*—it is called by the chemists: they laugh at it themselves, and know not why.

'*Student.* I do not precisely understand you.

'*Meph.* No matter; knowledge will come in time if you learn method, and duly classify your thoughts.' . . . .

Passing over a similar persiflage of metaphysics, we come to a palpable subject, to which we take leave to direct our reader's especial notice—

'*Student.* I cannot bring myself to the study of the law.

'*Meph.* Nor can I blame you. I know how it stands with this doctrine,—laws and rights are inherited like an eternal disease; they drag on from generation to generation, and insensibly move from place to place. Reason becomes folly, beneficence a torment; woe to thee that thou art a grandson. Of the rights that are born with us enquiry is made.'

In these few lines, to use a familiar expression, the nail is hit on the head. In utter opposition to the vulgar error which praises *old* laws, the real infirmity attending human legislation is the practical impossibility of shifting the laws with sufficient promptitude to the everchanging wants of society. Man is progressive—laws are stationary. Incongruities and incompatibilities accumulate when centuries have elapsed; the evil becomes intolerable. Then comes a change. If it end in euthanasia it is called reform—revolution, if there be but a substitution of calamity. Such a crisis we have just entered upon. The other pregnant thought is indicated in a line—lawyers never go beyond the *positive* institution of some prince or legislature. The rights of nature or man, which lie at the root of all others, are abandoned to the speculations of the metaphysician; or if too intelligibly insisted on, their asserter is brought under the cognizance of the Attorney-General.

'*Student.* My horror is increased. Oh, happy those whom you instruct—I could almost resolve on theology.

'*Meph.* I would not mislead you as to this science; it is so hard to shun the false road. There lies in it so much concealed poison, and from the medicine it is so hard to be distinguished. Here also it is best if you listen only to one, and swear by his, your master's, words. On the whole, stick to words—so may you pass through sure portals into the temple of certainty.

'*Student.* But there must be an idea with the words!

'*Meph.* Aye, certainly! Only be not too anxious about what; for it is precisely where ideas are wanting that words may be successfully brought in. With words there is excellent disputing—with words you may prepare systems—in words you may well believe—from words not an iota can be taken!

'*Student.* Pardon my many questions; but may I beg for a word or two on medicine?

Meph. (*Aside.*) I am tired of this dry tone—I'll now play the right down devil.—(*Aloud.*) The spirit of medicine is easy of compre-

hension; you labour through the great and little world, in order at last to leave everything—as pleases God!'

He then, in character, praises medicine for the facilities it affords to quacks and impostors, and more especially in the seduction of women. This the stripling, of course, is capable of understanding.

'*Student.* That looks better!—one can see here the how and the why.

'*Meph.* All theory, my friend, is ashen grey—the golden tree of life is fresh and green.'

So with this practical lesson the under-graduate is dismissed. Before he goes, however, he hands his album to the supposed Doctor; the Devil writes—'And ye shall become as gods, knowing good from evil.' And when the boy makes his humble bow and departs, the seducer triumphs over his pupil—'Follow you but the text, and my cousin the serpent, and you in your likeness to God, shall one day smart for it.'

Lest the drift of this lesson of infernal wisdom, and our object in translating it, should be misunderstood, we add, that here is a striking illustration of those misleading truths of which we have spoken before. Logic is a mere formal science, and gives no knowledge of things; this is the truth, never so wittily stated before; the false inference is, that it is therefore nothing. Whatever perils in theory surround the study of theology, and whatever evils, inevitable in practice, accompany the existence of law as an establishment, these are, under other guidance than that of Mephistopheles, but excitements to more earnest study and laborious exercise. And so it is that in the profit we may draw from the demon's lesson, his function is performed—he wills evil and produces good.

The other specimen we select is the scene in which Margaret catechises Faustus on his religion:—

'*Marg.* Do tell me, what is your religion? You are a dear good man, but oh! you do not think much of it.

'*Faustus.* Leave that, my child; thou feelest how much I love thee; for thee, my love, I'd give up life. I disturb no one in his faith or church.

'*Marg.* That is not right—you must believe in it.

'*Faustus.* Must I?

'*Marg.* Oh, that I could make you! You do not even honour the seven sacraments.

'*Faustus.* I honour them.

'*Marg.* But without desire. To mass, to confession, you have not been lately. Do you believe in God?

'*Faustus.* Who, my love, dares say that he believes in God? Ask priests, ask philosophers; and their answer seems a mockery of the inquirer.

'*Marg.* So, then, you do not believe.

'*Faustus.* Do not, sweet creature, so misunderstand me. Who may name him, and who confess that he believes in him? Who may feel him, and will yet dare to say I do not believe in him? He, the

all-embracer—the all-preserver; clasps he not, and preserves he not thee, me, himself? Does not the heaven there vault itself above? Lies not the earth below? And rise not, twinkling, friendly upon us, eternal stars above? Do I not see thee face to face? And is not an eternal mystery woven invisibly and visibly around thy heart and head? Great as it is, oh fill thy heart with this deep sentiment, and when thou art full of bliss, then call it happiness—heart—love—God! I have no name for it; feeling is everything—name is but sound and smoke—befogging the glow of heaven.

'*Marg.* Oh, that is all very good, pretty much what the parson says, only in somewhat different words—

'*Faust.* It is heard in every place—all hearts utter it in the light of day—each in his own language. Why not I in mine?'

Note.—Of Lord Leveson Gower's translation we are unable to speak, having only turned over its leaves on its first appearance. We recollect opening at the scene we have above concluded our article with, and, quoting from memory, it was thus, or nearly like it—

'*Marg.* Say, to religion is your heart inclined?
Thy doubts on this one point disturb my mind.'

And so it was, in other parts, an attempt, by means of the most insipid and unmeaning of common-places, to hammer out a translation in regular heroic verse! It was as impossible for us to go on, as it would have been to swallow a glass of soda-water which had been left standing all night in a tumbler. We have heard it said in apology for the ludicrous and palpable mistakes in the meaning, that his Lordship made the translation as an exercise when learning German! And we have heard that, in a second edition, these mistakes have been corrected. How this may be we cannot tell. In the country, where this note has been written, we have not the means of ascertaining the fact. One remark only we take leave to make:—If the Noble Lord could ever have made out so much of the sense by means of his grammar and dictionary, as is contained in his publication, and yet at the same time think it permissible *so* to treat a work of the kind we trust our readers now feel Faustus to be, surely it manifests other incapacities for the task far more serious than mere ignorance of the German—that is, an utter insensibility to its genius and character—which no correction of particular errors can cure. A perfect knowledge of the German will contribute but little to the qualification of the future translator. *Shelley* is no more—*Coleridge* is too indolent—*William Taylor's* age of activity is passed—*De Quincey* and *Carlyle* have the requisite understanding, but neither of them has, we believe, written verse. Still we should prefer a prose translation from one of them, to a *soi-disant* poetical translation from any of the poets of the catalogue. The anonymous author of some excellent translations in 'Blackwood's Magazine' (we believe Mr. Gillies) is perhaps, of all known writers in our periodicals, the one whose success in attempts of a lower kind might best justify the undertaking.

SARRANS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1830*.

THE events of July, 1830, were charged with consequences not only to France, but to all Europe. Nevertheless, the change in the French government which was then effected is less entitled to

* "Lafayette, Louis-Philippe, and the Revolution of 1830. By B. Sarrans, jun. 2 vols. 8vo. Eff. Wilson." There is another translation of this work in circulation, published by Messrs. Colburn and Bentley. We have not compared the two; and comparison will scarcely be thought necessary by those who are aware that Mr. Wilson's is by the accomplished pen of the translator of the 'Tour of a German Prince.'

be called a revolution than that which, within the last few months, has given a new impulse to our own country. It may be true that there exist in France many patriotic and thinking men, who see great evils in the constitution of their government, and who have, in their own minds, thoroughly digested the ideas upon which their hope for France relies. That there is such a party cannot be doubted, nor that it existed with the same opinions, the same wishes and hopes, at the time when the change in the person of the chief magistrate of France took place. To these men, most of whom are in some manner connected with the public press, may be fairly ascribed the praise of having incited the population of Paris to resistance to the 'Ordinances.' The people of Paris rose, as one man, to oppose that actual and definite attack upon the very foundations of the social compact. But, as towards the great mass of the men who fought in the contest of the three days, the injury was exact and obvious, so was their remedy. We believe that the political feeling which actuated the majority of the Parisian mob was simply,—'we have for our king, a man without a sense of public justice and obligation; we know him to be of the race of incurables; let us expel him from the office for which he has proved himself to be unfit, and place there a more suitable person.' The men of genius had higher hopes and aims; they believed that, in addition to a weak and selfish monarch, they had faulty institutions. They thought that the latter tended mainly to induce the former evil; and they desired, in changing the one, to reconstruct the other also. It is in this that they were mistaken: they over-estimated the political education of the body of the French people, and, as it afterwards proved, the political honesty of many of their most trusted representatives. The nation was not, in July, 1830, prepared unanimously to desire a change in their form of government. They hoped to amalgamate popular government with the respectability of the monarchical name. How far the efforts of Carlists and Philippists may now have induced them to alter their opinion, remains to be proved. They may have reaped the knowledge of experience,—applicable alike to political and social arrangements,—that anomalous means are not likely to produce unity of effect. The fact of so great a change as that of the ruling dynasty, wholly unforeseen by all but a numerically inconsiderable portion of the people, having been effected in three days, might be sufficient to warrant the presumption, that the plans, so hastily adopted, would be insufficient to the emergency. The very fact of its being a revolution of three days may account for its proving so useless a revolution.

Between the publication of the obnoxious decrees, which took place on the 26th of July, and the general uprising of the city, there intervened but a few hours. Measures of resistance were conceived; men were called to think and to act without preme-

ditation,—insecure of the strength of feeling of those to whom they had to look for support, and knowing that upon them rested the onus of recommencing a state of internal feud in France, not yet recovered from the storms of the conclusion of the eighteenth century;—weary after that terrible disorganization which yet had thrown off a vast mass of political disease, she was willing to endure much, rather than again evoke a power which had once been so tremendous.

The moral character evinced by the actors of those three days was a glorious one; and the choice of the individual to place upon the vacant throne was the grand mistake. The haste in which their election was made seems the only explanation of how such men as the leaders of July could, for a moment, have consented to admit as their leader such a man as the Duke of Orleans.

We believe almost all parties agree in thinking France to be in a worse condition than during the administration of Charles X.; and why is this? Because, though the mass of the people may have desired no revolution of institutions, yet they did desire a change in the character of their ruler; as it is, they have only changed one king for another, who is, as far as he dare show himself, of the same make and mould as his predecessor. May he speedily follow on the same road!

It is now seventeen years since the Bourbons returned to France—France, weary of turmoil, yearning for tranquillity, and prepared to welcome them, if not certainly with enthusiasm, yet with content and hope. In such a complexion of things, how little might have sufficed to have awakened the gratitude of a generous and enthusiastic people. That little was withheld, in conformity with that short-sightedness which seems to become inherent in hereditary rulers.

The first measures of a restored dynasty, which might well have considered that it held the throne on sufferance, were either avowedly or in secret, to vitiate some of the most popular clauses of the newly-obtained charter. Then came that insult to every free country—the invasion of Spain. From this period, positive dislike took the place of indifference in the public mind towards Louis, but which fell yet more strongly on the intriguer Villèle. Accordingly, it was seen needful to change the administration; and Charles may be said to have begun his reign with all the chances of popularity in his favour. The people, with renewed hope, sent to their Parliament popular members; and, showing towards the king affection and gratitude for this so small concession, ventured to believe him sincere.

But, as of old, it may still be said, 'Put not your trust in princes.' The liberal ministry found itself looked upon with suspicious eyes, and their measures, though rather those of conciliation and time-serving, than of effective remedy, were found to be neutralized by the secret machinations of the court and its ad-

visers. This was in 1829, and the month of August saw an 'extrême droit' ministry, with Polignac for its head, preparing to wield the sceptre of France.

For all who had watched the progress of events, the names composing this cabinet afforded ample foresight of the measures to be expected. An association was formed for the purpose, if needed, of resisting the payment of taxes. The press performed its duty of warning, counselling, and encouraging. The Tory ministers, intimidated for a time, endeavoured, without effect, to veil the designs of their government. All was distrust and dissatisfaction on the part of the people, and on that of the ministry blind determination, when, in May, was convened the last parliament Charles X. was destined to meet. The royal address was peremptory; the reply of the liberal members anxious and supplicatory, yet firm. The refractory Chamber was speedily dismissed, with a view to corrupt the new elections. But, spite of all the arts and the influence which the government could bring to bear on the returns of the electoral colleges, an immense majority for the popular cause appeared on the list of deputies. No sooner was the fact of this majority decided, than were issued the 'Ordinances;' the first of which pronounces the Chamber dissolved before it had yet assembled; the second annulled the existing electoral laws, by which the Chamber had been appointed,—decreed the reduction of the number of representatives from 430 to 250, leaving to certain colleges, which had hitherto the privilege of electing, only that of recommending candidates, and abolished the vote by ballot; the third appointed the time for the meeting of the new assembly; the fourth abrogated the law which guaranteed the liberty of the press. Such were the famous Ordinances of the 26th of July. On the evening of the 27th, an attack was made by the royal troops on various groups which had assembled in the streets, but which had as yet manifested no intention of resorting to force. By this attack the resolution of all Paris was determined. At the time of the appearance of the Ordinances, Lafayette was at some leagues distance from Paris. On receiving the intelligence, he hesitated not a moment in taking post; and in the evening of the 27th, put himself at the head of the insurgents. On the morning of the 28th, the people, led by bands of the Polytechnic students, assembled in the principal avenues of the city, at each point met by detachments of troops. At noon the Hotel de Ville was in the hands of the people, with whom, at the close of the day, it remained, after having been three times taken and retaken. While this scene was transacting without, a meeting of editors of journals, by whom it had been convened, and of influential liberal deputies, was held, at which Lafayette opposed the hesitating counsels of the timid, and declared his resolution, whatever might be the

result, to give the people the whole weight of his name and his experience.

During the night of the 28th not less than one hundred thousand men were employed in active preparation for the struggle of the morrow. The result of the next day was the complete triumph of the popular force over the royal troops, and the virtual dethronement of the elder branch of the Bourbon family. At this time it would appear that neither the Duke of Orleans, who remained quietly at Neuilly, nor the people who had effected the revolution, had any idea of his succeeding to the throne. There, however, existed a party, with M. Lafitte for its leader, who had long kept this object in view. This party planned its measures quickly and well. The body of the people hesitated between the desire to place the crown on the head of Lafayette and the policy of appointing a regency in the name either of the young Napoleon or in that of Henry the Fifth. These regencies were both repeatedly offered to Lafayette, but this consistent republican steadily refused to compromise the principles of his life. The event was the offer, first of Lieutenant-Generalship, and then of the crown, to the head of the younger branch of the old dynasty.

After the immediate excitement of this great effort had somewhat subsided, the men of the 'Movement' party began to look for the altered system, which alone could make the revolution valuable. The most evident display of the spirit of the new government was to consist in its external policy. With regard to this policy two courses presented themselves—the one was to cast aside the web of the old system of diplomacy, with all its entanglements, its hollowness, and its legitimacies, and in its stead to make all the arrangements and relations of France correspond with the spirit of the revolution of 1830. As respects the moralities of the faith of treaties, it is plain that equity could not bind France to alliances made for, but not by, her—alliances, the whole tendency of which was opposed to her present condition and principles. Were precedent to constitute a ground for disregarding them, there was sufficient example in the manner in which those of Amiens, of Presburg, and of Vienna had been violated by the very parties who now so loudly appealed to 'the conscience of the king.'

The non-intervention system had also its honest adherents, and, in the then state of France, had much to recommend it to deliberate men; that is to say, a true, and not a sham, non-intervention principle. The word, in its government acceptation, has hitherto stood for non-intervention where any popular cause stood in need of it: it will be found to have been but little remembered when to forget it might promote the ascendancy of might over right. In adopting neutrality for herself, France was called upon in consistency, wherever she had the power to maintain, and if

needful to force, the neutrality of the governments which opposed themselves to her principles. In this, the only just application of the principle of neutrality, the monarchy of July professed its concurrence; yet have we but to look to Italy, to Poland, or even to Belgium, to see in each instance its practical abandonment.

The Lafitte ministry, with all its virtues of moderation, could never be brought to answer the purposes of either Louis-Philippe or of the people. From the time that Louis-Philippe felt himself secure on the throne of his family, his whole bearing has displayed the strongest partiality towards, so called, legitimate measures; but, as nothing short of absolute madness would be implied in the attempt to carry out such principles in revolutionized France, he has contented himself with heading the timid and sophisticating party of the *doctrinaires;* a party which, however respectable as to talent,—at least if talent can be respectable without honesty,—yet, by their timidity, rest in that sort of good intentions with which it has been said hell is paved, and allow their fears to be a rational ground for the hopes of regalists of all degree. The ministry, which may be called the 'Guizot ministry,' since M. Guizot, both by his literary reputation and his political bigotry, is the most prominent character therein, took office with the declared intention of making the organization of 1814 combine with the circumstances of 1830. The lamentable absence of clear-sightedness, as to the requirements and the strength of popular feeling, which distinguishes this party and its leaders, MM. Guizot, Thiers, and Royer Collard, were amply evinced in the discussion on the question of hereditary peerage. All thought that in an hereditary order was involved the very essence, the existence of the government. 'With the hereditary principle (said one of them) perishes the peerage; with the peerage the hereditary royalty; and in the commonwealth itself the principle of stability, dignity, and duration.'

Much of the same calibre were the prophetic wailings of the English conservatives on the social anarchy and destruction which were to follow our very innocent Reform Bill. Both measures were successful; we have but to hope that their effects may be as wide-spread, though of a quite different sort, as those which interested alarmists have in both countries predicted. Doctrines formed without the consideration of circumstances, and then blindly opposed to them, are as much, and no more, likely to stand, than would be the chain-pier, if placed at the Land's End, to stem the vast sweep of the Atlantic.

There can be no doubt that the state of things in France is again slowly tending towards a great moral or physical revolution. That the former may suffice, all friends of humanity must desire; but, should that force of itself be insufficient to produce agreement between the spirit of the government and the spirit of the

time, they will be no true friends of humanity who shall not welcome any power which, by means of some evil, may work the regeneration of the people who lead the political education of Europe. As needful is it to be kept in mind by nations, as by individuals, *Aide toi, le ciel t'aidera.*

ON THE MORALITY OF ANDREW MARVELL'S FATHER*.

Mr. John Dove, the author of the little book, the title of which is given below, was engaged in an undertaking, now abandoned, for publishing a series of memoirs of 'The Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire.' The Life of Andrew Marvell, which had been prepared for that series, is now published in a separate form, and, if well received, will, we are told, be succeeded by other lives 'of some of the most eminent Yorkshiremen.' As it seems to be fairly and carefully compiled, we hope the requisite encouragement will be afforded, and that Mr. Dove may become the Plutarch of Yorkshire, and find for its worthies many a good parallel in Lancashire. His present work is, at any rate, well timed. Andrew Marvell is a good name to be in men's mouths when candidates are before them for a reformed parliament. There is much matter in his history which is very pertinent and profitable. Recommending our readers to search for it themselves, we propose to devote a page or two to the account of the death of the patriot's father, a divine of considerable eminence, which happened in the year 1640, under the following circumstances:—

'"On that shore of the Humber opposite Kingston, lived a lady whose virtue and good sense recommended her to the esteem of Mr. Marvell, as his piety and understanding caused her to take particular notice of him. From this mutual approbation arose an intimate acquaintance, which was soon improved into a strict friendship. This lady had an only daughter, whose duty, devotion, and exemplary behaviour, had endeared her to all who knew her, and rendered her the darling of her mother, whose fondness for her arose to such a height that she could scarcely bear her temporary absence. Mr. Marvell, desiring to perpetuate the friendship between the families, requested the lady to allow her daughter to come over to Kingston, to stand godmother to a child of his; to which, out of her great regard to him, she consented, though depriving herself of her daughter's company for a longer space of time than she would have agreed to on any other consideration. The young lady went over to Kingston accordingly, and the ceremony was performed. The next day, when she came down to the river side, in order to return home, it being extremely rough, so as to render the passage dangerous, the watermen earnestly dissuaded her from any attempt to cross the river that day. But she, who had never wilfully given her mother a moment's uneasiness, and

* The Life of Andrew Marvell, the celebrated Patriot. By John Dove. Simpkin and Marshall, 1832.

knowing how miserable she would be, insisted on going, notwithstanding all that could be urged by the watermen, or by Mr. Marvell, who earnestly entreated her to return to his house, and wait for better weather. Finding her resolutely bent to venture her life rather than disappoint a fond parent, he told her, as she had brought herself into that perilous situation on *his* account, he thought himself obliged, both in honour and conscience, to share the danger with her; and having, with difficulty, persuaded some watermen to attempt the passage, they got into the boat. Just as they put off, Mr. Marvell threw his gold-headed cane on shore, to some of his friends, who attended at the water-side, telling them, that as he could not suffer the young lady to go alone, and as he apprehended the consequence might be fatal, if he perished, he desired them to give that cane to his son, and bid him remember his father. Thus armed with innocence, and his fair charge with filial duty, they set forward to meet their inevitable fate. The boat was upset, and they were both lost." '—pp. 3, 4.

This anecdote is worth dissecting, as a full-blown specimen of the false morality which passes current amongst good and respectable people. It is the prevailing morality of sermons, tracts, and catechisms; it is the common-place morality of common-place biography; and yet it is most silly, false, and mischievous. The virtuous and sensible lady on the other side of the Humber, and the pious Mr. Marvell on the Kingston side of the Humber, and the dutiful young lady who took him with herself to the bottom of the Humber, were, so far as they figure in this narrative, something worse than all *fools* together; they were all vicious together, if there be any rational standard of virtue and vice, and should have been characterized by very different terms from those adopted by the biographer. He has tacked the wrong moral to the tale. We do not blame him for this—it is the way in which most people talk—but they talk so because they have not learned to think. Morality will be better understood in a generation or two.

Now, first, as to the 'virtue and good sense' of the lady who stood so high in Mr. Marvell's estimation. There is neither one nor the other in the sort of fondness for her daughter which is ascribed to her; it is only a selfish and unreasoning attachment. Parental affection is at best but a folly, if its manifestations do not tend to expand the faculties and promote the happiness of its object: neither could be advanced by the exaction of seclusion which is here described. That the lady could not spare her daughter, showed only that the lady loved herself very much better than she loved her daughter. The affection of the daughter might induce her to deny herself the means of enjoyment and improvement, but it could not be affection that exacted of her the self-denial. True affection looks first to the happiness of its object, and only thinks, in the second place, of its own happiness in the object; and there is something wrong, or imperfect, if the firstly and the secondly be not coincident. O the tricks that are

played by what is called parental fondness, which decks itself in sanctity, and claims applause while it only seeks gratification! Fondness, which will not teach the self-restraint and command, without which there is no solid worth of character;—fondness which, instead of seconding, impedes the efforts of the professional instructor, in order to attract regard to self, as the dispenser of pleasure;—fondness, which will place a child in moral peril for the sake of wealth or high connexion;—fondness, which debars from the society where enjoyment would be imparted and received,—mind stimulated, and character developed, all because it cannot spare the dear good creature. Out upon it! And then, the dutiful daughter; we fear we cannot sympathize with her either. A good commandment is the fifth commandment, but the promise to it is long life, and not a watery grave. If she could not stay away from her mother, and knew her mother could not do without her, it was not a wise affection that ran the imminent and deadly risk of a final separation. It would have been far better to have inflicted four-and-twenty hours' anxiety. Was there no way round, by a day's journey, instead of crossing the broad river? Commend us to the old Scotchwoman, who, when told that there was danger at Queensferry, but that she must trust to Providence, replied, 'Na, na, I'll na trust to Providence, sae long as there is a brig at Stirling.' It would have been a much more sensible, and, therefore, a certainly not less devout mode of trusting to Providence for getting safely and speedily across the Humber, to have gone up the stream till it was bridged or fordable, than to have embarked on a 'blue peter' passage. Give us the affection which, in returning to us, does not 'make more haste than good speed.'

But the Rev. Mr. Marvell is the most marvellously *immoral* of all; we grieve to say it, but the fact cannot be blinked. Why did he seduce the devoted daughter from her fond mother's side? There we see the *initia malorum*, the 'direful spring' of all these watery woes, the opening scene of this 'Yorkshire Tragedy.' He wanted her, forsooth, 'to stand godmother to a child of his.' Why could he not stand godmother himself? Was there not something impious, was it not a sort of parody on St. Matthew, for him to wish a child of his to have such a pure virgin mother? The godmothership could be but an unmeaning and useless form, so long as that stormy Humber rolled between. What could the spiritual relationship avail—what could it profit the child, in its ignorance, its temptations, and its sinfulness, to have an unconscious sponsor far away 'on that shore of the Humber opposite Kingston?' The Rev. Mr. Marvell should have studied theology better. In Christian antiquity there were no such things as godmothers on either side of the Humber or of any other river. The best libraries were on the Kingston side, and he had every advantage for consulting the commentators, and ascertaining that godmothers were not scriptural. Besides,

his motives were not pure. Godmothership, if it were divine, was not instituted to 'perpetuate friendship between families.' The design was akin to the Corinthian sin of intending to make a meal of the sacrament. Mr. Marvell, you were wrong; and your conscience must have had an awful squint when one of its eyes was thus fixed on earth while the other was turned up to heaven. Well, now we come to the water's edge, and it is a comfort to meet with the watermen, the most judicious and moral persons we have yet encountered in the story; for 'it being extremely rough, so as to render the passage dangerous,' they 'earnestly dissuaded her from any attempt to cross the river that day.' There spoke her good genii. No white knights, kelpies, or water kings they, but good men and true. It is enough to make one respect a waterman as long as one lives, even though 'he is not a fireman, and opens coach doors.' The worthy old clergyman did, in this instance, hear reason. He was now in favourable circumstances for the perception of truth—his child had got a godmother. He thought the mother's fondness and the daughter's duty might 'wait for better weather.' How weak not to take his stand there, and defend the approach to the Humber with that same 'gold-headed cane' which was soon to be the sad relic of his sad fate! Why could not *he* have been 'resolutely bent,' as well as she? An orthodox divine, who had earned the cognomen of the 'facetious Calvinist,' might be unbending. We are hard to please; for, having condemned his weakness, we must now condemn his energy. 'He thought himself obliged, both in honour and conscience, to share the danger with her.' Very heroic; but heroism has generally wanted brains, from the days of Ajax downwards. Honour and conscience! what do the words mean, as a rule of conduct and a ground of obligation? The fantastical things, they would not let the wrongheaded young lady go alone in the boat, but they had no scruples on behalf of the poor watermen; no concern for their precious lives, and their destitute widows and orphans. He 'persuaded' them. Oh! the nefarious casuist! He influenced them to become accessories to what he knew was wrong, and had shown the lady to be wrong, but she *would* go; and so they, who had no honour and conscience obliging them, were to be pitilessly persuaded to the sacrifice of themselves and the destitution of their families. We should not wonder if he actually bribed them, and thus sent them to the bottom of the Humber with the weight of the sin of avarice upon their souls. 'Armed with innocence,' indeed! What could be more nocent than all this waste of life? And were there no duties to society which the divine could not, innocently, neglect? Had he no congregation? What was to become of his parishioners the next Sabbath morning? How forlorn must the Church have been! 'The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed.' Only a year after, the great contest commenced. How

much better it would have been to have died in the ranks of the Parliamentary army, battling for the right: he would then have been armed with patriotism as well as innocence, and with petronel and pistols in addition to both. But, alas! when his country called, there was nothing left of him but his cane. Excellent cane! appropriate relic! The party should have been caned all round.

One good sprung out of all this evil. 'The extreme grief in which this melancholy event plunged the young lady's mother may be conceived: however, after her sorrow was somewhat abated, she sent for young Marvell (the patriot Andrew), who was then at Cambridge, and did what she could towards supplying the loss *he* had sustained, and at her decease left him all that she possessed.' So, as far as this goes, we may say, All's well that ends well; but, nevertheless, we cannot subscribe to the morality of Andrew Marvell's father.

A PARABLE.

Two brethren were wayfaring in the desert when the hot wind blew.

The angel of Death rode on the blast, and smote them to the earth.

'Why tremblest thou, my brother?' said the spirit of Heli, as he spread his radiant wings for flight.

'Alas! I fear,' said Antar, 'because I know not whither I go! Would I could tarry with the body wherein I have dwelt so long. But the sun grows dark, and I can no more feel the ground. I must depart, but not, like thee, rejoicing. Whence is thy joy?'

'Because I shall now see more clearly the light that I have loved, and hear more perfectly the music which my soul hath been intent to hear.'

'My brother, bring me whither thou hast been wont to go, that my peace may be as thine.'

Then Heli brought his brother to the ruins of a mighty city, which were scattered over the plain. No living man abode there, but the echoes called one to another among the tombs, saying, 'The sons of men, where are they?'

Antar drooped his head as he listened, but a light shone forth from the eyes of Heli.

Then they pierced the depths of a forest, where the tree of a thousand years was wont to flourish in its verdure; where the field-flower had blossomed, and bees had murmured around.

But now the tree was bare before the north wind. The bees were benumbed within the stem, and the flowers lay hid beneath the snow.

Again Antar mourned, but Heli smiled, as he pointed where summer gales came from afar.

Afterwards Heli hovered over the deep; and when he saw that his brother followed, he clave the waters, and sought the lowest caves of the sea. There no sunbeam had ever shone, nor had silence entered since the world began.

The roaring of the waves was more fearful to Antar than the thunders of the sky. But to Heli it was as the music of glad voices; and he sang with the chorus of the waters, saying,

'Come, and hearken to the voice of God, how his voice is mightier than the waves of the deep.'

Then from darkness and thunder they ascended to light and silence.

In the uttermost part of the heaven was the eternal altar, whereon was kindled an unconsuming fire.

There spirits went to and fro to fill their golden urns, and shed radiance through the universe. Suns shone everlastingly around, and planets rolled swiftly beneath. But there was no sound.

Antar saw none of these things, for his wings were spread before his face. But Heli drew nigh to the altar, and mingled with the young spirits which thronged around; for he knew that they were brethren.

But while he ministered with them, he was not unmindful of Antar. After a while he again led the way, and brought his brother where he might repose.

It was nigh unto the regions of darkness, and a deep shadow spread over the firmament.

'I now know,' said Antar, 'that thy joy is because thou hast found thy home. But how knowest thou the way?'

'Because it hath been my wont to come often whither I have but now conducted thee.'

'Nay, my brother, but who hath brought thee?'

'The spirit of a man, Antar, can wander afar, even while the earth is its abode. Thus was it with me.

'I saw the smile of God in the light of the calm sunset, and heard his voice in the music of the morning.

'Whither he called me I went forth, and where he pointed I sought out his glories.

'I found them when I mounted the sloping sunbeam, and trod the path of the moonlight over the deep.

'When the lark flew up from her dewy nest, I arose with her; and when night came on, I wandered to and fro among the stars.

'Then I knew that the earth was not my home. But neither have I yet brought thee to my true abode, because thou art already faint with wonder and fear. I can show thee greater things than these.'

'Not yet,' murmured Antar, trembling the more as his brother spake. 'Leave me; and when I am as thou, I will follow thee to thy home.'

ORTHODOXY AND UNBELIEF*.

On orthodoxy be the guilt of half the unbelief of an intelligent age. If vice has disposed men to renounce a religion of pure morals, not less frequently has common sense revolted at a system reputed to be full of mysteries and contradictions. Deliberately and confidently do we lay to the charge of reputed orthodoxy the origin of the greater part of the unbelief that prevails in Christendom. Instance upon instance continually attests the fact, that men of intelligent and philosophic minds, who have seen Christianity only in its corruptions, have renounced the profession of it simply because they could not believe in the dogmas of Trinitarian and Calvinistic creeds. That they do not distinguish between the religion of the Church and that of the New Testament may be their misfortune in some cases, their fault in others. Much is it to be regretted that even the alternative should be presented to a thinking and candid mind of believing a trinity and incarnation, or of rejecting revelation; and loud, indeed, is the call thus addressed to the believers of 'One God the Father, and One Lord Jesus Christ,' to disabuse the world as to the identity of things essentially distinct, to separate Christianity from its corruptions, and show the reasoning part of mankind that the Gospel may be held in its simplicity and its power without foregoing the exercise of their rational faculties; and that the dogmas at which their understandings revolt, or their heart sickens, may be rejected without diminution of the practical scope and efficacy, and with great advantage to the evidences of revealed religion.

Yet it is a favourite topic of objection, not to say of railing and abuse, with the self-styled orthodox, against the professors of Unitarian Christianity, to represent the latter mode of faith as the 'halfway-house to infidelity.' We repel the accusation, and can substantiate it against the creed of those who have framed it against ours. We know, by fact, that multitudes have been saved from unbelief by timely acquaintance with Unitarian views of the Gospel, when orthodoxy was fast hurrying them into scepticism; and that multitudes, for want of knowing that the Gospel is separable from the mysteries and contradictions of Augustin and Calvin, have rejected the gold with the dross, and passed at once from superstition to unbelief. As to the figure of speech, in which the accusation is couched, we might reply that extremes meet in this as in other instances; and that, when orthodoxy and infidelity have joined hands, *the halfway-house* is the remotest point of the circle.

That orthodoxy is the fruitful parent of unbelief may be seen at a glance over the principal deistical books which have ap-

* "The Human Origin of Christianity." — London: John Brooks, Oxford Street.

peared. The absurd, the contradictory, and the horrifying doctrines of Christians, have been the principal points of attack for those who have thought they were assailing Christianity. The principal points,—though not the only ones,—for many a minor objection gathers weight to the mind that is already biassed, which might otherwise have appeared trivial,—as secondary arguments find their place when the primary ones have almost wrought conviction. We do not assert, then, that the arguments of writers against revealed religion are all directly levelled at the peculiar doctrines of orthodoxy, but that their main force is employed there; that thence they have generally found occasion for their most plausible objections and their most caustic sneers. Some have distinctly avowed that the contradiction of the trinity in unity, the blasphemy of the incarnation, or the libel against God's goodness which the doctrine of eternal torments contains, was the cause of their renouncement of revelation. They could not, without disowning the reason God had given them, or degrading the conceptions which Nature disposed them to entertain respecting God, admit the doctrines propounded to them. Thus far who could blame them? Those doctrines they regarded as part and parcel of Christianity; and Christianity they, therefore, rejected. And who would not pity the man that never saw Christianity exhibited in a form to be credited or loved, and, therefore, did not believe the doctrine nor love the teacher?

Many a deistical book is there, which, however formidable its attack may appear to the pious Calvinist or Trinitarian, of whatever grade, affects not one article of the Unitarian's faith. And if many of the popular replies to such works are weak in some points, the weakness is observable precisely where the defence of orthodoxy, and not of the mere evidences or unquestionable doctrines of the Gospel, is attempted.

When Lord Herbert of Cherbury insinuates that the Christian religion grants pardon on too easy terms, and derogates from the obligation of virtue, is it not plain that the Calvinistic, but unscriptural doctrine, of the efficacy of faith without works, is the ground of his objection? If such were the plain doctrine of the Gospel, the objection would be valid; let the believer in the doctrine parry the objection as he can. Had none but the Unitarian form of Christianity been professed, the objection could never have been mooted.

When Charles Blount attacks the doctrine of a mediator, saying that 'if God appointed the mediator, this shows that he was really reconciled to the world before, and consequently there was no need of a mediator,' is not the argument built upon the more than questionable views of Christian mediation which orthodoxy, and not Scripture, has put forth? Define mediation to imply the 'turning of God's wrath to grace,' and let those who thus define it answer Charles Blount's objection as they can.

Understand the mediation to have contemplated the 'reconciling of man to God,' and this doctrine of scriptural Unitarianism stands unimpugned by reason and inaccessible to cavil. Because God needed not to be reconciled to man, He sent Christ to turn men to Him. In the words of Jesus, 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son.' The unbeliever's objection is inapplicable to this scriptural doctrine, however hard it may press upon the orthodox view.

How keen is the edge of Shaftesbury's irony if we could understand it as only aiming at severing the unholy union of Church and State, when he declares 'his steady orthodoxy and entire submission to the truly Christian and Catholic doctrines of our Holy Church, as by law established;' and that he faithfully embraces the 'holy mysteries of our religion in the minutest particulars, notwithstanding their amazing depth; and, when with argument as legitimate as the sneer may be malignant, he carries out this genuine high Church principle to an absurd consistency!

Woolston, when he allegorized the miracles of the Gospel history, in order to shake its credibility, boldly appealed to the ancient fathers of the Church for an orthodox precedent, and gravely avowed that 'he wrote not for the service of infidelity, which had no place in his heart, but for the honour of the holy Jesus, and in defence of Christianity.'

And was it against Christianity, or against its corruptions and the absurd principles of its professors, that the powerful pen of Lord Bolingbroke was wielded? He declares (and may not the declaration be avowed with solemn earnestness?) that 'it is as necessary to plead the cause of God against the divine as against the atheist; to assert His existence against the latter, to defend His attributes against the former, and to justify His providence against both.' Again, he says, 'Truth and falsehood—knowledge and ignorance—revelations of the Creator—inventions of the creature—dictates of reason—sallies of enthusiasm, have been blended so long together in systems of theology, that it may be thought dangerous to separate them.' That Lord Bolingbroke attempted seriously to separate them I will by no means assert; but it was against the blended whole, if not at the corrupt admixture only, that his undiscriminating objections were mainly levelled. What but the orthodox doctrine of the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures could give occasion for such an assertion as this,—'It is no less than blasphemy to assert the Jewish Scriptures to have been divinely inspired.' Such inspiration as the Scriptures claim for themselves may be reasonably yielded; and had no more or no other kind been ever claimed on their behalf, we should not have heard of the objection from Lord Bolingbroke or any other. But Christians, thinking to honour the Scriptures, have brought them into contempt; and their cause must be pleaded first against the divine, and then against the doubter. And is it the Unitarian,

the scriptural doctrine of redemption by the blood of Christ,—or is it the Trinitarian gloss of vicarious satisfaction and imputed sin and righteousness, and the death of a God-man, that Lord Bolingbroke charges with being 'repugnant to all our ideas of order, of justice, of goodness, and even of theism?' How will the Trinitarian rebut the charge to the satisfaction of a reasoning opponent? Thanks to the reasonableness of scriptural Christianity, the charge falls harmless before the Unitarian's faith. And is it the Christian divine of the Unitarian, or of the Trinitarian school, that the same writer accuses of 'owning God's existence only to censure his works and the dispensations of his providence?' Let the doctrines of original sin, and reprobation or præterition in the business of unconditional election, and resistless grace in this world and irremediable woe in the world to come, be held responsible for the reply. And of which class of doctrines is this a true, but revolting picture—'God sent his only begotten Son, who had not offended him, to be sacrificed for men who had offended him, that he might expiate their sins and satisfy his own anger?' One other argument from the same writer let the Trinitarian get over as he can: it is specially addressed to him;—the only flaw in it is the assumption that Trinitarianism and Christianity are identical. Instead of confronting (as it is intended to do) an argument for the Gospel, it only shows the incompatibility of the doctrine of the Trinity with the great design of revelation from first to last. 'The doctrine of the Trinity,' he says, 'gives the Mahometans as much reason to say that the revelation which Mahomet published was necessary to establish the unity of the Supreme Being, in opposition to the polytheism which Christianity had introduced, as Christians have to insist that the revelation which Christ published a few centuries before was necessary to establish the unity of the Godhead against Pagan polytheism*.'

Paine's 'Age of Reason,' the most dreaded perhaps, if not the most vaunted production of modern unbelief, took occasion, from orthodoxy alone, for all the little argument it boasts, and most of its profane and indecent ribaldry. It assumes the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, and the grossest anthropomorphism of undisguised Trinitarian theology; and, by burlesquing the faith which many look upon with sacred awe,—by following out into its literal profaneness what they shroud in mystery, and sometimes arguing with deliberate reason on that which is irrational and contradictory,—he loads orthodoxy with even more than merited opprobrium, and thinks he has disproved the truth of Revelation. Again, I say, let the Trinitarian answer Paine's book if he can. Watson has not answered it completely; he could not, for his orthodoxy, or rather that of his church. The

* The citations hitherto adduced are taken from "Leland's View of Deistical Writers," but his orthodoxy will vouch for their correctness.

Unitarian need not answer it. Against his faith it is not directed, except by unwarrantable inferences from the unsoundness of one man's opinions to the fallacy of another's. The Unitarian may read Paine's book, and, as far as conviction goes, become a firmer Christian, by perceiving the futility of its arguments. Danger there is in reading it, of another kind;—the danger of becoming familiarized to a light and frivolous, a low, gross, and profane style of discussing serious subjects. His moral and devotional sensibilities will be in danger of being corrupted. There is pollution in every page, but there is no valid argument anywhere against the truth of Revelation. The writer of this may be permitted to avow, that no book he ever read did more to establish his firm conviction of the truth of Christianity, or to satisfy him that its Unitarian aspect is that in which Christianity must be regarded, if it is to contend effectually with the weapons of reason and evidence against the attacks of unbelief. The perceived irrelevance of all that is advanced to the true question at issue, and the consciousness that, with any other convictions than those of an Unitarian, his faith in Christianity could not have remained scathless, made him know the satisfaction, as far as opinion is concerned, of being a Christian Unitarian.

Palmer's 'Principles of Nature,'—a book distinguished generally by candour and propriety of argument and spirit,—exhibits the same phenomenon more distinctly, from the absence of the profane and gross character of the last mentioned. Orthodoxy is powerfully assailed, and Christianity supposed, of course, by the author, to be the object of successful attack. I hesitate not to say, the attack upon orthodox doctrines is legitimate, and, in my opinion, victorious; while I rejoice to believe that the evidences of the Gospel are untouched, its characteristic doctrines unimpeached, its hopes unclouded.

Let us only add an attestation from the pen of Byron, as preserved by his biographer, Moore, to the fact we are maintaining. If Lord Byron was an unbeliever in any other sense than an indifferentist, orthodoxy had made him so. It gave him an early disgust for what people in general called religion. In a classified list of the books he had read, dated 1807, there is this item:—'Divinity; Blair, Porteus, Tillotson, Hooker,—all very tiresome. I abhor books of religion, though I reverence and love my God, without the blasphemous notions of sectaries, or belief in their absurd and damnable heresies, mysteries, and Thirty-nine Articles.'

'The Human Origin of Christianity' is a production which, according to the author's distinct avowal, dates its suggestion from his disbelief in orthodoxy, or rather in one of its doctrines. He recoiled with horror from the Calvinistic tenet of eternal torments, and, therefore, could not believe Christianity to be a divine revelation, so set about showing how it may, in his opinion, have

had a simply human origin. His explanation is, we hope to show, as futile, as the assumption with which he commences, of the identity of orthodox and Christian doctrines, is gratuitous and unfortunate. But there is a candour and calmness about the entire performance, which claims for it a calm and candid examination. Its tone of sober seriousness convinces us that the author is satisfied of the truth of his own reasonings and the adequacy of his own hypothesis, to account for the phenomena of the Christian religion; otherwise we might have doubted whether they could have appeared conclusive to a mind of such reasoning and discernment as he plainly evinces; but the history which he gives of the progress of his own inquiries sufficiently explains how the theory he has adopted acquired strength from the medium through which he viewed it, and how his arguments have weighed for more than they are worth, to a mind biassed in their favour. His objections against orthodox doctrines supplied the weight which his arguments against the historic evidences of Christianity wanted. He assumes that the notion of eternal torments is 'the *grand doctrine* which Christianity holds out to bind the conduct of man' (Pref. p. xiii). He argues as a philosopher, and a believer in a just, and good, and wise God, against this doctrine; and, so far, argues well and powerfully. *If* this doctrine be really essential to the Gospel, every argument he has adduced against it is a presumption against Christianity. He has taken it as an essential doctrine, and his just objections against *it*, have weighed with him against the Gospel. Orthodoxy has countenanced him in this error, and let orthodoxy share the responsibility for the natural consequences. It prevented the direct evidences of Christianity from exercising their legitimate force on his mind. It authorized him to demand stronger proofs than he would have required to convince him of the truth of Unitarianism as a revelation. It induced him, if it did not warrant him, to doubt the cogency of historic proofs, which he would have allowed to be valid for the support of any doctrine not monstrous in itself or derogatory to God. Let him give the history of his own mind on the subject.

'This doctrine (of eternal torments) infuses no principle that can exalt, expand, and purify the mind. It addresses only the baser parts of our nature, serving rather to hold men back from crime by brute terror, than to render them freely, nobly virtuous. I feel assured that thousands reject Christianity without further examination, from abhorrence of the doctrine of eternal perdition alone. It was this feeling which first determined me to examine closely the grounds of that authority,—to wit, the New Testament, on which the assent of all men to such a doctrine is demanded. Its inhumanity shocked, before observation had convinced me that, as a sanction to deter from crime, it was powerless.' (Pref. p. xiii.)

He then briefly reviews the arguments 'by which divines have

attempted to justify this cruel and inefficacious doctrine.' In reference to the argument that 'the torments of eternity are a partial evil from which springs universal good,' he justly says,—

'Two things are necessary to be proved—1. That the evil thus ordained is the best means, *i. e.* the means involving the least possible quantity of evil, available for the attainment of that good end which is assumed to be the ultimate end of the Deity, viz., the virtue and happiness of his creatures. 2. That the amount of evil is counterbalanced and exceeded by the consequent good.'

On the first question, he asks,—

'Could not the Deity have worked the happiness and virtue of his creatures by other than means so horrible? And if this were in his power, is it possible even to conceive any defence of his making choice of eternal torture to a certain number of the human race, as is set forth in the New Testament?'

For *New Testament*, read Calvin's Institutes; and where is the reply that does not impugn either God's power or his goodness? The writer then asks,—'Why Providence does not punish vice and reward virtue here on earth, rather than adopt a system of moral government, bringing with it such a weight of intolerable misery to millions of beings, such as is involved in the doctrine of an eternity of future punishment?' Were this the alternative, his question might require consideration and reply. Let the orthodox reply on behalf of their creed, but let Christianity be held irresponsible for an alternative which its pages do not, in the opinion of many of its professors, involve. On the question whether good preponderates over evil in the Gospel (*i. e.* the orthodox) view of the divine government, he has the following simple and powerful appeal:—

'Divines argue that the joy and gladness spread abroad over all nature,—the happiness enjoyed by every living thing, proclaim aloud that general good, which is the end and aim of the Great Author of all, is preponderant over the evil in creation. The truth of this picture, when confined to the present state of existence, may be indisputable. The enjoyments on earth may greatly exceed the sufferings; but what a scene of horror have we to contemplate in the tortures which millions will have to suffer through the countless ages of eternity! These are part of the scheme of divine government, and must be considered in judging of the benevolence of the whole scheme. Will any benevolent man, who dares to contemplate the miseries of hell, deny that, better had the portion which may be destined to ultimate happiness, never existed, that the torments of the damned might be spared,—better had creation never been, or that annihilation should be the end of the whole race, than that the guilty few' (ought he not to have said the *many*?) 'should sink under the last doom of everlasting torture'—(Pref. p. xvii.)

After arguing the subject somewhat more at large, the author goes on:—

'These considerations, which seemed so strongly to license doubt in the divine authority of the Christian religion, impelled me forcibly to a

closer examination of the historical relations, on which the credit of those individuals who originally reported it to be a revelation from heaven, is stated to rest.' — (p. xx.)

Other doctrines of reputed orthodoxy, besides that of eternal torments, have confessedly supplied the author with presumptions against the Gospel. In his 'Statement of the Question' he gives (p. 2) a definition of what he takes to be Christianity.

'Among all the facts recorded in these narratives (the New Testament Scriptures), which are those that at present peculiarly bear the name of the Christian religion? belief in which is denominated faith? constitutes the believer a Christian? They are the doctrines of the Trinity; the incarnation of Jesus; his atonement for the sins of mankind by death on the cross; his resurrection from the dead, and ascension into Heaven. These are the facts to which our faith is peculiarly demanded, unfeigned faith in which is the highest virtue, as disbelief of them is the greatest crime our nature is capable of; a faith, finally, which is essential to every one's eternal salvation.'

Nothing could well be more loose and confused than this statement, which, being designed as a definition of the thing under discussion, ought to have been clear beyond possible misapprehension. What can be meant by saying that the *doctrine* of the Trinity is one of the *facts* recorded in the narratives? And how strangely has the author forgotten himself, and the history of his own unbelief, in omitting from this statement of essential Christian doctrines that of *eternal torments*, which he before described as 'the grand doctrine which Christianity holds out to bind the conduct of man?' Self-consistency and precision we are entitled to demand from every one who pretends to discuss any subject philosophically: but this is, it must be confessed, one of many instances in which the book before us is deficient in both. We have commended the general candour of the writer, but must not the less charge him with vagueness and contrariety of statement. His integrity impresses us in spite of all this, and we are sure he was seriously convinced by his own bad reasonings. Let this admission be made once for all. But into his confused and self-contradictory statement of the question, how thoroughly does orthodoxy enter! The Trinity, the incarnation, the atonement, and the necessity of faith in these for salvation! On the virtue of believing, and the sin of unbelief, as taught by the orthodox in general, the querulous *introduction* to his book is also founded; and if we could suppose it anything more than a rhetorical *argumentum ad misericordiam*, we should, from our hearts, pity the man who had produced this book at the dictate of conscious sincerity, and yet laboured under the impression that, 'to believe in the human origin of Christianity may be a sin which will bring after it an appalling visitation of evil through the everlasting ages of eternity.' The author might have found Christians who would not deem it a Christian duty thus to anathematize the sincere rejector of the Gospel.

Another orthodox perversion of Scripture has supplied a point of attack. The Scriptures speak of 'the glory of God,' as shown in his works, and capable of being promoted by his creatures; and when the Scriptures are allowed to explain their own meaning, the glory of God appears to consist in, or even to be identical with, the order, harmony, and happiness of his works. But the Trinitarian interpretation has given occasion for our author to lay this charge against Christianity:—

'Religion, at present, encumbers morality, narrows, confines, represses, or misdirects its energies. To diffuse a belief in certain mysterious dogmas, to *exalt the glory of a single being*, is now enjoined, as the noblest, and the ultimate aim and duty of man, to which all things else are infinitely subordinate. Let us look forward, with fervent hope to the day, when the virtue and happiness of *human millions*, and not the glory of one being, however excellent, shall be acknowledged to be the end which it is man's highest and most holy duty to promote; when, instead of indulging visions of future bliss in another world, men will direct their endeavours to realize to the whole species the greatest amount of happiness in this.'—(Pref. p. xii.)

There is a form of Christianity (and pity it is if the author did not know it) which makes the virtue and happiness of human millions the criterion of God's glory, both in the present world, and still more in the world to come.

On the sixty-fifth page of the essay his argument expressly appeals to the absurdity and difficulty of belief involved in the doctrine of Christ's deity, and, as usual, Christianity suffers for its corruptions. He is endeavouring to account for the characteristics and the effects of Christ's preaching, without admitting his divine authority, and ascribes to our Saviour a power of eloquence far beyond what the Gospel records authorize us in supposing, or, at least of a very different character; and, as if sensible of the inconclusiveness of his argument for the human origin of the Gospel, he pushes the orthodox alternative:—

'Besides, when, in order to account for the diffusion of his faith during his lifetime, and the general belief in his miraculous powers, the alternative lies between the supposition that he was God Almighty, or the Son of God, of course understanding eternal generation and sameness of substance; or, (and) that he was merely one of those extraordinarily-gifted individuals who, says Southey, "are ever ready to appear when any great moral revolution is to be accomplished;" and that, among other high qualities, he possessed the power of commanding eloquence; is it not more consonant to human experience and reason to have recourse to this latter supposition, which will perfectly account for the moral phenomena we have to explain?'

Truly does our author aver, in concluding his preface, that if not 'in every step, both of premises and conclusions,' yet in the most important premises from which he has deduced his conclusions, he has 'been led, as it were, by the hand of grave divines, or by persons of eminent genius and orthodoxy.' But for ortho-

doxy his book would not have appeared. Orthodoxy supplies its data from which he concludes the superior credibility, the greater reasonableness, humanity, piety of natural religion without added revelation. What other result can they anticipate for their labours who perseveringly represent Christianity as a system of repugnant and mysterious doctrines, and recommend blind enthusiastic credulity (under the misnomer of faith) to intelligent inquirers into religious opinions; one of whose most doughty, if not most gifted, champions of the present day—speaking of one of former days, whom mature reflection had made almost, if not altogether an Unitarian, observes, 'His error was a passion for refining upon the testimonies of revelation, endeavouring to simplify the *inexplicable*, and to unite the *irreconcileable*.'—(See 'Hamilton's Animadversions on Hutton's Unitarian Christianity Vindicated,' p. 21). He is speaking of Watts's alleged renunciation of orthodoxy. What a confession for any Christian to make,—that there are things not only inexplicable, but irreconcileable, in what he believes to be a revelation! When did unbelief allege more than a Christian here is willing to allow, that revealed things are left inexplicable, and irreconcileable things are to be believed! Only let it be understood, that this is true of the Trinitarian system, and not of Christianity in the broad sense; and then pure scriptural truth may have the advantage of the admission, instead of *its contributing, so much as it has done, to the spread of unbelief.*

In laying, as we have done, to the charge of orthodoxy, as it calls itself, most of the unbelief of an intelligent age, we would not be understood to make excuses for unbelievers at large. There are those who disbelieve through indolence, through corrupt moral principle, for fashion's sake, or in affectation of superior sagacity or wit. We have spoken only of the intelligent and reasoning unbeliever, whose arguments have been directed mainly against orthodox views, or weighted by his rational objections to such views. Of the writers from whom we have quoted, more, perhaps, may be suspected to have merely taken occasion, by the absurdities of human creeds, to wound the credit of the Scriptures, than can be thought to have seriously mistaken the corruptions of the Gospel for the Gospel itself. Orthodoxy is equally the ally of unbelief in both cases, and the effect is the same on the minds of readers: but the case of the writer differs materially. We do not willingly intimate a doubt whether the author before us has seriously and honestly considered Christianity as identical with Calvinistic Trinitarianism, as he might have done if he had lived where Unitarians were unknown, and had read the Scriptures without losing his original impression of their Trinitarian contents; but his own book forces the suggestion, that he might have known better, that he did know of the existence of Unitarianism in the Christian church, and that he has, notwithstanding, chosen the orthodox exposition for the sake of his argument. Why should he grate-

fully have accepted the hand of persons of '*eminent orthodoxy*,' in preference to that of heterodox expounders, who would have disarmed him of his first prejudices, and half his subsequent arguments, against revelation? When, in his 'Statement of the Question,' above cited, he speaks of the facts which '*at present* peculiarly bear the name of the Christian religion,' are we to infer his acquaintance with the historical addition of the Trinitarian mystery to the simple truth? As he cites (p. xxxvi.) Horsley's tracts against Priestley, in a passage expressly devoted to the controversy upon the acknowledgment of our Lord's divinity by the disciples, he must know that there are two views of the matter, and he might, and ought to have become acquainted with Priestley's writings as well as those of the 'grave divine.' When quoting the character of Jesus, as given by Dr. Pye Smith, he observes that 'due allowance must of course be made for the *exaggerated* medium through which a pious *Trinitarian* contemplates the object of his adoration' (p. lxii.); one might almost suppose his words to imply that the Unitarian medium is the correct one for a Christian to adopt. Yet he has in his definition, and throughout, taken the orthodox exposition as the naked Christian truth, without reserve, or accommodation of his argument to the very different view which he knew to be held by many Christians. Is this candid?—Is it just?—Is it not more worthy of the man who covets victory, than of one whose single aim is truth?

We must, however, proceed to a more particular exposition of the author's theory respecting the origin of Christianity, and point out such objections as seem to lie against it, without further reference to the above topics of complaint. His discussion of the historic question is easily separable from all those considerations, though they appear not to have been without their weight in deciding his own estimate of evidence. Putting away the prejudice which involuntarily weighs against the Gospel, if considered as a system of mystery and contradiction, we may find the balance, perhaps, to be, in fact, on the opposite side.

His hypothesis of the human origin of Christianity is, in his own words, as follows:—(see Introduction, p. xxi.)

'In estimating the character of the writers of the New Testament, there is one fallacy which runs through the whole argument of all divines; with them the question consists but of the following alternative:—either, say they, the Gospel writers were honest men, or they were impostors; they either delivered the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, or the tale they put forth to the world was an entire fabrication. They have been blind to the fact, that in human nature, especially when it is strongly influenced by religion, there may be a mixture of true belief and delusion, and of honesty and imposture in the same individuals.

'In their eagerness to make out a case, Christian advocates would not see that Jesus, in character, conduct, and doctrines, instead of

standing in violent opposition to Jewish prejudices, maintained a perfect accordance with the religious feelings of the nation; and that, in fact, he was from the first a favourite with the great body of the Jewish people; the priesthood alone which he attacked being his enemies; that in this prior reverence and religious excitement which his doctrines and personal qualities produced, there was a sufficient foundation for a general belief, not only in his divine mission, but also for the actual occurrence of certain extraordinary cures which appeared to the people in the light of miracles; that, accordingly this power was believed to exist in him by others, and by himself, and that, in such circumstances, subsequent exaggeration and subsequent fabrication of miraculous events are nothing but what experience has shown might be expected on the part of sincere, devout, and even virtuous believers; that, in short, the whole of the Christian miracles are resolvable into real delusion, exaggeration, and fraud on the part of the first disciples of Jesus.

'That this hypothesis furnishes the true solution of the origin of the Gospels, the following pages are devoted to show.'

He then cites Dr. Whately's Logic, as stating the *onus probandi* which rests on the unbeliever:—

'The religion exists—that is, the phenomenon; those who will not allow it to have come from God, are bound to solve the phenomenon on some other hypothesis less open to objections; they are not, indeed, called on to prove that it actually did arise in this or that way, but to suggest (consistently with acknowledged facts) some probable way in which it may have arisen, reconcileable with all the circumstances of the case.'

That the way suggested in the above abstract of the author's theory is improbable, and irreconcileable with some of the circumstances of the case, I now endeavour to show. But first, I must observe that his assertion is incorrect, as to the fallacy stated to run through the argument of *all divines*. *It is not true*, that those who have written on the subject have made the question to consist only of *one alternative*, that of honesty or imposture: a second alternative is invariably considered—*viz.* that of competent knowledge and judgment, or liability to delusion on the part of the writers. I might refer to Paley, Clarke, Simpson, Belsham (only that the latter two were not *orthodox*, nor the first two of *eminent* orthodoxy) and other writers on the evidences of Christianity, in proof. But the author himself confronts his own assertion by extracts from Dr. Chalmers's Evidences, given on his 10th and 11th pages:—'We shall borrow,' he says, 'Dr. Chalmers's statement of the argument in favour of *the sincerity* of the writer's belief in all and every part of his narrative, and the *impossibility of his being deceived*.' The italics are his own! What can the bold and sweeping assertion in the preface, that divines have all forgotten the second alternative, mean? Dr. Chalmers undertakes to prove, first, sincerity, and then competent judgment. I do not wish to charge our author with wilful misrepresentation;

ignorance his quotations from Dr. Chalmers forbid me to allege against him: I suspect he has not expressed his own meaning, if I have gathered his meaning in other places rightly. After quoting Dr. Chalmers's argument, he says,—

'The above extracts present us with two questions, which must be examined before we can decide on the purity of intention, and the completeness of knowledge evinced by the Evangelical historians; (1) Is the nature of the events which the Christian martyrs related compatible with any *mixture* of delusion on their part? (2) Is the sincerity and devotion displayed by those martyrs compatible with any mixture of fraud?'

And under these two questions the whole argument of his book is thenceforth ranged. The peculiarity of his theory seems to be, that he attributes *mixed* knowledge and delusion, *mixed* sincerity and fraud to the actors in the Gospel history; and this alternative of a *mixed* character of good and evil, truth and delusion, virtue and imposture, constitutes the omission which (to reconcile him with himself) I presume he meant to attribute to Christian advocates, when he charged them with having made the only alternative to be, the *honesty* or *imposture* of the Gospel writers. Our author ought to have been, in this place as well as others, more clear and exact in his way of expressing himself; as it is not creditable to be indebted to an opponent for vindicating his accuracy of knowledge or regard to truth, by explaining away expressions irreconcileable with both. To what, then, does this omission on the part of Christian evidence writers amount? They have discussed the *sincerity* of the Gospel historians, and they have discussed their *competency of knowledge*. They have not (or not generally) discussed the possibility of a mixture of fraud with the one, and delusion with the other. Why should they? They have endeavoured to show competency of knowledge and sincerity of testimony, *in reference to the things required to be proved.* Whether they have succeeded or not is another question. But more than this they needed not to attempt. If the Apostles and Evangelists were competent to judge, and not disposed to deceive, *as to those facts which constitute the essential parts of the Gospel history*, it matters not whether they were deluded on other subjects, or dishonest (if this mixture of character were credible) on others. The supposition of a mixture of knowledge with delusion, and of sincerity with fraud, is, by this author, made in respect to their testimony as regards the *essential facts* of the Gospel history, or else it is not; if it is, the question has been discussed (whether satisfactorily or not, is another affair) by every systematic writer on the evidences of Christianity, when he has endeavoured to disprove fraud or deception *in toto;* if it is not meant to apply to this part of the testimony, it has nothing to do with the discussion. The former is the real case. The alleged *miracles* of the Gospel history are the specific facts in respect to which Christian

advocates have always endeavoured to prove the impossibility of the witnesses being deceived, or desiring, or venturing to deceive; and they are the specific facts in regard to which the writer before us now endeavours to prove, that the portion of delusion and of fraud which he alleges to have been mixed up in their characters, evinced itself. On this precise question, then, the writers on both sides have long ago joined issue. The present writer is at liberty to tread the ground again; but he is mistaken in supposing that he has put the question in a new light; he has only confused it. By attributing a *mixture* of character and motive to the Gospel historians, he has, in general terms, endeavoured to leave an impression that everything miraculous may have originated in delusion or fraud, and that the competency and honesty of the witnesses can be trusted only in matters of little or no importance.

Firstly, then, as to the mixture of *delusion* with knowledge of fact in the authors who were eye-witnesses of the events. We have a series of chapters on the 'Unsettled and excitable state of the Jews,' the 'State of religion and morality,' and the 'State of the people and circumstances of the times,' which are said to have 'prepared the way for a reformation.' The representation given in these chapters is substantially correct, as far as relates to the historic circumstances in the midst of which our Lord's ministry arose. How far those circumstances might have forwarded or impeded the recognition of our Saviour's claims, if they had had only a *human origin*, how far the nature of his claims was such as to recommend them to the peculiar national excitement, without the accompaniment of miraculous proofs, we shall inquire presently. The author himself does not seem quite in one mind on the subject, as, on p. xv., he warns us not to 'receive any false impression' from the terms '*New Religion*,' '*New Sect*,' as applied to the first preaching of the Gospel, telling us 'that this was not the relation in which Jesus stood to the people he addressed himself to, at the outset of his ministry;' while, on the nineteenth page, he says, '*Men were expecting a change on the subject of religion, and were prepared for it;* they looked intently for a leader, whose coming was foretold by their ancient prophets, who was himself inspired, and commissioned to reveal the things of God.' So the expectation of change was in favour of the views of an enthusiastic and good young zealot; while, however, he carefully abstained from professing himself the leader of a 'new sect,' lest his cause should be prejudiced! I cannot undertake to reconcile the author with himself here.

The next section is entitled 'John the Baptist and Jesus,—their devotional enthusiasm—censors of the people, and annunciators of the coming of the expected heavenly kingdom—effect on the Jews.' As far as John is concerned, with whose ministry the question of miracles has no connexion, I would only demur to

the propriety of styling the doctrine of repentance which he preached, 'a popular doctrine.' His character, in connexion with expectations founded on ancient prophecy, 'gained him reverence,' and 'he preached his doctrine powerfully:' perhaps it is unnecessary further to make out a popular doctrine to account for the attention which he did gain when he denounced the wickedness of all classes, and exhorted all to repentance.

Nor shall I examine his account of Christ's temptation, further than to suggest, that if the *scene itself* be accounted for (as some Christians think it ought to be) by the *natural* operations of the mind in such circumstances,—*the circumstances* imply a previous conviction on the mind of Jesus of his divine mission, and this conviction our author does not account for,—while the *substance* of the visionary or mental scene exhibits a conflict between national prejudices and the convictions of duty derived from his supposed divine mission, which would have been quite unnatural if his notion of Messiahship had fallen in with that which was current among his countrymen. The writer cites largely from the histories of Wesley and Walsh, the latter of whom he intimates that he supposes to have resembled Jesus in temperament in many respects. Southey's 'Life of Wesley' is his key to the whole history of New Testament enthusiasm and pious fraud, and he would fain apply it to that of miracles; but of this more hereafter.

The author goes on to state in the main correctly,—

'That no great length of time elapsed after Jesus left the wilderness, before his name was pretty widely spread throughout the country; he had not, however, yet selected any personal followers, and, up to this time, there is no word of any miracle having been performed by him: indeed, the public reverence can be otherwise accounted for. * * * * * * * Have we not sufficient reason to conclude, that the sanctity of his life, his fervidly religious tone of mind, and his preaching an already *popular doctrine* (?), in a lofty and eloquent strain of sincere feeling, are enough of themselves, without the aid of miracles, to account for the veneration in which he was generally held, and for the influence which enabled him to make choice of personal followers: accordingly, St. Matthew, in his narrative of this selection, does not give a hint of any previous display of supernatural power.'—(p. lxxxi.)

It is true that no miracle had been hitherto performed *by him*, but miraculous influence is asserted by Matthew, by Mark, and by Luke, to have been openly displayed immediately after our Lord's baptism, pointing him out as the 'beloved son of God,' and causing John the Baptist to understand that he was the Messiah, and to announce him as such to his own disciples, (see John i. 34.) That our Saviour evinced supernatural knowledge to Nathaniel (John i. 48.), or to any other disciple, on calling him, may seem to the author unimportant, as not having tended to fix *public* attention on him; but the testimony of John the Baptist, in the first place, that he was come to prepare the way

for one mightier than himself, and afterwards, (when Jesus had been individually pointed out to him by the descent of the Holy Spirit,) his declaration that the expected prophet was come in the person of Jesus, must be regarded as one great cause of the 'veneration in which the latter was held.' Our author has here then made an important omission. He should have explained how John the Baptist was induced to give the weight of his opinion in favour of Jesus. John either was divinely instructed to announce Jesus as the Messiah, or pretended to be so. The writer denies the supernatural instruction, but has spoken of John the Baptist in such terms that it would seem impossible to suspect him of collusion and deceit.

Another circumstance must be taken into the account in explaining the early popularity of our Lord's claims, and the first flocking of disciples to him; and that is, the nature of the expectations which the Jews entertained of the Messiah's kingdom. The writer truly represents these as having been gross and worldly, instancing the disposition of the multitude to make Jesus their king, the request of Zebedee's sons to sit with him on his throne, and the hopes of the disciples at the very last, that he would restore the kingdom to Israel. With such views it is admitted, then, that the expectants of a Messiah looked to Jesus for the fulfilment of their hopes. Whence they had derived such views, we need not inquire, or we might find the solution in the principles of their human nature, retracing, with self-partiality, their nation's history, and applying their partial view of the past to the exposition of the dimly announced future. In fact, however, they followed Jesus—it was even the case with his apostles—with gross and worldly views. They expected him to assume the kingly crown, to head their armies, and enable them to throw off the Roman yoke, and then restore Jerusalem to more splendour and power than it had known even in the days of Solomon.

Now, the question is, whether these views were favourable to our Lord's pretensions or not,—whether he fell in with them, or ran counter to them. That they excited at first a spontaneous enthusiasm for what was deemed his cause, there is no doubt. That many volunteered to follow him, who soon found their mistake, and went away, we have the distinct testimony of the Gospels. A popularity arising out of mistaken notions on the part of the adherents, which have never been countenanced by the leader, is by no means favourable to his cause. It needed all the wisdom of the serpent, joined with the simplicity of the dove, to escape the dangers into which such adherents would have plunged our Lord. It was confessedly a difficult part which he had to act, when the declaration of himself as the Messiah excited in their ignorant and deluded minds no other ideas than those of conquest, power, riches, and sensual indulgence; and when the work of his mission consisted in proving, on the one hand, his title to

the Messiahship, and, on the other, in rescuing that title from the gross misapprehensions connected with it. And how did he act in these difficult circumstances? The Scriptures tell us he performed repeated and varied miracles, which elicited from the people the obvious remark—'Is not this the Christ?' and induced them to express their belief that he was so by hanging upon his footsteps wherever he went, and listening attentively to his preaching; while they also inform us that he dealt most plainly with these falsely expecting followers, warning them even in repulsive and revolting terms that they must 'leave all they had,' must 'hate' their nearest relatives, must 'take up their cross,' and 'despise life,' if they would be his disciples. And then we read that the zeal of the worldly proselytes cooled. With his twelve apostles, impressed as they were, like their countrymen, with the same unworthy notions, our Saviour was perfectly explicit, though (strange as we may think it) without entirely dispossessing them of their prejudices. That they believed him to be the Christ is plain from Peter's confession in the presence of the rest, and our Lord's commendation of it. Often did he tell them that 'Christ should suffer;' and if they did not or would not appreciate or believe what he said, it was not for want of plainness on his part, but through the unconquerable power of prejudice in them. He did not, indeed, generally avow himself *in public* to be the Christ,—he did to the woman of Samaria,—he did to several persons, whom he cured,—he did to Pilate when he was arraigned; but, generally, he refrained from publicly claiming the title; and when Peter had made his memorable confession, Jesus charged his disciples not to tell any man that he was the Christ. We need not seek far to understand the prudence of this reserve. Without it, he might needlessly have precipitated his own fate; for the avowal of his Messiahship would have been interpreted by the Roman government as it was understood by the people, and the accusation would have been earlier laid against him, that 'whoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar.' That this prudent reserve as to the use of an official title not understood was no sign of cowardice, the closing events of our Lord's life sufficiently prove: that he was guilty of no dissimulation in it is evident from hence, that throughout his public ministry he was always understood by the people in general to lay claim to the office. 'Is not this the Christ?' 'Do the rulers know, indeed, that this is the very Christ?' On the supposition that he claimed to be so regarded, the Jewish rulers had framed their persecuting edict, 'That if any man did confess that he was Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue.' (John ix. 22.) The only thing required by sincerity on our Lord's part was to disclaim by actions and by words the temporal power and greatness which were supposed to belong to the kingdom of heaven. I have alluded to his mode of speaking

on the subject to the multitude and to his disciples; as to actions, his whole life was a contradiction to those views, which his followers still strove to persuade themselves that he would yet fulfil.

Now let us turn to the 'Human Origin of Christianity,' as deduced from this part of our Lord's history. The facts, I do say, are grossly perverted, some gratuitous assumptions are made, and, after all, the conclusion is not necessarily deduced from the assumed premises. (See the Chapter entitled 'The Kingdom of Heaven, &c.,' p. 34). Jesus, according to the author, 'was imbued with the *popular belief* of the approach of the kingdom of heaven;' yet the author *does not imagine* that, 'at the commencement of his public preaching, he had the conviction that *he himself* was the expected Messiah.' He then alleges, what is quite true, that Jesus did not 'openly avow himself to be the Messiah wherever he went;' and in the same connexion, as if a matter of necessary coincidence, he alleges what is quite false, that Jesus did not 'urgently and distinctly discountenance the prevailing opinion, that his kingdom was to be of this world.' He puts the subject interrogatively, and answers, 'the actual mode adopted by Jesus in his teaching was quite the reverse of this.' He proceeds to quote several *orthodox* passages from *grave divines*, tending to mystify, as much as possible, our Lord's purpose in allowing, rather than asserting, his claim to the Messiahship, *or Godhead*, which he takes to be identical (p. 37), and supposes would have excited prejudice if broadly declared. He declares, as a true Trinitarian, that the people at large did not consider him as the Messiah, because, when they saw the cure of the palsy, 'they glorified God who had given such power unto men.' Had they thought him the Messiah and God, there would have been no room for their wonder.' Perhaps the wonder or admiration arose from their supposing him the Messiah, while quite ignorant, I grant, of his deity. And the declaration of Peter, when our Lord questioned his disciples as to the prevailing opinions respecting his claims, that some took him to be John the Baptist, some Elijah, and so forth, does not prove, as our author thinks (p. 37), that the people in general had no idea of his claiming the Messiahship: their first and general impression was, that he was the Messiah; they doubted it, and adopted the other various theories, only when he failed of fulfilling their expectations respecting that exalted character.

Let the reader judge, then, of the truth or falsity of the following declarations. 'It appears, then, that whatever prejudices might have been excited by the broad declaration of his being the Messiah *and God* (I must blot out the orthodox gloss; it is foreign to the question), Jesus did not lay himself open to them!' (p. 37.) 'Neither did Jesus contradict this favourite article of popular belief' (the earthly dominion of the Messiah)! (p. 48.)

'*Jesus, as we have seen, thought fit to suffer this delusion to continue.* He therefore offered no disappointment to the cherished hopes of the Jewish people, and, consequently, created no obstruction to the increase of his proselytes. Neither, after his death, were those hopes extinguished; the expectation of the approaching reign of Christ and his saints on earth, continued for many ages to encourage and animate his disciples!' (p. 44.) The only colour of an excuse for assertions so contrary to the declarations of the New Testament history is found in an 'orthodox' authority, quoted, p. 39, from Dr. Pye Smith,—'These erroneous opinions Jesus *did not think fit* to correct, till after his resurrection and ascension!' But if our author had trusted more to his own reading of the Scriptures, than to the comments of 'grave divines,' he might have found good reason to acquit Jesus of duplicity, and to attribute the erroneous notions of his disciples and the people, not to his want of sincerity, but to their pertinacity of prejudice.

But, to say no more on its consistency with fact, how does this part of our author's theory agree with itself? Jesus, it is alleged, had not in the first instance the conviction that he was the Messiah; when he had (how he gained it is not said), he did not avow it, nor did the people in general understand that he claimed the character; but still he took particular pains not to correct the notion of a worldly kingdom, lest he should prejudice his own claims. He would not correct the prevailing notions respecting an office which he wished to be regarded as filling, yet he did not gratify, in fact, the prejudices which he would not confront in word; and all the time he carefully avoided claiming the office respecting which he was so desirous to conciliate popular opinion; nor was he, in fact, generally regarded as claiming it; nor had he at first, perhaps not at any time, the conviction that he was the person in question! How such a proceeding was to gain him popularity, I confess I cannot understand. How to apply the philosophy of *human* actions and motives to such a sketch of his supposed pretensions, I cannot imagine. The writer has at least disproved his own point, which was, that our Lord's 'mode of bringing forward his pretensions did not obstruct his attaching to himself personal followers, nor gaining disciples among the nation at large.' (p. 37.) He is proved in one place to have brought forward no pretensions at all; but still, in our author's general argument, it is taken for granted that he claimed to be the Messiah; and the attempt is made to show that he conciliated instead of opposing the prevailing views. What! did he, then, really attempt an earthly sovereignty? Did he put on a crown when the people would have made him king? Did he head a revolt against the Roman government in Judea? Did he promise, if he could not fulfil, the restoration of the kingdom to Israel? He must have done all this, to conciliate the

prejudices of the nation. He must have done this, as Theudas attempted a little while previously, in order to establish his Messiahship *on* a human basis. But, instead of attempting this, it is insinuated that he only allowed and encouraged the delusive expectation that he should some time do it; and thus was his religion made popular. Was there, then, no limit to delusive expectation? Did the heart never grow sick with hope deferred? If these delusive hopes of a temporal Messiah's reign were really the motive that led men to embrace the Gospel, what kept them in the profession of it when those hopes were exploded? The delusion was dissipated some time or other, sooner or later, and at that point of time, whenever it was, a rational account of their grounds of belief needs to be given. The unbeliever only postpones the difficulty, or rather increases by postponing it. Those who found themselves to have been deluded by a false promise, would require strong evidence to make them continue the disciples of a man who had entrapped them with a cheat at first. Miracles would be indispensable, then, if their necessity had been superseded at first by *pious fraud*.

On our Lord's reserve as to the designed offer of the privileges of the Gospel to the Gentiles, I need not say much. He was reserved; and it was prudent to be so, if he wished to gain one moment's audience before Jews. But he declared more than his prejudiced disciples chose to understand, in his parable of the Good Samaritan, in his conversation with the woman of Samaria and other inhabitants of Sychem; in the curing of the Syrophœnician's daughter; in the declaration that he had other sheep not of the Jewish fold; and similar incidents. Our author's argument on this subject shall answer itself. He labours (p. 41, *seq.*) to show with what scrupulosity our Lord abstained, during his personal ministry, from all mention of the obnoxious design to extend the Gospel to the Gentiles, in order to conciliate the Jews. But at p. 47, after giving his own version of Peter's first attempt, as recorded in the Acts, to propagate his master's religion among Gentiles, he remarks, 'The prejudices, then, of the Christian Jews *were not outrageously inveterate;* they were satisfied by Peter's word. Now, the question is, would Peter have scrupled to invent a vision for the furtherance of what he believed a righteous end?' To defer the discussion of Peter's honesty, our author seems here to have been doing and undoing. He is correct when he describes our Lord as maintaining a prudent reserve upon this obnoxious feature of his Gospel; he cannot be correct, still, when he speaks of it as needing no reserve. If Peter needed no miraculous voucher when he announced it, why might not Jesus have announced it too? But the necessity for miracles is to be disproved at all events; so, to save miracles, Jesus shocks no Jewish prejudices; and still, to save miracles, the prejudices miraculously vanish when Peter's preaching would

offend them! Is not the scriptural account more consistent, when it informs us that the prejudices were strong,—that our Saviour did not needlessly outrage them when there was no object to be gained by doing so,—that the apostles themselves needed supernatural direction to lead them beyond their own narrow views,—that miracles were necessary to vindicate them to the Jewish Christians,—and that, even then, Jewish exclusiveness was not altogether satisfied?

The chapter on the doctrines of Christianity, *as preached to heathens*, presents little of importance. It is designed to show that divines have been mistaken in arguing that the nature of the doctrines 'acted as obstructions' to their diffusion among heathens. The only doctrines that can with any propriety be said to have had this tendency are left unnoticed or misstated, perhaps through the fault of his orthodox authorities. Paul says 'Christ crucified' was to the Greeks foolishness, but this obstruction is not alluded to. Our author quotes Bishop Watson as arguing that 'a future life, as promulged in the Gospel,' provoked the contempt of the philosophers. Did not their objections rather start up at the doctrine of the bodily resurrection of Jesus Christ? Our author, singularly enough, undertakes to show that the Christian doctrine of 'the damnation of hell' (p. 51) was no objection in the minds of the heathen. They could not be of his mind, then, nor of the same mind with 'the thousands' who, he told us at starting, 'reject Christianity, without further examination, from abhorrence of the doctrine of eternal perdition alone.' (Pref. xiii.) He might have spared himself this inconsistency, and avoided the absurd comparison which he draws (pp. 56, 57) between the supposed apostolic style of preaching and that which Wesley recommended to his preachers, of 'throwing men into strong terror and fear, and striving to make them inconsolable.' Is it not ludicrous, if we think it no worse, to give, 'as a specimen of the sort of preaching which may be supposed to have made Felix tremble,' the following from 'Southey's Life of Wesley,'—'Mine and your desert is hell; and it is mere mercy,—free, undeserved mercy, that *we* are not now in unquenchable fire?' 'Art thou thoroughly convinced that *thou* deservest eternal damnation,' &c.

(*To be continued.*)

SCRIPTURE CRITICISM.

MATT. xii. 31.—Some stress has been laid by the advocates of the eternity of future punishments on this remarkable expression of our Saviour, 'All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, but the blasphemy against the Holy Spirit shall not be forgiven unto men.' Some have thought that this

denunciation is to be understood in conformity with the well-known rule of the Hebrew comparatives, 'All blasphemy shall be forgiven unto the sons of men sooner than the blasphemy against the Holy Spirit;' but perhaps the more probable meaning may be, that no kind of blasphemy, more than any other sin, can be forgiven until it be repented of and forsaken, and that in this instance repentance is particularly unlikely, and difficult to be brought about. This interpretation is, I think, deducible from the idea which we reasonably form of the Divine mercy and justice combined, as applied to the case in question. God is said to be infinitely merciful, but he is also holy, and cannot look upon sin; and none of his creatures, so long as they continue in any sin, can be fully admitted to his favour and acceptance. In respect of any sin in which they knowingly, avowedly, and habitually allow themselves, they must always continue to be the objects of his just and righteous displeasure.

The fact is, that all these different moral attributes, or rather different forms of expression, which we use in speaking of God as the creator and moral governor of the world, are only so many modifications of his goodness; and hence, when we say that he cannot look upon sin, that there is no peace to the wicked, &c., what is meant is, that such conduct is inconsistent with the happiness of the whole, and that the disposition from which it proceeds, and which it implies, are equally inconsistent with the happiness of the agent. It is therefore, in the nature of things, impossible, and would imply a contradiction, conformably to the laws which are established for the government of the universe, that sinners, *while they continue sinners*, should be admitted to a state of heavenly bliss. To them, indeed, consisting, as it probably will do, in the exercise of pure, benevolent, devout, and holy affections, which they have not cultivated, and which they are not prepared to indulge—the mere external circumstances in which the blessed will be placed, however fitted to promote immediate enjoyment, would not alone constitute a state of bliss.

Now to apply this view of sin, and the forgiveness of it upon repentance, to the present case;—is there not good reason to suppose that the offence in question was one which was not likely to be repented of, either in this world, or age, or in the age to come; that is, under the influence either of the Jewish or of the Christian dispensation? Neither the one nor the other, as far as could be perceived, was likely, according to the natural course of things, to supply motives adequate to so great a moral change as the production of this species of penitence required. The sin against the Holy Spirit appears, from the connexion, to have consisted in a disregard of the signal manifestations of the mighty power of God in the miracles of Jesus, and not only so, but in a blasphemous ascription of these benevolent works to evil spirits or demons. Now it is difficult to see what influences remained,

belonging either to the present age or the age to come, to work upon such minds as these; for they had *already* shut up their understandings and their hearts against the strongest evidences, and the most signal and the clearest marks of the divine mercy; how, then, could it be expected that smaller mercies, and the more ordinary dispensations of his goodness, should produce any impression where the strongest had failed? Nothing but a moral miracle could be conceived to reach such men, or to work such a change upon their hearts as to make them fit subjects for admittance into that state of favour and happiness which is included in the expression 'forgiveness upon repentance.' And this sort of deviation from the ordinary course of Divine Providence, if we may judge from Scripture history, seems to have been at least much more rare than those which related to the phenomena of external nature. In the case, therefore, of such confirmed and hardened depravity as was indicated in the scoffers to whom our Lord's words more particularly apply, it seems as if there was no reasonable prospect of a cure either in the present age or the age to come; that is, not from the moral influence either of the Jewish or of the Christian system, but only from the severer discipline of some future and hitherto unrevealed state of things.

W. T.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Address delivered at the Opening of the Medical Session in the University of London, October 1, 1832. By John Elliotson, M.D., Cantab., &c.

Dr. Elliotson's address is a manifesto on the principles, the present condition, and the prospects of the London University, especially as to its medical department. He pleads urgently for the prompt establishment of an hospital. We are glad to meet with the following statement:—

'The University is now prospering. Great advantages have resulted from the establishment of a Committee of Management within the Council, and of a Senatus Academicus. All labour assiduously—all are animated with the liveliest desire to promote the institution. One good feeling pervades us all, and each is willing to postpone his own immediate advantage to the general good, knowing that this is, after all, the surest as well as the most honourable path to our individual success.'—p. 16.

Original Sin, an irrational and unscriptural Fiction, dishonouring God and demoralizing Man. An Essay; by William Hamilton Drummond, D.D. Hunter, 1832.

This Essay consists of nine sections. In the first the most approved orthodox statements of the doctrine of original sin are cited, and in

their leading principles disproved. The second contains an acute critical examination of the texts most relied upon by the advocates of that tenet. Sections three, four, and five, relate to the primeval state of man, and his transgression, and the allegorical record in Genesis. In the sixth, the argument from the silence of Scripture is put in a forcible manner; and in the three remaining sections, human nature is vindicated from the calumnies of the corruptionists, the true nature of regeneration and conversion pointed out, and the doctrine of original sin shown to dishonour God and demoralize man.

The vivacious, earnest, and uncompromising spirit which pervades Dr. Drummond's other polemical writings characterizes this production also. We know not what he means by calling the doctrine which he impugns 'the *radicalism* of theology:' we should rather have termed it the despotism of theology, especially if the next sentence be explanatory,—namely, that 'it levels all distinctions between virtue and vice.' They are other distinctions, and of a more questionable kind, that radicalism tends to level. We confess that, but for such a reproachful use of the term, we should have imagined that Dr. Drummond, with all his hostility to authority, his defiance of antiquity and establishment, his pursuit of abuses, his assertion of universal right, and his ever going to the very root of the matter, would have thought himself neither inappropriately nor unfavourably described as a theological radical.

The Ways of Providence. A Sermon, &c. by James Taplin. Knight, Honiton; Eaton, London.

The religious inhabitants of Honiton kept the 3rd ult. as a day of humiliation in consequence of the breaking out of the cholera amongst them. Mr. Taplin's discourse is a serious and devout exhortation, well adapted to the circumstances, and likely to conciliate the sincerely pious of other denominations who heard or who may be induced to read it.

An Expostulatory Letter addressed to the President, Secretary, and other Preachers, constituting the 'Wesleyan Methodist Conference.' By Samuel Tucker.

The Methodist body is crumbling to pieces. Schisms are taking place on all sides, and there exists throughout the mass a large and active leaven of dissatisfaction, from which an explosion will ere long come. Meanwhile the immense debt on the chapels is the best friend of the Methodist hierarchy. It keeps down the discontent, and being owed by the leading men in the body—the trustees, interests in the support of the existing system many who are most able, and, but for their pecuniary obligations, would be among the most willing to deal that blow to the huge and ill-digested mass, at which sooner or later it will fall into ruins.

The writer of this Expostulation is a leading man among a large class of seceders, being the editor of the 'Protestant Methodist Magazine,' a work that was set on foot some three years ago to give expression

to the sentiments of a large body who, at Leeds and in other places, seceded from the Conference connexion in assertion of their religious liberty. 'Wesleyan Methodism,' he tells us, 'is founded on human authority, cemented by human contrivances, and distinguished by a human designation; and, as such, it is defective and erroneous, both in principle and in practice.' The character of these 'contrivances' may be learned from the description he gives of the Conference 'government,' which is, he asserts, arbitrary and despotic, and from his regretting that it is the fashion with the Methodists, and especially with its preachers, to impute the basest motives to the authors of every effort to notify its errors and reform its abuses. We are chiefly induced to notice this pamphlet because it contains what we have long expected—clear proofs that the 'Protestant Methodists' are beginning to use the religious liberty they have vindicated for themselves in the investigation of unscriptural yet prevalent (at least in appearance) opinions. The Expostulation refers mainly to the erroneous views which, as the author will have it, prevail in the Methodist body, although they may pass muster before a staff of divines as soundly orthodox. Among other awkward questions propounded to the wisdom of the Conference is—'Does *any one*, and which of the persons in the Trinity, possess, inherently in, of, by and from himself alone, all the essential attributes of deity?—if so, must not that person alone be "the only true God?"' And again—'Did *any one* person in the Trinity ever *worship* another person therein and solemnly declare *him* to be "the only true God," and as such, greater than himself?' And if so, was 'the worshipper, in that instance, *correct* in his *judgment* and soundly "*orthodox* in his principles?"' Certain 'propositions' are put forth in opposition to orthodox teachings on the *vexata quæstio* of the Trinity, 'which I assert, and will endeavour to maintain and defend.' We extract what follows. 'The sole, eternal, independent, self-possessed, and supreme Godhead of "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."' 'The essential as well as official inferiority of the Son of God to his God and Father,' and the non-eternity of the Son's existence.'

This is Unitarianism, however much alarmed the writer may be at the name; and this and other indications are not exactly tokens of that decline of which some orthodox pens have written much and rashly. That fear, instead of disregard, is prevailing in certain orthodox quarters, and that all are not alike ignorant of the progress which the truth is making, the following extract from the number of the 'Methodist the Magazine' for July, is a sufficient voucher:—'We arrived at great city where the Unitarians, so called, have as many places of worship as all the orthodox united. I had made inquiries during a journey of near 400 miles, as I saw the spires of churches appear and recede, as to the denominations to which they belonged, and found, I think, invariably, that the largest and most elegant belonged to this denomination. How different is this, I exclaimed, from the land of my nativity!'