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THE

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A. T. BLEDSOE, LL.D., Editor.

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FOR JANUARY, 1871.

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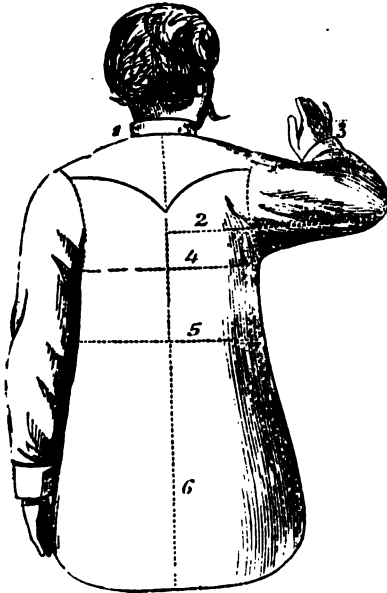
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2. *Lectures on Christian Theology.* By George Christian Knapp. Translated by Leonard Woods, Jr. In two volumes. New York: G. & C. & H. Carvill, No. 108 Broadway. 1831.
3. *An Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles, Historical and Doctrinal.* By Edward Harold Browne, D. D., Lord Bishop of Ely. First American for the Fifth English Edition. Edited with notes, by J. Williams, D. D., Bishop of Connecticut. New York: H. B. Durand, 49 White street. 1865.
4. *An Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England.* By Gilbert, Bishop of Sarum. A new Edition. London: T. T. & J. Tegg, 73 Cheapside. 1833.
5. *The History of Baptism.* By William Wall, M. A. In four volumes. Oxford: The University Press. 1844.

Few things have ever caused us more grief, or trouble of mind, than the discovery that the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country, as well as the Church of England, dooms every

is to be found in the above view of the relation between reason and revelation, and of its unspeakable importance to the progress and the glory of the Christian religion. We intend to attack no sect, or body of men, on earth. We merely intend to examine great principles and doctrines, and to discuss them, with a view to rescue the religion of Jesus from the mistakes and the misrepresentations of its friends, as well as from those of its enemies. If, in the prosecution of this design, we should be so unfortunate as to give offence to any of the friends of Christianity, or to any of its enemies, we can only say, that nothing is further from our intentions, and that no one would deplore such an effect more deeply than ourselves. Be the consequences, however, what they may, we shall, as citizens of a free country, recognize the obligation, and exercise the right, to speak out the thing that is in us. Is not this, indeed, our sacred birthright, and our glorious privilege? Who, then, would exchange this, or barter this, for any mess of the miserable pottage of earth? For, whether the pottage be empty praise, or solid pudding, is it not perishable? God and truth only, and their worshippers, are eternal, and immutably good.

In the discussion of the subject before us, we shall, in the first place, endeavor to show how 'the doctrine of the damnation of infants' took its rise in the Christian world, and how it found its way into the symbolical books and writings of nearly all the orthodox Protestant denominations. We shall, in the second place, consider the various hypotheses which have been invented by learned theologians, and ingenious men, to reconcile this horrible dogma with the dictates of reason and conscience. We shall, in the third and last place, consider the duty of all Christian men, and especially of all Christian ministers, in relation to the dogma of the damnation of infants.

(1.) *How the dogma of infant damnation took its rise in the Christian world; and how it found its way into the Symbolic Books and Writings of nearly all the orthodox Protestant denominations.*

'According to the unanimous belief of the early Church,' says Mr. Lecky,<sup>3</sup> 'all who were external to Christianity were

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<sup>3</sup> Rationalism in Europe. Vol. I., p. 360.

doomed to eternal damnation, not only on account of their own transgression, but also on account of the transmitted guilt of Adam, and therefore *even the new-born infant* was subject to the condemnation' (*i. e.* to eternal damnation) 'until baptism had united it to the Church.' Now this, as we shall presently see, is not true. But let us hear Mr. Lecky a little farther, before we proceed to expose his gross misrepresentations of the early fathers of the Church.

'The opinion,' he continues, 'which was so graphically expressed by the theologian who said "he doubted not there were infants not a span long crawling about the floor of hell," is not one of those on which it is pleasing to dilate. *It is one, however, which was held with great confidence in the early Church. . . . . The whole body of the fathers, without exception or hesitation, pronounced that all infants who died unbaptized were excluded from heaven.* In the case of unbaptized adults a few exceptions were admitted, *but the sentence on infants was inexorable.*'<sup>4</sup>

Now, according to this view, the horrible doctrine of infant damnation came in like a flood, and had no particular origin or source in the Christian world. Hence, if this be the true view, we can account for so sudden and so universal a flood of error, only by supposing that all the fathers of the early Church, were as imbecile as babies in intellect, or as blind as idiots in their moral perceptions and sentiments. But then the question arises,—Is this statement correct, or is it merely a gross misrepresentation of the views and feelings, of the opinions and sentiments, of the early fathers of the Church?

Mr. Lecky's sweeping assertion, that 'according to the unanimous belief of the early Church,' 'every new-born infant is under condemnation' on account of 'the transmitted guilt of Adam,' rests on his own word and authority alone. He does not condescend to attempt even to prove this appalling proposition by a quotation from any one of the early fathers of the Church. The frightful dogma, that there are 'infants not a span long crawling on the floor of hell,' he boldly asserts 'was held with great confidence in the early Church;' and yet, for

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<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

the truth of the assertion he does not offer one particle of proof! Surely, then, he who has so much to say about the blind credulity of 'the whole body of the fathers,' must have relied with no little confidence on the blind credulity of his readers. The truth is, that Mr. Lecky cannot justify his positive assertion, by a single quotation from any one of the early fathers, much less by quotations from all of them.

Now, to the bold assertion of Mr. Lecky, we shall oppose the assertion of Dr. George Christian Knapp; whose great, calm, judicial mind, as well as great learning and piety, has gained for him an enviable reputation in both the Old and the New Worlds, and from all sections of the Christian Church. Indeed, although a decided Arminian himself, his *Theological Lectures* have, for the benefit of theological students, been translated from the German by an eminent and learned Calvinistic divine; an act which reflects equal honor on both the translator and the original author. To the reckless assertion of Mr. Lecky, we shall oppose, not only the statement of Dr. Knapp, but also his clear and unanswerable proofs; which are given in the words of the fathers of the Church themselves.

In regard to 'the oldest Christian teachers,' and especially 'the Greek teachers,' Dr. Knapp says, 'they agree for the most part, that the disproportion between sense and reason, or the corruption of human nature, began after the fall of Adam, and has been diffused, as a universal disease, through the whole human race.'<sup>5</sup> Thus then early Christian teachers, or fathers of the Church, speak of 'the corruption of human nature,' or of 'a universal disease,' as the consequence of Adam's sin. But do they call this *corruption*, this *disease*, a sin, and as such deserving punishment? By no means. Dr. Knapp continues, 'That this evil, however, (this disease,) in itself considered, is to be regarded as actual sin, *and as such is punished by God, they do not teach*, but rather the contrary. So Justin Martyr, Ap. I., 54, sq. 'Irenæus, Adv. Hæres. IV. 37, sq. Athenagoras, Legat. c. 22. Clemens Alex. Strom. III. (contra Encratitas). "No one," says the writer last mentioned, "is wholly free from sin; but the chi'd, who has never trespassed, cannot be sub-

<sup>5</sup> Vol. II., p. 75, §79.

jected to the *curse* of Adam (the punishment of his sin). Yet all who have the use of their reason are led by this their moral depravity to commit actual sin, and so become liable to punishment." The same writer says, in his *Pædag.* III. 12, *μόνος ἀναμάρτητος ὁ λόγος τὸ γὰρ ἐξ αμαρτάνειν πᾶσιν ἐμωτον καὶ κοινόν.* Cyril of Alexandria in his Commentary on Isaiah, says *οὐκ εἶναι κακόν* and in his work "Contra Anthropomorph." c. 8, he says, "Adam's posterity are not *punished* as those who with him had broken the law of God." So also Origen, *Præf. ad libros περὶ ἀρχῶν*, and his followers, Basilus, and Theodorus of Mopsevestia, who, according to the testimony of Photius, wrote a book against those who taught that man sinned *φύσει καὶ οὐ γνώμῃ*. There were some, too, of the Greek Fathers who traced the origin of the evil passions and of the actual sins arising from them, to the *mortality* of the body, e. g. Chrysostom and Theodoret. This hypothesis has been revived in later times by Whitby, who has attempted to carry it through; *vid.* § 76, Note.

‘(2) The same representation is found in many of the Fathers of the ancient *Latin Church*, even in Africa. They taught that *death* (depravity?) is a consequence of Adam's sin, and yet that it is not, in itself, to be regarded as sin, and punished accordingly. Cyprian (*Epist. Synod. Conc. Carth. III.*) says, "A newborn child has not itself sinned, *nisi quod secundum Adam carnaliter natus, contagium mortis contraxit.*" In baptism, the sins of the child (which were still not *propria* but *aliena*) were supposed to be washed away. Ambrosius says on Ps. *xlvi.*, "there is a bias to sin in all, but this is not actual sin, and liability to punishment; God punishes us only for *nostra peccata*, and not for *alienæ (Adamæ) nequitia flagitia.*" Even according to Tertullian (*de testim. animæ, c. 3.*), it is only to *temporal death*, that we are condemned in consequence of the sin of Adam. To this opinion, Hilarius and others acceded. The African fathers before the time of Augustine, and even Tertullian, seem however to have had less distinct and settled views on this subject, than even the Greeks; which arose from their misunderstanding the seemingly obscure phraseology of the New Testament, and especially of the Latin Version of it.’

Thus, according to all of these fathers,—and they were the



most illustrious fathers of the early Church,—there was no such thing as ‘transmitted guilt.’ They speak of ‘the corruption of human nature,’ of ‘the universal disease,’ which the descendants of Adam inherited from their great progenitor; but they do not call it *sin* in the proper sense of the word, or in the sense that it deserves ‘punishment.’ On the contrary, they uniformly regarded it as the misfortune, and not as the fault, of the human race. The idea that any one deserved punishment, or was really sinful, merely because he was unhappily descended, is explicitly and emphatically repudiated by them; and the dogma ‘that there are new-born infants in hell,’ would have filled them with as great horror as it seems to have inspired Mr. Lecky himself. By Justin Martyr, by Irenæus, by Clemens Alexandrinus, by Athenagoras, by Cyril of Alexandria, by the great Origen, by Basilius, by Theodorus of Mopsevestia, by Chrysostom, by Theodoret, by Cyprian, by Ambrosius, by Tertullian, by Hilarius,—in short, by all the great fathers of both the Greek and Latin Church, previous to the time of Augustine,—was the horrible dogma in question repudiated; and yet, in spite of all this, Mr. Lecky asserts that, ‘according to the unanimous belief of the early Church,’ the ‘transmitted guilt of Adam’ doomed the whole human race, not even excepting ‘the new-born infant,’ to the sentence of ‘eternal damnation.’ If, indeed, the opinion that ‘there were infants not a span long crawling about the floor of hell,’ was held by any father of the early Church, Mr. Lecky has not been pleased to name the culprit, much less to prove his wholesale calumny. The assertion, that the horrible dogma in question was held *with great confidence* in the early Church, has nothing to support it, except Mr. Lecky’s naked word and authority; and, accordingly, he can rely for its acceptance, on nothing but the malignant credulity of his readers and admirers.

‘The whole body of the Fathers,’ says Mr. Lecky, ‘without exception or hesitation, pronounced that all infants who died unbaptized were excluded from heaven.’ Now, the attempt of Mr. Lecky to establish this sweeping assertion, is, we venture to affirm, one of the most wonderful blunders ever committed by a historian. He attempts to establish it by the authority of a

writer, whose language he has most grossly misrepresented, and whose work he has evidently never read. 'The learned English historian of Infant Baptism states,' says Mr. Lecky, 'that, with the exception of a contemporary of St. Augustine, named Vincentius, who speedily recanted his opinion as heretical, he has been unable to discover a single instance of an orthodox member of the Church expressing the opposite opinion [that unbaptized infants are *not* excluded from heaven] before Hincmar, who was Archbishop of Rheims in the ninth century.' Now, does Mr. Wall really make this statement? Does he say that before the ninth century, he could not find a single orthodox member of the Church, who had failed to exclude unbaptized infants from heaven? Mr. Wall says no such thing. He was utterly incapable of such a blunder. This egregious blunder is due to Mr. Lecky, and to Mr. Lecky alone. Mr. Wall knew, just as well as did Dr. Knapp, that before the time of Augustine, or before the fifth century, nearly all the orthodox fathers of the Church held that infants had contracted *no guilt*, and were *not punishable*, on account of Adam's sin, or its calamitous consequences to his descendants. How, then, did it happen, that Mr. Lecky has, on the authority of Mr. Wall, brought in 'the whole body of the Fathers, without exception' as guilty of the cruelty of excluding 'all unbaptized infants from heaven'?

The truth is, if Mr. Lecky had only laid before his readers the words of Mr. Wall, instead of his own blundering paraphrase of them, it would have been seen that they furnish no foundation whatever for his heavy charge against the 'whole body of the Fathers.' For those words, as penned by Mr. Wall himself, expressly relate, not to the first four centuries at all, but only to the fifth and the following centuries. These are Mr. Wall's own words: 'I have taken great pains (more perhaps than such a particular thing deserves) to find who was the first that ventured to declare this charitable opinion, [that unbaptized infants might be saved,] *after it had been so decried by the ancients and recanted by Vincentius*. I have found none older than Hincmar,<sup>6</sup> &c. Thus, according to the express statement of Mr. Wall, his inquiry did not relate to the first four centuries

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<sup>6</sup> History of Infant Baptism. Vol. II., p. 211.

of the Church at all, but only to the fifth and following centuries. Or, in other words, to the period after the doctrine of infant salvation had been so decried by many ancient Christians, with St. Augustine at their head, *and after Vincentius had been forced to recant that 'charitable opinion' as heretical.* Hence, his statement does not relate to 'the whole body of the Fathers'; nor indeed to any of the great fathers of the first four centuries, during which more charitable opinions prevailed respecting the condition of infants. By striking out this express limitation to Mr. Wall's inquiry, as set forth in his own words, Mr. Lecky makes the statement of 'the learned English historian of Infant Baptism' cover the whole ground, from the beginning of the Christian era; and so brings in 'the whole body of the Fathers' guilty of excluding all unbaptized infants from the kingdom of heaven. If Mr. Lecky had only read the work of Mr. Wall, or Hagenbach's *History of Doctrines*, or Kapp's historical sketches, or any respectable history of the early Church, about which he talks so learnedly and so confidently, he would have found it impossible to commit so disgraceful a blunder. Indeed, we had no sooner read the astounding statement which Mr. Lecky imputes to 'the learned historian of Infant Baptism,' than we felt perfectly sure that he could not have been guilty of so gross a misrepresentation. Hence, on looking into the history of *Infant Baptism* for ourselves, we instantly discovered how Mr. Lecky had blundered, and, on the authority of Mr. Wall, let fly his heavy charge against 'the whole body of the Fathers',—against those who preceded, as well as against those who followed, the age and influence of St. Augustine.

We had supposed, indeed, that it was well known to every one, who had paid the least attention to the history of Christian Doctrines, that Augustine was the first father of the Church by whom the awful dogma of infant damnation was broached, and launched upon the stormy sea of theological controversy. It was this greatest of the fathers who first conceived and gave currency to this greatest of the errors of the orthodox Church. This great error, this great heresy of the orthodox Church, originates with St. Augustine; and was, by his influence, made

to obscure the transcendent glory and beauty of the religion of Jesus. Well has Dr. Millman said, in his *History of Latin Christianity*, that St. Augustine has stamped his image on all succeeding ages. But some of the features of this image are, to our minds at least, indescribably revolting and hideous; and none is more so, than his dogma of the 'eternal damnation' of unbaptized infants. This dogma was, indeed, so repulsive to his own mind and heart, that, instead of being 'held with great confidence' even by him, it was only held with great wavering, and indecision, as well as with various retractations, or with softening explanations and accommodations to the eternal dictates of reason and conscience.

The manner in which this opinion took its rise in the mind of Augustine, is so well explained by Dr. Knapp, in his *Lectures on Christian Theology*, that we shall give it in his own words. Immediately after the extract already given from Dr. Knapp, in which he describes the doctrine respecting infants as held by all the great fathers before the fifth century, he adds: 'But Augustine carried the matter much farther. He affirmed the doctrine *de imputatione peccati Adami* in the strictest juridical sense, teaching at the same time the *entire* depravity of man, and his total inability to all good, in such a sense as it is no where taught in the Bible. He may have been led to this, by having formerly belonged to the sect of Manicheans, who hold very strict sentiments on this point; hence his doctrine *de peccato originali* was called by Pelagius and Julian a *Manichean doctrine*. He maintained, that the consequence of Adam's sin was not merely bodily death, but *eternal (mors secunda, cujus non est finis)*; and that to this all men, even children, who had not themselves thought or done either good or evil, were subjected; though yet the unmerited grace of God delivered some from this punishment (*decretum absolutum*). He exhibits these doctrines in his work, *De civitate Dei*, XIV. 1, and elsewhere.'

But the question is, how did St. Augustine happen to embrace such a doctrine? How did he, in spite of the evident dictates of his mind and heart to the contrary, come to believe

in the 'eternal death' of unbaptized infants? In relation to this point, Dr. Knapp says: 'The greatest difficulties with respect to this doctrine have arisen from the fact, that many have treated what is said by Paul in the fifth of Romans,—a passage wholly popular, and any thing but formally exact and didactic, in a learned and philosophical manner, and have defined terms used by him in a loose and popular way, by logical and scholastic distinctions. We do not find any where among the ancients, in their popular discourses, an exact and philosophically precise use of terms with respect to the *consequences* and the *punishment* of sin. They frequently use the word *punishment* in a wider sense, in which it is here and elsewhere employed by Paul. He and the Jewish teachers, with whom in this particular he agrees, use *punishment* (*καταδικασις*), *imputation of sin*, etc., in the same sense in which it is said respecting children, for example, that they are *punished* on account of the crimes of their ancestors, that the crimes of their ancestors are *imputed* to them, etc.; although they, in their own persons, had no share in the guilt, and could not therefore, in the strictest philosophical and juridical sense, be considered as the subjects of *imputation* and *punishment*. The family of a traitor, whose name is disgraced, and whose goods are confiscated, are thus said to be *punished* on his account. Respecting Louis XVI. who was so unfortunate, and suffered so much in consequence of the errors of his predecessors Louis XIV. and XV., it would be commonly said without hesitation, that he endured *punishment* on their account, and had to *atone for* or *expiate* their crimes. Here, what is merely the *consequence* of the sin of another, is called, from some analogy between them, the *punishment* of one, who has no personal guilt in the matter. Just such is the case here. Mortality was to Adam the *punishment* of his sin strictly speaking. His posterity are also mortal; since a mortal cannot beget those who are immortal. With them, therefore, mortality is the natural *consequence* of Adam's sin, but not their *punishment*, in the proper juridico-philosophical sense of the word,—because they themselves had no share in the first transgression. *Imputation*, therefore, of the sin of Adam, in the strict sense of the word *imputation*, does not ex-

ist with regard to us, his posterity; since we only suffer the baleful *consequences* of the sin of the first man, of which we ourselves were not, however, *guilty*, and for which we cannot therefore be punished. Speaking, however, in a loose and popular way, we may call what we endure, *punishment* and *imputation*.

‘By this observation, many difficulties in other passages of Scripture are obviated. So when Moses says, “the iniquity of the father shall be visited upon his posterity from generation to generation” (cf. Ezek. 18: 4, 20, coll. Jer. 31: 29, 30), he is to be understood as speaking in a popular way, of the consequences which should befall the posterity of the wicked without any fault of their own. When on the other hand it is said, “the son shall not bear the iniquity of the father,” it is to be understood as a maxim of justice, and to be taken in the literal sense. Paul himself says in other passages, that man will be punished solely on his own account, Rom. 2: 6. 1: 18, sq. Gal. 6: 5. 2 Cor. 5: 10. In these he speaks *sensu proprio et forensi*. He also teaches expressly, that reward and punishment do not depend upon natural birth and derivation, Rom. 9: 11; and Jesus rejects the opinion suggested by his disciples, that the misfortune of the one born blind was to be regarded as the imputation of the guilt of his parents, John 9; 2, 3.

‘But why is language used in such a manner with regard to this subject in the Scriptures? The principal reason why the word *punishment* is used in this connexion, lies in the fact, that there is, in all the mortal descendants of Adam, a preponderance of carnal appetites and passions, and that they are invariably seduced by these into *actual sin*, and so become *punishable*. There is not one upon earth who remains uncorrupted, and consequently all are rendered liable to punishment; vid. Rom. 5: 12. Eph. 2: 3. God will not treat all men as sinners, did they not in this respect resemble Adam.

‘We find, accordingly, that the passage in Rom. V. was never understood in the ancient Grecian Church, down to the fourth century, to teach *imputation*, in a strictly philosophical and judicial sense; certainly Origen and the writers immediately succeeding him, exhibit nothing of this opinion. They regard

*bodily death* as a consequence of the sin of Adam, and not as a *punishment*, in the strict and proper sense of this term. Thus Chrysostom says, upon Rom. 5: 12, 'Εκείνου πέσοντος (Ἀδαμὶ) καὶ οἱ μὴ φάγοντες ἀπὸ τοῦ ξύλου, γεγόνασιν ἐξ ἐκείνου θνητοί, And Cyril (Adv. Anthropom. c. 8) says, οἱ γεγόναστέ: ἐξ αὐτοῦ (Ἀδάμ), ὡς ἀπὸ φθαρτοῦ, φθαρτοὶ γεγόναμεν.

'The *Latin Church*, on the other hand, was the proper seat of the strict doctrine of imputation. There they began to interpret the words of Paul, as if he was a scholastic and logical writer. One cause of their misapprehending so entirely the spirit of this passage, was, that the word *imputare* (a word in common use among civilians and in judicial affairs) had been employed in the Latin Versions in rendering v. 13 of Rom. V.; and that ἐφ' ᾧ (v. 12) had been translated *in quo*, and could refer, as they supposed, to nobody but Adam. This opinion was then associated with some peculiar philosophical ideas then prevalent in the West, and from the whole a doctrine *de Imputatione* was formed, in a sense wholly unknown to the Hebrews, to the New Testament, and to the Grecian Church.<sup>18</sup>

At the head of this movement in the Latin Church, which tended so fearfully to the dark abyss of infant damnation, Dr. Knapp, of course, places St. Augustine. 'What Paul,' he continues, 'had taught in a loose, popular way, respecting the imputation of Adam's sin, was now taken by Augustine and his followers in a strict, philosophical, and legal sense. . . . . In form, these declarations [of Augustine and his followers] have an apparent resemblance to the doctrine of Paul; but the resemblance is apparent only. Augustine understood in a strictly philosophical sense, what, as we have seen above, was said by Paul in a popular manner.' (p. 48.)

It appears, from the following passage, that *Augustine is the very first* who uses the term *peccatum originale*, or *original sin*, and that he claimed the honor of its invention. 'The depravity of human nature being, according to the Bible, propagated from Adam, and communicated in the way of ordinary generation to children, it was very natural to denominate it *original*; and since, moreover, it is common to all men, and,

though not essential to human nature, yet *properly belonging to it* in its present state, it is called *natural*, as the term *φύσει* is used in Ephes. 2: 3; vid. § 78, I. 2. Both of these terms are found in the same passage in Tertullian (*De anima*, c. 41), where he calls depravity *malum animæ ex originis vitio* and *naturale quodammodo*. Upon this passage it is important to observe, that he does not use the term *peccatum*, but *malum* and *vitium*; and again, that this is the first passage in the Latin Fathers in which the term *naturale* is applied to this subject. But because the Latin word *naturale* is ambiguous, and might be understood in the sense of *essentiale* (—a sense in which Tertullian would not use it, and in which even Cyril of Alexandria rejected the expression *φυσικὸν κακόν*, vid. No. I.), Tertullian adds *quodammodo*. The term *naturale*, as used by him, properly means nothing more than *proprium*, *adhærens*, *non aliunde contractum*; vid. § 78, I. 2.—Ambrosius too says (*Apol. David*, c. 11), *Antequam nascimur, maculamur* CONTAGIO, *et ante usuram lucis originis ipsius excipimus injuriam*. Thus none of these fathers use the term *peccatum*, or pretend that natural depravity in the *abstract*, or in itself, is imputed to man as sin, or punished. Augustine is the very first who uses the term *PECCATUM originale, quia originaliter traditur*, as indeed he himself says in “*Opus imperf. contra Julianum*,” II. After this time, this term, which perhaps may have been used by some Africans before Augustine, was repeated by some Latin teachers, e. g. by Hieronymus, on Ps. L., and was finally authorized by Councils, and adopted into the terminology of the Western Church. It was first publicly employed in the Acts (c. 2) of the Milevitanic Council in the year 416; and those who deny the doctrine *de peccato originali*, and its punishment, which is removed by baptism, were there denounced with an *anathema*.<sup>9</sup>

Thus, this term *original sin*, which is wholly unknown to the Bible, and to the first centuries of the Christian Church, was introduced by Augustine; and it is now, in the year of Grace 1870, stamped on all the Symbolic Books and Writings of all the orthodox denominations of the Christian world, except one or two. We have no objection to the term, nor to the thing, *if properly*



understood, it is not the punishment of the eternal damnation of infants, which has been granted in this case of infinite suffering, and punished in the same manner as the children of Adam, as part and parcel of the very tree of life itself.

Among the writings of the Fathers, says Mr. Lecky, there are few which so fully possessed a greater authority than a short treatise "De Fide," which is one of the least and most forcible extent epitomes of the Patristic faith, and which till the time of Erasmus was generally ascribed to Augustine, though it is known to have been written in the beginning of the sixth century, by Fulgentius. In this treatise we find the following very distinct statement of doctrine—"Be assured," writes the saint, "and doubt not that not only men who have obtained the use of reason, but also little children who have begun to live in their mother's womb and have there died, or who, having been just born, have passed away from the world without the sacrament of the holy baptism, administered in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, must be punished by the eternal torture of undying fire." "It will be remarked," adds Mr. Lecky, "that these saints, while maintaining that infants whose existence was but for a moment descended into eternal fire on account of an apple that was eaten four thousand years before they were born, maintained also that the creation and death of those infants were the direct, personal acts of the Deity."

Now, on this remarkable passage, we have several things to offer. (1) The treatise 'De Fide' was not a 'clear epitome,' or even a fair symbol, of 'the Patristic faith.' It was, on the contrary, the doctrine of Augustine,—the most extreme of all the fathers,—pushed to a still greater extreme; and asserted with a harshness and hardness not to be found in the writings of that great father. Hence, when Erasmus examined that treatise, he declared that it could not have been written by Augustine; an opinion which, as Mr. Lecky says, is now known to be well founded. (2) The authority which the treatise 'De Fide' possessed, was due to the circumstance, not that it expressed the views of the fathers, or was 'a clear epitome of the Patristic faith,' but that it was believed to have been by the great Augus-

<sup>10</sup> Rationalism in Europe, Vol. I., p. 262.

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tine. If it had been known, that it was the work of Fulgentius, it is probable that it would have possessed no authority at all, and that its author's name would never have been known in the history of literature. (3) So far is it from being true, in fact, that it expressed the views of the fathers even after the time of Augustine, that it was a source of profound dissatisfaction to many of them. Hence if, in spite of the authority of that great father, they did not repudiate the revolting doctrine of the treatise 'De Fide,' they explained it away most effectually. For, as Mr. Wall says, 'Alexander of Ales, and Aquinas, and so *the whole troop of the schoolmen*, do establish the same by their determination'; that is, that infants suffer no positive pain or punishment in the other world. 'But they did not know what to do with that authority of the book *de Fide ad Petrum* which I mentioned, and which they took to be St. Austin's, which says, "We must believe most firmly, and make no question of it, *that they are tormented with eternal fire.*" Yet see the power of distinctions. Alexander de Ales answers, "To be punished with that fire may be understood two ways; either on account of the heat of it, or of the darkness of it. They that have actual sins will be punished with the heat: but the other, [unbaptized infants,] only with the darkness of it, as *wanting* the sight of God," &c. Now darkness without heat is, one would think, but improperly expressed by *fire*. But he says, (and true enough,) "that if we do not understand it so, it will be contrary to what St. Augustine says at other places of the mildness of their punishment."<sup>11</sup> Thus, in order to avoid contradicting the supposed authority of St. Augustine in the book 'De Fide,' and to reconcile that authority with his real teaching in other places, as well as with their own reason and conscience, 'the whole troop of the schoolmen,' including the followers of Augustine himself,—Alexander de Ales and Aquinas,—will have a fire without heat, and a hell without torment; in which, according to the great master, 'it is better for unbaptized infants to dwell forever than never to have been born.' In other words, rather than reject the authority of St. Augustine, they banish poor little infants into the place of eternal torments by fire; and then,

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<sup>11</sup> History of Infant Baptism, Vol. II., p. 208.

rather than disregard the eternal and immutable dictates of reason and conscience, they extinguish the heat of the fire, and convert hell itself into a tolerably pleasant place of abode! If, then, they had only known that it was Fulgentius, and not the great Augustine, who stood so determinedly and so fiercely in their path, would they not have trampled him under foot, and passed on in their own way?

'This was, as I said,' continues the learned historian, 'the general opinion of the schoolmen. Yet Gregorius Ariminensis, (who is called the tormenter of children) and Driedo, endeavored to revive the opinion of Fulgentius: but found no followers, after that the other opinion had been countenanced. The doctrine of eternal torment finds difficulty in sinking into men's belief, (if they have considered what eternity is,) when it is applied to the case of wicked men. Much more in the case of infants, who have in their own person not known or committed good or evil, and have only the stain of nature.'

(4) The assertion of Mr. Lecky, that these saints, while consigning unbaptized infants to eternal fire for Adam's sin, on 'account of an apple that was eaten four thousand years before they were born,' maintained also that 'the creation of those infants' was 'the direct, personal, and uncontrolled act of the Deity,' is not true. On the contrary, the most of these *saints*, as Mr. Lecky sarcastically calls them, who held the severest notions respecting original sin, denied that infants are created by the direct and personal act of God; and they did so, for the avowed reason that such a doctrine would implicate God in the guilt of original sin. Their argument to this effect is well stated by St. Augustine himself. 'He observes,'<sup>b</sup> says Wall, 'that the derivation of original sin from our first parents upon all their posterity is made *by many* an argument *for the propagation of souls as well as bodies*. They instanced in infants, concerning whom they argued thus: If we say they be derived from Adam, not in respect of their bodies only, but in respect of their souls, *we must have a care that we do not . . . make God the author of sin.*'<sup>12</sup> Thus, according to St. Augustine,

<sup>b</sup> August. de Peccatorum Meritis, lib. I., [cap. 35, § 65.

<sup>12</sup>Vol. I., p. 283.

many persons denied that *God created either the bodies or the souls of infants*, referring the origin of both to the propagation of the human species by natural generation, lest they should make God the author of sin. 'It is plain,' as Wall says, that St. Augustine himself 'inclined most to the opinion of the propagation of them.' Yet Mr. Lecky asserts positively that *these saints*, and especially St. Augustine and his disciple Fulgentius, maintained the doctrine of 'Creationism' which makes God the author of original sin!

We have, then, no less than four gross historical blunders, in the above short extract from Mr. Lecky. He seldom speaks of 'the Fathers,' indeed, without plunging headlong into some gratuitous and gross misrepresentation. If he would only study them a little more carefully, he would discover that there is some reason in the Church, as well as out of the Church; and if his admirers would only read and reflect, and examine for themselves, instead of following him blindly, they would find that there is some malice and misrepresentation out of the Church, as well as in the Church. They would find that the Rationalists, as they proudly style themselves, have not quite a perfect monopoly of reason; and also that the disciples of Jesus have not a monopoly of all the blindness, credulity, and malignity in the world. Indeed, it seems to us, that Mr. Lecky exhausts far too much of his stock of patience and pains-taking on the elegance and polish of his style, to have a sufficiency left to bestow on the accuracy and the truthfulness of his statements. If he had paid more attention to the substance of his 'History,' as he calls it, and less to its style; he would have made a far better and more enduring book. But, then, the broad sweep of his assertions, and the bitter swing of his calumnies, would have been greatly contracted; and, consequently, his great book would have been far less to the taste of a certain class of readers.

'It was the aforesaid book of Fulgentius,' says Wall,<sup>13</sup> '(which asserts this dogmatically, and over and over,) being commonly joined to his [St. Augustine's] works, and taken for his, that fixed on him in after ages the title of *Durus infantum pater* :— "The father that is so hard to infants." It was Fulgentius,

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<sup>13</sup>Vol. II., p. 206.

that lived one hundred years after, and not he, that most deserved that name.'

The learned historian of Infant Baptism, then proceeds to show 'how the opinions of men did come to some abatement of this rigour after the time of Fulgentius, who died anno 533'; for after the doctrine in question had reached the highest pitch of extravagance, in proud contempt of the teachings of Christ and his Apostles, as well as of 'the Patristic faith,' a reaction began to take place, and the horrible heresy was on the decline. Yet, 'in pope Gregory's time, Anno Dom. 600,' says Mr. Wall,<sup>14</sup> 'the opinion of their being tormented still continued.' For he speaks thus: *u* "Some are taken from this present life before they come to have any good or ill deserts by their own deeds: and having not the sacrament of salvation for their deliverance from original sin, though they have done nothing of their own here, yet then they come *ad tormenta*, to "torments." And a little after; *perpetua tormenta percipiunt*, "they undergo eternal torments".'

'The same, or at least the opinion of moderate torments, continued down to Anselm's time. . . . . But about this time, (A. D. 1050,) the doctrine of the Church of Rome and of the Western world took a great turn in this point; and they came over to the opinion of the Greek doctors that I mentioned'; and that we have already quoted from Dr. Knapp.

'This opinion of no positive punishment, or a very gentle one, was afterward so general, that *when the contrary one was anew set up by the Protestants*, it was by some adjudged to be heresy.' Now why, O heaven and earth! was this horrible heresy, which seemed to be dying out of the world, anew set up by the protestants? Why was it anew set up, and that in its most hideous Fulgentian form, by the reformers of the sixteenth century? Luther was an Augustinian monk; and, as such, had imbibed the sentiments of the great patron saint of the order. It was the genius, and the fierce passion, of Luther, which breathed into this expiring dogma of the past, the breath of a new and monstrous life.

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<sup>14</sup>Vol. II., p. 206.

*u* Lib. IX. Exposit. Moral in Job. [cap. 14.

'Father Paul, in giving an account of how the Council of Trent prepared their decrees, about original sin, (which was determined in the fifth session, June 17, 1566,) mentions their disputes among themselves, whether they should condemn as heretical that proposition of the Lutheran divines, "that the punishment for original sin is hell fire:" and says it missed very narrowly being anathematized: it was only out of respect to St. Augustine and Gregorius Ariminensis that they forebore. The good Fathers doubtless mistook, as well as other men, Fulgentius' book for St. Augustine's; so that the blow had in a great measure missed him.<sup>15</sup> But if, in the end, the *anathema* of the good fathers had missed St. Augustine, it would, continues the historian, have done a much greater mischief, and recoiled upon themselves; for it would have smitten 'Pope Gregory' himself, by whom, as well as by St. Augustine, the heretical doctrine of the Lutherans had been emphatically maintained.<sup>16</sup>

The hideous dogma, that 'the punishment for original sin is hell fire,' passed from the Lutheran divines to the reformers of the Church of England. The Rt. Rev. Edward Harold Browne, D. D., Lord Bishop of Ely, says, in his *Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles*, that 'The second article of the Augsburg Confession, which is the principal confession of faith of the Lutheran divines, is evidently the source from which our own Ninth Article was derived.' Thus was 'our own Ninth Article,' respecting 'Original, or Birth-Sin,' derived by Luther from Augustine, or from Fulgentius in the mask of Augustine, and by the reformers of the Church of England from Luther and his followers.

This assertion of the learned Bishop, and the staunch advocate of the 'Thirty-Nine Articles,' may be easily established. The second article of the Augsburg confession, as quoted and translated by the learned Bishop, 'declares the doctrine, that every man born naturally from Adam is born in sin, without the faith and fear of God, and with concupiscence, which disease is truly sin, and is deserving of damnation, in all who are not

f History of the Council of Trent, Book II., [page 167, 168. Edit. Brant. London, fol. 1676.

<sup>15</sup> Wall, Vol. II., p. 210.

<sup>16</sup> See Quotations from Pope Gregory, p. 20.

*born again by baptism and the Spirit.* If the new-born infant, however, is only born again by baptism and the Spirit, he is safe; because he is no longer deserving of damnation. Alas, for all the poor infants, whose baptism has been neglected!

There is one word, however, in the second article of the Augsburg confession, which the Bishop of Ely has overlooked in the above translation:—it is the insignificant word *æternam*. Was it out of respect for the Lutheran divines, or for the great reformers of his own Church, that this little word was overlooked and omitted in his translation? The translation of the same article, by Charles P. Krauth, D. D., Norton Professor in the Theological Seminary of the Evangelical Lutheran Seminary, Philadelphia, reads as follows: ‘Article II., *Of Original Sin*. Also they teach that after Adam’s fall, all men begotten after the common course of nature, are born with sin; that is, without the fear of God, without trust in him, and with fleshly appetite; and that this disease, or original fault, *is truly sin*, condemning and bringing *eternal death now also upon all that are not born again by baptism and the Holy Spirit.*’ (p. 17.) Now this is sufficiently plain, and consigns, not only to condemnation, but also to the horrors of the second death—*æternam mortem*—all who are not born again by baptism and the Holy Spirit. The fathers and reformers of the English Church are, as we shall presently see, equally explicit with respect to the nature and the deserts of original sin. In their ninth Article, they say that, in every one that is born into the world, it ‘deserveth God’s wrath and damnation.’ If we inquire what they mean by ‘damnation,’ we shall find that it is not ‘some kind of condemnation or other,’ but really and truly ‘God’s wrath and damnation,’—‘death temporal, spiritual, and eternal.’ They had not, as we shall soon perceive, the clear-minded Christian charity which, in the present age, shrinks, with such indescribable horror, from the doctrine that, on account of ‘original, or birth-sin,’ all unbaptized infants deserve ‘eternal damnation.’ What business have the wicked little creatures, or devils, to be born into the world ‘without the fear of God,’ and ‘without faith in Him’? In the language of Luther, they are ‘not only sinners,’ but ‘lumps of sin;’ and as such, of course, they deserve ‘the everlasting torments of fire.’

In the ninth Article, which treats of 'original, or birth-sin,' it is said, that 'in every person, born into the world, *it deserveth God's wrath and damnation.*' Now, it is highly honorable, as it seems to us, to the clergy of the Episcopal Church generally, that these words are not agreeable to their hearts. We wish we could say, that the manner in which they deal with these very inconvenient words, is equally honorable to their heads. In common language, as well as in the Bible, the term *damnation* stands opposed to the word *salvation*. This is, moreover, the meaning attached to the word among theologians. Hence, no unsophisticated reader would, for one moment, imagine that the terms 'God's wrath and damnation' referred to this life only. He would, on the contrary, suppose that as the word *salvation* refers to the blessedness, so the term *damnation* refers to the misery, of the future life. But theologians are not always unsophisticated.

Accordingly, various attempts have been made to explain away the very disagreeable words in questions, and bring the doctrine of the ninth Article into a more perfect harmony with the dictates of reason and conscience. The Lord Bishop of Ely, in his *Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles*, says: 'We come next to consider the statement which is made in the Article, that original sin "in every person born into the world deserveth God's wrath and damnation." Dr. Hey thinks that the word "damnation" is not necessarily to be understood of condemnation to eternal death, but may be construed, according to the proper signification of the term, (?) to mean merely condemnation of some kind or other.' But if the Article means this only, why, in the name of common sense and common honesty, did it not say this, and this only? Why, in treating of the great doctrine of salvation and its opposite, did it say 'God's wrath and damnation,' when it only meant *some kind of condemnation or other?* Why use such awful terms, if the meaning be so mild? Why use such clear, distinct, and emphatic words, causing the blood to curdle with horror, if the meaning be so indefinite and so indistinct? Would it not have been just as easy to say, that original sin is punishable, or deserves *some kind of condemnation or other*, as that it 'deserves God's wrath and damnation'?



The idea of eternal death, or damnation, says Burnet, in his *Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles*, 'does certainly quadrate more entirely to the words of the Article, as it is known that this was the tenet of those who prepared the Article, it having been the generally received opinion from St. Austin's days downward.' But an Arminian clergy, who have been so unfortunate as to subscribe to Calvinistic Articles, must find some other meaning of them, which does not so entirely quadrate with their words. Hence, as Burnet adds, '*to many other divines this seems a harsh and inconceivable opinion; it seems repugnant to the justice and goodness of God, to reckon men guilty of a sin which they never committed, and to punish them in their souls eternally for that which is no act of theirs.*' According to these divines, continues our author, 'It is no small prejudice against this opinion, (i. e. the eternal death or damnation of unbaptized infants,) *that it was so long before it appeared in the Latin Church; and that it never appeared in the Greek; and that even the Western Church, though perhaps for some ignorant ages it received it, as it did every thing else very implicitly, yet has been very much divided, both about this and many other opinions relating to it, or arising out of it.*'

'It is known,' says Burnet, that the terrible dogma in question 'was the tenet of those who prepared the Article' on original sin. Those who prepared that Article, indeed, did not overlook the words *æternam mortem* in the Augsburg Confession; nor did they hesitate to adopt them as their own. They have not left the shadow of an obscurity as to the sense in which they understood their own Article, or in which they intended it should be received by others. For, in Article XXXV., which treats of the *Homilies* it is said: 'The Second Book of Homilies, the several titles whereof we have joined under this Article, doth contain a godly and wholesome doctrine, and necessary for these times; as doth the former Book of Homilies, which was set forth in the time of Edward the Sixth; and therefore we judge them to be read in Churches by the Ministers diligently and distinctly, that they may be understood of the people.' Now, if the Ministers had only read these Homilies for themselves, to say nothing of their Churches, they would

have entertained no doubt whatever as to the meaning in which the authors of the Ninth Article intended it to be understood and preached to the people. For, in the First Book of Homilies, written in the reign of Edward VI., it is clearly and explicitly stated, that by the 'breaking of God's commandment in our first parent Adam', that we, that all men, have in themselves 'no goodness, help, nor salvation; but contrawise, *sin, damnation, and death everlasting.*'<sup>17</sup> It is difficult to conceive how words could be more explicit. Yet, in the *Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles*, the Lord Bishop of Ely says: 'The statements [of the Ninth Article] are quite general; yet sufficiently guarding the truth that every man naturally engendered of Adam brings into the world *a nature inclined to evil*, and very far removed from the original righteousness of our first parents, *that this sinfulness of his nature deserves God's wrath.*' . . . . The homily 'On the Misery of Man,' composed, or at least approved by Crammer, breathes the same spirit. Now, in view of the above quotation from the Homily on the *Misery of Man*, can it be said that its 'statements are quite general'? Is there not, on the contrary, a dreadful particularity in the statement, that, by the 'breaking of God's commandment by our first parent Adam', all men are, not only 'inclined to evil', but have in themselves 'sin, damnation, and death everlasting'?

'The homily on the Nativity,' continues the Bishop, 'in the second book of homilies, drawn up some time later, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, may be referred to as expressing the doctrine of original sin in somewhat stronger language; the divines of Elizabeth's reign having been brought into more intimate connection with the Calvinistic reformers, and sympathizing with them more than was the case with the divines of the reign of Edward VI.' We cannot find, however, that the doctrine of original sin is expressed in any stronger terms in the *Homily on the Nativity*, than it is in that on the *Misery of Man*. The language may, perhaps, be more harsh and violent in the later, than in the earlier, Homily; but what terms are stronger than 'sin, damnation, and death everlasting'? The Homily on *The Nativity* says: 'Whereby it came to pass, that, as before he

<sup>17</sup> Homily on the Misery of Man.

[Adam] was blessed, so now he was accursed; as before he was loved, so now he was abhorred; as before he was most beautiful and precious, so now he was most vile and wretched in the sight of his Lord and Maker; instead of the image of God, he was now become the image of the devil; instead of the citizen of heaven, he was now become the bond-slave of hell, having in himself no one part of his former purity and cleanness, but being altogether spotted and defiled; inasmuch that now he seemed to be nothing else but a lump of sin, and therefore, by the just judgment of God, was condemned to everlasting death. This so great and miserable a plague, if it had only rested on Adam, who first offended, it had been so much the easier, and might the better have been borne. *But it fell not only on him, but also on his posterity and children forever: so that the whole brood of Adam's flesh should sustain the self-same fall and punishment, which their forefather by his offence most justly deserved.* Thus, according to this Homily, the whole 'posterity of Adam and children forever', the 'whole brood of Adam's flesh', sustain 'the self-same fall and punishment'; the fall, namely, into 'the image of the devil', into 'nothing else but a lump of sin'; and therefore into 'the just judgment' and punishment of 'death everlasting'.

Such is 'the godly and wholesome doctrine' of the Homilies, which the Episcopal Church of this country, as well as the Church of England, enjoins on her ministers to read 'most diligently and distinctly' to their congregations, 'that they may be understood of the people.' But do these ministers themselves read the Homilies; or understand the awful doctrine of original sin which they teach? Nay, do they believe that doctrine, or dare to preach it to the people?

The same doctrine is, if possible, set forth still more explicitly in the writings of 'The Fathers of the English Church.' Thus, in the *Catechism* of 1548, which was prepared by Archbishop Cramner, the most celebrated and influential of the fathers and reformers of the English Church, it is expressly said: 'God sendeth us Christian parents, which cause us to be baptized and grafted into Christ, and to be made the children of God. For, if our parents were not christened, we were like to be wrapped in

continual blindness and error, (for you see no Jews' children come to be baptized); and if we should have heathen parents, *and die without baptism, we should be damned everlastingly.* And in case we did not die in our infancy',<sup>18</sup> &c. Again, it is said, in relation to the sin of Adam and Eve: 'So that all their posterity upon earth be sinners, *even in their mothers' womb*; for they have not their trust in God, they love not God, they have not a fatherly fear unto him, they be full of ill lusts, and appetites, and desires'.<sup>19</sup> &c. That is, all infants are sinners, even in their mother's wombs, because they have not their trust in God, and love not God, even before they are born, but are, on the contrary, full of ill lusts, and appetites, and desires. Now does not this revive, and that too with a vengeance, the Fulgentian doctrine of original sin, and the necessity of baptism to save the souls of infants from being 'damned everlastingly'? Indeed, this celebrated Catechism, which tells 'the good children' that 'we all should be everlastingly damned if Christ by his death had not redeemed us', (p. 224,) assures them, again and again, that it is by and through baptism that the benefit of Christ's redemption from original sin, and death, and hell, is applied to their souls. It is, as we have seen, the positive and peremptory decision of the Archbishop, that if infants 'have heathen parents, and die without baptism', they will be 'damned everlastingly.' How is it, then, with those infants who die before they are born into the world, and before it is possible to baptize them? Will they, also, be everlastingly damned? Or if, after they are born into the world, they should die before their Christian parents have them baptized; will this neglect of their parents work such unutterable woe to them?

'By this I have hitherto spoken,' continues our Catechism, (p. 297,) 'I trust you will understand, good children, wherefore baptism is called the bath of regeneration, and how in baptism we be born again, and be made new creatures in Christ. The which doctrine you shall the better understand, if you consider in what condition you were before you were baptized, and what

<sup>18</sup> The Fathers of the English Church; or, A Selection from the Writings of the Reformers and Early Protestant Divines of the Church of England. Vol. III., p. 163.

<sup>19</sup> Ibid. p. 224.

state you stand in after you were baptized.' That is, if you consider, as you have already been told, that before you were baptized you were 'sinners, even in [your] mothers' wombs', and therefore justly sentenced to be 'everlastingly damned'; whereas, after you were baptized, you were 'new creatures in Christ', and the heirs of his kingdom. What unbounded cruelty is it, then, in you parents to suffer your little children to 'bear hell torments forever, on account of your neglect to have them baptized.' This is, indeed, the exhortation which one of the English fathers and reformers addressed to parents with respect to the awful consequences of neglecting the baptism of their infant children.

'By nature,' says another father and reformer of the Church of England,<sup>20</sup> 'through the fall of Adam, are we the children of wrath, heirs of the vengeance of God, yea, and *from our conception*. And we have our fellowship with the damned devils, under the power of darkness and the rule of Satan, while we are yet in our mother's womb.' And so we continue, until we are delivered by baptism. In like manner, Ridley, to whose commanding intellect Archbishop Cramner was accustomed to defer, writes as follows, respecting the baptism of infants: 'Children are of the Church, or congregation of God; wherefore children must needs be christened, or else they are not purged of their sins, *nor shall be saved without baptism*, which is the means to purge and wash them from their sins. . . . Wherefore the Anabaptists, which would not have children to be christened, they shew themselves that they would not have children purged from their sins, and be saved. If they would have children saved, they would not deny them the means whereby Christ purgeth his Church from sins, and saveth it, *which is baptism*,' &c. That is to say, the Baptists are utterly opposed to the salvation of infants, because they do not believe in infant baptism! Such is the logic of the illustrious Ridley!

By a logic equally admirable, he thus proves his own doctrine, and calls it the word of God: 'All that will not be obedient to the ordinances of God, shall be damned. (Rom. VIII). Christ hath ordained, that all people and reasonable creatures shall be

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<sup>20</sup> Ibid. Vol. I., pp. 16-17. Tindall.

christened. (Matt. XXVIII. Mark XVI). Children are people and reasonable creatures. Wherefore, it followeth, that children must be christened, *or else they shall be damned in hell forevermore,*<sup>21</sup>

The same doctrine is set forth in Bishop Jewell's *Apology of the Church*.<sup>22</sup> Indeed, as Wall says, 'Upon the reformation, the protestants generally have defined that the due punishment of original sin is, in strictness, *damnation in hell*.'<sup>23</sup> This dogma is, in fact, set forth with sufficient plainness in the Catechism of the Book of Common Prayer, and there made the ground and reason of 'the doctrine of baptismal regeneration'. The child is there asked, 'What is your name? Ans. N. or M. Ques. Who gave you this name? Ans. My Sponsors in Baptism; wherein I was made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.'—Wherein I was made a member of Christ [before a 'lump of sin' and a limb of Satan], the child of God [before the child of the devil], and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven [before the heir of 'hell forevermore']. How wonderful, then, is the power of the Priest, who, by an act so simple, administers a change so mighty, so miraculous, and so momentous!

We have now shown, as we proposed to do, how the doctrine of the everlasting torment of infants took its rise in the Christian world, and how it found its way into the symbolic books and writings of orthodox Protestant denominations. It took its rise, as we have seen, in the mind of the great Augustine, and found its way into the Protestant world through the mind of the great Augustinean monk and reformer, Martin Luther. We have also seen, that this doctrine is, and ever has been, rooted and grounded in false views of original sin, or the natural depravity of mankind.

We shall, in our next issue, examine the various hypotheses, which ingenious men and learned theologians have invented, in order to reconcile the dogma of infant damnation with the dictates of reason and conscience. These hypotheses constitute, as

<sup>21</sup> Ibid. Vol. II., pp. 136-7.

<sup>22</sup> Ibid. Vol. VII., pp. 24-5.

<sup>23</sup> History of Infant Baptism. Vol. II., p. 219.

we shall then see, one of the most curious and wonderful chapters in the history of the human mind. They are, indeed, but the frightful contortions of the human mind in its great agony of self-contradiction; the inextinguishable moral and religious sentiments of the heart writhing in the folds of error, and crushed, like a Laocoon, the priest of Apollo, in the complicated wreathings of the Serpent.

We have hitherto been remiss,—deplorably, and we fear unpardonably, remiss. Not wishing to cause ‘trouble of mind’ to others, such we ourselves had experienced, we have long waited, hoping that matters would improve, and they have only grown worse and worse. ‘The mystery of iniquity,’ that is, the exaltation of the Priesthood, having its roots in dark errors respecting the nature of original sin and in the hell of infant damnation, has continually overgrown our once ‘beloved Zion’ with the brambles of baptismal regeneration and the blossoms of a spurious ritualism. John Wesley laid the axe at the root of the tree, when he cut away from the creed of his own Church, and cast to the dogs, the doctrine that original sin, in every one that is born into the world, ‘deserveth God’s wrath and damnation’. But who heard the blow? How feebly—how faintly—it fell on the ear of the Christian world! and how soon it died away! and, since it has died away, how dead has been the silence! That blow is, indeed, not even noticed in *Southey’s Life of Wesley*; and we had never heard of its existence, until long after we had rejected the same great root of ‘the mystery of iniquity’. The truth is, that the blow in question was struck, not for England, but for America; and here we intend, by the grace of God, to re-awaken its echoes. We cannot do much, it is true, being old, and feeble, and not having long to live. But we can, at least, begin the controversy, and carry it on as long as we do live, or have the ability to wield a pen. And then, after this mortal life is over, we can bequeath the great contest, for the truth and the glory of God, to two millions of Methodists.

- ART. II.—1. *Revue Contemporaine*. Paris, Nov. 15th, 1869.  
 Art. 'Sainte Beuve.'
2. *Folk Songs*. Edited by J. W. Palmer. New York, 1861.
3. *Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric*.

It is an ancient belief, much older than witty Sam. Butler, that

—'all a rhetorician's rules  
 Teach nothing but to name his tools.'

It is likewise an ancient belief, antedating that 'savage Quarterly' which was credited with slaying John Keats, that the critic wields a tremendous power, having for his office, as Chénier said of La Harpe, 'to judge both the quick and the dead', and that this power is almost invariably exerted for evil. But these vagaries of petulant unreason, as they cannot be reconciled with one another, so likewise cannot be reconciled with either philosophy or fact. It cannot be shown that criticism is useless, and it cannot be shown that criticism is hurtful. There are some people, to be sure, who, as Wieland says, 'like the Abderites, grow no wiser by considering.' Such persons, being apt, when reasoned with, to get more firmly 'sot in their ways,' as some of our Northern neighbors say, might indeed come to hurt by contact with criticism. But none others. For how can criticism injure? It has no power to cramp. All its laws go for nothing before the conquering wheels of Genius, when this careers forth in search of new territory to occupy,—territory that will call upon criticism to make new laws suitable to its new conditions. Nor can it bend Genius from its career. Tasso, whose tastes were all for that 'voluptuous pensiveness' in which he excelled, even in composing his Epic, escaped from the scenes of war which his heroic theme required him to describe, and 'lingered around the gardens of Armida, as though he had himself been



her thrall."<sup>1</sup> Lessing, that great critic, who was a great poet also, tells us that 'Whatever is tolerable in my later poems, I am very conscious that I owe it wholly and only to criticism. I feel not in me the living fountain which struggles forth, of its own force, and, by its own force, shoots up in such rich, fresh, and pure rays. I have to squeeze everything out of me by pressure and pipes. I have therefore always been shamed or vexed, when I have heard or read anything in dispraise of criticism. It has been said to stifle genius, and I had flattered myself that I derived from it something which approaches very near to genius. I am a cripple, and cannot possibly be edified by a phillipic against crutches. But, to be sure, as the crutch may help the lame man to move from place to place, but can never make him a runner, so it is with criticism.'<sup>2</sup> This is much more frank than the claim set up by that other great critic, recently dead, Sainte Beuve, that, in him, the critic had been the death of the poet. The critic in him could certainly not have been the death of his *poems*, since they—the whole three volumes of them—were quite dead or ere he undertook the critic's office.

The secret of this outcry, however, lies in the fact that Art always and necessarily precedes Criticism. Homer must compose an Epic before Aristotle can, by analysis, give us a philosophy of epic poetry. If the critic produced, he would then occupy the poet's place. This, the critics of Criticism seem to have forgotten, and, showing that all the great artists went before Criticism, they triumphantly claim that Criticism itself has been the stumbling-block in the way of subsequent artistic achievements. This absurd fallacy has too often been seriously answered. The only proper reply to it is to produce the artists, show their works, and critically establish that Genius is not less operative now than it was in the days before Agamemnon,—that it is only working with other forms. It is our present purpose, however, to establish the utility of criticism. not to vindicate modern Genius from these ill birds that caw so hoarsely from the rookery of discontent. If the author of the *Idylls of*

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<sup>1</sup> Hallam's History of Literature.

<sup>2</sup> Lessing's Dramaturgie.

*the King* were set to answer them, he might instruct them to some purpose as to whether Criticism be hurtful or useless to the modern poet.

Criticism, in fact, proposes to do something more than help the lame to crutches. Or rather, all men being more or less lame, its crutches are universally useful. The rule of Nature is the law of Criticism.

‘ Nature is made better by no mean,  
But Nature makes that mean : so, o’er that art  
Which you say adds to Nature, is an art  
That Nature makes.’

Criticism attempts to devise no new systems, but only to recover, analyse, and interpret the methods of Nature. It is the gist of her system that that which departs from Nature must be false, and that which is false must decay and perish. So, the reforms she attempts are reforms according to Nature, reforms that seek to originate nothing, reforms, however, that are useful to the case of whomsoever does originate anything. Thus, a critical analysis of Rosetti’s obscurity may guide the coming great poet to a more perspicuous and agreeable diction. Thus, the critical attacks upon Wordsworth, severe and unjust as they were, opened his eyes to the namby-pambyisms of his *Lyrical Ballads*, and helped him to acquire that later style of severe majesty in which so much broad humanity and elevated philosophy are happily embalmed. Thus, too, the critics stung a lazy Lord Byron into a magnificent Childe Harold, a ‘possession for eternity’ to all who value the English speech.

Criticism being, as we have said, nothing other than an analysis of the laws of Art, its usefulness finds its best vindication in the fact that it is really no more than a reproduction of the process each man, who seeks to develop a work of Art, employs within himself to give value to that work. What the artist does within his own consciousness before projecting his creative impulse into a definite form,—what Homer did before he sang, what Raphael did before he painted, what Henry Clay did before he spoke,—just that, and nothing more, is what Criticism endeavors to do for Art in general. So that, if Criticism has succeeded in its analytic endeavor—and no one questions that

it has at least measurably succeeded—it is able to provide not only the class of artists with a general and adequate Canon of Art, but intelligent people everywhere with a sufficient and infallible criterion whereby to estimate not only Art as a whole, but the merits and deficiencies, the effects and the reasons therefor of each and every particular work of Art. And, if even Criticism had failed to achieve its purpose, the study and practice of it would not have been without benefit to the world. For, as Dr. Campbell has well said, in his able and accurate treatise,<sup>3</sup> granting all the facility and all the intuitive powers that are claimed for genius, still, ‘a more thorough investigation of the latent energies, if I may so express myself, whereby the instruments employed by eloquence produce their effect upon the hearers, will serve considerably both to improve their taste, and to enrich the fancy. . . . Besides, this study, properly conducted, leads directly to an acquaintance with ourselves; it not only traces the operations of the intellect and imagination, but discloses the lurking springs of action in the heart.’ It will presently be seen that what applies to eloquence must apply equally well to all the elegant arts—to Art itself, properly so called.

It is the aim, therefore, of the present essay by the critical examination of some of the forms and principles of Pathetic Poetry, to show as clearly as may be, that the established laws of a real Criticism are founded enduringly upon the constitution of human nature, and as such, must be respected, or the worse will surely follow. We say *real* Criticism, with some emphasis, for there is a factitious criticism that is none at all, there is a pseudo-criticism that is utterly false and utterly base, and there is a cant of criticism which only Lawrence Sterne, himself given to canting, could characterize. ‘Grant me patience, just Heaven!’ he cries; ‘of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!’<sup>4</sup> Our business, then, lies with the real Criticism, and we do not think there can be found a more proper or a more beau-

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<sup>3</sup> *Philosophy of Rhetoric.*

<sup>4</sup> *Tristram Shandy.*

tiful study in the whole circle of diagnostic science than this quest—this Sangreal quest—after the principles and germs of the beautiful lying deep hidden in the passions and impulses, the thoughts and imaginings of man, as the fossil rose was found by Agassiz—the germ of that divine thought which now glorifies our gardens—in the strata immediately antecedent to our period. What the naturalist felt in discovering this evidence of provision not merely for our wants but for our enjoyments, the critical student must feel whenever he comes across, as he often does, one of these subtle liens between the beautiful in the universe and man's æsthetic faculties, between the physical tendencies and the moral constitution of the race, which bear so emphatically upon them the stamp of Divine Providence and Divine Benignancy.

It is sufficient for our purposes in this article to follow the division which Dr. Campbell has made of the arts into the *useful*, and the *elegant*. Of these two classes of arts, he says, 'the one supplies a real want, the other only gratifies some mental taste.' This is scarcely an adequate statement of the case, and we think it would be more proper to say that the one supplies a *material*, the other a *spiritual*, need; for, in effect, so long as man is constituted as at present, his spiritual needs are quite as normal to his being as his material ones. The class of elegant arts we shall include under the general term of ART, meaning thereby, succinctly, *all those arts which employ thought and expression for the production of forms in accordance with the laws of beauty*. This definition of Art, which seems to us to be adequate, would compel us to embrace under that term the several arts of *sculpture* (or visible form, unmodified, except as above by the laws of beauty;) *architecture*, (visible form, modified by the judgment for sundry purposes;) *painting*, (visible form, modified by color;) *music*, (audible form, modified by laws of melody;) *poetry*, and *eloquence*, which must presently be rather more distinctly defined to suit the purposes of our essay. These arts are indeed all of them so closely allied that we are doing no violence to language when we include them under a single term. For, as Frederick Schlegel has said, 'Surely, whatever seizes the imagination and leaves a powerful impression on

the mind, may claim kindred with that wonderful organization which we term poetical; and whether our thoughts be awakened and our hearts touched by the simple representation of outward forms, the melody of verse, or the more thrilling charm of music, is not the moving principle the same?"<sup>5</sup> Assuredly it is, and we may demonstrate this to be so by applying the laws of one branch of Art to elucidating the principles of some other branch, as for instance when we illustrate the pathos of poetry by the pathos of music, of painting, or of eloquence. Thus, the same eloquent critic, speaking of Correggio's tenderness, tells us that his figures are like deep and thrilling melody, unlocked by skillful hands from the simplest chords. We are told moreover that these simple figures 'never fail to communicate to the imagination such an overflowing abundance of feeling and thought as genius alone has the power to awaken.'<sup>6</sup> *Mutato nomine* would not this language suit for a review of Tennyson? Again, reversing the medal, read this critique: 'What is *Jocelyn* indeed, in spite of its vast proportions, but a work of familiar poetry, a picture of real life? It is true that over all personal features and domestic details Lamartine has flung a cloud sustained by the glamour of his ever-flowing eloquence, and the coloring and glitter of his fascinating style.'<sup>7</sup> Have we not here something that will enable us to understand the success of Doré's pencil, in spite of the essentially mean and prosaic qualities which underlie all his work? These resemblances need not be further insisted upon, but it is necessary to the ends of any genuine criticism to keep them always in view, and to thoroughly comprehend that all the fine arts are close kindred, children indeed of the same æsthetic impulses of man.

Eloquence and poetry are the nearest related of these branches of Art. It is fancied by some that they were at some period in their earlier history one and the same art, but this can scarcely be, since the respective objects for which they came into being are radically different from one another. ELOQUENCE may be defined to be *impassioned thought, addressed, for its end, to*

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<sup>5</sup> Lectures on Æsthetics.

<sup>6</sup> Ibid.

<sup>7</sup> Revue Contemporaine.

*purposes of persuasion, and subdued to that end, in both form and substance, by the judgment.*

POETRY, on the other hand, must be interpreted, (if it can indeed be in anywise defined,) to be *idealized or impassioned thought, (thought wrought upon by the imagination, or influenced or modified by passion,) in substance subdued into harmony with the requirements of beauty, in form made concordant with the requirements of harmony, and having for its end, pleasure.*

It will be seen from the above that while eloquence proposes to itself an active object, that of persuading the will, poetry has no other immediate end in view (so far forth as it *is* poetry,) than to bestow pleasure. Eloquence demands—it sets a price upon the emotions it confers; but poetry takes no thought of reward, shakes her cornucopia with a free hand, and passes on lightly. ‘Beauty is its own excuse for being.’

It is with this Art we have to do:—it is to this ethereal creature we propose to apply the austere measuring rod of Criticism. Poetry, with respect to its *form*, is divided into the epic, the lyric, and the dramatic. With these divisions our present essay has naught to do, since each one of these forms affords us examples of pathetic poetry. The division required must be a division according to the *content* of poetry, and such a division, not accurate indeed, but adequate for our purposes, may be made with respect to its effect upon the individual, into *gnomic* poetry, or such as is addressed to the unexcited reason, but having no purpose upon the will; *humorous* poetry, meant to amuse; *imaginative* poetry, such as flies at the fancy and imagination, but does not propose to affect the passions; and *pathetic* poetry, or that which *is* addressed to the passions, and proposes to give us pleasure by acting upon them. By pathetic poetry is commonly understood that which influences in some way the more active and urgent affections of our nature, such as love, pity, grief, desire, hate, fury, revenge, &c. In the present paper, however, we shall limit our discussion to the *Poetry of Pathos*, to the poetry which produces the more tender emotions of pity, grief, sympathy, and love by sympathy. This embraces a large, distinct, and well understood class of writings, and instances of

this sort of poetry may be discovered in all literatures and during all ages. It is that form of poetry which touches us most nearly, and, by sympathetic approaches, is most firmly endeared to the heart. What has our sympathy is very apt to engage our love also, and where we are melted, our affections flow forth uncurbed by the ordinary barriers of self-repression, pride, and mistrust. Another reason why this class of poetry is the best loved of any, lies in the fact that where our sympathies are engaged and our feelings occupied, the judgment declines to do its sterner offices, and our sensibilities unconsciously slur over everything like disproportions and incongruities. What heart has refused to beat more quickly, what eye can still be dry, when, in reading the history of Jacob and his sons, we come to the pathetic account of how Joseph revealed himself to his brethren: '*I am Joseph: doth my father yet live?*' Or, turn to King Lear, to that last terrible scene, where the poor old man, his furies quite spent, his life at the last ebb, his eyes failing, his knees tottering, feels within his bosom the last choking swelling sensation of heartbreak, and feebly asks: 'Pray you, undo this button:—Thank you, sir!' Or, again, (what is more pathetic, more terrible, more heartrending in its suggestions than any possible form of speech can be), that dumb-stricken agony of Jocasta in *Œdipus Tyrannus*, while the fates are enveloping her and *Œdipus* with lightning rapidity in the terrible coil of circumstantial revelation that is to blast the house like a thunder-riven oak! Or, once more, that most touching ballad, the *Lament of the Border Widow*, in which the poor soul makes her moan:

'I sewed his sheet, making my mane,  
I watched the corpse myself alane. . . .  
I took his body on my back.  
And wiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;  
I digged a grave, and laid him in,  
And happed him with the sod sae green.  
But think na ye my heart was sair  
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair?  
O think na ye my heart was wae,  
When I turned about, away to gae?'<sup>s</sup>

<sup>s</sup> Percy's Reliques.

The class of poetry thus defined and exhibited possesses, more than any other class, a quality which, to the superficial view, would seem to prevent it from attaining to its end. Its powers, at first blush, appear not to be in the verse itself, but in the associations which surround it or which it has power to call up,—not in its *content*, but in the *envelope*. The force of gnomic, of humorous, of imaginative poetry, and of the other species of the pathetic, are seen to reside more or less directly in the verse itself, or in its formal properties, in its imagery, its harmony, the subtle melody that pervades it, its beauty, sublimity, or the like. But the force of the poetry of pathos, while making itself distinctly *felt*, cannot be directly *seen*, as a property of the verse itself. That pathetic poetry which is most true to its end seems to be, as it were, something simply negative, a mere colorless transparent medium through which subtle and powerful influences may stream unobstructed. But it will presently be discovered that this, which seemed a blemish, or at best a problem, is an excellency of the highest kind. It will be seen that this excellency is so marked in its character, and so irresistible in its force, that it almost has claims to be erected into a principle of universal Art itself. Schiller tells us,<sup>9</sup> that both Shakspeare and Homer, when he first came to make their acquaintance, repelled him violently by their apparent coldness and indifference. Sir Joshua Reynolds has told us in forcible language of the feeling of despair that came over him when he first sat down before Raphael's works and found he could not appreciate them nor recognize their vaunted beauties. Neither the artist nor the poet were prepared to believe that so much apparent insensibility, so much frankness, so rude a way of dealing with pathetic or sacred things, could in anywise be compatible with genuine greatness. And this is precisely the critic's feeling—previous to analysis—in the presence of all the finer examples of pathetic poetry. He is not willing to admit that forms so simple, mediums so colorless, can possibly be the vehicle of such gushes and throbs of passion, and he casts about him in every region, from that of association to that of self-deception, in search of the cause, sooner than concede that it dwells where it actually does

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<sup>9</sup> On Naive and Sentimental Poetry.



dwell in the form itself, and in the form alone. An instance or two will suffice to illustrate this. Take the opening verse of Jeremiah's Lamentations: 'How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!' Can it be possible that all the crowd and press of moving images thus called up are within the power of these few and simple and common words to invoke? The judgment hesitates to accept any such conclusion, and we say it cannot be the form, it is the envelope, the associations, that procure such a pathetic effect. Very well. It is the association. Let us take a case in which there can be no mistake about the association. When the terrible secrets of his house, after all Jocasta's entreaties for reserve, have been revealed to Œdipus in Sophocles, the unhappy king cries simply:

‘*Ὀὐδὲ ἰὸὺ τὰ πᾶντ’ ἄν ἐξήχοι σαφῆς.*’<sup>10</sup>

‘Alas, alas! everything has come out plain!’

Seneca, on the other hand, treating the same subject and the occasion, constrains his doubly unfortunate monarch to mouth out—

‘*Dehisce tellus tuque tenebrarum potens*

*In Tartara ima rector umbrarum rape.*’

Gape, Earth! And thou, strong tyrant of the shades,

Snatch me swift downwards to the depths of Hell!

‘I know you are only joking with me,’ said Partridge after he had seen Garrick in *Hamlet*, ‘but indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country, and the King for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, and half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor.’<sup>11</sup> Now, in the two passages we have given, there are the same situation, the same circumstances, the same associations, yet, one mouths like the player-king whom Partridge admired, the other sees the ghost, and imparts his feelings, like Garrick. One passage is pathos, the other is nothing but rant and fustian. Where does the cause of this reside, if not in the form itself of the expressed passion? Another example—the celebrated narrative of Francesca da Rimini in Dante:

<sup>10</sup> Œdip. Tyran. 1182.

<sup>11</sup> Fielding—Tom Jones.

‘ One day,  
 For our delight, we read of Lancelot,  
 How him love thrall’d. Alone we were, and no  
 Suspicion near us. Oft-times by that reading,  
 Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue  
 Fled from our altered cheek. But at one point  
 Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,—  
 The wished smile, so rapturously kissed  
 By one so deep in love,—that he, who ne’er  
 From me shall separate, at once my lips  
 All trembling kissed. The book and writer both  
 Were love’s purveyors. In its leaves that day  
 We read no more.’<sup>12</sup>

Now the pathos of this, the affecting character of this, the most pathetic love-tale ever told, (not excepting Boccaccio’s *Ghis-munda*) surely this cannot be in the form here, but merely in the association, in the fact of such a tale, so told, by such lovers, in such a dismal place. So the casual reader will reason, and he will try to show that what is quoted above is nothing but a love-story, and one that contains nothing pathetic in its own terms. But he will reason wrong, for the pathos of this story lies more completely in the form of the telling, perhaps, than is the case with almost any poetry that can be named. The agony of a love that is hopeless and imperishable runs through every word of the original. The pathos of it is contagious even upon the teller, who faints, and is like to die. Every particle breathes a sigh, and a fatal despair hangs about each adjective, until we think of that ghastly turn Keats has given to an entire poem by the use of a single word of terrible anticipation :

‘ So the two brothers and their *murdered man*  
 Went on their way to Venice.’<sup>13</sup>

Not *yet* murdered in fact was he, but murdered in their thoughts, in their intentions, and so, his joyous faring forth becomes the darkest of imaginable tragedies. In the same way, after Francesca has told us

‘ Nessum maggior dolore,  
 Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
 Nella miseria ;’

<sup>12</sup> *Inferno*. V. 127.

<sup>13</sup> *Isabella* ; or the Pot of Basil.

Why does the unsummoned sob struggle within us, and refuse to be repressed, as we hear the plaintive tragedy sung

'My father pressed me sair,  
Though my mither did na speak;  
But she lookit in my face  
Till my heart was like to break.'<sup>17</sup>

If we can answer this question satisfactorily, we shall have made the analysis of Pathetic Poetry. Sturdy old Albrecht Dürer, when brought to do as other artists of his time were doing and imitate the ancients, replied emphatically: 'I will paint nothing antique.' Evidently, Albrecht had mastered the secret of Art and was acquainted with the source of feeling. 'You may be assured,' says Longinus, 'that that is really beautiful and sublime, which pleases always and all men.' This is unquestionably true, but the problem is, why does such and such a thing please, and such and such a thing not please. To say it is because one is beautiful and the other not beautiful, is to define an unknown quantity by another still more remote from solution. What profit do we get from hearing that  $x$  is  $y$  because  $z$  is  $x$ , when we do not know the properties of either  $x$ ,  $y$ , or  $z$ ? 'It is thus,' says Leigh Hunt,<sup>18</sup> 'by exquisite pertinence, melody, and the implied power of writing with exuberance, if need be, that beauty and truth become identical in poetry, and that pleasure, or at the very worst, a balm in our tears, is drawn out of pain.' How is it 'thus'? We must have a reason for this order of events—for this concatenation of objective Art, feeling, and sympathy, by which the whole world is willingly bound. Lord Bacon tells us that poetry is divine because it has power to raise the mind 'by conforming the *shows of things*<sup>19</sup> to the desires of the soul, instead of subjecting the soul to external things as reason and history do.' In this deep saying is probably contained the whole philosophy of poetry as a spiritual need of man.

It means, in fact, that there is a truth of Art quite as much as a truth of things, and quite as necessary to be scrupulously

<sup>17</sup> Auld Robin Gray.

<sup>18</sup> Imagination and Fancy.

<sup>19</sup> Meaning *idea phenomena*.

respected and inviolably observed. It means that 'the shows of things' which the imagination takes hold of and manipulates according to the 'desires of the soul', have as real an existence in our moral constitution as the 'external things' of reason and history have in our physical constitution. What is conscientiousness and truth in life thus finds its counterpart in truth and sincerity in Art. And sincerity is the first element and the leading requisite in every attempt to present the pathetic in the forms of poetry.

By sincerity in Art is meant very nearly what is meant by sincerity in life. It means in both cases perfect harmony between the thought and the act. That which I do, I do with all my might, with all my skill, and without any mental reservations or subterfuges whatsoever. Viewed in this light, sincerity is the noblest of human virtues, because it is the most ennobling. A sincere man, like a sincere work, bears the stamp of nobility upon his countenance, no matter how rugged and uncouth the features may be. Sincerity classifies the whole soul, so that the light of heaven can shine plainly down into it. It includes earnestness, not so much because it is itself a peculiarly active virtue, as because it enables us to see, and therefore urges us to obey the human need for activity. Of all things sincerity is most antagonistic to falsehood, because falsehood is the meanest and most ignoble of the vices:—the vice indeed which seems to envelope all other vices, for even cowardice is but falsehood to human instinct, and sin in all its guises but falsehood to nature and cowardice in the face of moral austerity.

Being such, sincerity must be peculiarly necessary to the artist and poet. His success depends upon the degree in which he is able to manifest it in his works; his failures are in proportion to his departures from it. Thus, the history of painting assures us that the loss of power by the painters of the later Italian schools did not proceed from a loss of skill, nor from defective execution, nor from decaying imagination. Julio Romana, Del Sarto, Caravaggio, Guido, Salvator Rosa, the Carraccis, &c., were all eminent for skill, and for constructive and ideal fancy. The real source of the shortcoming, failure, and

decay of the art was a loss of earnestness, a going away from the sincere methods and sincere conceptions of the elder artists. In the same way, examining the sermons of the latter half of the seventeenth century in England, we find on the one hand a band of polished essayists whose efforts were like mandragora to the already drowsy brains of a slumberous squirearchy; on the other hand, a horde of enthusiastic tinkers and cordwainers, poor ignorant prophets, who yet were able to put the Word of God into a language of electric fire that so blazed in men's hearts that they were willing to die if they might testify. From one side came Burnett, Tillotson, Chillingworth; from the other, Bunyan, Baxter, Fox. In painting again, Lionardo had the skill, Angelo the power, Raphael the beauty, yet there were some touches in the work of Angelico da Fiesole, (a poor unskilled priest who had only sincerity for his portion,) that none of them could approach. How lovely a soul shines out from all his pictures! We might fancy no one could paint such a rich store of heavenly imaginings but he who had been there to see! Of a picture by another one of these sincere elder artists Schlegel has thus written:<sup>20</sup> "The picture is simply imagined, presenting but few features, and these of noble proportions and combined in architectural symmetry. . . . The idea of sincerity conveyed by each individual figure, and stamped upon the figure generally, doubtless renders its expression so peculiarly tranquil: it is certainly very plain and simple, and far from having any claims to lofty passion, or the more interesting charm of sentiment; but this simplicity makes it appear to grow in loveliness, each time it is revisited." The entire cycle of the history of Art in all its phases bears uniform testimony to the effect of sincerity, to the fact, indeed, that without sincerity, an effect cannot be produced of any adequate sort. It is admitted that the inimitable charm and grace and the irresistible power of the Grecian and Gothic architecture reside chiefly in their perfect sincerity. We here, in this age and land, have buildings in all these styles. Our churches and eke our custom houses copy the Parthenon and the Strasburg minster, and, our churches and our custom houses are a laughing

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<sup>20</sup> The painting is Baamante's Deposition from the Cross.

stock, a shame, a disgrace! A statue of Mr. Lincoln was lately set up in New York, a complete copy of the statue of Julius, wreath, toga, sandals, and all. It is proposed to hide the disgraceful image by getting the Common Council to let it out to bill-stickers! Now why should our churches, statues, custom houses, copying things so amazingly excellent, prove to be themselves so amazingly mean and ugly? Why indeed, but because they lack sincerity! ‘*An tu, M. Calidi, nisi fingeres, sic ageres?*’ asked Cicero once of a person who was coldly accusing another of having poisoned him. If Americans were architects and sculptors in fact, would they go about to copy in brick or plaster foredone works in imperishable marble? A preacher once asked an actor: “Why do people listen with so much emotion to what you say, which they know to be all fictitious, while they hear with apathy from us truths that are of eternal importance to them?” ‘Because,’ said the actor, ‘we deliver fiction as if it were truth, while you utter truth itself as if it were only fiction.’<sup>21</sup> And now indeed, we are come to the gist of it:

‘Pleads he in earnest?—Look upon his face:  
His eyes do drop no tears: his prayers are jest;  
His words come from his mouth; ours, from our breast;  
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;  
We pray with heart and soul.’<sup>22</sup>

So it comes to pass that in all work of all the arts, the sincerity must be above suspicion, or the work will surely fail. And the reason why this imperative demand is made for the appearance of sincerity lies in the fact that human nature has an immense feeling of disgust, nay more, a feeling of utter abhorrence, for falsehood in all its shapes. Kant has remarked upon this very truly that, if we were to hear a man perfectly imitate the music of the nightingale, and were yielding to the pleasure of the sound with no matter how complete enthusiasm, every spark of our emotion would be dissipated and all our pleasure disappear the moment we found out that it was only deception and trick. If, in the first instance, we had known of the trick, we should

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<sup>21</sup> Whately's Rhetoric.

<sup>22</sup> Shaks. Richard II.

have been at pleasure from contemplating the man's skill: but the *desire of greatness* will result in a sense of *disgrace* with respect to *being* a man. "Could that," says Butler in the same instance, "I would deal with the simplest, conceiving yet a natural love to an artificial, I never so early the imitation of such masters to the highest point of finishing the discovery that I was an imitation would entirely destroy the feeling of which we speak." Mental slavery, indeed, is *Blair's* process, "we are for ever entirely enthralled in human nature." The cure for mental *John Bunyan* was, says<sup>2</sup> still remains with us, even when we have wisely left the dominions of it. It is in the *unconscious* of our nature, and instinctive *disgrace* at all *acts of falsehood*, that we find the cause of the total neglect and which *some words have fallen*, which, possessing certain *virtues of their own*, were put forward as things which they were not. It is only in this way that we can understand the *criticism that has come upon Milton's Paradise Lost*, Chatterton's *Imagery*, and similar productions. These are entitled to be *read and admired upon their own merits*, but claiming a *personality not genuine*, have been *long* able by the world in *disgrace*. And *trifles* even Homer and Shakspeare would have *not* merit of their integrity in the world's favor had the *kind intentions of Wall and Miss Della Bacon* towards them *have ever come to fruition*. There is no greater libel on an author than to *accuse* his book of wanting genuineness.

Not is it strange that this feeling of disgust for artistic insincerity should exist. For Nature is always sincere, true, upright,

#### 2 Upon Naïve and Sentimental Poetry.

<sup>2</sup> *Some Lessons of Architecture*. In this connection we will do well to quote Mr. Ruskin further: "It might be at first thought that the whole kingdom of imagination was one of deception also. Not so; the action of the imagination is a voluntary summoning of the conceptions of things absent or impossible; and the pleasure and nobility of the imagination partly consist in its knowledge and contemplation of them as such, i. e. in the knowledge of their actual absence or impossibility at the moment of their apparent presence or reality. When the imagination deceives it becomes madness. It is a noble faculty so long as it confesses its own ideality: when it ceases to confess this, it is insanity. All the difference lies in the fact of the confession, in there being no deception. It is necessary to our rank as spiritual creatures, that we should be able to invent and to behold what is not; and to our rank as moral creatures, that we should know and confess at the same time that it is not."

and it is intolerable that Art, whose office it is to imitate Nature and interpret her to our longing souls, should perform that office unfaithfully and with deceit and dishonor. It is the charge of the poet, as Schiller has nobly said, to be 'the guardian of nature', and in that post, more than all things else, is he called upon to have an innocent heart and a sincere tongue. If he should say that which he does not think, or feign, or invent circumlocutions, catering to the 'sickly vanities' or 'corrupt imaginations' of an artificial world,<sup>25</sup> then let him take the consequences. Let his work perish! Let him be anathema! But there is no need to condemn the false poet. He condemns himself by the fact of his own falsehood. 'In short, as we see often in other cases, where men thwart their own genius, Prior's sentimental and romantic productions are mere affectation, the result not of powerful impulse or real feeling, but of a consciousness of his deficiencies, and a wish to supply their place by labour and art.'<sup>26</sup> There is a very remarkable instance of this in the case of M. Sainte-Beuve, as set forth in the *Revue* whose name is at the head of this article. Sainte-Beuve, a man all his life consumed by literary ambition, commenced his career by the utterance of two series of poems, each of which failed in succession. Sainte-Beuve then turned critic, and is maliciously reported to have avenged his own failures upon the successes of others. Our author, in his article, endeavors to ascertain the causes of Sainte-Beuve's failure as a poet. His first work was a collection of poems that attempted to represent modern despair. This was carefully elaborated—Sainte-Beuve was not a man to trifle with his subject—his ambition would not suffer him to do that—but the work still failed, because he had trifled with his *feelings*. Thinking it was the subject, not his own heart and hand, that was at fault, Sainte-Beuve undertook his second series, as a remedy against the failure of the first.<sup>27</sup> Forming in his mind a conception of artistic symmetry, he said to himself that it would be an effective arrangement to place alongside a work of despair another work embodying illuminative and consolatory songs, so that, like the two wings of a build-

<sup>25</sup>Schiller —*op. cit.*<sup>26</sup>Hazlitt. Lectures on the English Poets.<sup>27</sup>We are paraphrasing, not translating, nor taking the text as it comes.



ing, they might relieve one another. Hence, he proceeded to seek and accumulate everything that fell in his way of a pacifying, or edifying sort, wholesome thoughts, refreshing meditations and the like; and, as in this line of impressions and sentiments he found on hand no great stock of his own, his skeptical and materialistic funds yielding no increment to this chapter of moral remedies, he turned to Catholicism, with the purpose of negotiating a loan. But, Catholicism will not permit itself to be taken in homeopathic doses. It must be accepted or rejected wholesale, not capriciously rummaged for dainty conceits. It gives penetration and precision to the accents of believers like Eugenie du Guerin; it refuses any favours to men like M. Sainte-Beuve, who essay, but do not succeed, in believing. The consequence of what our author calls very strongly '*cette religiosité parasite*' was a second failure. Sainte-Beuve sent his *consolations* to Béranger, and that fine old poet wrote to him in return these golden words in favor of artistic and religious truth and sincerity:—'I must say to you, however, that I, who am one of those poets whom you have described as fallen into the intoxication of the senses, but who sympathize even with mysticism, because I have saved my faith unshaken from the shipwreck of all things else,—I fancy your poems a little bit affected in their tone. When you employ the word *Seigneur*, I am reminded of those former Cardinals who, upon the election of a new Pope, were used to return thanks to Jupiter and the other gods of Olympus. If I am at all disposed to overlook this aureola of devotion with which you envelope your deistic principles, it is because I fancy your amorous condescension has perhaps borrowed it from some tenderly superstitious beauty. Do not suspect me of impiety in my criticism. I am, as you know, a believer in very good faith; *but further than this, I try to be true in everything, and I could wish that all would do likewise, even in the most trifling matters.* It is the only way in which to persuade your audience.'

The *Revue* proceeds to analyse the reasons why M. Sainte-Beuve's earlier poems fail to produce the effect of sincerity. Two individuals, he tells us, are met in the work, who cannot be made to coalesce. 'The first is a dolorous martyr of pas-

sion, whose sufferings are intensified by the fact that the future is dark behind a veil of gloom softened by no celestial vision. This person has a vivid feeling for reality, sees it distinctly, and renders it with implacable precision. The other person is a *litterateur*, who drives his devotion to art, his artistic instincts, to the limits of taste, nay, to a degree of infatuated rhetoric. This queer duality imparts a singular aspect to the work. Just as we are on the point of giving our sympathies to the griefs and miseries of the poet, at the very moment when he wails loudest and most pitifully, the critic steps in, stops us, and calls our attention to the fact that this cadence is imitated from Du Bellay, that turn revived from the practice of Rousard! This is subjecting our enthusiasm to a cruel douche of cold water. Imagine one of our great actors, in the midst of a scene of unusual pathos, interrupting himself to explain, by rule and measure, how he has produced the effect that is now making you weep! Just think, even setting aside the inevitable impression of surprise and disappointment, what would result from such a proceeding reiterated and prolonged throughout a five-act comedy! All charm would be sure to disappear. Yet this is equivalent to what Sainte-Beuve has done.<sup>28</sup> And it is what nine-tenths of the poets do who write in an artificial age, in obedience to that self-styled 'common sense' which, as Schiller truly tells us is always so afraid of error, that it 'nails its words and conceptions upon the cross of logic and grammar, is hard and stiff in order to be definite, multiplies words lest it say too much, and prefers to extract all the force and keenness from its thought, rather than appear inconsiderate.' Why cannot such writers come to learn that truth is so lovely in itself that it is always best when left to stand alone, 'illustrated by nothing but the light of its own tears or smiles, its own wonder, might, or playfulness?'<sup>28</sup> Why cannot they understand the lesson *King Lear* teaches them, that it is simple, homely, unadorned sincerity that makes pathos?

'Pray do not mock me;  
I am a very foolish, fond old man,  
Fourscore and upwards:

<sup>28</sup> Leigh Hunt.

Not an hour more, nor less; and to deal plainly  
I fear that I am not in my perfect mind.'

Passages like that do not need gloss nor commentary. They are *true*, and their truth is so direct, so poignant, that even the bare remembrance of them wakes the tributary tear.

*Earnestness*, as we have already hinted, is the necessary corollary of sincerity, and like it is essential to pathetic expression. Even humor, which may be styled the masquerade of pathos, conceals a tear very near the surface of its sportive envelope. And the artist who would faithfully portray the pathetic must be habitually earnest both in his style and in his thought. His subject must possess him entirely, and he must annihilate self in every consideration of his theme. Only in this way will he be able to work worthily, to identify himself with his work, and to evolve from it results proportionate to his conception. Only when he is in earnest can he prove that he is thoroughly sincere, for, as Mendelsohn has said: 'A mind in commotion is occupied singly and alone with its own passion, and every idea which would withdraw it from that, is torture to it.'<sup>29</sup>

It will be allowed on all hands that the *character* of the sensibilities to which the poet shall address himself will have a great deal of influence in determining the quality and the extent of the effect he expects to produce. Whether he be orator, painter, or poet, the first thing for the artist to effect is a certain degree of sympathy towards himself on the part of those whom he seeks to influence. The old relation between *παθος* and *ηθος* must be sedulously sustained;—*charitas*, in all cases, as the old rhetoricians used to insist, is the child of *amor*. The practiced orator, poet, and painter, gets the *habit* of these things in a double sense: he knows what will best please those whom he addresses, and these, again, easily receive what he addresses to them, for they are accustomed to be pleased by him. Nothing from the pen of Charles Dickens would have failed to please; for his readers were habituated to him, and he again knew in what style to address them. He is the perfect artist who can conjoin popular acceptance and universal sympathy, to the most complete development and entire vitality of his idea.

<sup>29</sup> On the Sublime and the Naive.

Sympathy is a great matter; for it has a valid power in quickening the artist's pulse and augmenting his resources. Our perceptions naturally grow stronger and more active as our courage grows firmer, and nothing contributes so much to the feeling of self-reliance as the consciousness, confirmed from abroad, that we are treading in the right path. Hence, it is more than a mere rhetorical device for the poet to seek for those catholic sensibilities through which he may awaken emotions common to the race. He whose own feelings are warm, liberal, large, will not be content with the 'audience select though few.' He values his conceptions so highly that he is desirous all men should possess them. Consequently, he should exercise nice judgment in selecting the manner and topic of his poem. Our critic of the *Révue Contemporaine* has discussed this point with excellent judgment. 'The grief of the poet (Sainte-Beuve) as he has expressed it is very sincere, poignant, intense, but it is not a *contagious* grief. It saddens the soul painfully, but does not agitate nor soften it. The volume is interesting, but we can read it without having occasion to shed a tear, or feel our hearts swell. Must we conclude, paraphrasing the *si vis me flere*, that the author himself has not suffered? That would be to make too wide an induction. The fact seems to be that, in these poems, the *individual* sentiment occupies a much wider space than the *human* sentiment. What is there in the misfortune of our neighbor that touches us chiefly and most immediately? The fact that it *comes home to us*,—that we say to ourselves, at once, why it might have happened to me quite as well as to him! The possible mischance to ourselves secures a full half of the tears we accord to the actual mischance he has suffered. But, when it is demonstrable that this misfortune could never visit us, if our interest be not actually relaxed, certainly our sensibility is largely diminished. A bourgeois of the rue Saint Denis reads in his paper of a negro having been devoured by an alligator in Louisiana, a piece of news that may grieve him but does not disturb his digestion. But inform him that a man has been bitten by a mad-dog less than ten steps from his shop door, and has died in horrible convulsions—inform our bourgeois of this, and behold a man utterly upset, full of emo-

tion, ready to melt away in tears! He is not likely to encounter an alligator to-morrow when he goes to take his walk, but the very notion of a mad-dog is enough to make him shudder.' The sensibilities then that are appealed to should be such as are likely easily to find a responsive chord in the breast of those to whom the poet addresses himself. This is a matter which all the great poets completely understand. They always address themselves to the *ethnic* or universal emotions, and eschew the *particular* ones, or those which are limited in sway and exceptional in character. Sainte-Beuve, with something like the acidity of a poet who 'had had losses,' upon one occasion sang of

'Lamartine ignorant qui ne sait que son *cœur*.'

But this knowledge was amply sufficient to make him the most popular poet of his day, and the fact proves he must have possessed a most poetic soul, to be able to derive from it so much that is charming, captivating, pathetic. Our *Révue* author observes, rather sarcastically, that other poets perhaps would have done better to 'look into their souls and write,' if they conceited more to be there than there was in the soul of '*Lamartine ignorant*.' A recent writer, speaking of David Huntington's well-known painting, 'Mercy's Dream,' remarks: 'This is a picture which is almost as popular, while it appeals to much the same feelings, as illustrations of the lives of Catholic Saints for devout Roman Catholics. . . . We will not breathe a word of criticism before this picture, consecrated by the affection and veneration of a thousand homes. . . . And, after all, rob the angel in his picture of lustre, and "Mercy" of grace, lower the art of the painter, dispute his understanding of form, obey the instincts of a detractor, and be insensible to the unction of Mr. Huntington's picture, and your task would not be productive of good to any one. You might whisper that it is most appropriate to a Sunday-school banner, but your very suggestion would be a vindication of the popular significance and spotless purpose of the painter's work.'<sup>30</sup>

Now this relation which subsists between the class of sensibilities appealed to and the degree of sympathy extended to the

<sup>30</sup> Eugene Benson.

poet or other artist, is a very important relation to be considered by every student of the philosophy of Art. It affords us a test by means of which we are able to ascertain the secret of many problems. We are at once able to understand why it is that the pathos of *Romeo and Juliet*, although entirely inferior to the pathos of *King Lear* in every regard of Art, should yet be so superior in popularity. For the passion of love, one universal to the human race, when treated pathetically, must appeal to a thousand-fold more sympathies than can possibly be reached by the exhibition, no matter how exquisitely conceived, of the exceptional sorrows of a splenetic old man ill-used by exceptionally barbarous daughters. Few readers or spectators can put themselves in Lear's place, but nearly every one of us has sighed with Romeo or wept with Juliet. We wonder at Lear, and vote it to be a monument of incomparable genius, but we take the sad tragedy of the lovers of Verona into our hearts, and give it an abiding place there forever. In the same fashion we can explain why Dickens is the novelist of the people, while Thackeray and Hawthorne are novelists only for the drawing-room or the library. We can understand why Goldsmith and Addison are greater favorites than Lamb among essayists—why Scott and Byron rank as popular poets, while Keats and Shelley remain poets only for the poets. We can understand why *Enoch Arden* should be Tennyson's most successful poem—why Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle* should be the favorite actor—and why Henry Clay should have transcended Webster in the popular heart. In point of fact, the whole problem of popularity is revealed to us at this very point. For the people do not like what they do not understand, and they cannot comprehend fine-wrought distinctions and recondite sentiments. They like broad and easy generalizations, even if coarse, and do not object to swallow platitudes, if they be well lubricated in the oil of sentiment.

It follows necessarily from what has been said above, that in the purely pathetic, the more direct and simple the statement, the more immediate and more powerful the effect. In this circumstance lies one reason why the elder poets are so superior in their pathetic powers to those of more artificial

But she is in her grave, and O,  
The difference to me !

So also, in Tom Hood's simple verse, *The Death Bed*, is a peculiarly naive pathos that witnesses to genius :

'For when the morn came, dim and sad,  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had  
Another morn than ours.'

The natural simplicity, fresh heartiness, and direct diction of the old English and Scottish border ballads gave to their pathetic touches nearly always the additional excellence of naive. What a tender throb runs through those ballads, so straightforward as they are! 'Duglas! Duglas! tendir and treu!' that is the key-note of them all! Betrayed love—the desolation of battle—the faithful steed and steady hound—what wonderful effects those old minstrels evolved from their scant handful of common topics! 'Sir Patrick Spens,' 'Hardiknute,' 'Auld Maitland,' 'Chevy Chace,' 'Robin Hood,' who were the Homers that invented your wonderful touches? Mark this :

'When we came in by Glasgow town,  
We were a comely sight to see ;  
My love was clad in the black velvet,  
And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kist  
That love had been sae ill to win,  
I'd locked my heart in a case of gowd,  
And pinned with a silver pin.

'O, O, if my young babe were born,  
And set upon the nurse's knee,  
And I mysel' were dead and gane,  
And the green grass growin' over me !

The naive of these old ballads is unquestionably a chief source of their exquisite pathetic charm, and it is natural this should be so. For, our artless exterior seems as it were to guarantee to us interior qualities of sincerity and moral excellence. It is like the face of the child, a type of the innocent guileless heart within. There is always an indiscribable grace, beauty, charm, and fascination in guileless innocence, even to the most blasé

persons. The presence of the naive is an assurance to us that it is nature, and not artifice, with which we have to do, and it is also assuredly the case that the higher the genius the more naive its language, within certain limits of circumstance and culture, although we cannot go the length of Schiller in asserting that 'that is not a true genius which is not naive.' For, in order to have a perfectly naive expression, as Schiller himself admits, there must exist at the bottom of it a perfectly naive consciousness, and such a consciousness cannot take root in an artificial age, nor in a highly cultivated society. It is precisely in this that the difference between the pathetic poetry of the ancients and the pathetic poetry of the moderns must be sought.

The simplicity of the ancient life, compared with the complicated and involved ebb and flow of modern life, leads us indeed to look for the difference that exists in the forms of their respective poesies, and this difference is more marked in the poetry of pathos than in any other class. The ancient Art is like a child in its ways; its sorrow is near the surface, easily provoked, with sudden tears, followed by smiles as sudden, but no repinings, no heart-burnings, no dark and bitter moodiness of the inward-chafing spirit. This Art also takes no thought of rules, those 'crutches of weakness,' for it has no consciousness of the need of such; it is guided simply by its own impulsive and unerring instincts, to which it accords a free and joyous obedience; it escapes the trammels of artificial taste, for as yet, taste is not; it moves along with elastic step, sturdy but homely. Such an art is lost in the mazes of artifice with which modern life has embarrassed itself. The modern poet indeed can scarcely attain to a plain and simple outlook upon nature, for his vision is disturbed like a ray of light that is sent through a broken and distracted medium. His life is too profound to be any longer simple or elementary. The naive disappears in the presence of the deep, vivid, various, complicated thought which is the portion of his circumstances and his education,—his glory indeed, but his burthen also. He has too much culture; too many passions, mixed and tumultuous, throng his existence for him to remain either innocent or free. Hence, his is not a healthy life. The harmony of his success has been



broken up to admit the mixture therewith of the complicated ethical considerations whereof the free and joyous ancient takes no more thought than the sparrow in the hedge concerns himself about to-morrow. But this does not prevent modern poetry from being pathetic to an intense degree; for it is a reflex of modern life, so intensely saturated with the elements of sadness.

‘ We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not ;  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught :  
Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought.’

In all we do, in every phase of our existence, the grim satyric mask of ‘*vanitas vanitatum*’ sits hideous before us, preaching that ‘work without hope draws nectar in a sieve.’ The tragedy of modern life lies in the fact that we are not content with existence as it is, but have a constant and gnawing consciousness of ‘infinite riches in a little room,’—immense aspirations that make all actual achievement dwindle down into the merest pitiful farce. Alas! and woe for our unhappy ears too keen and wistful, to which continually and unwelcome appeal those

‘ undescribed sounds,  
That come a swooning over hollow grounds,  
And wither drearily on barren moors.’

Alas! and woe for the infinite pathos of our continual longing and our own recurring disappointments and chagrins!

‘ But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still !’

Our existence is no longer objective; we lurk in the shadows and half-lights and never more hear the song of the golden cicada. We ponder, and debate, and reflect, and hesitate, Hamlets that we are, until the point of action is vanished and the hour for achievement past.

‘ But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joys no date, nor age no need,  
Then these delights my mind might move,  
To live with thee, and be thy love.’<sup>32</sup>

<sup>32</sup> Sir Walter Raleigh.

And 'O,' and 'If,' and 'But,' and 'Would that'—these are modern life!—these are the thoughts that make our being so distracted, and call up those 'tears, idle tears!' So full of all the pathos of our weakness, all the agony of our 'divine despair.'

'God pity them both! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;  
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"'

'*Vincula hujus mundi asperitatem habent veram, jucunditatem falsam; certum dolorem, incertam voluptatem; durum laborem, timidam quietem; rem plenam miseriam, spem beatitudinis inanem.*'<sup>33</sup>

It is proper we should here say a word in regard to a question which has been much disputed among philosophers: Why does pathetic poetry give us pleasure? Why do we delight to weep with Priam, to apostrophize the elements with Lear, to take part in all those divine despairs, those agonies and wrestlings of the spirit with which the great poets have entertained us? It is not because we know it to be art, and admire it as a token of skill, as Hume asserts,<sup>34</sup> for, as we have already shown, '*Ars est celare artem*', and self-revealing art is no longer art at all, but a subject of disgust and disapprobation. Nor is the cause that selfish one given by Lucretius:

'Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,  
Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.'

It would rather seem to be an effluence from that indefinite and indefinable charm of *sympathy* which goes so great a way in the practical affairs of human life, and enables us especially to endure the sight of woe with composure, for the sake of helping with our little means to palliate it. It is a manifestation of that distinctive principle of philanthropy which seems ingrained in our natures, and by means of which alone we are able to contend against the equally instinctive and equally ingrained spirit of selfishness. This seems to be the view of Hazlitt, who remarks that, 'One mode in which the dramatic exhibition of

<sup>33</sup> Augustin. Epist. XXX.

<sup>34</sup> Essay on Tragedy. (See also Campbell's Phil. of Rhet.)

passion excites our sympathy without raising our disgust is that, in proportion as it sharpens the edge of calamity and disappointment, it strengthens the desire of good.' Besides this, we fancy that the clear thoughts of the poets, as the interpreters of nature, have much to do with our love for pathetic poetry. They give us light, where before all was darkness and confusion. They answer the prayer of Ajax for us in the hour of our need. We have these passions, these furies, these agonies, and despairs, dumbly and darkly struggling within our breasts, weltering in gloom like these unhappy spirits of Dante :

' Or ci attristiam nella belletta negra.' <sup>35</sup>

We are unhappy in our ignorance and our dread of these, when the poet comes, and with his magic touch, his intuitive power of interpretation, clears them up for us, takes their measure, labels them, and gives us assurance of their proportions. He supplies us with language for our dim, vague thoughts, he adjusts the idea within us to the balance of expression; he makes us happy with a trope that lives in our minds, and gladdens our souls with a metaphor that is a picture. So it happens that we live and are unhappy in Romeo's spirit; we meditate nature with Jaques; we rend our grey unhappy hairs with Lear; we ponder the parti-colored problems of existence with Hamlet. Who ever looked upon a moonlight night until old Homer taught him how :

' As when in heaven the stars about the moon  
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,  
And every height comes out, and jutting peak  
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens  
Break open to their highest, and all the stars  
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart.'

Who ever struggled with the dumb impotent sense of humiliations and despairs over failures and shortcomings, but has felt grateful to David and Job and Solomon for fitting the words to his mouth that would utter his consciousness and so free his bosom from the 'perilous stuff':—

' For my days are consumed like smoke, and my bones are burned as a hearth.

<sup>35</sup> *Inferno*. VII. 124.

- My heart is smitten, and withered like grass ; so that I forget to eat my bread.
- By reason of the voice of my groaning my bones cleave to my skin.
- I am like a pelican of the wilderness : I am like an owl of the desert.
- I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the house-top.
- My days are like a shadow that declineth ; and I am withered like grass.'

It only remains to give two or three examples of Pathetic Poetry, in addition to those already presented, in order to show forth some of the more delicate qualities of this pensive species of delight. There is a very great deal of poetry, especially in the English language, the intentions and sentiment of which are professedly and prepensely pathetic, which yet we do not think entitled to admission in that class. The suspicion of artifice, of affectation, hangs around it, and is as fatal to it as the coveted ornaments were to the traitor Roman maiden. Mr. de Quincey, in one of his essays, has entered into an elaborate defence of Wordsworth's 'We are Seven'—to give an instance of this class ; and the metaphysical subtlety with which he establishes the naivete of the poem in question is truly admirable. But, unfortunately, the *fact* of his defence is conclusive as to the guilt of the *corpus delicti* ;—the truly naive makes its own instantaneous and unquestionable impression, and does not require to be metaphysically defended.

We have given so many examples already of pathos from Shakspeare, that we do not need to present any more. To him who reads poetry rather thoughtfully than sensuously, the entire tragedy of King Lear must necessarily come with an almost overpowering impression of pathos. The tragedy itself is so tremendous, and its expression so intensely sustained, that we are forced to pause and catch our breath for mere pity's sake, and out of sympathy with man so weak and calamity so relentless. The might and majesty of genius, the divinity of speech, have no where such an exemplar as this miraculous production. Shakspeare, master in all things else, is the especial master of a peculiar effect of pathos, which may be called the pathetic of *contrast*, wherein, after an elaborate summing up of what his person *has been*, with a sudden change of tone, and a single word, he brings before you an overpoweringly vivid picture of what he *is*. This is notably instanced in that pathetic descrip-

tion of Richard II.'s state and fall; in Lear's aside about Edgar: 'Nothing but his unkind daughters could have brought him to this'; 'in the Moor's memorable conclusion, 'Othello's occupation's gone!' and, more striking still, to our fancy, in Antony's apostrophe to Eros upon his fallen state, in application of his celebrated comparison of the cloud:

'My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is  
Even such a body;—*here I am—Antony—*  
Ye cannot hold this shape!"

What a grand procession of fore-done pomps and glories, all the might and magnificence of Rome, Egypt's soft fatal luxury, civil clash and fury, riot, war, and surprise, is called up, and marshalled in array, and tumultuously marched before the mind's eye in that one word—Antony!

Spencer is often *piteous*—seldom *pathetic*. He excels in his pictures of soft innocence rudely warred against, and excites the greatest compassion for such helplessness; but his words contend with his pathos. There are so many of them always that they furnish a soft cushion, so to speak, upon which to let his idea down gently. Only now and then, and rarely except by the clash of metre, does he produce any direct effect of pathos. This may be noticed in the following, in which Una, 'forsaken, woful, solitary maid', traveling in a wood, is set upon by the 'ramping lion', but, when she thought to be instantly devoured:

'Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet,  
And licked her lily hand with fawning tongue;  
As he her wronged innocence did weet. . . .  
Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion;  
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"  
Quothe she, "his princely puissance doth abate,  
And mighty proud to humble weak doth yield, . . .  
But he, my lion, and my cruel lord,  
How doth he find in cruel heart to hate  
Her, that him loved, and ever most ador'd  
*As the god of my life? Why hath he me abhorr'd?*"

Milton's pathos is infrequent and not of a very high order. His thoughts come forth too stately, his music is too much

enamored of harmonious rhythmic pomp to permit him often to burst from the charmed circle of his majestic movement. There is indeed pathos in *Samson Agonistes*, but pathos rather of the subject than of the treatment, Sampson is not Lear. In *Lycidas*, with a deliberately pathetic theme, he has failed most completely. We are charmed by the descriptions, affected though they be; the classical allusions, incongruous as they are, still please, but we do not shed a tear, nor heave a sigh. It is all like the French critic's alligator in Louisiana; and there is far more feeling in this passage from one of his Latin elegies:

' Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum ;  
Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis  
Illum inopina dies—qua non speraveris hora  
Surripit—eternum linquens in saecula damnum—'

than there is in the whole of *Lycidas*. In *Paradise Lost*, however, in one of the descriptions of his favorite hero, Satan, there is a fine instance—still in his grandiose way—of the pathetic of contrast. Satan has gone to war, and is now armed for revenge, standing 'like a tower', an archangel indeed, almost supremely bright and glorious. But yet,—oh the pity of it!—that glory is obscured, that brightness dimmed, like the sun by morning mists that shear it of its beams, and

' his face  
Deep scars of thunder had entrenched; and cares  
Sat on his faded cheek.'

This is sublimity indeed, but it is most pathetically sublime.

There are many peculiarly pathetic touches, as we have already seen, in our old ballads. There is a singular sweetness and plaintive melody in the old metre employed by the minstrels, which makes compositions in that verse particularly susceptible of pathetic effects, even in the hands of imitators. This is the cause that makes Mickle's ballads seem so pathetic, and gives its plaintive power to Bishop Percy's 'Friar of Orders Grey', as for instance:

' Weep no more, ladye, weep no more,  
Thy sorrow is in vain ;  
For violets pluckt the sweetest showers  
Will ne'er make grow again.'

The minor tone which runs through all the Scotch ballads and songs has a similar effect. We discover it continually in Burns, and it runs through all the ballads, ancient and modern, in the collections of Scott and Motherwell. This minor is very perceptible in the following sweet and simple song of Sanibert's =

' Afore the Lammas tide  
 Had dun'd the birken tree,  
 In a' our water side  
 Nae wife was blest like me :  
 A kind gudeman, and twa  
 Sweet bairns were round me here ;  
*But they're a' ta'en awa'*  
*Sin' the fa' o' the year.*  
 I ettle whiles to spin,  
 But wee wee patterin' feet  
 Come rinnin' out and in,  
 And these I first maun greet :  
 I ken its fancy a',  
 And fuster rows the tear,  
*That my a' dwin'd awa'*  
*In the fa' o' the year.'*

Charles Kingsley, with much power and great earnestness, has written some of the most foolish and falsest things of contemporary literature. We must, however, accord him the credit of having surpassed all the moderns in the successful imitation of the naive pathos of the old ballad. We can remember with vivid distinctness what a gush of tears and choking swelling of the heart it gave us when, long years ago, in reading that tumultuous parody of Thomas Carlyle and Ebenezer Elliot—'Alton Locke'—we came to the exquisite ballad—'the Sands of Dee.' The pathos of one verse is ever fresh in our minds :

' O is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,  
 A tress o' golden hair,  
 O' drowned maiden's hair,  
 Above the nets at sea ?  
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,  
 Among the stakes on Dee.'

The pathos of circumstance is beautifully illustrated in Keats' 'Ode to a Nightingale', in which the poet, weak and dying, wanders off from his present state on the wings of raptured

dreams, charmed by the music, blissful, unconscious until, suddenly, he wakes himself, like a dreamer indeed, with uttering the word 'forlorn', and presto! the vision flutters off and he is himself again—his own unhappy self—

'Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole self.'

The involved, harsh style of the Brownings, painful with excess of thought, seldom gives proper scope to the pathetic. On some simple subjects, however, the wife has written touchingly, as for instance, in 'Only a Curl':

'Oh children!—I never lost one,—  
Yet my arm's round my own little son,  
And Love knows the secret of Grief.

'And I feel what it must be and is,  
When God draws a new angel so  
Through the house of a man up to His,  
With a murmur of music you miss,  
And a rapture of light you forego.'

Robert Browning, a great poet—one of the masters indeed—has never done himself entire justice, because he has let his sense of beauty lie in continual subjection to his sense of power. If he could make his language as pliant to his genius as his thought is, he would be the rightful successor of Shakspeare. In the *Blot on the Scutcheon*, a drama strangely vigorous, full of elevated fancy, and poignant pathos, a poem indeed worthy of a better day and a more poetic age, in that scene of agony where Tresham has discovered Mertoun, and they fight, and the latter falls, there occurs one of the most masterly touches of dramatic pathos ever written. We know nothing superior to it, except Macduff's terrible parenthesis: 'He hath no children!' But that is sublime in its terror, while this is pathos of the purest and most wonderful sort:

'*Tresham.* You are not hurt?

*Mertoun.* You'll hear me now!

*Tresh.* But rise!

*Mer.* Ah, Tresham, say I not "you'll hear me now!"  
And what procures a man the right to speak  
In his defence before his fellow-man,  
But—I suppose—the thought that presently



He may have leave to speak before his God  
His whole defence ?

*Tresh.* Not hurt ? It cannot be !  
You made no effort to resist me. Where  
Did my sword reach you ? Why not have returned  
My thrusts ? Hurt where ?

*Mer.* My lord—

*Tresh.* *How young he is !*

One can half fancy he sees Tresham's shudder of remorse.

In Mr. Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden,'—to worthily conclude a long article,—occurs a passage of exceedingly pure and simple pathos, which nevertheless affords us an opportunity to point out exactly the distinctive difference between the ancient and the modern treatment of the pathetic in poetry. Enoch, dying, has sworn the garrulous old hostess to secrecy until his death.

'Then Enoch, rolling his grey eyes upon her,  
'Did you know Enoch Arden of this town ?'  
'Know him ?' she said, 'I knew him far away.  
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street ;  
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.'  
*Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her :*  
'His head is low, and no man cares for him.  
*I think I have not three days more to live :*  
*I am the man !'*

It is difficult to find fault with verse so perfect and so sweet as this ; but, had Homer or Chaucer been telling the tale, they would not have introduced the words 'Slowly and sadly', for the simple reason that they would have trusted to the reader's apprehension to understand that Enoch could not have spoken in any other wise. It is the excess of self-consciousness which marks the difference between the ancient and the modern poet, and in spite of the deepest feeling and the most consummate taste, is able to mar more or less the best efforts the latter can put forth.

- ART. III.—1. *Voyage a Madagascar et aux Iles Comares.* par B. F. Leguéval de Lacombe. Paris. 1840.
2. *The Martyr Church: a narration of the Introduction, Progress, and Triumph of Christianity in Madagascar.* By the Rev. William Ellis. London. 1870.
3. *Madagascar and its People.* Notes of a few years' residence. With a Sketch of the History, Position, and Prospects of Mission Work amongst the Malagasy. By James Sibree, Jr. Religious Tract Society. 1870.
4. *Relation d'un voyage à Tananarivo, à l'époque du couronnement de Radama II.* par Le T. R. P. Jouen. Préfet Apostolique de Madagascar. Paris. 1864.

To find any parallel to the rapid progress of Christianity in Madagascar we must go back to the earliest ages of the Church, and the labors of the Apostles in Jerusalem and Judea, when three thousand converts were made in one day,<sup>1</sup> and 'the Lord added daily to the Church such as should be saved',<sup>2</sup> and 'believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women.'<sup>3</sup> A vast island, 950 miles long by an average of 300 broad, not unaptly called the Great Britain of Africa, containing a population of more than ten millions of inhabitants, has been, within the short period of eight years, converted into a Christian kingdom, its previous condition having been one of bigoted idolatry. And all this apparently the result of the labors of a few zealous European missionaries! There surely must have been other causes at work to bring about so sudden and complete a social and religious revolution. Let us endeavor to trace them.

In order to do this it will be necessary to notice briefly some of the salient points in the history of the island, having reference to the early attempts of Europeans to introduce Christianity.

<sup>1</sup> Acts II.: 41.<sup>2</sup> Ibid. 47.<sup>3</sup> Ibid. V.: 14.

What the island was before the Portuguese first visited it (in 1506), matters little. They claimed the honor of having 'discovered' it, although it had been well known to the Moors and Arabs for centuries previously, and a considerable commerce was carried on by them with the ports on the North-west coast. It was known to the celebrated Venetian traveler, Marco Polo, who calls it Magaster and Madeigascar.<sup>4</sup> Subsequent researches have, indeed, proved that Madagascar was originally peopled by Africans, especially by tribes resembling the Gallas; but these aborigines were at a remote period subdued by the Malays of Eastern India. The superposing of this conquering race upon the inferior African one, is a fact that must be borne in mind constantly in treating of the Malagasy. Distinct populations, more or less numerous, are spread over the island, but though they differ from each other in several respects, they can be classified under one or the other of these types, Malayan or African, even though much intermixed. In some, the unmistakable flat nose, thick lips, and woolly hair of the negro predominate: and they use words of African origin. In others, the olive complexion, long and straight black hair, and language and manners, indicate plainly a Malayan origin. According to Lacombe, the fact of a Malayan population being found in Madagascar, though extraordinary, is easily accounted for by popular tradition.

He says<sup>5</sup> that it was not because they were driven into the island by a tempest that they made their appearance there, but it was because, having experienced mariners, they sailed thither purposely. His exact words are: 'Ce ne fut pas la tempête qui porta dans la grande île les enfants de l'Archipel Indien. Peuple navigateur et hardi, les Malais arrivèrent à Madagascar sur une flotte nombreuse et dépossédèrent ou enterminèrent la race indigène connue sans le nom de *Vazimbas*, dont les usages et les grossières superstitions, tels que la tradition nous les rapporte, ont une si grande ressemblance avec ceux des sauvages *Zimbas* (peuples de l'Afrique que l'on croit être les mêmes que les *Gallas*) que l'on ne doit pas hésiter les à considérer comme

*Voyages de Marco Polo*, Vol. I. of the *Mémoires de la Société Géographique*, p. 232.

<sup>5</sup> Vol. I., p. 11.

issus d'une commune patrie. Les derniers descendants de cette race persecutée, qui ne tardera pas à disparaître entièrement, existent encore sur la côte accidentale de l'île, où, séparés des autres insulaires et entourés d'un respect superstitieuse, ils exercent l'état de médecins et de devins.' This Western coast is precisely the district as yet the least visited by the missionaries, and it is upon the Malayan element of the population that they have had most influence.

M. Lacombe gives a list of twenty-five different peoples or tribes which inhabit Madagascar.<sup>6</sup> Of these the most important, now, is that of the Hoyas, the predominant tribe, who, about the beginning of the present century, conquered a great number of provinces, and became the paramount power. It is with their kings and queens that the European governments have made treaties, and the missionaries have chiefly had to deal. They are more purely Malayan than the others, and they are very intelligent, as well as skilled in several branches of industry.<sup>7</sup> This statement has been confirmed by subsequent travelers.<sup>8</sup> The hostility of these tribes to Christian missionaries has existed from the earliest times, and in this respect they differ from other Oriental peoples, who for the most part have at first welcomed them, though subsequently this friendly feeling has for some reason or other been converted into deadly hatred. This was the case in Persia where the Apostles and their successors made thousands of converts; so many, indeed, that at one time Christianity seemed likely to become the dominant religion, until the Persian rulers became alarmed and suppressed it by the sword. So it was in Japan and China at the beginning, and followed by the like disasters at a subsequent period. But Madagascar has been an exception. The first known attempt to introduce Christianity into the island was made by the Portuguese. In 1509 King Emmanuel sent Diego Lopez de Siquiera to the island to establish commercial relations with it; and in the next year he sent Juan Serrano with another expedition for the same purpose. This navigator was ordered to explore the island and ascertain its capabilities, and make a treaty with the natives. But these explorations amounted to

<sup>6</sup>Ibid. pp. 12-18. <sup>7</sup>Ibid. p. 17. <sup>8</sup>Sibree, *Madagascar and its People*, pp. 101-275.

very little, and the commercial relations of the Portuguese with the Malagasy never assumed any importance. They were confined to the exportation of a few slaves whom they purchased of the Arabs settled in the ports of the North-west of the island. Some monks established themselves at these places and made attempts to convert the natives, but without success. In fact these attempts ended in the massacre of these ecclesiastics.<sup>9</sup>

When the French company, chartered by Cardinal Richelieu in 1642, first settled at Mangafiaf and Tolanghare (afterwards Fort Dauphin) with a view of acquiring possession of the island, other attempts were made to Christianize the natives. These were, to a certain extent, successful. The Malagasy came in great numbers to be baptized, but their conversion could not have proceeded from any very profound understanding of the precepts of the new religion, since they submitted to the ceremony only on condition that they should be allowed to live as they had been accustomed to!<sup>10</sup> About the year 1670 there were more than a thousand Christians (so-called) among the natives, but scarcely fifty of them lived according to the laws of the Gospel.<sup>11</sup> It was during the government of Champmargou that Father Etienne, director of the Catholic mission, ('poussé par un zèle inconsidéré', says Lacombe<sup>12</sup>) tried to convert to Christianity an influential chief of a province in alliance with the French. This attempt cost him his life, and was the immediate occasion of losing for his countrymen, a valuable alliance at a time when treason was diminishing the number of their partisans. Nevertheless it would not be right to attribute the massacre of Father Etienne to a hatred of Christianity: that ought more properly be attributed to his self-will and the violence of his character: at all events such is the opinion of his countrymen.<sup>13</sup> Be that as it may, the French attempt at colonizing this time was a failure.

It is necessary to follow up to some extent the attempts of the French to gain a footing in Madagascar, because we shall then understand, as the French themselves admit, how it hap-

<sup>9</sup> Boothby. *Description of Madagascar*, p. 9.   <sup>10</sup> Navarrete, in Churchill's *Collection of Voyages*, Vol. I., p. 326.   <sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*   <sup>12</sup> *Precis Historique*, p. 36.

<sup>13</sup> Vezin—*Voyage de Madagascar*, p. 186.

pened that the English supplanted them. More than a century elapsed after the attempt of Cardinal Richelieu's French Company, before a second was made. Though expelled from the island in 1670, the French frequently thought of reëstablishing themselves in Madagascar. In 1768 M. de Mandave resolved to raise Fort Dauphin out of its ruins; but his efforts were not properly seconded by the neighboring government of the French colony, the Isle de Bourbon, and though he possessed great abilities, he did very little towards reviving the influence of France in Madagascar. But under a Polish adventurer, named Benyowsky, affairs assumed a different aspect, and France very nearly became mistress of the island. The career of this man is an extraordinary one, and his 'Memoirs' are well worth perusing. We cannot enter into them here, except so far as Madagascar is concerned. In 1773 he received from the French government a commission to found a settlement in the bay of Antorgil. He arrived there on the 14th of February, 1774, and immediately established himself on the banks of the river Tumbaly, at a spot which he named Louisbourg. Thither the chiefs and deputies of the surrounding districts immediately came and bound themselves by oath to do all they could to promote the prosperity of the settlement. But the tribe of the Zaffi-Rabe broke their vow and made war upon him. With great address he overcame their resistance, but he could not overcome that of the French administration of the Isle of Bourbon. Agents were sent to Madagascar with secret orders to ruin his establishment at Louisbourg. But Benyowsky was too shrewd for them. He sent his own envoys all over the island and made alliances with the chiefs. With the aid of the natives he constructed roads and canals, forts and spacious buildings. In short, he acquired such influence over the people that he was chosen arbiter of their disputes. But his *old* enemies, the Zaffi-Rabe, pursued him with unrelenting fury, and he escaped from them almost by a miracle: and aided by the Sabalave and other tribes, they brought him to the verge of destruction.<sup>14</sup>

But a sudden turn in the wheel of fortune brought him

<sup>14</sup> Lacombe—*Precis Historique*, p. 39.

to the very summit of his ambition. Whether it was a scheme of his own or not does not appear; but we are inclined to think that he was at the bottom of it, since it is evident that he was the party benefited by it, that his own servant was the principal actor in it, and that its success was due to the superstition of the Malagasy. At the beginning of 1775, an old Malagasy woman, whom he had brought with him from the Isle of France, declared that she recognized Benyowsky as the son of the daughter of Ramini-Larizon, the last supreme chief of the province of Manahar. This assertion was confirmed by an old man of Manahar, who prophesied that the descendant of Ramini would soon make his appearance. This was sufficient for the superstitious people. Rafangour, chief of the Sambarives, who claimed to be the next heir to Ramini, came before him with twelve hundred men and renounced his claim in his favor. They and subsequent embassies from other tribes declared their determination to sustain him against his *French* enemies, who were enraged with him for having refused to make slaves of them (the Malagasy.) They solicited him to quit the service of the King of France and become their ruler, and they offered to build him a city for his residence. Benyowsky therefore resigned his commission on the 21st of September, 1776, to the French Commissioners sent from the Isle of France to report upon his administration, and thenceforth he considered himself king of Madagascar. In fact he was so recognized in a great public assembly, and he was commissioned to go to France to negotiate a treaty of commerce and independence on behalf of the Malagasy. He went, accordingly, on the 10th of December, 1776, but on his arrival in France he met with nothing but opposition; and, after a sojourn in Europe of nearly six years, he returned to Madagascar, settled at Ambandirafia, built a fort there and commenced hostilities against the French. He seized their magazine at Angoncy and tried to drive them out of Foulpointe. But an expedition having been fitted out against him from the Isle of France, he was attacked in his fort at Mauritiana, and killed by a shot while pointing a cannon.

Such was the end of a man whose memory is still cherished by the Malagasy. His death confirmed the dislike of the Ma-

lagasy to the French, and the effects of this feeling became very evident years afterwards. To it may in a great measure be ascribed the subsequent success of the English. The remainder of the history of the French in Madagascar may be summed up in a few words. After the death of Benyowsky, the government of the Isles of France and Bourbon resumed at Madagascar the influence which it had been on the point of losing. Agents were established at several points on the Eastern Coast. In 1804 General De Caen reorganized these posts, which had hitherto been but simple depots of rice and cattle. He ordered that Tamatave should be the chief depot instead of Foulpointe, and he there constructed a fort and some defensive works. He was projecting other works, when the English corvette *Eclipse*, anchored in the roadstead (in 1811), and summoned the French commandant, Sylvain Roux, to surrender all the establishments of the French in Madagascar. After a little hesitation these were surrendered to England, and English agents were stationed in them instead of French ones.

M. Sylvain Roux plays an important part in subsequent events. The treaty of Paris, of May 30, 1814, restored Madagascar to France; but it also ceded to Great Britain the Isle of France and its dependencies, and in these the British governor of the Isle of France contended that Madagascar was included. Thereupon arose a discussion between the French and the British governments, and the latter yielded to the claims of France. Sylvain Roux was sent out from France with an expedition to Madagascar in October, 1821, and he settled at the unhealthy locality called Sainte Marie, having been previously forbidden to settle at Tamatave, the inhabitants of which city refused to receive a French garrison. Fever carried off M. Roux and many of his countrymen, and he has been greatly blamed by French writers on Madagascar for making choice of such a site.<sup>15</sup> The colony proved a failure. Meanwhile the English reappeared upon the scene, and endeavored to gain control of the commerce of the island. The governor of the Mauritius, Sir Robert Farquhar, adopted a course which soon gained the

<sup>15</sup> Lecombe. *Précis Historique*, p. 47. *Précis sur les établissements français formés à Madagascar*. par ordre de M. l'Amiral Duperré, ministre de la marine. 1836. p. 3.



affections of the Malagasy. He sent ships to suppress the slave trade which was carried on between the Mauritius and Madagascar, but notwithstanding his vigilance, a number of Malagasy slaves were imported into the former colony. On inquiry, it was found that the chief purveyor of slaves for the Mauritius was Radama, king of the Hovas, who was then acquiring power and renown in Madagascar. Sir Robert therefore communicated directly with Radama, and this was the origin of the first relations of the English with that potentate.

We have made a point of adopting the French version of the story, in preference to that of the English missionaries, who, though in the main honest, have been led by their success and their sanguine temperament to give the history of the island a coloring of their own. They accuse the French of having regarded Madagascar chiefly as an excellent recruiting ground for slaves, and of having, in connivance with the Arab merchants, carried off vast numbers of the unhappy people.<sup>16</sup> But, though no doubt this was done illegally and to a considerable extent, the French were more anxious to acquire Madagascar as a colony and a great naval station than merely to encourage the slave trade, which, moreover, their government had agreed with the British to suppress. At such a distance from France, in a time when as yet there were no steamships, communication with Madagascar was tedious and uncertain, and the control of subordinates was imperfect. Hence many crimes were committed by dishonest French agents with impunity; but it is unfair to attribute them to the French government, or to suppose they were perpetrated with its sanction.

Radama was eighteen years old when, in 1810, he succeeded his father as king of the Hovas. He was intelligent, brave, and ambitious, but he was not the very enlightened African whom the English missionaries have painted in such brilliant colors. Sir Robert Farquhar proceeded in a crafty manner to gain the good will of the new sovereign and to expel the French. He first of all sent an envoy to negotiate a treaty of commerce with England and to induce him to send some of the young

<sup>16</sup> *Church Problems in Madagascar.* British Quarterly Review. April, 1870. p. 475.

members of his family to the Mauritius to be educated at the expense of the British government. Radama eagerly assented and sent two of his brothers, aged respectively eleven and thirteen, accompanied by several of his officers and some of the chiefs on the coast, who returned to Madagascar after fulfilling their mission. Having succeeded thus far, Sir Robert, in 1817, sent Captain Lesage to the island in the capacity of general agent at Antananarivo, the chief city. Lesage landed at Louquez, escorted by thirty British soldiers, and others to aid him in making his way to the capital; he also carried rich presents for Radama. After staying some time at Tamatave he succeeded in persuading the chief, Jean René, to procure him conveyance to Antananarivo. The French historian adds (speaking of René), 'il était loin de penser qu'il travaillait ainsi à la destruction de sa propre indépendance: Fiche, son frère, chef d'yvoudrau, qui connaissait et detestait les Anglais, se montra plus prévoyent et moins facile à séduire.'<sup>17</sup> Fiche, with his presentiment of the ultimate triumph of the English, threw every obstacle in Lesage's way: but René was firm in his friendship. Lesage was handsomely received both by Radama and his subjects at Antananarivo, but fell ill from the fatigues of his journey, and, but for the care with which the king and his physicians treated him, he would have died. When he recovered he made 'the covenant of blood' with Radama. This is an agreement entered into by two persons to aid each other in every difficulty. It is a kind of Freemasonry, with this great difference—that it is a ceremony observed in public, and not secretly, and is generally confined to two persons, instead of being a bond of union between members of a widely spread society. It appears to be a practice unobjectionable, and has probably often been of great benefit, by strengthening the feelings of mutual dependence and assistance, and particularly in softening the hardships of slavery. The covenant is made by a small portion of blood being drawn from the bosom near the heart, and each party swallowing some of that taken from his friend. By this solemn act it is thought that each partakes to some extent of the very life of the other, and is henceforth one

<sup>17</sup> Lacombe, Vol. I., p. 51.

with him. A long form of oath is repeated, binding the covenanting parties to help each other at all needful times with property, exertion, and even life, if necessary, and imprecating fearful calamities upon their heads should the vow be broken.<sup>18</sup>

On the 4th of February, 1818, Radama and Lesage concluded a treaty with secret conditions, and the latter started for the Mauritius, leaving behind two of his men to instruct the king's army in European manœuvres. Meanwhile the two brothers of the king had been sent back on board the British frigate *Phaëton*, in charge of Mr. James Hastie, who had greatly distinguished himself with his regiment in the Mauritius and in several confidential missions to India. It is amusing to contrast the accounts given of him and his mission by the French historians and the British missionaries. The former represent him as 'adroit, insinuant, peu scrupuleux sur le choix de ses moyens d'influence;' and add,—'et déjà il avait été employé dans l'Inde à des missions de confiance, mais peu honorables.'<sup>19</sup> The latter describe him as endowed with unwearied perseverance and industry, and with 'disinterested benevolence.'<sup>20</sup> It is to be observed that it nowhere appears to have been the object of the English, up to this time, to form relations with Madagascar for the purpose of introducing Christianity. The avowed object was the suppression of the slave trade, and subordinate, or rather incidental, to that object, the establishment of commercial relations on a large scale. As the policy which Great Britain was then pursuing in Asia was one of annexation, and as these objects had served to pave the way for such a consummation on other occasions, the French may, perhaps, be excused for not having quite so much faith in the 'disinterested benevolence' of Sir Robert Farquhar and Mr. Hastie, as the missionaries profess to have.

When the *Phaëton* arrived at Madagascar, Radama had, with the aid and intervention of the English agents, made himself master of Tamatave; thus, in fact, verifying in part the predictions of Fiche. The king returned to his capital, followed by Mr. Hastie, who with considerable difficulty removed the objections of Radama to the abolition of the slave trade, and con-

<sup>18</sup> Sibree, p. 239.<sup>19</sup> Lacombe, p. 53.<sup>20</sup> Sibree, p. 283.

cluded a treaty with him which effected it. 'Alas! poor human nature!' Radama admitted the infamy of the trade, but was unwilling to abolish it, because he derived a great proportion of his revenues from a 'royalty,' or tax, paid by the vendors, upon every slave shipped from the island; and many of his most influential subjects also derived great wealth from the trade. It was agreed that, in return for the loss Radama would sustain by the abolition of the trade, he should receive an annual payment, in money, uniforms, arms, and ammunition, from the British government, amounting in value to about £2,000. After the signature of the treaty Radama forbade all criticism of it, and even put to death three of his near relatives for speaking against the English.<sup>21</sup> If we are to believe the French historian, General Hall, the English governor of the Mauritius, who succeeded Sir Robert Farquhar, refused to consider the treaty binding, *because made with a chief of savages!*<sup>22</sup> Upon learning this, the king himself permitted the renewal of the slave trade, and would have entered into an alliance with the French, had not the re-instatement of Sir Robert Farquhar in the government of the Mauritius, restored the good understanding between Radama and the English.

We now hear for the first time of English missionaries. Sir Robert sent Mr. Hastie back to Madagascar, and Mr. Jones accompanied him. They arrived there in September, 1820, were honorably received by Radama, and after considerable difficulty Hastie effected the renewal of the treaty, with the additional stipulation that the British government should at its own expense educate twenty Hova youths and instruct them in the arts and the professions. Mr. Jones was authorized to open a school for native children: this was on the 8th of December, 1820. The following year the Rev. Mr. Griffiths and his wife arrived in Madagascar to coöperate with him. Radama according to Lacombe,<sup>23</sup> had granted them permission to instruct his people, but had not authorized the preaching of Christianity, of which he had no idea. He built a convenient house for Mr. Jones, and when it was finished, he came to con-

<sup>21</sup> Sibree says it was because they sold slaves in defiance of the treaty. p. 288.

<sup>22</sup> Lacombe. p. 59.

<sup>23</sup> Lacombe, p. 65.

secrate it by sprinkling it with water and performing the usual ceremonies. The French historian admits the success of the English missionaries as compared with the Catholic, but attributes it to their artfulness in avoiding all offence to the native prejudices, rather than to zeal for the cause of religion. 'Ces pratiques superstitieuses, qui n'eussent pas manqué d'attirer la colère des pieux missionnaires, si elles avoient été le fait des catholiques romains, paraissent avoir singulièrement flatté leur vanité.'<sup>24</sup> And again, after citing instances of their complying with the natural customs, and thereby opening the door for their missionary labors, he says, 'c'est ainsi qu'ils se fussent montrés vraiment supérieurs aux missionnaires catholiques, et qu'ils eussent donné de la valeur à leur critique, souvent injurieuse, des travaux de ces modestes et dévoués propagateurs de la foi chrétienne, qui, eux, ne redouteraient pas la mort et n'attendaient pas de passeports pour pénétrer au sein des peuplades les plus barbares.'

Mr. Jones was joined by the Rev. Mr. Griffiths and wife in 1821; and in 1822 by additional laborers from England, bringing with them several missionary artisans to teach the Malagasy carpentry, weaving, tanning, and blacksmith's work. The king heartily seconded their efforts, sent his own children for instruction, and gave land for schools, workshops, residences, and places of worship. In this way the people were taught to consider these missionaries their benefactors, as, indeed, they were, notwithstanding Mr. Lacombe's sneer respecting their artfulness in thus furthering the ambitious designs of England. He is compelled to admit that on an examination of these schools made in 1826 by Radama himself, it was found that they contained 2,000 pupils. And two years later the mission counted thirty-six schools and more than 4,000 pupils. These are facts founded on the reports of the Malagasy government and admitted by the French themselves,<sup>25</sup> as well as derived from the missionary reports. The latter may therefore be acquitted of exaggeration.

Unfortunately for the missionaries, Radama, their warm friend, died soon after this (1828), and on his death a terrible

<sup>24</sup> Ibid. p. 66.

<sup>25</sup> Lacombe, p. 66.

reaction set in. One of his widows, Ranavalona, a fiend in female form, seized the throne. In ignorant conservatism and blind bigotry she identified her rule with that of the ancient idols, and she resolved to extirpate Christianity from her dominions. The priests and the nobles sided with her, and for thirty-three years this wretch was permitted by Providence to oppose all progress, and to contend for the full maintenance of the ancient superstitions. She sought to terrify all who sympathized with Christianity into a complete renunciation of the faith. The Christians were speared, or flung from precipices, or publicly burned, or stoned to death. They were fined, exiled, sold into slavery, degraded from rank, or loaded with chains. During the persecution at least two hundred were put to death; many hundreds more deprived of their all, and above ten thousand suffered milder penalties. Queen Ranavalona also appears to have attributed to the missionaries the designs which Lacombe attributes to them,<sup>26</sup> and condemned the policy of her husband and his predecessors in tolerating them. They were actuated to do so by their perceiving the advantages which education gives to a people over savages. By encouraging the missionaries to instruct the Hovas in the arts, the Hova kings hoped to raise up a civilized people capable of bringing the whole island under their sway; and the French author just quoted asserts that this was the *sole* motive which induced them to welcome the English missionaries.<sup>27</sup> We are inclined to think this is unjust both to Radama and the missionaries. Long before any of the latter appeared on the island, the Hova kings had shown their appreciation of European civilization by allowing Frenchmen to settle in the island, by making treaties of commerce with the English, and by sending a number of youths to England and Mauritius to be educated. Moreover, it is not correct to say that the ambition of the missionaries was thwarted by the sharp-sightedness of the Malagasy government, which penetrated their designs and expelled them. It was the furious bigotry of Ranavalona alone which for a time stopped their

<sup>26</sup>Lacombe. p. 19.

<sup>27</sup> 'Ce fut le seul motif qui les poussa à accueillir les missionnaires anglais et à favoriser l'enseignement des éléments de la science parmi les habitants de leur royaume.' p. 19.

progress, though even this assertion must be qualified; for it has been stated that in spite of persecution the converts increased from one thousand persons, when it began, to seven thousand, when it ended. The communicants were two hundred when it broke upon them; they were a thousand when it ceased.<sup>28</sup>

Those who make accusations should do so with clear consciences. The French accused the English missionaries of the most artful designs on the independence of the Malagasy, while they themselves were fitting out expeditions to take possession of certain parts of the island by force. During the latter years of Radama's reign the French, settled or stationed at Tintingue, Sainte Marie, and Foulpointe, had been repeatedly menaced by the Hovas, and their fort at the last named place was actually taken from them by assault. M. de Freycinet, their general agent in Madagascar, made several strong representations to the French government and to that of the Isle of Bourbon, and in 1828 a small expedition of 200 men was sent to Sainte Marie, but withdrawn on ascertaining the force of the Hovas. At this juncture Radama died, and Queen Ranavalona ascended the throne. Her accession changed the face of affairs. The French Minister of Marine, indisposed to incur the expense of a strong expedition, thought that 'it ought no longer to be a question of taking possession of the coast of Madagascar by main force and of occupying it, but simply to assure the success of negotiations having for their object the reëstablishment of the rights of France to certain portions of the seaboard, and especially to that of Tintingue; to replace on a solid basis the former relations of commerce and friendship with the Malagasy; to resume, if possible, the ancient influence of France in the country, and lastly, to *prepare the formation at Tintingue of a maritime establishment, which, in case of a war with England, should be of very great value to France.*'<sup>29</sup>

Owing to the Revolution of 1830 and other domestic troubles

<sup>28</sup> *British Quarterly Review*, April, 1870. p. 19.

<sup>29</sup> Et enfin de préparer la formation à Tintingue d'un établissement maritime, qui, dans le cas d'une guerre avec l'Angleterre, devait être d'un très grand prix pour la France. *Précis sur les établissements Français*. p. 48.

in France, these plans of the French came to nothing. But there were several persons of that nation resident in Madagascar who contrived to keep up agitation in the island and to gain influence over the Queen. One of them, M. Laborde, was in high favor with her. He had done much for the material advancement of the people by instructing them in various arts: erecting factories for the manufacture of soap, cotton goods, coarse paper, glass, and pottery,—as well as founding cannon and making muskets and other arms. Another French gentleman, M. Lambert, a planter from Mauritius, had also frequently been at Antananarivo, and had gained great influence over the Queen's son, Prince Rakato. These gentlemen became disgusted with her cruelty and shocked at the increasing barbarism to which her measures were reducing the country, and they formed a scheme to depose Ranavalona and to put the prince on the throne. The plot, however, was discovered; and, incensed at the intended outrage, the Queen banished from the country Messrs. Laborde and Lambert, together with Madame Ida Pfeiffer,<sup>30</sup> who happened to be then visiting the capital, and two Jesuit priests, who were disguised, respectively, as a physician and a schoolmaster. Ranavalona dared not risk a collision with European Powers by openly putting them to death; but she gave orders to keep them several weeks on the road to the coast, exposed to the risk of dying by the fever. In this she was disappointed, for all the party lived to escape from the island, although not without impaired health from the hardships to which they had been subjected. Commenting on this affair, the missionaries say: 'Charity does not forbid us to affirm that the hope of making French influence supreme in the island was the chief motive at work, and (in the case of Mr. Lambert at least) an expectation of gaining large personal advantages from the favor of Rakato, when he should become king. Subsequent events prove the justice of these assertions.'<sup>31</sup>

Ranavalona redoubled her persecution of the Christians; but, happily, death cut short her career on the 15th of August, 1861, and Prince Rakato, under the title of Radama the Second, suc-

<sup>30</sup> An interesting account of this projected *coup d'état* will be found in Madame Ida Pfeiffer's *Visit to Madagascar*. chap. 10.

<sup>31</sup> Sibree. p. 438.



ceeded to the throne.<sup>32</sup> This prince was known to be just and humane, to be desirous of friendship with foreigners, and of doing everything that could advance his country's welfare. The Christians in prison were at once released, and the missionaries resumed their labors. Radama issued a proclamation that every man was free to worship God according to his own conscience, and he recalled the survivors of the exiled ones from the pestilential districts to which they had been banished, and where many of them had been chained neck and neck together.<sup>33</sup> The opening promise of Radama's brief reign was, however, not redeemed. He was addicted to gross licentiousness, and he suffered himself to be influenced by the idol-keepers and diviners; he allowed justice and offices to be sold and the functions of government to be usurped by a class of men called *menamaso*; a kind of irresponsible ministry, and he paid no attention to his ministers, to whom he owed his possession of the throne. He was bent upon issuing a proclamation permitting all quarrels, whether between individuals, villages, or tribes, to be settled, not by law, but by fighting; and he would thus have rendered the whole country a scene of civil war. It was found impossible to bring him to reason, and a conspiracy was formed to put an end to him; he was strangled, uttering the words, 'I have never shed blood.' (April, 1863.) His wife, Rabado, was proclaimed Queen under the name of Rasoherina.

We stop here for a moment to notice the charges brought by the missionaries against the French of having secretly fomented all the disorders which brought about the death of Radama II. Mr. Sibree condemns the king for having adopted an *unwise* commercial policy, and too readily complied with the schemes of designing foreigners, *who led him into habits of excess* (purposely, of course); and for having entered into a *secret* engagement with a French company by which large and most valuable portions of the island would have been ceded to France.<sup>34</sup> He gives no sort of authority for these statements, although there is a probability of their being founded on fact. Whether a commercial policy be unwise or not is a mere matter of opin-

<sup>32</sup> For an interesting account of Radama's accession, see Jauch's *Voyage à Tananarivo*. <sup>33</sup> Ellis. p. 167.

<sup>34</sup> Sibree. p. 446.

tion, and Radama, as an independent sovereign, had the constitutional right to adopt it if he thought proper. And as for foreigners leading him into habits of excess, it is unhappily too notorious that he was addicted to them from his youth, and he required no 'leading' to induce him to indulge in them to the utmost when he had the unlimited means of doing so. That he did so, and that he thereby brought on a temporary aberration of intellect, is also well known, but there is no need to attribute this to French influence. On the contrary, he was as liberal to Frenchmen as to any other foreigners, and therefore they had no reason to conspire for his destruction. The 'secret' engagement with a French company for the cession of the most valuable portion of the island to France, has not been verified; so far as we are aware; but from Radama's known patriotism, it is unlikely he should have consented to such a thing, unless in a drunken fit, and the language held by his successor on her accession gives no sort of countenance to such a supposition.

Rasoherina on ascending the throne engaged to govern constitutionally, and she guaranteed perfect freedom and protection to all foreigners who should be obedient to the laws of the country. She also declared her intention of maintaining friendly relations with all foreign nations; which certainly could not have been done had there been any intention of ceding half the island to France; a step which would have at once aroused the hostility of England. Moreover, she promised protection to the native Christians, with liberty to worship, and to teach and to promote Christianity. This was in the highest degree liberal; yet Rasoherina was an idolatress, and she remained so ostensibly until her death; though there is reason to believe that she had a secret leaning towards Christianity. The revolution by which Radama was deposed was directed only against him and his evil counsellors. Mr. Sibree asserts that it was also directed against *foreign usurpation*,<sup>35</sup> meaning thereby French intrigues. But in this he is not sustained by Mr. Ellis, the historian of Madagascar, who has given a very detailed and interesting account of Radama's habits, and of his murder in his '*Madagascar Revisited*.'<sup>36</sup> There can be little doubt that

<sup>35</sup> Sibree. p. 449.

<sup>36</sup> Ellis' *Madagascar Revisited*. chap. 2.

Radama's mind was disordered, and that the country was in danger from his caprices. His removal proved a blessing to it.

On the day after the revolution, Queen Rasoherina sent letters to the Emperor of the French and the Queen of England expressive of her wish to maintain friendly relations with them, and assuring protection to foreigners in Madagascar. Orders were also sent to the governors of several of the ports, to show all friendly attention to foreign vessels visiting their coasts. As hard-drinking had disordered Radama's brain, one of the stipulations made between the Queen and her nobles was that the sovereign should not drink of spirituous liquors;<sup>37</sup> but another was that domestic slavery should remain as it was; though it was also conceded that masters might give freedom to their slaves, or sell them to others in the country. A still greater step in advance was the agreement that no person should be put to death, unless twelve men declared such person guilty of some crime punishable by death.<sup>38</sup> It was greatly to the credit of the nobles who had effected the revolution, that no public disorder occurred, and that both people and troops concurred in preserving property from depredation.

It is necessary to consider a little more in detail the consequences of this revolution to the political institutions of the country. It inaugurated three great and vital principles. The first related to the succession to the throne. This had hitherto been established by conquest or by bequest; but it was now agreed that the power to dispose of the sovereignty was in the hands of the nobles and the heads of the people, and they could tender it to the selected individual on certain conditions, without any reference to descent or bequest, and that they might look elsewhere, if the conditions should be declined. Queen Rasoherina assented to the conditions proposed to her, and was proclaimed 'the people's choice.' Thus the doctrine of hereditary succession to the throne was abolished. The second great principle was the extending to the heads of the people, in conjunction with the sovereign and the nobles, the control of power over the lives of the community, by requiring the consent of their representatives before any one should be put to death.

<sup>37</sup> *Ib.* p. 303. <sup>38</sup> *Ib.*

This was an obscure way of introducing trial by jury; but it is doubtful whether it applied to slaves, whose masters had power of putting them to death. The third great change initiated by the revolution was that no law should be made without the consent of the nobles and the heads of the people. It would seem as if English influence had been at work, to bring about the inauguration of these three fundamental principles of a Constitutional government; for they are essentially those on which the Constitution of England is based; the only difference being that the succession to the throne of Great Britain is hereditary in one specified family. It will not be denied that this was a great step for a nation like the Malagasy, who had been accounted savages not many years previously.

One of the first measures of the new government was to levy a duty of ten per cent. on both exports and imports; which Mr. Ellis calls 'a less mistaken policy than that of the late king, *who had abolished all duties.*'<sup>39</sup> And this last is probably the policy which Mr. Sibree stigmatized as 'unwise;'<sup>40</sup> whence it is fair to infer that these missionaries were not educated in the free trade school. The result of the laying on of duties was the creation of smuggling, which was soon carried on to a startling extent. Other measures were taken for carrying out, by regular enactment, the great changes in the Constitution before mentioned; and laws were passed for the maintenance of the efficiency of the army, and for abolishing the ancient barbarous ordeal by Tangena or poison. Soon after these transactions, the English missionaries thought it desirable to seek an interview with the Queen in order to state to her clearly what were their aims and proceedings. They were probably induced to do this by underhand hints that they had other designs than those they openly professed; though this is not mentioned in their works. The interview was readily granted, and Mr. Ellis appeared before the Queen as their representative. After reviewing what they had done in the way of establishing schools, printing, translating, and distributing books, building churches, and the like, he informed her that their friends in England had subscribed a large sum of money for

<sup>39</sup> *Madagascar Revisited.* p. 320.

<sup>40</sup> *Madagascar and its People.* p. 446.

building stone churches in the places where Christians had been put to death, as memorials of their fortitude and constancy; and that they had no other purpose in coming to Madagascar than to teach the people the religion of the Bible, and educate them, so far as lay in their power, for this life and the life to come; that they had no secret aim, but wished all their proceedings to be open; and for this purpose they had informed her majesty and the nobles with what they had done and what they intended to do.<sup>41</sup> The Queen expressed her confidence in them and promised that they should not be hindered in their work. This was in June, 1863; and in the following August public prayer-meetings were held in the capital. It has not been through missionary agency that England has extended her empire; that has been done by adventurous explorers, or by commercial enterprise, and where either of these have succeeded the missionaries have followed. This has notably been the case in India, China, and Japan. Before they could make the least beginning in their spiritual teaching, the way had to be cleared for them by successful warfare; but in Madagascar this was not needed. We may, therefore, accept Mr. Ellis's statement to the Queen as a genuine profession of their intentions, notwithstanding the insinuations of the French to the contrary.

It is not our intention to dwell upon the results of the labors of the missionaries. These have been set out in detail and apparently with truthfulness and moderation in several works recently published on the subject. Whether they made a few thousand converts, more or less, is not the question; what the world at large is interested in is, whether Madagascar has really become Christianized, and has permanently taken her place among civilized nations. We shall have more to say about this presently; but we must first of all notice the way in which the French wound up their relations with her.

In August, 1864, M. Lambert and Commodore Dupré arrived at Tamatave. The Commodore wrote to the Queen proposing to proceed to the Capital, to make a new treaty with the existing government on the same terms as were contained in the old one. The government replied that they wished to make some

<sup>41</sup>*Madagascar Revisited.* p. 326.

alterations in the old treaty ; but Dupré returned for answer that he had no power to change the conditions, and that if they would not accede to the existing treaty and settle M. Lambert's claim, they must take the consequences. Then followed some unfriendly negotiations, and some fresh threats from the French Commodore. The Malagasy government therefore solicited the good offices of the English government in the settlement of the affair. The French subsequently withdrew and claimed an indemnity of \$240,000 for losses occasioned to M. Lambert and the company he had established. This money was paid in September, 1865, and since that time they have interfered no more in the affairs of Madagascar. They have lost their influence there entirely. English ideas now predominate ; and the liking of the people for English institutions is curiously apparent, not only in the form of their government, but in the adoption of English words of command for the evolutions of the army, and of English names for the principal officers of the government, such as ' Prime Minister,' ' Commander-in-Chief,' ' Secretary of State,' ' Under Secretary,' &c.<sup>42</sup> At the instance of the British government, the ordeal by poison was abolished on the accession of Queen Rasoherina. She sent over to England two officers to solicit the mediation of the British government in the French difficulty. These personages were cordially received by Queen Victoria and many of the nobility ; especially by Lords Palmerston and Russell, and the latter handed them the draft of a treaty which it was hoped would cement the friendship between England and Madagascar, and with which they returned in the following year, much gratified with the attention they had received from the Queen and the government, as well as from many other public bodies ; especially from the London Missionary Society. In this politic manner the influence of England was maintained, and, coupled with the success of the British government in terminating the disputes with France, and the abstention of the English from all territorial encroachment, it has not only lasted to the present day, but has grown in intensity, until it may be said to be paramount in the island. The Malagasy Christians look to England for support and encouragement.

<sup>42</sup> Sibree. pp. 291-297.

From a very early period of their labors, the missionaries had turned their attention towards raising up a class of native teachers, and in this they have been eminently successful. The voluntary agency of these converts has, in fact, been the means of the rapid extension of Christianity in Madagascar, and the missionaries themselves admit that these persons have done more for it than any others. They have now become educated, and shown much earnestness in their mission. They are all volunteers, receiving no support from Missionary Societies, but relying upon the affection of their congregations for their maintenance. But besides missionary influence, the medical mission has had an immense effect in destroying native prejudices against foreigners, and in preparing the way for the reception of the Gospel. A hospital has been established at the Capital under the auspices of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, and placed under the charge of Dr. Davidson, from whose recent report the following extract is made:—‘During the past year the number of separate cases of disease treated at the dispensary has been 5,116; and reckoning that each patient on an average returns three times, above 15,000 have been seen and prescribed for. About two-thirds of these belong to Antananarivo and its neighborhood, and the remaining third come from more distant parts of the island. A morning service has been held for these patients and their attendants. While the dispensary has year by year been growing in importance, the hospital has been appreciated by the people beyond all our expectations. About 450 patients have been admitted in 1868, the number being limited only by my ability to attend to them. The patients have to a great extent contributed to their own support, the medicine being in every case supplied gratis. In addition to these duties, the education of the students has claimed an increasing share of my attention. At present nine are connected with the institution, and about two hours daily have been devoted to their instruction, and I am, on the whole, satisfied with their progress. Through the kindness of friends in Edinburgh, the means of systematic instruction in anatomy and surgery have been supplied. A great deal of time and a considerable amount of labor has been expended upon the prepar-

ation or translation of text-books. The new British Pharmacopæia has been translated into the Malagasy language, and various works in other departments of medical science have been progressed with.'

Rasoherina was faithful to her engagements until her death, which occurred in April, 1868. The throne was then offered to her cousin, the princess Ramoma, who ascended it under the title of Ranavalona the Second. The new Queen, when a girl, had been secretly instructed in Christianity; but as any manifestation of her sympathy with it would have been dangerous, she lived in retirement, keeping her own counsel. Her Prime minister, too, was secretly a Christian. He had received a Bible from one of the martyrs, and during the persecution he used to hide it in the stable of the royal fighting bulls. Before the Queen had been twenty-four hours on the throne, the idol keepers, who had hitherto exercised great influence in the island, came in their official character to offer their allegiance. Without hesitation she declined to receive them. She said she would welcome them as subjects, but as idol keepers she would have nothing to do with them. 'Their idols were not her idols.' They were dismissed from the palace, and sent to the three towns specially set apart for idol-worship. A law was at once passed decreeing the observance of the Sabbath; and on the Queen's coronation the old idol symbols were excluded. On the canopy over her throne were written the words—'Glory to God in the highest: on earth peace: good will to men.' On a table by her side lay the Bible presented to her by the British and French Missionary Society. Meetings for Bible reading and worship were held almost daily in the palace, and conducted by native ministers. The number of converts greatly increased, and crowds of the unconverted flocked to the churches and schools. These had to be enlarged, and the demand for Bibles was incessant. The press proved too small for the work thrown upon it. In a single year 20,000 persons were added to the regular congregations, and the communicants rose to 7,000 in number. The missionaries returned their converts at 37,000; though some believed them to be 50,000.<sup>48</sup>

<sup>48</sup> British Quarterly Review. April, 1870. p. 480.



On the 19th of February, 1869, the Queen and the Prime Minister were married. Two days afterwards they were baptized, in the presence of the nobles, head men, judges, officers, and preachers, by native ministers. The keepers of the national idols had peculiar privileges under the old system. They had power of life and death over their clan, and could behead an officer without consulting the government. They could not be sentenced to death, and if detected in theft they could claim immediate release. The Queen deprived them of all their privileges. They came to her to reclaim them. The officers and heads of the people were at once summoned to the palace, and it was agreed that the idols should be burned. A public assembly was held, and an officer brought the idol from the tower whence the idol keepers had come. It consisted of a small piece of wood, wrapped in scarlet cloth, embroidered with beads, and ornamented with silver chains. It was publicly committed to the flames, and next day a general destruction of idols took place; soon in every large town and village a heap of ashes was all that was left of those vain divinities, the defence of which had for thirty years caused so much suffering. The destruction of them was complete all over the island last December; it was hastened by the treasonable course of the idol keepers; who threatened to poison the Queen. On learning this, orders were immediately issued for the destruction of all idols, and their temples, and everything connected with their worship; and within two hours officers were on their way to execute the decree. It was carried out remorselessly, the terrified people even assisting in the work of demolition.

The Roman Catholics have a large and active mission in Madagascar, sent out from France, but it is said that the conduct of that nation in extorting \$240,000 as an indemnity for an unjust claim has created such animosity among the natives against the priests and sisters of mercy, that their success has not been commensurate with their efforts. The Protestant Episcopal Church, the Methodists, and the Friends are also strongly represented. The system of free competition among all religious sects has proved eminently successful in Madagascar; and the enlightened minister who directs the affairs of the

island has carefully avoided the difficulties which might arise from the giving of government support to any one sect. The free churches claim that their flexible system of adapting themselves to the wants and habits of the people, has given them a great advantage over the inflexible Episcopal system; but we cannot enter upon a discussion of this subject. All we are at present concerned with, in considering the present condition and progress of Madagascar, is the great fact that idolatry has been suppressed there, and that Christianity, in its various modifications, has taken its place. The *British Quarterly Review*, the organ of the English dissenters, is angry with the Anglican Church for sending out a bishop, and affects to believe that their object in so doing is to thwart the free churches and obtain undue ascendancy for the Episcopal missions;<sup>44</sup> but so long as the government of the island is conducted on its present principles, there ought to be no fear of such a thing. Besides, the government of the Anglican Church requires to be conducted by bishops; it is emphatically 'Episcopal'; and the other churches have no more right to complain of this than they have to object to priests and nuns in the Roman Catholic Church.

Much has yet to be done to complete the civilization of the island. Much has been done, and a good beginning has been made; but the work has been chiefly confined to the Hovas and the central tribes. The more distant ones have hardly yet been reached; still, since the paramount power is Christian, it cannot be long before the others will become so. Madagascar contains within itself the elements of greatness.<sup>45</sup> Its coasts have a number of bays and harbors, spacious and well sheltered, and capable of affording excellent anchorage for shipping of the largest dimensions. In the interior there are valleys and plains of extraordinary fertility, and mountain ranges of great sublimity, rising from 8,000 to 12,000 feet above the sea. The rivers are numerous, and some of them are large. On the Eastern coast, there are extensive lakes abounding in fish of a delicious

<sup>44</sup> *British Quarterly Review*. April, 1870. p. 484.

<sup>45</sup> For details see an excellent article on 'Madagascar' in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

description; and, in many parts of the island, there are very valuable mineral waters and medicinal springs. Of the geology of Madagascar but little is known at present. In the mountainous regions granite, quartz, gneiss, limestone, and slate abound. Coal has also been found on more than one spot in the Northern parts of the island; and iron mines have long been worked by the natives; but other metals seem to be scarce. There are everywhere extensive forests, abounding with large and durable timber, suitable for ship-building and carpentry. Mahogany and ebony are also met with. Various kinds of spices grow freely: indigo, gum-copal, and dye-woods abound; so do honey and wax. Rice, arrow-root, manioc, yams, sweet-potatoes, the sugar-cane, millet, maize, cocoa-nuts, bananas, citrons, oranges, melons, mangoes, and peaches, are produced in great quantities. There is an inexhaustible supply of animals,—cattle, sheep, turkeys, geese, ducks, and pigeons; but there are also fierce scorpions, and crocodiles of tremendous size in the rivers.

The commerce of the island is capable of unlimited extension. The Hovas have exhibited much genius for commerce; keenness in trade seems to be intuitive with many of them, and the love of bartering is a passion among all. Scarcely any engagement is allowed to interfere with the market, and multitudes employ themselves in hawking goods of foreign or domestic manufacture about the country for sale. In this occupation many persons of rank and property employ their slaves, giving them a per centage on the amount or profit of their sales. The Malagasy have shown considerable aptitude for war, and during the reign of Radama II. they could put an army of 80,000 men in the field, armed, equipped, and disciplined on the European system; their artillery is described, by recent travellers, as being very effective. The great drawback they have to contend with, is the variableness and the unhealthfulness of the climate in some parts of the island; especially in the low lands and on the coast; in those regions miasma is virulent between November and April. In other parts, the thermometer frequently ranges from 40° to 80° during the same day; and, during a great portion of the year, the heat is intense. Neverthe-

less, under proper government and the benign influence of Christianity, Madagascar may, and probably will, become a flourishing and powerful country.

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- ART. IV.—1. *Life of William Plumer.* By his son, William Plumer, Jr. Edited, with a sketch of the author's life, by A. P. Peabody. Boston: Phillips, Sampson and Company. Claremont: Alvin Renney. 1857.
2. *Life of Josiah Quincey of Massachusetts.* By his son, Edmund Quincey. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1867.

The History of New England yet remains to be written. Many pretended histories of New England have, indeed, been written by her own sons, whose wonderful activity and influence,—whether literary, commercial, or political,—no person denies. But the filial piety of their authors seems, for the most part, to have been a strange medley of prejudice, and passion, and ignorance, and self-laudation, and fine writing. Hence, instead of raising the curtain of the past, and giving us a true picture of the New England of history; these works have only used that dark curtain as a canvass on which to paint and exhibit the New England of an excited, inflamed, and untruthful imagination. Even in regard to the most prominent and important questions of her past career,—such, for example, as nullification, secession, and loyalty to the Union,—we search these pretended histories for correct information in vain. They represent her, indeed, as always the most loyal section of the Union, and the most abhorrent of every scheme of secession and nullification.

The *Life of William Plumer*, whose title stands at the head of this article, is alone sufficient to dispel this grand illusion of the so-called histories of New England. The author of this *Life* furnishes the most indubitable evidence of his claims to cred-

ence. To one who reads this *Life* the wonder is, that, with such rich and reliable materials at hand, any one, and much more that our guides and teachers, should have remained so ignorant of the real history of New England. The wonder is, that, in spite of this overwhelming mass of facts, such incredible blunders, and monstrous falsehoods, should have crept into our political history; and that, even to the present day, such deplorable ignorance should prevail among our public men, both in and out of Congress, with respect to the past character and career of New England. We shall then, as a tribute due to the truth of history, lay some of the contents of this volume before our readers.

William Plumer, junior, who has given us this interesting life of an eminent lawyer and politician, was born in the very year that the Federal Government was organized, that is, in 1789. He was a Puritan of the Puritans,—born and bred in New Hampshire. Educated at Cambridge, accomplished and greatly honored as a scholar, he was, in 1816, appointed by the United States Government Commissioner of Loans for his native State; in 1818, he represented his 'native town in the Legislature,' and was 'in the following spring' elected to Congress. In Congress, he opposed 'the admission of Missouri' as a Slave State', and became a leading agitator. In the Seventeenth Congress, he served as Chairman of the Committee of the Judiciary; and in 1824 was the choice of the Senate of his State for United States Senator; but was defeated by the failure of the Lower House of the State Legislature to concur in the choice. J. Q. Adams and Daniel Webster were his intimate associates in Congress. Adams appointed him, in 1827, District Attorney for New Hampshire. He continued to fill places of trust and honor till 1850, when he was chosen to sit in the Committee to revise the Constitution of his State, and was regarded as one of the wisest and most influential members of that body. He died in 1854. Such is the character of the author. We now turn to the principal character,—William Plumer, senior,—because of his connection with the political history of the country during its most important epoch. He was born in Massachusetts, June 25, 1759. His paternal ances-

tor, Francis Plumer, came from the west of England, and 'took the freeman's oath at Boston, May 14, 1634.' Having adopted New Hampshire as his future home, William Plumer began his public career as a preacher. He then turned his attention to literature, then to the law, then to politics, and finally became the truest representative of the New England character. He soon entered the State Legislature, and in 1787 was admitted to the bar. He was several times chosen Speaker, and in 1802 was elected to the United States Senate. After this, he entered the New Hampshire State Senate,—was chosen its President,—and contemplated writing a history of the United States. He was elected Governor of his State in 1812, and again, in 1816, and a third time in 1818; after which he declined another election. Of him Webster said in 1849: 'Gov. Plumer . . . has lived a life of study and attainment, and, I suppose, is, among the men now living, one of the best informed in matters pertaining to the history of his country. He is now more than ninety years old'. He died December 22, 1850, in the ninety-second year of his age. No man ever enjoyed such opportunities for writing a correct history of his times. He devoted all his life to political and literary matters, and was the embodiment of energy and toil. He was always devoted to New England interests, and opposed to the South. Indeed, the only stain we can see on his public career, aside from ordinary Puritan prejudice, was his vote as an elector for J. Q. Adams in 1820, when, by his own consent, he had been elected on the Monroe ticket.<sup>1</sup> It was the only electoral vote cast against Monroe in the Union, says Mr. Plumer; and but for this extraordinary act, Monroe would, according to this account, have been unanimously elected. Other tables show some votes for Adams and Crawford. From all these and many other facts, Plumer appears to be the best authority possible as to the political events of the war of 1812, and the other issues of those days. The above statement as to his vote is his son's.

The trial of Judge John Pickering, of New Hampshire, and afterwards of Judge Chase, first led Mr. Plumer, if his biographer be correct, to doubt the success of the Union.<sup>2</sup> There

<sup>1</sup> Life of Wm. Plumer. p. 403,

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. p. 276.

are some remarkable developments in this work. Among them are the following facts: When interest dictated, the New England statesmen were all unionists. When, in their estimation, their interests demanded, they were all secessionists, and believed secession to be a constitutional right. The same men at different periods occupied now one side, and now the other, of this question, as interest seemed to indicate. They all felt that all human rights were safe and all proper interests secure, so long as political power was lodged in their hands. All right, liberty, and every interest would perish, if ever the balance of power should pass into the hands of their political opponents,—the South or the West. The great opposition to slavery in New England was dictated solely by this feeling. These are a few of the facts set forth throughout the broad pages of the large volume under review. Mr. Plumer first brings up the question of secession under notice of the treaty for the Louisiana purchase, made April 30, 1803, and ratified by a vote of 24 against 7, October 20, 1803. ‘The nays included all the Federalists present.’<sup>3</sup> There is another fact that these pages, taken in connection with recent history, bring out most prominently:—That the recently formed Republican party is a compound of all the mean and intolerant principles of the old Federalist party, with an exchange of all its virtues or conservative traits for all the vices of the old Republican or, as it was afterwards called, Democratic party. It is the compound of all the vices of both of the old parties with not one of the virtues of either. No impartial man of medium intelligence can look over the history of those older days of the Republic, and deny to the Federal party the most rigid adherence not only to a conservative course, but to one that was almost stagnation itself. But interest dictated *that* as their safest policy and they clung to the higher law doctrine as a reserved remedy. They feared the South and trembled at the opening prospects of the West. Hence, their unanimous vote against the purchase of Louisiana, which included all of Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, the adjacent Indian Territory, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska. They infinitely preferred that this territory should remain in the possession of for-

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 262.

eign powers. We find the fullest evidence of this, not only in the *Life of William Plumer*, but equally in the speeches, letters, and measures proposed by Josiah Quincy, as recorded in his life. Plumer, however, as a true historian, traces out the secession movements of 1792 and '94, of which Jefferson gives such minute accounts, and for which all New England has slandered and vilified him down to the present time. The *Life* before us confirms all that Jefferson wrote, and does not spare Alexander Hamilton himself. The biographer starts out by admitting 'the state of public feeling on this question of a dissolution of the Union, and the establishment of separate confederacies, as manifested, more or less strongly, at different periods, in all parts of the country.'<sup>4</sup>

He then quotes Washington of March 28, 1790, who admits 'that there is a diversity of interests in the Union.' Edmund Randolph declared that the Union was on 'the eve of a crisis.' Jefferson wrote to Washington that only by uniting on him could the Union be maintained. 'Otherwise, there is reason to fear the breaking up of the Union into two or more fragments.' Hamilton took the same ground,—that unless Washington accepted a second term, the Union would be divided. Plumer, the biographer, says, from that time until the date of his work (1857) all, who were 'dissatisfied with the measures of the government,' looked to a 'separation of the States,' 'as a remedy for the oppressions' under which they felt aggrieved.<sup>5</sup> He then shows that Kentucky resolved on secession in 1794-5; that Western Pennsylvania contemplated the same thing at the same time, and in proof of this, he quotes Hamilton. He also quotes Fisher Ames, the great New England light, who said, (December 12, 1794,) 'If fortune had turned her back upon us in August last, this Union would have been rent. The spirit of insurrection had tainted a vast extent of country besides Pennsylvania.' 'Separation is now near and certain,' said Jefferson, 'and determined in the mind of every man.' He quoted Virginia as threatening 'to recede from the Union, in case the treaty (Jay's treaty) should not be ratified.'<sup>6</sup> The works of the celebrated Tory, William Cobbett, containing extended extracts

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* p. 276. <sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* p. 278. <sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* p. 279.



from Hamilton, and a copy of the proclamation of Washington in 1794 on the Pennsylvania insurrection, confirm all this. To these the Farewell Address of Washington refers. Plumer admits that the celebrated resolutions of 1798-9 of Kentucky and Virginia contemplated secession directly. Benton's effort to explain them away is a silly device. Ross, Gouverneur Morris, White of Delaware, and Wilkinson spoke and wrote to the same effect:—the first three in Congress and the last by letter. Rev. Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College, and like most of the eminent New England divines of the day, a leading politician, wrote thus to a friend: 'A war with Great Britain we, at least, in New England will not enter into. Sooner would ninety-nine out of a hundred separate from the Union.'<sup>7</sup> Oliver Walcott, Lieutenant-Governor of Connecticut, wrote to his son, the Secretary of the Treasury, (November 21, 1796,) 'If the French arms continue to preponderate and a governing influence of this nation shall continue in the Southern and Western counties, I am confident, and indeed hope, that a separation will soon take place.'<sup>8</sup> Again, he wrote, December 12, 1796, 'I sincerely declare that I wish the Northern States would separate from the Southern, the moment that event (Jefferson's election) shall take effect.'<sup>9</sup> 'This plan of disunion,' continues our author, 'thus rife in Connecticut in 1796, may not improbably be regarded as the germ of that which appeared at Washington, in 1803-4, at Boston in 1808-9, and showed itself, for the last time, when it was first disclosed, in the Hartford Convention of 1814.'<sup>10</sup> Several things are worthy of note here. One is, that they agree that the election of Jefferson would be sufficient cause of secession; though he was not yet elected, nor was he elected until four years afterward. Yet this was not because they opposed him as a man, but because his election would indicate the ascendancy of a principle. Again, in accordance with the same idea, they declare that, should the 'Southern and Western' States 'continue' as 'a governing influence', it would be sufficient cause of 'separation.' South Carolina has been slandered and vilified by the North for years, because she resorted to the milder remedy of nullification in

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 282-3. <sup>8</sup> *Ibid.* p. 283. <sup>9</sup> *Ibid.* p. 283. <sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*

1850. The rostrums, the pulpits, and the press of the North have filled the world with bitterest execrations of this State for the redress which she proposed, and have pretended to believe that that was the beginning of the secession doctrine. Yet the leaders all know that this was false. We have innumerable documents and facts confirming these detailed by Plumer; but his statements are so clear; his dates, letters, and facts are all given; and from such a source, they need no additional confirmation.

We shall now see that all the points made, and the reasons relied on, by Calhoun, Davis, and the South, for secession, were urged by New England in 1803, as far as the right of secession is concerned. As to the motives for exercising that right, they were also the same, though they sprang from different facts,—the motives being the fear of wrong and oppression, from a loss of power. In Congress Roger Griswold of Connecticut said: ‘The Union of the States is formed on the principle of a *copartnership* and it would be absurd to suppose that the agent of the parties, the General Government, which has been appointed to execute the business of the *compact*, in behalf of the principals, the States,—the very words of Calhoun in his greatest speech on that subject,—could admit a new partner, without the consent of the parties themselves. The treaty, therefore, so far as it stipulates for such an incorporation, is void.’<sup>11</sup> Our author says: ‘My father regarded it as a virtual dissolution of the Union, and held it was optional with any of the old States to say whether they would longer remain in the present Confederacy, or form new ones more to their liking.’<sup>12</sup> Quincy said the same thing. Fisher Ames (October 6, 1803,) said: ‘Our country is too big for Union.’ R. Griswold of Connecticut, (October 25, 1803,) said in Congress that the acquisition of the Louisiana territory would result in the destruction of that balance, which it is so important to maintain.—<sup>13</sup> Drayton of New Jersey said in Congress, ‘If upper Louisiana is settled, the people will separate from us; they will form a new empire.’ Some representatives from the South held the same opinion, and Jackson of Georgia, and Stone of North Carolina

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.* p. 263. <sup>12</sup> *Ibid.* p. 265. <sup>13</sup> *Ibid.* 284.

so declared. We know that Jefferson so wrote to Breckinridge and others, as his correspondence of 1803 repeatedly shows. He believed that it would terminate in three Confederacies. Plumer said in Congress, (October 20, 1803,) that the Treaty of Purchase would 'hasten the dissolution of our present Government. . . . Adopt this Western world into the Union, and you destroy at once the weight and importance of the Eastern States, and compel them to establish a separate and independent empire.'<sup>14</sup> In 1804, he said, 'My hopes rest on the Union of New England. . . . We have no part in Virginia. . . . Shall we . . . be separated from slaveholders?' Again, he writes to T. W. Thompson: 'New England must soon feel its degraded condition, and I hope will have energy to assert and maintain its rights; and,—note the analogy between their proposed mode of action and that pursued in 1860–61,—it will be of infinite importance that the necessary changes should be effected under the forms, and by the authority of the existing State Governments as a security against the approaching storm which may rend the Union,' &c. That 'storm' was to be 'the March elections', when it was expected Jefferson would be re-elected. All this will throw additional light on the Hartford Convention. Its members relied on separate State action. We shall soon see that Josiah Quincy occupied the same position, and believed that his allegiance was due, first, to the State of which he was a citizen. Plumer writes to various persons about 'separating from this mass of Southern corruption', and Sheafe thought it would be years before 'a separation can be made.'<sup>15</sup> The former hoped 'to live to see the righteous separated from the wicked by a geographical line. True policy demands it.' Here lies the secret of their opposition to slavery. It was 'policy,'—New England 'interest,'—'ascendency.' Smith writes to him in 1796: 'I wish with all my heart that Virginia was out of the Union. These overgrown States are always troublesome.' He again writes that he had 'no affection for the General Government. It is Virginia all over.' He fears that they will next be 'delivered over to Kentucky and the other Western States, when our Virginia masters are tired of us.' He con-

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.* p. 285. <sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*

cludes that they could not 'longer stick together when there is so little cement, and so much repell. this heterogeneous mass.'<sup>16</sup> Plumer freely admitted a 'disunionist.'<sup>17</sup> We shall see the motives of all the idea men; for they pretend that slavery is a cause of a. It is all false; as is shown by their language, and established beyond cavil by their actions. When their interests are ended, they clamor about loss of power, danger of the West, and slavery was excluded by the ordinance of 1787; and the government prosperity returns, either by the cessation of war, or the increase of taxes or tariffs, they at once cease their clamor about slavery, and the very men, who were secessionists, become the most earnest unionists. To this class Plumer himself belongs. In 1822, while J. Q. Adams was President of the United States, the question of disunion,—that had been agitated in 1803-4,—again came up, when he said, that the 'object of "certain leaders"', in New England, in 1808, "was, and had been for several years, a dissolution of the Union, and the establishment of separate Confederacies." This "he knew from unequivocal evidence, though not provable in a court of law." "It had been formed,—the plot,—in the winter of 1803-4.' Adams was assailed for this language, as high tariffs were now loading the North with rich bounties at the expense of the South,—for the period from 1824 to 1828 was the golden age of high tariffs and New England supremacy,—and Union men were very popular in New England, while slavery was entirely forgotten, for during this period a corporal's guard of abolitionists could not be mustered in all New England. To defend himself, President Adams wrote to Plumer for his testimony, since the latter was a leading secessionist, as all knew, and was well acquainted with the secession leaders and their designs. Adams was a steadfast unionist up to the repeal of the high tariff. In reply to Adams, Plumer writes, (December 20, 1828,) from his residence at Epping, New Hampshire. He states that, at said time, 1803-4, he was a member of the Senate, and was in the city of Washington, every day of its session. He then declares, 'at different times and places, several of the Federal-

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.* p. 288.<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*

ists, Senators and Representatives, for the New England States, informed me that they thought it necessary to establish a separate Government in New England, and, if it should be practicable, to extend it so far South as to include Pennsylvania; but in all events to establish one in New England.' Now, note the reason,—not slavery as a moral question, but interest. 'They complained,—and this is the only reason given,—that the slaveholding States, had acquired by means of their slaves, a greater increase of representatives in the House than was just and equal; that too great a portion of the public revenue was raised in the Northern States; and too much of it expended in the Southern and Western States; and that the acquisition of Louisiana, and the new States that were formed, and those to be formed in the West and in the ceded territory,—all the latter to be free States,—would soon annihilate the weight and influence of the Northern States of the Government.'

'Their intention', they said, 'was to establish their new government *under the authority and protection of State governments.*' They were to repeal State laws for electing Congressmen, and 'gradually withdraw the States from the Union,' and eventually establish a Federal government in the Northern and Eastern States.' This they hoped to do 'without resorting to arms.'<sup>18</sup> He goes on to say, 'Arrangements had been made to have, the next Autumn, in Boston, a select meeting of the Federals in New England, to consider and recommend the measures necessary to form a system of government for the Northern States, and Alexander Hamilton of New York had consented to attend that meeting.' Plumer also says, in the same letter, that the death of A. Hamilton prevented them from meeting and carrying out their plans, yet 'the project was not and would not be abandoned.' He admits, 'I was, myself, in favor of forming a separate government in New England, and wrote several confidential letters . . . recommending the measure. . . . When the same project was revived in 1808 or 1809, during the embargo and non-intercourse, and afterwards, during the war of 1812, I used every effort in my power, both

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 290-1.

privately and publicly, to defeat them ; then made attempt to establish a separate, independent government in the Northern States.<sup>19</sup> He assigns, in other letters, his reason for the change he underwent from a secessionist to a unionist, viz., the interests of New England. The same reason induced Adams to turn from a unionist to a thorough secessionist. When prosperity returned at the close of the war of 1812, and the doctrine of secession came to be despised, Goddard, Hillhouse, and others tried to remove the odium attached to the conduct of New England politicians. They were very adroit in the wording of their letters of denial,<sup>20</sup> but the record in Plumer's journal, made at the time, settles the matter. It must be remembered that Adams, Jefferson, and others, though of opposite parties, confirm all this, and the Tory writer, Cobbett, in his *Porcupine Volumes*, gives additional confirmation of it. In Plumer's Journal, (Feb. 8, 1809), we read : ' When the late Samuel Hunt intimated to me the necessity of receding from the Union, he observed that the work must commence in the State legislatures ; so that those who acted should be supported by State laws. This, he said, was the opinion of ——, of Uriah Tracy, and of many others.' Of the Essex Junto, he says, in the Journal, (October 20, 1812,) : ' Their prime object is the dissolution of the General Government, and a separation of the States.' The Junto was formed March 10, 1810. He says further, ' The last time I saw Mr. Griswold, which was while I was in Congress, he was a zealous advocate—privately, but not publicly—for the dismemberment of the Union.' In 1827, he said, ' long and frequent conversations with Roger Griswold, Uriah Tracy, Samuel Hunt, Calvin Goddard, and others induced me, at length, to believe that separation was necessary for the *security and prosperity of the Eastern States.*'<sup>21</sup> He reaffirms, (January 15, 1828,) that, ' In 1804 he (R. Griswold) was in favor of the New England States forming a Republic by themselves and receding from the Union.' Their leading divines, newspapers, and Congressmen declared that ninety-nine persons out of every hundred in New England were in favor of it. Of course, this was, as usual an exaggeration ; but the action of the States, the votes

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.* p. 292.<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 293-4.<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.* p. 296.

cast and the defeat of all the parties, who favored the Union side, show that the great majority was with the secessionists. Plumer was defeated on this issue. He says, 'The Federals made my calling out the militia,—in obedience to the laws of Congress, and by order of the Federal Government, to save the National Capital, in 1812,—the rallying point against me. I lost votes enough from this cause to have elected me Governor'.<sup>22</sup> The Senate and House of Representatives of New Hampshire were Federal, and the plans of the secessionists were defeated by a bare majority of one in favor of Union and defence. In 1814, Governor Gilman, a Federalist, called out some companies of militia to defend Portsmouth, and his party associates murmured greatly at it.<sup>23</sup> But proofs multiply as to the intentions and efforts of these men to sever the Union. De Witt Clinton said, (January 31, 1809,) in the New York Senate: 'The project of a dismemberment of this country is not a novel plan, growing out of recent measures of the government, as has been pretended. It has been cherished . . . for a series of years.' A few months before, he exculpated Hamilton from sympathy with the movement. This agrees with the statement made to Adams by Rufus King, the great New England leader, who aided in forming the Constitution, and then led in its incipient destruction. Adams called on King, in 1804. 'King said to me, "Colonel Pickering has been talking to me about a project they have for a separation of the States and a Northern Confederacy, and he has also been, this day, talking of it with General Hamilton."' Adams said he had heard it 'much talked of at Washington.' King disapproved of it, and said that Hamilton agreed with him.<sup>24</sup> Governor Gilman went to the United States Senate, and becoming alarmed at the course of his party, declared, in a letter written January 24, 1809: 'In New England, and even in New York, there appears a spirit hostile to the existence of our own government. Committees of safety and correspondence, the precursors of revolution, are appointed.' He said that members were turning over to that party. Joseph Story,

<sup>22</sup> *Ibid.* p. 414.<sup>23</sup> *Ibid.* p. 414.<sup>24</sup> Unpublished pamphlet of J. Q. Adams. *Life of Plumer*, p. 304.

then in Congress, afterwards Judge of the Supreme Court, and Commentator on the Constitution, declares, 'It was a prevalent opinion then (in Massachusetts) . . . of a separation of the Eastern States from the Union.' All this was on account of the embargo. Mr. Lloyd, in the United States Senate, feared 'rebellion.' Pickering reminded the Senate that 'revolution, of which Boston was the cradle, began in New England,' and 'that the Declaration assigned the "cutting off our trade with all the world"' as one of the reasons for separation from the mother country.<sup>25</sup> Of the embargo law, Hillhouse said, in the Senate, that to it, 'The people are not bound to submit, and to which, in my opinion, they will not submit. . . . A storm seems to be gathering, which portends, not a tempest on the ocean, but domestic convulsions.' The Massachusetts Legislature, in February 1809, declared the embargo law 'not legally binding on the citizens of the State.' Erskine, the British minister, wrote home to his government that disunion was freely talked of, and 'contemplated by many of the leading people of the Eastern division'. Mr. Henry, a British agent, (March 7, 1809,) informed his employers that 'in case of a war with England, Massachusetts would give tone to the neighboring States, "invite a Congress . . . and erect a separate government."'<sup>26</sup> We cannot refer to or copy one-tenth of the evidence and facts compiled by Plumer on this subject. They make over one hundred broad, heavy pages of the work. Another evidence of their fear of losing political power is, that this fear extended to New York as well as to the South. John Adams writes, (January 16, 1813,) 'The State of New York has become a great State and De Witt Clinton a great man, good, bad, or indifferent. The generous horse, New England, will be ridden as hard by New York, as ever it has been by Virginia.'<sup>27</sup> Adams then says, that the New England clergy 'are but miniatures of Lowth, Sacheverel, Laud, and Lorrain,'—the tools of infamous tyrants.

Before we proceed to the second period, the actual war that began in 1812, and the secession efforts and plots of that period, it is proper to introduce another work,—the Life of the great

<sup>25</sup> *Ibid.* p. 370.<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.* p. 371.<sup>27</sup> *Ibid.* p. 408.



Puritan, Josiah Quincey. Greeley, in his *Conflict* and nearly all the radical writers of the North, try to explain away the words of Quincey in 1811, but we will, in the light of the already incontrovertibly established facts, present his views with such additional evidence from the context, as will leave no room for cavil or doubt. Greeley says that his position 'resembled, very closely, 'a menace of contingent secession.' His biographer makes the same apology that Greeley does; but a child can see through the flimsy veil aimed to be thrown over his words. Greeley and others have not given us the connection in which Quincey's famous words were used, so that, if they are capable of being explained away, it may be done. We propose to supply the omission of these writers. We are sufficiently familiar, from what has been already said, with the language of that day; but as every man has a style and vocabulary of his own, we will let Quincey speak for himself, that we may ascertain his meaning. In his speech on coast defence, delivered in Congress, (April 15, 1806,) he tells us that, of our five millions of white population, 'two millions are North and East of New Jersey.' They are 'naturally and indissolubly connected with commerce.' They must be defended. 'Will they, ought they to submit to a system . . . that . . . neither protects it abroad nor at home? . . . *they will not . . . they ought not.*' (italics his own.)<sup>28</sup> Unless their interests are secured, they will not submit. 'When this is not the case, can any political Union be either lasting or happy?' He asks for a pledge to the commercial interests that they may be assured of protection.'<sup>29</sup> The men waited not for actual danger, they were for pledges of security. Quincey calls the Union, 'The compact. But a narrow, selfish, local, sectional policy prevails, and struggles will commence which will terminate, through irritations and animosities, either in a change of the system of government, or in its dissolution.'<sup>30</sup> Let it be remembered that Quincey was recognized, by J. Q. Adams and the Federalists generally, as the grand 'champion,'—'the actual champion of (that party's) principles and its policy.'<sup>31</sup> He 'practically took the leadership.' While the embargo was creating such troubles, H. G.

<sup>28</sup> Life of Josiah Quincey, by his Son, p. 101. <sup>29</sup> Ibid. <sup>30</sup> Ibid. <sup>31</sup> Ibid. p. 115.

Otis wrote to Quincy from Boston, December 15, 1808, acknowledging how odious and 'obnoxious' Massachusetts had become 'for a thousand reasons', and especially Boston, 'as the citadel of the British faction.' He wanted responses from other States to their plans, and felt that, 'It would be a great misfortune for us to justify the obloquy of wishing to promote a separation of the States, and of being solitary in that pursuit.' Notice the fact, also, that in all these plots, they never contemplated an effort at coercion by the General Government. It was never thought of as constitutional or to be feared. 'What can Connecticut do?' continues the letter, 'For we can and will come to her tone'. That tone was, as Plumer shows, secession. 'Is she ready to declare the embargo and its supplementary claims unconstitutional,—this is good nullification, and Connecticut had so declared, and Massachusetts soon followed her,—to propose to their State the appointment of delegates to meet those from the other commercial States in convention, at Hartford or elsewhere, for the purpose of providing some mode of relief that may not be inconsistent with the union of these States, to which we should adhere as long as possible. . . . I think the time will come that must make resistance a duty.'<sup>32</sup> This was six years before the Hartford Convention met, which originated in the war, that began in 1812. Now we have the famous speech of Quincy, delivered January 14, 1811. It was on the admission of Louisiana into the Union as a State. 'To me,' he began, 'it appears that it,—the passing of the bill admitting Louisiana as a State,—' would justify *revolution* in this country.' "I am compelled to declare it *as my deliberate opinion that, if this bill passes. the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved, that the States which compose it are free from their moral obligations, and that, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare definitely for a separation; amicably, if they can, violently, if they must.*" Mr. Quincy was here called to order by Mr. Poindexter, delegate from Mississippi Territory, for the words in italics,—they are all emphasized. An appeal was made to the House and Mr. Quincy was allowed to go on. 'I rejoice, Mr. Speaker, at the

<sup>32</sup> *Ibid.* p. 165.

result of this appeal, not from any personal considerations, but from the respect paid to the essential rights of the people in one of their representatives. When I spoke of the separation of the States as resulting from the violation of the Constitution contemplated in this bill, I spoke of it as a necessity deeply to be deprecated, but as resulting from causes so certain and obvious as to be absolutely inevitable, when the effect of the principle is practically experienced.’<sup>38</sup> He thus argues the right of ‘each State in this compact.’ Now, hear this great luminary of Massachusetts,—whose political fervor made him so renowned a leader, and whose learning secured him the Presidency of the Harvard University,—on the power of a State, o which we are to look for the preservation of our rights and t to which our allegiance is due.

‘Are’, continues he, ‘the three branches of this Government owners of this farm called the United States? I desire to thank Heaven they are not. I hold my life, liberty, and property, as the people of the State, from which I have the honor to be a representative, hold theirs, by a better tenure than any this national government can give. . . ‘We hold these (“rights”) by the laws, customs, and principles of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Behind her ample shield we find refuge and feel safety.’ He proceeds to tell of the ‘just jealousy’ that the North-East felt as to the West, and that had they known such a Western power ‘was to be brought into this and the other branch of the legislature, to form our laws, control our rights, and decide our destiny’, ‘can it be pretended that, for one moment, the patriots of that day would have listened to it? They were not madmen. They had not taken degrees at the hospital of idiocy. They knew the nature of man and the effect of his combinations in political societies. They knew that when the weight of particular sections of a Confederacy was greatly unequal, the resulting power would be abused; that it was not in the nature of men to exercise it with moderation.’ Exactly so. Yet for acting on this principle, a principle so ably presented in a former number of this *Review*, and shown to be the unanimous faith of the fathers, the South has

<sup>38</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 206-7.

been crushed, outraged, slandered, and execrated. Quincy continues: 'I have said that it would be a virtual dissolution of the Union. . . . Is there a principle of public law better settled, or more conformable to the plainest suggestions of reason, than that the violation of a contract by one of the parties may be considered as exempting the others from its obligations?—This is really the doctrine enunciated by the fathers, and distinctly emphasized by Madison, as justifying nine States in seceding from the "perpetual Union" of 1777.—Suppose in private life thirteen form a partnership, and ten of them undertake to admit a new partner without the concurrence of the other three, would it not be at their option to abandon the partnership, after so palpable an infringement of their rights? Much more in the political partnership, where the admission of new associates without previous authority is so pregnant with obvious dangers and evils.' Notice that three have the right, according to Quincy, to leave the ten; a minority so small may determine for themselves, both as to the extent of their wrongs, and the necessity and nature of the remedy. They may 'separate' or 'secede.' Late sophists say that only a majority can secede. What nonsense! No man of any sense and moral honesty could take such a position. When could a majority be necessitated to secede? How could ten be oppressed by the small minority of three? Quincy says, 'it is settled as a principle of morality among writers on public law, that no person can be obliged beyond his intent at the time of the contract. . . . When you throw the weight of Louisiana into the scale, you destroy the political equipoise contemplated at the time of forming the contract. . . . Can it be concealed that beyond its fair and acknowledged intent such a compact has no moral force? If gentlemen are so alarmed at the bare mention of consequences, let them abandon a measure which must and sooner or later will produce them. . . . Do you suppose that the people of the Northern and Atlantic States will or ought to look on with patience, and see representatives from the Red river and Missouri pouring themselves upon this and the other floor, managing the concerns of a sea-board fifteen hundred miles, at least, from their residences, and having a preponder-



most remote reason for his proposed secession. He thrusts as severely against the North-west territory already secured to 'freedom,'—as against the South. But had the father urged slavery, his own argument would have been turned against him in several ways, and especially when he urged that the Constitution must be executed and enforced in the *intent* with which it was made; and he knew that no Southern State would have ratified it, had it contained a word forbidding or limiting slavery. Again, the question recurs, who is to judge as to when the Constitution has been 'flagrantly violated'? The minority for themselves, or the persecuting and oppressing majority? If the majority may determine for the minority,—the ten for the three,—then the whole question is given up and Quincy was the idiot that he speaks of. If the minority may judge for themselves, as he so distinctly shows, that is all that Calhoun, Davis, or any secessionist ever asked. Quincy contends that they must 'anticipate the evil.' They must 'prepare the people against the event.' It was sufficient cause for dissolution, when the power of self-control was about to pass from one's own hands. 'It was not in the nature of man to exercise it (power,) with moderation.' How the moral phases of slavery could affect the political and constitutional phases and rights of secession, no man of sense could explain. If the connection between slavery as a moral question, and secession as a political question, be admitted, after slavery was dead, pretexts could be found for oppressing the minority, as tyrants are never without specious excuses for robbing their suffering subjects. If the minority have no right to judge of the justness of their cause and the measures of redress to be resorted to, then absolute tyranny should never be resisted.

This speech of Quincy's was commended extravagantly by the Federal party, and especially endorsed by Otis and eulogised by John Adams, while the doctrine of secession contained in it was passed over mildly. Just here the testimony of J. Q. Adams is to the point. He wrote (August 16, 1809,) the following to Plumer: 'The plan of New England combination more closely cemented than by the general ties of the Federal Government,—a combination first to rule the whole, and if that

should prove impracticable, to separate from the rest,—has been so far matured, and so engaged the studies, the intrigues, and the ambition of so many leading men in our part of the country, that I think it will evidently produce mischievous consequences, unless speedily checked.<sup>34</sup> ‘The letter of Adams, on the selfish insatiety of New England, fills over five pages of the *Life of Plumer*. At this time, Daniel Webster coöperated with the secessionists, was in favor of all their political doctrines, and voted against Plumer because he called out the militia to defend his State against England. Mason and Webster were both eminent lawyers in New Hampshire; and the former declared that ‘if they failed to carry the spring elections, they would forcibly resist the laws of Congress.’<sup>35</sup> The Federal convention, held March 31, 1811, in Boston, resolved that the non-intercourse laws, just then passed, “if persisted in, must and will be resisted”. “Resistance, said Dr. Parish, is our only security.” Allen Bradford wrote to Eldridge Gerry (October 18, 1811); “If our national rulers continue their anti-commercial policy, the New England States will, by and by, rise in their wonted strength, and with the indignant feelings of 1775, sever themselves from that part of the nation that thus wickedly abandons their rights and interests.”<sup>36</sup> S. Dexter, one of the first lawyers of that day in America, Secretary of War under J. Adams, and previously a member of Congress, though a Federalist like Adams, was opposed to secession and to British rule. In a speech in Faneuil Hall, (August 6, 1812,) ‘he denounced the measures of the party with great force and earnestness, as leading evidently to a separation of the States.’<sup>37</sup> He, for the time, went over to the Republicans, and headed the Jefferson ticket for Governor of Massachusetts, while Rufus King and several other Federalists coöperated, though they did not agree, with the Republican party save in opposition to England in the war. Such was the hatred of the real Federalists against the South and West, that they were more delighted at British than at American victories. Even William Plumer, Jr., admits this. Their literature establishes it. Plumer says:

<sup>34</sup> *Life of Plumer*. p. 374.<sup>35</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 384-5.<sup>36</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 385-6.<sup>37</sup> *Ibid.* p. 404.

‘Many worthy citizens were seen to rejoice over British victories, and to mourn over those of their own country.’<sup>38</sup> While William Plumer, Sr., a Federalist, was defeated for Governor in New Hampshire, because he opposed the extreme measures of his party and ran on the Republican ticket, for the same reason, Dexter was defeated by Strong in Massachusetts. It was, if possible, worse in Connecticut. Plumer thus expresses himself about the political preachers of his day: ‘A clergyman preaching party politics merits less attention than the meanest of his race. If he will wallow in the mire of factious opposition, he cannot expect his cassock and band to protect him from the filth and slander he delights in handling.’<sup>39</sup> To Gerry, then Vice-President of the United States, Plumer wrote, (March 5. 1814,) that, if they failed in the approaching elections, ‘it will be mainly owing to the belief that a Republican Governor would order portions of the militia into the service.’<sup>40</sup> He tells Gerry that their seamen were found impressed in every British vessel which they captured, ‘and, in some cases, made to fight against their countrymen.’ He then adds a political maxim now altogether repudiated: ‘Allegiance and protection are correlative terms.’ He reveals to us the reason why New Hampshire was not represented in the Hartford Convention. He writes to J. Q. Adams, that before Governor Gilman received Governor Strong’s letter inviting New Hampshire to send delegates to the Convention, the Legislature of that State had adjourned. The Governor could not convene it without the advice of the Council. Three out of five of the members of the Council, ‘were staunch Republicans.’ Hence Strong would not ‘even ask their opinion on the subject.’ Mason wrote to Plumer asking his opinion; and the latter replied, ‘It will embarrass us, aid the enemy, and protract the war. Their prime object is to effect a revolution,—a dismemberment of the Union. Some of its members, for more than ten years, have considered such a measure necessary. Of this I have conclusive evidence.’ But he adds that they had too much cunning, he thought, to proceed beyond ‘addresses, remonstrances, and resolves.’ So it turned out. The acts of that body have

<sup>38</sup> *Ibid.* p. 406.    <sup>39</sup> *Ibid.* p. 416.    <sup>40</sup> *Ibid.* p. 418.



been already fully presented in a former number of this *Review*. We know its object from what we have seen of the parties composing it. The representatives of the State that called it, declared, that “the time has arrived at which it is incumbent on the people of this State—Massachusetts—to decide whether these burdens—war and the embargo—are not too grievous to be borne, and to prepare themselves for the great duty of protecting, by their own vigor, their unalienable rights.” They declare that the Constitution did not secure to their State and the ‘North-eastern section of the Union’, ‘those equal rights and benefits, which were the great objects of its formation.’ ‘It is vain to talk of the Union,’ said Saltonstall in the Senate of Massachusetts, when appointing delegates to this Convention, ‘if our rulers pursue a course much longer, which is teaching us all to look to the General Government as the cause of our ruin.’ In the report adopted and signed by every member of the Hartford Convention, we find the following: ‘To prescribe patience and firmness to those who are already exhausted by distress, is to drive them to despair; and the progress towards reform by the regular road is irksome to those whose imaginations discern, and their feelings prompt to, a shorter course.’ It declares that many believed there were ‘intrinsic and incurable defects in the Constitution.’ ‘No change, at any time, or on any occasion, can aggravate the misery of their country.’ Conquest by England was not to be deprecated. ‘If the union be destined to dissolution, it should, if possible, be the work of peaceable times, and deliberate consent.’ Nullification was antecedent to secession, just as the fathers nullified Britain’s laws from the spring of 1775 to July, 1776, when they seceded. The report says: ‘In cases of deliberate, dangerous, and palpable infractions of the Constitution, affecting the sovereignty of a State, and the liberties of the people, it is not only the right, but the duty, of such a State to interpose its authority for their protection, in the manner best calculated to secure that end. When emergencies occur, which are either beyond the reach of judicial tribunals, or too pressing to admit of the delay incident to their forms, States, which have no common umpire, must be their own judges and execute their own

decision.' 'This,' says Plumer, 'is, in its strongest form, the Virginia and South Carolina doctrine of nullification.'<sup>41</sup> The report and all the proceedings of the Convention show that commerce—their own interest—was the sole concern of the people of New England. Yet they have filled the world with their cry about what they felt for the negro race. At the same time, their slave ships covered the ocean and spread consternation along the shores of Africa. In the same proportion, that their commerce and manufactures flourished, did they lose sight of slavery. To the same extent that the Tariff was diminished, did they become clamorous over the sin of slavery. They voted for slavery in 1787. They are fierce in their denunciations of it in 1803 and 1811, because of the Louisiana purchase and the admission of Louisiana as a State. All their speeches showed that they feared the preponderance of votes in Congress against them. From 1824 to 1834, they were as silent as the grave as to the evils of slavery. They mobbed abolitionists. They pulled down their houses. They stoned their leaders. They tore down school-houses erected to educate negro children. They drove Thompsen out of Faneuil Hall. Yet in 1819–21, when they feared the accession of Missouri to the South with her votes, their consciences became most tender as to slavery. The very moment the enormous Tariff was repealed, in 1834–5, they became more furious than ever before. Such is Puritanism,—such has been Northern abolitionism.

Josiah Quincy says, that he left Congress, because he found 'that a representative in Congress from Boston, to be supported, must follow the opinion of his constituents concerning their real or imagined interests, and that in an independent course he was sure to be suspected or denounced. It was a state of subserviency, which suited neither my pride nor my principles.'<sup>42</sup> Again, he said experience had satisfied him 'that the principles, prejudices, and interests' of the South 'necessarily led to a policy incompatible with the interests and principles' of the North. In his speech, in Congress in 1808, on foreign relations, he shows that his people were entirely commercial and looked to the ocean and rivers as the means of their prosperity: 'A people

<sup>41</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 422-3.

<sup>42</sup> *Life of J. Quincy.* p. 261.

commercial in all aspects, in all their relations, in all their hopes, in all their recollections of the past, in all their prospects of the future, a people whose first love was the ocean, the choice of their childhood, &c.' Hence, supremacy in Congress, to regulate commerce and impose tariffs, was indispensable. We now call attention to an infamous slander, and well-known falsehood, deliberately recorded. The author of the *Life of Quincy* says that, at the close of the war of 1812, finances engaged the attention of the country. True, but now comes what he knew to be false, unless inexcusably and grossly ignorant. He says: 'The Federalists, led by Webster, opposed the imposition of further burdens upon the reviving trade of the North. . . . Mr. Calhoun, however, prevailed, and the Tariff of 1816 was adopted, the success of which and the prosperity attending it, soon changed the political economy of its inventor, and called for the remedy of nullification; to be followed, in due time, by secession and rebellion.'<sup>43</sup> These statements are without foundation in fact. If the author did not know better than to make them, it was because he would not take the pains to consult the records of Congress. He, however, was but following in the path of all the writers of the North. Webster has repeatedly affirmed the falsehood, and even Benton gives countenance to it, in his *Thirty Years in the Senate*. We now proceed to examine it: 1. Calhoun was chairman of a committee that had nothing to do with the Tariff. His speeches distinctly disclose the fact that he was invited to support the bill, when it had already been under discussion, and to which he had paid but little attention. He, by special request, made two brief speeches for it, arguing that, while its object was to raise revenue to pay off our war debt, it would incidentally aid our manufacturers. Moreover, the tariff was very light as compared with those of 1824 and 1828. He never would have murmured at that of 1816. He was ever the most liberal man in the whole nation. Quincy says that the Federalists opposed the tariff. The truth is that they were divided, those in some States opposing, those in others favoring, as interest dictated. To show the extent of this slander, we must also quote from Mr. Greeley. He repre-

<sup>43</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 361-2.

sents McDuffie, Calhoun, and 'his personal adherents' as protectionists, which is not true. He states, that they continued to be protectionists until 1828. Quincy makes them so until the tariff of 1816 had so enriched the North, as to arouse Calhoun's envy. In the short space of two years from that period, South Carolina voted almost unanimously against the tariff, and Louisiana, Georgia, Mississippi, and Alabama, were unanimous in their votes against it. Mr. Greeley says, that, in 1820, Calhoun and his 'adherents' were still in favor of the tariff; but a 'few years elapsed' after 1820, when Mr. Calhoun changed and appeared with McDuffie as a 'champion' of States Rights.<sup>44</sup> 'The tariff of 1828,' says Mr. Greeley, '. . . was opposed by most of the members from the Cotton States, and by a majority of those from New England.' It was 'obnoxious to Massachusetts, and the States which, on either side, adjoined her.' Benton was so much biased by his hatred of Calhoun, that he could not tell the truth. He says Louisiana supported the tariff of 1816.<sup>45</sup> This is not so. He says 'the New England States were against them—the tariffs,—till 1828.' He admits that he relies on Webster for this statement. Since Mr. Greeley, Quincy, Benton, and others, follow Webster in the main, it is best to hear him also. Webster, (January 26, 1830,) said: 'The tariff of 1816 . . . is, sir, in truth, a South Carolina tariff, supported by South Carolina votes. But for those votes, it could not have passed in the form in which it did pass; whereas if it had depended on Massachusetts votes, it would have been lost. . . . Among the earliest and latest advocates of the tariff as a measure of protection and on the express ground of protection, were leading gentlemen of South Carolina in Congress.' South Carolina 'was not only "art and part" in the measure, but the *causa causans*.' Webster then says, that he left Congress until 1823: that on returning, Carolina had changed. 'In the lapse of these six years, it is true, political associations had assumed a new aspect and new divisions. A party had arisen in the South, hostile to the doctrine of internal improvements.' He affirms that the contest was fierce in Carolina, and on his return to Congress, 'our champions of the doctrine of internal im-

<sup>44</sup> *American Conflict*. Vol. 1, pp. 90-91.<sup>45</sup> *Senate*, 1. p. 97.

provements had nobly maintained their ground.' He names McDuffie as one of the number. 'The tariff, which South Carolina had an efficient hand in establishing, in 1816, and this asserted power of internal improvements, advanced by her in the same year, and as we have seen approved and sanctioned by her representatives in 1824, these two measures' were those most objected to. 'With a great majority of the representatives of Massachusetts, I voted against the tariff of 1824.' Up to 1827, 'no man proposed to repeal it, no man attempted to renew the contest on its principle'. 'The policy (of protection) did not begin with us in New England.'

Now, after all these assertions by such authorities, received and followed by the whole country, led on by the Motleys, Bancrofts, and Drapers, what are the *records of Congress*,—the *facts* on these points? This record is the last appeal. In the Senate, South Carolina voted unanimously against the tariff of 1816. In *Annals of Congress*, (p. 739,) in the first session of 1815-16, Barbour of Virginia moved to reduce the tariff on woollens from 25 to 20 cents *ad valorem*. The only Northern vote against this was that of Roberts of Pennsylvania. On the contrary, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland, voted unanimously for the reduction. But how did New England, and especially Massachusetts, vote? Their vote was unanimous against reducing the tariff. Macon moved to reduce one item from 19 to 17 cents, on which Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, and Tennessee were unanimous for reduction, while Massachusetts and the New England States generally were unanimous against it. A number of New England Senators voted to reduce the tariff on salt from 20 to 12½ cents, because their fishermen had to consume so much of it, and it was then an imported article. Senators Varnum of Massachusetts, Ticknor of Vermont, Hunter of Rhode Island, Dane of Connecticut, and Thompson of New Hampshire, all voted for it. In the House of Representatives, Auger of South Carolina moved to reduce the tariff on certain manufactured woollens to 12½ cents. Massachusetts voted against the reduction 8 to 1; absent 6. The vote of South Carolina was for reduction,—5 to 3. Huger moved to reduce the tariff

on manufactured woollens from 25 to 20 per cent. The vote of Massachusetts stood against reduction by a vote of 9 to 1;—absent 5. South Carolina voted for reduction 5 to 2. The only speeches against the tariff were by Randolph of Virginia, Wright of Maryland, Telfair of Georgia, and Huger of South Carolina. These votes show, who wanted *protection*, and who mere revenue for legitimate purposes. On the final vote, on the tariff of 1816, Massachusetts voted for it, 8 to 3;—absent 6. Webster did not vote at all, though he was then a member from New Hampshire. The vote of South Carolina was for it, 4 to 3;—absent 2. Middleton was absent. He was against it, voted for reduction, and acted with Huger, and, had he been present, Carolina's vote would have been against the tariff of 1816. Chappel, the other absentee, never voted at all. Hence we cannot tell what his vote would have been. Vermont voted for the tariff. Most of the members from Connecticut 'dodged the issue.' Rhode Island was very much divided. Georgia was largely against it. Thus we see that an appeal to the vote in Congress stamps the Greeleys, Websters, and Quincys with shameful slander and inexcusable misrepresentation. In the face of these votes, Webster says: 'The policy (of protection) did not begin with us in New England.' Yet the Congress of 1815-16 was burdened with petitions from New England, including Massachusetts, praying for protection. Had Webster taken the pains to examine the Congressional records, he would have found a refutation of his statement on almost every page. The following is found in the record of the proceedings of the first session of the XIV. Congress: 'New York memorialized Congress in December, 1815, to either absolutely forbid importation of coarse cotton goods or let them be virtually prohibited.'<sup>46</sup> Pennsylvania sent in a petition to the like effect. 'Mr. King of Massachusetts presented a petition . . . praying for protection and encouragement' for the 'manufacturing establishments within the United States.'<sup>47</sup> New York sent in one for the same end.<sup>48</sup> Baylies of Massachusetts presented another, praying for the adoption of 'measures to afford security and encouragement to the cotton manufactures.'<sup>49</sup> Wheating of

<sup>46</sup> *Niles Register*. p. 382.<sup>47</sup> p. 403.<sup>48</sup> pp. 407-8.<sup>49</sup> p. 451.

Massachusetts offered one 'of sundry manufacturers praying, that all cotton goods,' from beyond the Cape of Good Hope, may be prohibited, and for 'an increase of tariff on goods from all countries.'<sup>50</sup> Mills of Massachusetts presented another, from three counties, to increase duties on all wollen and cotton goods from all countries, and to prohibit all cotton goods from beyond the Cape of Good Hope, 'that American cotton goods and woollen fabrics may be exclusively used for the army and navy,' and that the existing duty on foreign indigo, as well as on olive oil, be repealed. New England used these articles in manufacturing. Hence the duty on them must be repealed. South Carolina raised indigo, and the trade in it was quite lucrative to her. The tariff on it was repealed. Connecticut and Vermont sent in similar petitions respecting this article. In 1818, a revision of the tariff occurred, when the duty was restored.

Webster, Greeley, and their followers affirm that the South, and especially South Carolina, advocated protection until 1824,—yea until 1828. They state that New England was altogether against the tariff until 1828, and that Massachusetts especially opposed it. But the records are all the other way. The vote on the tariff of 1818, as shown by the Congressional records, is as follows: 'Massachusetts,—then embracing Maine,—voted in favor of the tariff, 10 to 6. Rhode Island was unanimous for it. Connecticut gave 6 votes for it, and only 1 against it. Vermont had 1 for it;—2 against it. New York and New Jersey were unanimous for it. Pennsylvania sustained it by a majority of 22 to 1. Thus we see that New England was overwhelmingly in favor of the protective tariff. But how stood the South, and especially South Carolina? South Carolina opposed it by a vote of 6 to 1. North Carolina by a vote of 11 to 1. Louisiana, (though Benton says she voted for it,) Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee, voted unanimously against it.'<sup>52</sup> It was in the face of these facts, that Webster and a thousand lesser lights, in the United States Senate, on the hustings, and in so-called histories, have reiterated their brazen falsehoods, until the whole country believed them, without questioning, and without examination.

<sup>50</sup> p. 458.<sup>52</sup> *Ibid.* 26, 113.

We now notice the still more enormous tariff of 1824. The Legislature of Vermont sent to Congress an earnest petition, praying for the protection of manufactures.<sup>51</sup> Vermont, Rhode Island, and New Jersey were unanimous for this tariff. Connecticut favored it by a vote of 6 to 1. Massachusetts and New Hampshire opposed it. At this time, these two States, together with Maine, are classified as fishing and commercial States, Rhode Island and Connecticut as manufacturing, and Vermont as both manufacturing and grazing States. But though Webster says that South Carolina voted for protection,—for the tariff of 1824,—how stands the record? The two Carolinas, Georgia, Louisiana, (Benton to the contrary notwithstanding,) Mississippi, and Alabama, were unanimous against the tariff of 1824. Virginia opposed it by a vote of 21 to 1. Pennsylvania supported it by a vote of 24 to 1. New York voted for it: 26 to 8. Notwithstanding the fact that three of the New England States wanted only one vote of being unanimous for it, and the other three were divided, Benton says in his *Thirty Years in the Senate*; the New England States were against them, (the tariffs,) until 1824. On the contrary, every one of them, except New Hampshire, was in favor of the tariff until 1824, and we have just seen how they stood at that time.

As to Mr. Greeley's assertion, in the *American Conflict*, that the 'enormous tariff of '28 was opposed by a majority of those from New England,' while they really voted for it in solid column, it needs no refutation. The famous apology of Webster, often delivered and repeated, explaining that he turned, because between 1824 and 1828 Massachusetts had changed, is a sufficient answer. A school boy can see that Mr. Greeley either deliberately penned a falsehood, or else took no pains to ascertain the truth.

<sup>51</sup> Ibid. 25, Session of 1823-24.



ART. V.—1. *Commentaries on the Law of Marriage, Divorce, and Separation without Divorce.* By John Prentice Bishop. In two volumes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1867.

There is no subject involving the interests of men in their social condition, in regard to which there has been so great a diversity of usage and practice, as the law and policy of divorce. On the one hand, the necessity of the marital relation to the well-being of society, and to the welfare of families as affected by the proper culture of children, best attained by the joint efforts of both parents, requires, aside from any religious teachings, the highest regard to that relation, and strong restraints against its dissolution. On the other hand, the evils incident to hasty marriages, when the parties are uncongenial, leading to alienation and to crime, and the commission by one party of acts subversive of the terms and the proper ends of the contract, and other considerations, are, in the general apprehension, of more or less weight to establish exceptions to the general rule. In such varied elements of interest, it was to have been expected, that there would arise a corresponding variety of opinions, and of consequent legislation and usage, such as the course of history exhibits.

In a review of this subject, such as can be only cursory, it is unnecessary to set forth minutely the customs of barbarous or half-civilized people, where woman has always held an inferior rank in the social scale, and marriages are contracted and dissolved with equal facility. The savage tribes in general, the Hindoos, the Arabs, and the semi-civilized Chinese, give to the husband the right to dismiss the wife, with more or less formality, at pleasure. The followers of Mohammed allow of divorce by the consent of both parties, although they seek to restrain the practice by the adoption of revolting ceremonies. It is found, that wherever Christianity has not raised woman to her

just equality, and imparted the sanction of its injunctions, the tendency has commonly been to allow an almost unlimited license in regard to the dissolution of marriage. If the more enlightened nations of antiquity have furnished exceptions to such a laxity of practice, they have been but few.

In the States of early Greece, so far as we can glean from the scanty materials of their domestic history, their law-givers, particularly Solon, at Athens, sought to elevate the institution of marriage. But their success was transient. They were unable long to restrain the wayward temperament of those impulsive and voluptuous people. After a time, the license was allowed to the husband, upon slight causes, in all the Provinces. In Crete, for example, he was permitted to divorce his wife, when he became afraid of having too many children. And the same right, finally, came to be allowed to the wife, although its exercise was obtained by her with more difficulty. She could sue for divorce, in Athens, only by appearing before a high magistrate, (archon,) in person, and producing a memorial stating the grounds upon which the application was made. The husband, on the other hand, was permitted by the Athenian law to divorce his wife by a very summary process—namely, by turning her out of the house. This was usually done in the presence of witnesses; and he was bound to restore her portion, or, in lieu of it, to pay her a heavy per centage of interest every month, besides an allowance for alimony. The different terms, expressing the separation of men and women, were characteristic; the man being said *ἀποπέμπειν*, to *dismiss* his wife, and the woman *ἀπολείπειν*, to *leave* her husband. Herodotus cites a law at Sparta, a counterpart to that of Crete, by which a man might divorce his wife on the plea of barrenness.

In Rome, the right of divorce existed in favor of the *husband*, as early as the laws of the twelve tables; but the practice seems to have been discountenanced, during the more virtuous period of the republic. The first record of it, indeed, that has come down to us, is the case of Sp. Carvilius Ruga, about the year B. C. 234. He put away his wife on the plea of barrenness; but it would appear, that he was much censured by the simple republicans of that day. In his vindication made before

the censors, he protested, that 'great as might be his love for his wife, he resigned her without a murmur, on account of her sterility; preferring the advantage of the state to his own domestic happiness!'

Under the gradual decay of the public morals, the Emperor Augustus, little more than two centuries after the divorce of Ruga, alarmed at the prevalence which the custom had by that time attained, anxiously sought to lessen it. He established the forms that were to be observed in the act of separation. The marriage contract was to be torn in the presence of seven witnesses, the keys formally taken from the wife, and the words of separation pronounced.

Such forms, however, were found to be of little avail to withstand the tide of free opinions, that had already swept over the empire. Its prevalence was greatly increased, first, by the slightness of the numerous grounds for which divorces were granted, and next, by the provision which allowed the parties to be immediately married again.

The grounds of divorce announced by the laws of the twelve tables, were slight indeed. It is even stated, that it was sufficient for either party to declare his or her intention to dissolve the marriage, on the plea of the absence of conjugal affection—abiding consent being considered essential to the continuance of the conviction. However this may have been at that early period, successive periods of the Roman history, both republican and imperial, exhibited an undoubted list of specific grounds of divorce; some of which were sufficiently whimsical. Among them we find, as against the wife, witchcraft, eating with strangers, dealing falsely, raising the hand in anger, frequenting theatres, when forbidden, and violation of sepulchres, as well as sacrilege and murder. As soon as the laws granted the right to the wife, which is thought to have been not until the early part of the Christian era, the causes which she might allege were nearly the same. Some of the Emperors subsequent to the Christian era, adopted other causes, in deference to their Christian subjects, such as entering into monastic life, and others.

To refer to some of the more noted instances of divorce near the commencement of the Empire, we may mention Pompey,

who divorced his wife Mucia on the charge of adultery ; Cicero divorced his aged wife Terentia, and married a young woman ; Cato the younger lent his wife Marcia to his friend Hortensius, or, in other words, he divorced her, that his friend might have her, *ut liberos ex illu procrearet* ; and Julius Cæsar divorced Pompeia, because she was suspected of intriguing with Clodius.

Under the Christian Emperors, and others of the earlier periods of the Christian era, the law of Divorce was several times capriciously modified. In 331, Constantine abridged, somewhat, the prevalent license. He prescribed a series of rules determining the causes for the dissolution of marriage ; causes, it must be admitted, borrowed rather from the usages of heathenism, than from the precepts of the religion which he professed.

In the year 439, the clamors of the pagan portion of the empire, extorted from Theodosius and Valentinian, (in the Eastern and Western Empires,) another change, by which divorce by mutual consent was allowed. Within ten years afterwards, this was again changed. They promulgated a new code, which prescribed numerous grounds of divorce available for the husband, some of which, with the usual harsh discrimination, were also permitted to the wife. And there was also this provision, that the husband could be married again immediately, but the wife not within a year. The preponderating advantage, enuring to the husband by the partiality of their various edicts, is thus alluded to by the historian Gibbon : ‘ In the most rigorous laws, a wife was compelled to support a gamester, a drunkard, or a libertine, unless he were guilty of homicide, poison, or sacrilege, in which cases the marriage, as it would seem, might have been dissolved by the hand of the executioner.’

It was another instance of the inconstancy of this legislation, that by a novel of Justinian, the liberty of divorce was, at a period still later, wholly abolished. This continued, until his nephew, Justin II., restored the right by another celebrated statute. In this, the reasons for the new change were set forth at large, to wit : the alienation, discord, and frequent death by poison, resulting from the rigid adherence to the contract of marriage ; to remedy which, the statute proceeded to renew

and greatly to enlarge the list of causes of divorce, far beyond any example of his predecessors, Christian or pagan. This law of Justin prevailed from the year 528, in the Byzantine or Eastern Empire, until the 9th or 10th century, when it was gradually superceded by the influence of Christianity. And the same degree of license existed in the West, long after the Western Empire had passed away from the Emperors, and until after the time of Leo, in the 9th century.

We proceed now to consider the doctrine of divorce, as affected by Christianity. Between the freedom of opinion and practice, as exhibited in the pagan world, and so long and generally prevalent, and the precept of Christ, (Matt. v : 32 ; Luke xvi : 18,) the widest contrast is apparent. The customs of men, and, for the most part, the civil codes, treated marriage as a mere contract, to be dissolved at pleasure. The Jewish law, (Deut. xxiv : 1,) allowed a license as great as that of Justin, to which we have alluded, permitting the husband, to whom alone the right was given, to put away his wife for any cause, it would seem, that rendered her displeasing to him. It required only a written form, which was publicly recorded. Christ, in condemning this practice, speaks of the law of Moses as a necessity, growing out of the general corruption of manners. 'On account of the hardness of their hearts he had given them that precept,' or permission. So great, indeed, had the abuse of this license become at that period, that it had entirely superceded the practice of polygamy. When, in denouncing the principle of the license, as opposed to the original and natural law, He announced that the practice ought to be restrained to the single cause of adultery, his disciples expressed their surprise ; yet He did not modify or explain away his declaration. 'What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder,' was his decision, solemnly asseverated ; but as if anticipating the wide departures from it, that would prevail among his professed followers, He simply replied to their remonstrance, that those only could receive his doctrine, whose minds were enlightened from above.

Through the pervading influence of Christianity, but slowly at first, the general license began to give way. As early as the 8th and 9th centuries, the foundation was forming for the

opposite system. The power of the Church of Rome, to which the rude conquerors of the Empire had already succumbed, had at that time become firmly rooted. At first, the Church inculcated the principle, that marriage was a sacrament. The reception of this principle by Christians, it is true, could have little effect, so long as it was rejected by the civil tribunals; but when, in the process of time, the Church had gained strength to take from the secular control the entire jurisdiction of marriage and divorce, the revolution was complete. Marriage, no longer a mere contract, became a religious ordinance. Thenceforth, it was indissoluble, except by the Church itself. The ecclesiastical tribunals themselves could not decree a dissolution from the bonds of matrimony, (*a vinculo matrimonii*), for any cause whatever, except in cases where the marriage was originally void. For all causes arising after the marriage, under that system, and as it still exists, these courts could only decree a separation of the parties, denominated a separation from bed and board, (*a mensa et thoro*.) The dispensing power of the Pope, as the head of the Church, was then appealed to and applied, with the professed design of providing for exceptional cases. But it was obviously liable to great abuses; and such these laws have been, which have found their place in history, and have been most justly condemned.

It is, however, a question very fit for legislators, whether the extreme conservatism of the Church of Rome may not be more conducive to the stability of government, as well as to the happiness of man, than the wide liberty of divorce, that has characterized other ages, and is the increasing tendency of the present. The strictness of the English system, which has diverged less from that of Rome, than any other, has been uniformly commended by her moralists and her jurists. That great judge, Lord Stowell, in a case before him, said: 'To vindicate the policy of the law, is not necessary to the office of a judge; but if it were, it would not be difficult show, that the law had in this respect acted with its usual wisdom and humanity, with that true wisdom, and that real humanity, that regards the general interests of mankind; for though in particular cases, the repugnance of the law to dissolve the obligation of matrimonial co-

habitation may operate with great severity upon individuals, yet it must be carefully remembered, that the general happiness of the married life is secured by its indissolubility. When people understand, that they must live together, except for a very few reasons known to the law, they learn to soften, by mutual accommodation, that yoke, which they know they cannot shake off. They become good husbands and good wives; for necessity is a powerful master, in teaching the duties which it imposes. If it were once understood, that upon mutual disgust, persons might be legally separated, many couples, who now pass their lives with mutual comfort, with attention to their common offspring, and to the moral order of civil society, might at this moment have been living in a state of mutual unkindness, in a state of estrangement from their common offspring, and in a state of the most licentious and unrestrained immorality. In this case, as in many others, the happiness of some individuals must be sacrificed to the greater and more general good.'

The sacramental character of marriage, which was generally promulgated in the 8th century, and obtained the mastery in the civil tribunals, was not formally announced by any decree, until the time of Innocent III. in the year 1215; and it was afterwards confirmed by the Council of Trent, in the 16th century. It was this sacramental character, as before intimated, that rendered it indissoluble, and withdrew it from the jurisdiction of all tribunals whatever, under the Romish power.

In *Spain* and *Portugal*, where the Church of Rome has undisputed sway, marriage is indissoluble, except by dispensation. *France* was subject to the same law, until the revolution of 1792, an event which disturbed her religious and social, no less than her political state. Divorces then became common, at the pleasure of the parties, or on the ground of incompatibility alone. In 1793, according to the statement of Mr. Burke, there were, in Paris, 562 divorces, against 1,785 marriages in the same time. Afterwards by the civil, or Napoleon Code, divorce was allowed for adultery of the wife, but not of the husband, except in a very special case, and was given to either party for outrage, cruelty, or grievous wrong, the condemna-

tion of either to an infamous punishment, and by mutual consent upon proof made, (without connivance,) that the continuance of the marriage would be insupportable. These provisions were annulled, after the return of the Bourbons in 1816, and dissolution has not been allowed under the republican and the late imperial dynasties, but only separation of person and property, and that not by mutual consent. The dispensing power, however, at least until the time of the present troubles, has still been exercised by the Church, in the usual manner, and upon the customary terms.

What may now be the rule upon this subject in *Italy*, in its transition state, it is less easy to determine; but it is probable that this wayward child of the Church does not rigorously adhere, on this subject, to the ancient faith and practice.

The laws of *Prussia*, framed under Frederick the Great, who is known to have been by no means a friend to marriage, have established a facility of divorce, beyond any precedent in modern Europe. The temperament of the people, however, in this as in other respects, is essentially conservative.

*England* was subject to the control of the Romish Church, until the 16th century. The ecclesiastical courts there held sole jurisdiction of the law of marriage and divorce. And this jurisdiction these courts still retain in that country. Now, as before the reformation, there is no dissolution of the bonds of matrimony decreed in these courts, except for causes existing at the time of marriage rendering it null and void; such as physical causes, within the age of consent, affinity, consanguinity, and a former marriage to a person who is still living. For such causes a decree is made annulling the marriage, or a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*, considering it as a marriage that never legally existed. To all other causes, including infidelity, and for ill-treatment, desertion, &c., a decree of separation only is given, *a mensa et thoro*. Thus England has retained her hold, in theory, upon the marital relation, not allowing its dissolution, even by the New Testament rule of infidelity. But as she no longer regarded it as a sacrament, but only as a civil contract, upon consideration of so many cases arising which were cases of hardship, she came at last to exchange the eccle-



siastical dispensation of Rome, for the equal omnipotence of Parliament, which may enact, in the single case of adultery, and for nearly two centuries has enacted, statutes absolving the parties from the bonds of matrimony.

In the year 1697, Parliament enacted the first statute of divorce. It was the case of Lady Macclesfield, the infamous mother of the poet Savage. (*Johnson's Lives of the Poets.*) The case of the Duke of Norfolk followed soon after. In both cases, the injured husbands had failed through the narrow rules of the spiritual courts, to obtain a decree *a mensa et thoro*; and Parliament, upon full proof made of the facts, and after great discussion, interposed its power to prevent the 'failure of justice,' decreeing an absolute divorce. Since that period, many statutory divorces have been granted, the number from 1715 to 1775 averaging two annually, from that time to 1780, three, and from 1800 to 1850 they have averaged two.

The English government has repeatedly struggled with the difficulties attending this subject, but with only partial success, down to the present time. As the system now stands, the process of obtaining an absolute divorce is attended with such an expenditure of money and time, that, to the masses, it amounts to a sheer denial of justice. Even in an unopposed suit, the *minimum* cost in the Consistory Court of London is from £120 to £140, (§600 to §700,) and occupies two months. If opposed, it will cost from §1,500 to §2,500, and take from one to two or three years. Then there is an appeal to the Court of Arches, and from thence to the Committee in the House of Commons. Then there is an action at law for damages, which is pre-requisite, whereof the cost depends on the extent of the contest. In Parliament, exclusive of counsel's and solicitor's bills, the cost would average §1,000. With the other charges, of witnesses, &c., this item would probably be doubled. So that the total cost, under the most favorable circumstances, of obtaining a divorce *a vinculo*, in England, can hardly be less than §3,500 or §4,000, besides the expenditure of time.

The first effort in England, made to establish a proper system, was immediately after she had abjured her allegiance to the Church of Rome. A commission was issued by Henry

VIII. to thirty-two commissioners, of whom Archbishop Cranmer was one, to make inquiry, and report upon the policy of an entire change of the law. The committee brought in an elaborate report, which was drawn up by the Archbishop, and has been highly esteemed as authority by jurists, although, in consequence of the death of the king, and from other causes, it was not adopted. It recommended, that the law should be so altered, that in case of infidelity by one party, long and wilful desertion, as well as 'capital enmities,' as well as for causes originally existing, a jurisdiction should be given to the *courts*, to decree a divorce from the bonds of matrimony. It has been deemed a matter of regret, that this important proceeding should have been at that time suspended.

Notwithstanding the failure of this measure, the system recommended by the commissioners, under the exigencies and demands of the people, came, after a while, to be practically adopted; for it appears by the reports of the courts, that from 1550 until 1602, or more than half a century, there were several cases of absolute divorce granted by the spiritual courts for those causes. An end was put to these proceedings by an ecclesiastical canon in 1803, and during the whole of that century, until the case of Earl and Lady Macclesfield, in 1697, the doctrine of the indissolubility of marriage was maintained with even more than Romish rigor. The relaxation of the doctrine, such as it was, by statute, has been continued, and this has remained the only law of absolute divorce in England, to this day.

In 1798, as there were no standing orders in Parliament regulating the practice in divorce cases, Lord Chancellor Loughborough called the attention of that body to the subject. The practice had become established, but it was in the rudest and most inconvenient manner, as must always be a judicial trial conducted in a legislative body. At first, neither an ecclesiastical sentence of separation, nor a verdict in a civil court for damages, was held to be a prerequisite. Lord Loughborough's resolutions required the former, in all cases brought into Parliament, and also a civil action and a verdict, or a valid reason why it should not be had. Provision was also made, referring the case in the first instance to a committee of nine members,

to sit as a judicial body, or jury, who were to hear all the testimony, and examine the complainant upon his personal oath, to obviate the danger of collusion, as well as in relation to his or her conduct towards the other party. These resolutions were adopted, and all trials in Parliament have been since regulated by them.

The slight amelioration thus effected, still left untouched the capital objections to the system, namely, the oppressive expense attending the various proceedings, rendering them impracticable, except to the fortunate few, and the onerous necessity of proving the same facts in these tribunals. This led to another attempt, in 1850, to revise and re-model the law and practice. Commissioners were then once more appointed, with authority to examine and report upon the whole subject. They carefully performed the duty, and presented a full and luminous report, setting forth the history and the statistics of the law, and the great burdens and inconveniences attending the present practice. They express the opinion that all these evils would be chiefly obviated, if one court could be established, in which the public would have confidence, for the trial of all cases. They conclude their report, by suggesting a tribunal to consist of a vice-chancellor, a common law judge, and a judge of a court ecclesiastical. It is not supposed that this report has been definitely acted on, to the present day.

Of the doctrine and practice in the UNITED STATES. This subject of legislation being one of a purely local and internal character appertaining to the sole jurisdiction of the individual States, it becomes necessary, in its elucidation to refer to the provisions of their several enactments. Provision is made by statute for full or absolute divorce, in each of the thirty-six States of the Union, except *South Carolina*. In that State alone, no such remedy by law exists.

In reference to State legislation on this subject in general, it may be remarked, that in nearly all the States, the license which is authorized greatly exceeds the widest construction of the sacred canon, and in some they approach the freedom of the civil law, presenting a latitude that has been the subject of much regretful comment among our conservative citizens.

The diversity which is apparent in the legislation of the States, relates both to absolute divorces, and to decrees of separation; more especially to the former. Still, a general resemblance in the leading features is found to obtain in the causes for legalizing absolute divorces, in the provisions of most of the States. These provisions usually recite, first, such causes as rendered the marriage void or voidable, from the beginning; such as consanguinity or affinity, idiocy, physical defects, within age of consent, (when the parties have not since lived together,) fraud or duress, and a former marriage to a person who is still living. The statutes next prescribe the causes arising after the marriage. Those which are most common are these: 1. Adultery, by either party. 2. Wilful desertion, for one or more years. 3. Criminality of the wife, before the time of the marriage, becoming apparent afterwards. 4. Neglect of the husband to provide for the maintenance of the wife. 5. Continued cruelty, or gross indignities. 6. Imprisonment for crime, for one or more years. 7. Habitual intemperance of either party, and, according to some of the statutes, 8. Physical defects.

Few of the codes of the several States specify all these grounds; while in some of them, still others are given; and in a few others, again, a discretion nearly without limit is given to the tribunal over the subject. But in general, the leading causes above named predominate, and their prevalence corresponds, perhaps, nearly according to the order given in our list.

The following special provisions may be stated, under the head of absolute divorce in the different States. The law of *Delaware* specifies adultery of the wife, but not of the husband. In *Rhode Island*, this is not made a specific cause, but is included in the description of 'gross misbehavior or wickedness, repugnant to, and inconsistent with, the marriage contract.' *Kentucky* gives the remedy in cases of abandonment by either party, and living in criminal intercourse with others for six months, and provides it also on proof of 'unchaste actions' on the part of the wife. *North Carolina* annuls the marriage, when either party has separated from the other, and lives in

adultery. *Texas* makes it necessary, that the wife should have been taken in crime; and entitles the wife to the remedy, when the husband shall have abandoned her, and lives criminally with another woman. In *Pennsylvania*, there must have been a previous conviction of the crime. And in that State, and also in *Tennessee*, there is provision made for the case, where a party who is supposed to be dead, or lost, on returning finds the former husband or wife married to another. The provision is, that such party is allowed the option, either to have the former spouse, or a decree of divorce. It is very probable, that without any such enactment, the result would be the same.

In some States, as in *Virginia*, *New Hampshire*, *Rhode Island*, *Massachusetts*, *California*, and *Minnesota*, when physical defects are specified as a ground of divorce, the phraseology is such as to include that cause, although it may have arisen *since the marriage*. It is probable, that the inadmissible conclusion to which the language in these cases leads, will be annulled by further legislation, or else by judicial construction defining the term used, and limiting its application to the antenuptial period.

*Missouri* relieves the wife whose husband becomes a 'vagrant.' *Florida* allows an 'ungovernable temper,' of either party, to sever the bonds. *New Hampshire*, *Massachusetts*, and *Kentucky*, give the remedy to either party, when the other has joined the Shakers.

The 'cruel treatment' specified in some statutes, is defined in them to be such continued ill-treatment, either with or without violence, as to render insupportable the condition of the subject of it. In some, the phrase 'or gross indignities' is added; and in *Wisconsin*, *Louisiana*, and other States, this cause is especially allowed to *either* party, while in others, this is the evident meaning of the law.

In *Kentucky*, a loathsome disease existing at the time of the marriage, and continuing, is a ground for divorce; also an habitual aversion, bad temper, and low and degraded morals or habits, inconsistent with the proper ends of the marital relation.

Although the law of divorce in the United States, as presented in the foregoing summary, might seem sufficiently to

warrant the approval of those who hold to a large liberty, yet in a few of the States, it has been deemed expedient to open the door still wider, by confiding to the courts having jurisdiction, entire discretion in all cases to dissolve the bonds of matrimony where they may deem it proper. In *Maine*, no specific grounds are set forth in the statute now in force, but the complainant may allege and prove any facts, to show the decree to be unreasonable and proper, and likely to conduce to the welfare of the parties, and to the peace and best interests of society. In *Iowa*, the statute, after enumerating the more usual grounds, adds, 'or if it appears fully to the court, that the parties cannot live in peace and harmony together, and that their mutual welfare requires their separation.' In *North Carolina*, *Indiana*, *Illinois*, and *Wisconsin*, also, in addition to the specified causes, a general discriminating power is vested in the courts.

It has, however, been observed, that in some of these States, especially *Maine* and *North Carolina*, this power has been generally, and to the present period, exercised in a cautious and conservative spirit. But it is a momentous power, well calculated fully to put to the test both the courage and the conscience of the tribunal, on which it rests. In commenting on the remark, that this legislation was designed to 'disencumber the legislative department,' Chancellor Kent observed, 'this may be true, but it does not disencumber the *judicial* department; the power and discretion given by these statutes, must be extremely embarrassing and painful in their exercise.'

The statute of *Indiana* does not confer upon the courts a discretion in anywise larger than that of the other States, that have been named; the difference between them probably resulting more from the length of residence respectively required, and from some other points of practice, than from the discretion allowed to the judges, or the disposition manifested by them. A case was decided in the Supreme Court of that State, in which one of the points discussed at the bar was, whether the statute was unconstitutional, as vesting in the courts legislative authority; and the court, by Justice Dewey, held, that it was not. 'The discretion given,' the court said, 'is a judicial discretion. The statute requires a *cause* for divorce, on which

the discretion of the court is to be exercised, and they must follow the conclusion of their judgment, that the cause is reasonable, such a one as forfeits the marriage contract on the part of the wrong-doer. Like all other discretionary power in courts, it must be exercised in a sound and legal manner. It must not be governed by caprice or prejudice, or wild, visionary notions in regard to the institution of marriage, but be so directed, as to conduce to domestic harmony, and the peace and morality of society.' It may be fairly doubted, whether the almost proverbial repute which Indiana has acquired of late years, for the multitude of divorces in her courts, is owing either to her law or her judges.

In the statutes of all the States, provision is made for the prevention of collusive divorces. The causes alleged can be admitted only upon full testimony—not upon confession. It still, however, may be admitted, that the prescribed offence has sometimes been actually committed, in order to bring a case within the jurisdiction of the court.

The *decree of separation*, or 'divorce from bed and board,' is provided for in twenty-five of the States. In *New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Texas, Missouri, Indiana, Illinois*, and *Minnesota*, no law for a limited divorce has been passed.

In *Ohio*, the court, without rendering a formal decree of divorce, may assign to a wife a separate maintenance. In most of the States, the common ground of separation is cruelty, or desertion, on the part of the husband. But by express provision, in many instances, the same ground that would authorize an absolute divorce, may, at the discretion of the court, or on request of the party, be the basis of a decree of separation.

In *Michigan, Wisconsin*, and some other States, the decree may be either perpetual, or for a limited time.

The law of *Louisiana* requires, that a decree of separation, in any of the cases except for infidelity, must precede the divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*.

In *Georgia*, upon a general petition for a divorce, a jury is empannelled to decide whether a decree of separation shall be rendered, or an absolute divorce.

Alimony, and the disposition of the children, which are important incidents of divorce, are matters in all cases submitted to the entire discretion of the court. The causes of the divorce, the circumstances of the parties, the origin of the common property, and the comparative fitness of the parents for the care and education of their offspring, are among the most prominent of the *data* for their vital decisions. The property of the wife is always restored, when she is the innocent party.

In *Georgia*, half of the husband's income may be assigned to the wife for her alimony; and in *North Carolina* and *Connecticut*, one-third.

Great care is taken in the enactment, or the decree, to prevent injustice in rendering the children illegitimate, in cases where this is not the necessary result.

In some States, when the wife desires it, her maiden name is restored in the decree.

There is much diversity as to the liberty of marriage after the decree. While in *New Hampshire*, either party may remarry at once, in *Maine* and *Missouri*, they may not marry in five years, unless license is given in the divorce. In *New York*, *Massachusetts*, and *Georgia*, the party who is in fault may not marry again. In *Delaware* and *Tennessee*, on divorce for infidelity, the wife may marry any person, except her associate in crime; while in *Virginia* and *Mississippi*, the court by its decree may preclude the party in fault from ever marrying again.

The aggregate number of divorces granted annually in the several States must be very great; but there are no *data*, from which the number could be stated with any approach to accuracy.

Mr. Bishop, whose name stands at the head of this article, very fully treats of other important topics pertaining to the law of divorce, collating all the important cases, and many of less importance, that had passed through the courts some years since; such as the effect, when the cause of the divorce has arisen in another State; the condition of the children of a marriage that is declared null and void; the effect of divorce upon a marriage settlement. These and other incidental topics, are amply discussed in this and earlier and more elementary treati-



ses, and in the books of reports, to which they belong, rather than to a general disquisition upon the subject, such as is now presented.

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ART. VI.—*American Education, its Principles and Elements.*  
By Edward D. Mansfield; author of the *Political Grammar*, etc., etc. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1851.

This little volume, as well as many similar ones, on the subject of education, has long been before the public. Hence, in placing its title at the head of this article, we intend to use it, as some preachers do their text,—merely as a pretext. That is to say, we merely intend to make it the occasion of some reflections of our own on the subject of education in general, and of American education in particular.

The first lesson, which every young man should learn, is the great value of time. Time is, indeed, a sacred trust, which is committed to us, by our Creator, for his own wise purposes. It is a means to an end; and unless we make a proper use of the means, we shall fail to accomplish the end. Time, like the tide, has its flow and its ebb; it flows in our youth, and it ebbs in our age. If we would glide down smoothly the ebb-tide of age, toward the ocean of eternity, we must first make a good use of the flood-tide of youth. These sayings are trite enough; but, trite as they are, they make but a faint impression on the great mass of mankind. As a general rule it is not until we reach middle age, that we begin to realize the true value of time, and then it is frequently too late to retrieve our mistakes, or make amends for the time we have lost. Youths are proverbial spendthrifts of time. The scholastic years which are to intervene between them and manhood, seem interminable, and they would willingly annihilate them, if thereby they might leap upon the stage of active life, at a bound. Foolish young men! If the actor reach the stage before he is properly pre-

pared to perform his part, failure, and disgrace, and the hisses of the audience, instead of their plaudits, await him. They should, therefore, husband every moment of their time, not absolutely required for rest, or recreation, and turn it to some useful account. There is an old adage which says, 'Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves.' This adage is as applicable to time, as to money. It is the smaller, rather than the larger, portions of our time—the odd half-hours, not necessary for rest, or recreation,—that we should guard more especially against misspending. It is wonderful how much may be accomplished by a proper use of these odd half-hours! Many of the public men, who have become distinguished in these United States, have literally educated themselves in the odd half-hours, that have intervened between their regular hours of labor. Born sons of poverty and toil, they were denied the privilege, which a kind Providence has accorded to others, of receiving a regular education.

But to make the most of their time, young men must early introduce the element of order into all their habits of life. Order is the first law of creation. 'Let there be light, and there was light,' said the Creator, and forthwith order arose out of chaos, and harmony reigned supreme. Look around upon the beautiful world which we inhabit, and see how order has been impressed upon all things. We have often cast our eyes upon the starry firmament, in the stillness, and darkness of night, and wondered at the myriads of twinkling stars we have there beheld. These myriads of stars are worlds, each occupying its appropriate place, and moving in its appointed sphere, not only without discord, but in the utmost harmony, singing together, as it were, the praises of their Creator, who has so visibly impressed upon them, the laws of order. See the sun how he rises and sets, at the appointed hour, and minute, on each day throughout the year, and every year. So wonderful are this order and regularity, that the places of the planets may be calculated within less than a second of time, for years in advance. The mariner, when he observes the sun for latitude, knows within a second of space, the distance of that body from the equator, and from the pole; and when he observes the same

luminary for longitude, he is enabled to calculate the time at the place of observation, within a small fraction of a second; and so confident is he of the results which he thus obtains, that he does not hesitate to run his ship, by them, within a hair's breadth of danger, when the darkness is so impenetrable, that he can scarcely see his hand before him. But we need not look to the wonders of the starry heavens, for evidences of order; we find it impressed upon all terrestrial objects. The humble daisy has been weighed in the same balance with the great globe itself, and its functions adjusted according to their relative weights. If the earth were a little heavier, and the attraction of gravitation, in consequence, a little greater, the delicate little flower would be unable to raise its petals from the ground. Let order, then, divine order, the prime law of the universe, be inscribed over the doors of our study-rooms; and, in after life, over the doors of our dwellings, and the doors of our offices. Write it not only on the outside, but on the inside of our houses, that the microcosm within doors, as well as the great macrocosm without, may be brought under its beneficent rule. Have a place for every thing, and keep everything in its place. Let there be hours for business, and hours for recreation and hospitality, and let not the hours of the one interfere with the hours of the other. We should perform all our duties as they arise, and not delay them for a more convenient season.

If we fail to perform the duties of youth, in their proper season, a degraded manhood will be the consequence. If we neglect the serious duties of manhood, old age will be oppressed with duties, cares, and responsibilities which do not properly belong to it. Having considered the value of time, and of order in the management of our time, the next inquiry which naturally presents itself is, to what uses should we apply our time? The answer is, to the development of our nature, as designed by our Creator. God had but one end in view, in creating this world of ours, and man, the lord of creation, has but one end also. Though there are two orders, the natural, and the supernatural, they both lead to the same ultimate end. Their proximate ends are different, but their ultimate ends are the same. But what is our nature? It is sufficient for our

present inquiry to say, that it is three-fold—physical, intellectual, and moral. Education should, therefore, be three-fold. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is the golden rule. Little need be said as to the training, and development of the physical faculties, except that we pay too little attention to this important branch of education, in this country. The Germans set us a good example in this respect. A well appointed gymnasium is a necessary appendage to every respectable German school, or college; and to encourage their youth to excel in feats of strength, and agility, they appoint public games, and award prizes to the victors, after the manner of the Greeks. The Olympic games were scarcely more thronged, in their day, than are the turn-vereins in the vicinity of some of the larger of the German cities. Taking it for granted, that we are duly impressed with the importance of preserving health—for without the *corpus sanum*, the *mens sana* cannot very well exist—we will pass to the consideration of the intellectual, and moral faculties.

The first remark to be made in this connection is, that we must be careful not to confound these two classes of faculties. They are separate, and distinct, though somewhat mutually dependent. In educating the mind, there are two things to be kept mainly in view: 1. The training, and development of the faculties, for the sake of the mere training, and development; and, 2. The storing of the mind with useful information. Each of these processes may be made subservient to the other. First as to the training, and development. We have all had occasion to observe the arm of the blacksmith, how brawny, and powerful it is. This comes of the constant exercise of the muscles. So it is precisely with the intellectual faculties. If they be permitted to remain inactive, or are not exercised by the proper means, they shrink and dwindle, and lose their fair proportions, or become warped and distorted. Healthful exercise, on the other hand, promotes their growth, and gives them symmetry, and strength. Though the logical, or reasoning faculty of the mind is one of its chief faculties, and, as such, deserves much of our care; yet there are other faculties not to be neglected. There is the imagination, to which belongs

poetry, and the memory, to which belongs history. Without imagination what dull plodding creatures we should be, and without memory, the acquisition of knowledge would either be impossible, or of no value, since the water would run out of the seive, as fast as it was poured in. The imagination, like a ministering angel, is ever on the wing, culling for us the sweets of many flowers. It weaves a garland here, and extracts a perfume there, to render the miseries of life more tolerable. But for it, the star of hope would never rise above the horizon, to beckon us on to promised joys, and lighten our labors in the pursuit. The memory is the storehouse, in which all these sweets are garnered, along with other knowledge. The best training for the logical faculty is the study of the sciences; not only the exact sciences of the mathematics, but the inexact sciences of law, and metaphysics. There is no more beautiful spectacle, than the action and progress of a vigorous young mind, as it masters a science. It takes hold of the first truths, upon faith, or intuition, for these require no explanation, and proceeds from proposition to proposition; slowly, it may be, at first, but gathering strength as it proceeds, and proceeding more rapidly as it gathers strength. Sometimes, in grappling with a proposition, it will meet with a fall, but, like the fabled Anteus, it will rise, with renewed strength, from eth earth, until, finally, that which was by comparison but a feeble thing, will have become a towering intellect, capable of playing with the most obstruse problems, as a child with a toy. And all this is the result of training, and development. The young arm of the child, in which there was no muscle to be seen, has, by dint of handling the sledge-hammer, become the brawny arm of the blacksmith. And so of the imagination, and the memory; only there is this remark to be made of the imagination: that the individual is sometimes endowed with it, in such excess, that it requires the curb, instead of the spur. When that is the case, the most judicious training is requisite to prevent unfortunate results. The wings of Pegasus should be clipped, that the rider may pursue his career nearer the earth. Or, better still, the reason should be developed, and give the power to hold a secure rein on the imagination; so as to direct it always aright. Some

of the most lamentable shipwrecks of the young bark of life, laden with the choicest aspirations of hope, have been the result of the careless, or injudicious training of the imagination. If the young and ardent fancy be permitted to feed upon the false and tinsel literature of the day, instead of devoting itself to more solid acquirements, it will conceive exaggerated notions of life, and become utterly unfit for any useful employment. Such food is as fatal to it, as opium to the opium-eater. Though indulged in moderately, at first, it will grow by indulgence, until it becomes an all-absorbing passion, which will destroy both mind, and body. Let this suffice for the training of the intellectual faculties.

The moral faculties may be trained in the same manner, though by somewhat different means. A good system of metaphysics—and every good system of metaphysics embraces a good code of ethics—is the best means. Our moral nature, in other words, the affections of the mind, as contra-distinguished from the intellectual faculties, are the centre of all the humanizing virtues. It is here that conscience has its seat. Love, friendship, devotion, faith, and the religious sentiment, all have their abiding place here. The amenities, and the civilities of life spring from the exercise of these faculties. What a constellation of virtues have we not here, to be cherished, and developed, by the genial, and skillful hand of the professor? There is a large school of philosophy which holds, that the mind of the child is a blank sheet of paper, upon which nothing appears, in after life, except what is either written upon it, by experience, or developed, by the operation of the reasoning faculty, upon that experience. This is possibly true as to the intellectual faculties, but it certainly is not true of the moral faculties. These faculties have certain inherent tendencies, or instincts, which do not come by education, but which have been implanted in them, by the hand of nature herself. They may be improved by education, but education does not create them. The blank sheet of paper may have nothing written upon it, as yet, but there are certain water-marks, so to speak, which have been woven into it, by the manufacturer. Or to use another figure: the blank sheet of paper has a certain writing upon it,

in chemical ink, which remains invisible until some test be applied to it. The tendency, or instinct of the moral faculties, of which we speak, is a disposition to believe things which have not been, and which cannot be demonstrated to the intellectual faculties. If this tendency were exceptional, that is to say, existing only here, and there, we might call it individual credulity, and it would be of no importance as an argument. But it is universal. If we apply the test to one blank sheet of paper after another, *ad infinitum*, we shall find the same writing, by the same chemist, on all of them. It is found in all nations, the savage and the civilized, the uneducated and the educated, and has existed in all ages of which we have any account. All mankind have the religious sentiment, or faith, in some form or other; in other words, believe in the supernatural order, or that which is beyond the reach of the senses; the South Sea Islander, the New Zealander, and the North American Indian, equally with the Caucasian. Nor is this sentiment found only in the infancy of nations; it grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, of nations. And the reason is, that the wise man knows, that the things which he knows, are so few, in comparison with those which he does not know, that he is naturally distrustful of his judgment and inclined to take things on trust. The great Newton described himself, as a child picking up pebbles, on the sea-shore of science. If this be true of the physical sciences, how much more must it be true of metaphysical science, which treats of the infinite, and illimitable, and has no sea-shore to circumscribe it? We are indeed very children here; for we have entered the supernatural order, where demonstration is no longer possible. And yet we believe. When we look around upon the marvels, and beauties of creation; when we witness the wonderful regularity of the solar system, of which we have been speaking; the germination, and fructification of planets; the birth, growth, and death of animals, and observe the wonderful adaptation of the laws of nature to all these ends, we are as well satisfied that these things did not come by chance, as we are when we look upon a beautiful, and intricate piece of mechanism, that it was not constructed by chance. We see God in nature, precisely as we see:

the mechanic in the machine. But when our intellectual faculties have given us this evidence of the existence of the Great First Cause, it has done about all, that it is capable of doing. His works tell us it is true, that he is all-wise, all-powerful, and beneficent,—but beyond this, we know nothing of his nature. He is infinite, and our minds are finite, and the finite cannot comprehend the infinite, and there is an end of the matter, so far as our intellectual faculties are concerned. But does our belief end here? By no means. But if the intellectual faculties can no longer guide us, whence comes our belief? There can be but one answer—it comes from the moral faculties. Again: Is the soul immortal? The intellectual faculties are here, also, at fault. They can give us no absolute demonstration of the truth; but the moral faculties come to our relief, as before, and answer the question in the affirmative, in clear, and unequivocal tones. We cannot prove the fact, it is true; but neither can we prove that we exist, or that we think. What is the thinking principle within us? Is it the body? No. What is it? We do not know. And yet every one knows that he exists, and thinks; and he knows this, as a mere matter of consciousness without proof. The belief is instinctive, and all instincts have been planted by the hand of the Creator. When our minds come in contact with nature, in some of her grander moods, this idea of the immortality of the soul is always present to us. If we sit down by the sea shore, in some wild, and deserted region, and listen to the deafening roar of the waves, as they are stranded at our feet, we experience this idea. Still more so, if we cast our eyes on the distant verge of the horizon, where the blue vault of heaven mingles, so mysteriously, with the immeasurable waste of waters. The weird whistling of the winds, which have raised these waves, presents this idea to us in another form. The silence of an immense desert, the solemn stillness of a great forest, each, whispers it to us. Why do all these thunder tones, and whisperings speak to us of the immortality of the soul? Simply because they are Nature's means of talking to her children. This language of nature, as before remarked when speaking of the existence of God, is universal. She does not speak to you, or to me, only, in these



tones, but to all men. Even if there were individual sceptics, they would have to yield to the universality of the instinct. A single phenomenon impresses us but slightly. It may be exceptional, and abnormal; but when we observe the same phenomenon occurring frequently, we begin to generalize, and if the results of our observations shows us, that under similar circumstances, the same phenomenon will invariably occur, we deduce therefrom a rule, a law of nature, to which we yield a ready credence. If we were to see the sun rise but once, we would not thence conclude that he would rise on the morrow, but when we see him rise, day after day, for months, and years, we feel as certain that he will rise on the morrow, as if we could prove the fact, which we cannot. Why do we believe it? Because it is a law of our minds. And these laws affect all minds alike. If you set two mathematicians at work, to ascertain the size of a sphere, they will do it by a series of intellectual constructions, differing, it may be, in the processes, but they will both arrive at the same result, unless one, or the other fall into error. And why is this? Because there are certain normal rules prescribed for the government of all minds, beyond, or outside of which, they cannot travel. But what do we mean by normal rules? Certain first truths, certain instincts, which have been impressed upon them, by the hand of the Creator. Thus, though it may be true, that the mind of the new-born infant is a blank sheet of paper; yet it has been water-lined, or written upon, from the beginning, by that chemical ink of which we have spoken. In other words, it has been impressed with those instincts, or tendencies which lead it in certain directions, in spite of itself; the direction of the intellectual faculties is toward demonstrated truth; the direction of the moral faculties is toward faith, or the consciousness of truth, without demonstration. We see, thus, how important it is, that all our faculties should be trained, and developed; that they are mutually dependent, one upon the other, and that if any one of them were neglected we could not rightly perform the functions assigned to us by our Creator.

Hitherto, we have spoken of logic, and the mathematics, the law, and metaphysics, the sciences best adapted to the train-

ing, and development of the intellect; but we must not omit the languages, for these are scarcely inferior to the others, in opening up the mind, and fitting it for the performance of its functions. Language is not only an art, but a science. It has its theorems, problems, and demonstrations equally with the mathematics, only it is not quite as exact. Indeed, we can scarcely think, at all, without the aid of language. We are constantly putting our ideas into language, even in the recesses of our closets, where there is no need to speak, and where there is no one to listen. The proof of this is found in the fact, that no matter how many languages we learn, we always think in our mother tongue. A Frenchman, for instance, speaking our language, has first to think in French, before he can put his ideas into English. Whatever, therefore, may be the subject of our thoughts, even though it be logic, or mathematics, language is their inseparable accompaniment. But language is not only a valuable handmaid of the sciences, in the development of the mind, it has an independent sphere of action of its own. Grammar is a system of logic, of itself, and a good grammarian will be very apt to be a good reasoner, though he may never have opened a book on logic, or mathematics. Scholars have spent their entire lives in enriching this field of literary science, if we may so express ourselves. There has been an entire volume, of no mean dimensions, written on a single Greek participle. The practical man may be inclined to smile at the exhibition of so much learned enthusiasm, but these labors have their uses, and we mention the circumstance to show, how much thought may be bestowed upon language, and how much the study of it may tend to develop the faculties, without the aid of any of the sister sciences. But what languages, it may be asked, are the best aids in the development of the mind of the youth? We do not hesitate to respond, the classical languages—the Latin, and the Greek. With all our boasted progress, the human mind was undoubtedly in its greatest vigor, in the palmy days of Greece and Rome. We have become more practical since, and we have made some discoveries in science, and some new applications of science to the business of life; but it does not therefore follow, that we have added a

single inch to the stature of our minds. We have gained some things, but we have lost some things as well. Will the mind of Aristotle, for instance, loose, by comparison, with that of any man who has lived since his day? His great intellect led, where we have only followed. He invented, whilst we have only copied, and this is an important distinction to be kept in view, in estimating the relative capacity of men's minds. Aristotle was the father of philosophy. He found it a weak, and puling infant, and left it a strong, and stalwart man. His system, though studied, commented upon, plagiarized, and altered, for more than two thousand years, can scarcely be said to have been improved. Hobbes, Locke, Reid, Stewart, Balmes, Hamilton, have all built upon the foundation laid by him. So of logic. The logic of Aristotle is substantially the logic of the schools to-day. If we turn now to mathematics, what do we find? Why, that the Greek mind, as far back as Plato, or some four hundred years before the Christian era, was engaged in the most difficult, and intricate researches; and that when the College of Alexandria became the chief school for Greek mathematics, it pursued those profound investigations, on which the first intellects of later times have been content to employ themselves, without daring, or even hoping to add to its discoveries. Most of the mathematics of La Place, and Newton may be said to be merely applied mathematics; that is to say, well-known principles applied to the machinery of the heavens.

What shall we say of the law, so nearly allied to moral philosophy, and mathematics? Why this, that it reached its greatest perfection, in the days of the Roman power. Rome has handed down to us many splendid relics of her greatness. Her pantheon, her amphitheatres, her baths, her giant aqueducts, and her appian, and other magnificent highways, which time has not yet been able wholly to destroy; but she has handed down no such monument to her fame, as her code of civil jurisprudence. This code of laws is justly admired, as the perfection of human reason. It was the growth of several centuries, but was compiled under the Emperor Justinian, by the great lawyers, Papinius, Paul, and Ulpian; in the presence of whose names, even the great names of Lyttleton, Coke, and Mans-

field pale, as does a star of inferior magnitude, in the presence of the sun. This code still lives, and will live forever, for the reason, that it is the philosophy of human nature applied to the regulation of human conduct. It forms to-day, with scarcely any change, the code of France—for the famous code Napoleon is but a transcript, more or less, of the Code Justinian—Spain, Italy, and other nations of the Latin race; and enters largely into the codes of the Teutonic, and Anglo-Saxon nations. Our commercial law, and law of the sea are nothing more than the Roman Civil Code, applicable to those titles, somewhat spoiled by translations, and alterations. In language, the Greeks, and Romans were as superior to the moderns, as in other things; and the proof of this is found in the fact, that though the nations are dead, their languages still live. These languages live for two reasons: (1.) They are beautiful in structure, polish, and ornament; and, (2.) they embalm thoughts that can never die; and it is for both of these reasons, that they should be studied by the youth of all nations and all ages. The study of these languages not only assists in the development of the logical faculty, as before remarked of language in general, but it strengthens the memory, chastens the imagination, and arouses some of the most noble, and generous impulses of our nature. The Greek was eminently an imaginative being; his statuary, his poetry, and his eloquence all bear testimony to this fact; and when the imagination is directed toward the good, the beautiful, and the true, as it generally was among the Greeks, what more sublime source of pleasure could mortals have here below? But to come down to the more practical affairs of life. The Grecian States were small in territory, some of them being scarcely larger than some of our counties. Small States have always been proverbial for the patriotism of their citizens. Individuality of character results from the smallness of territory, and the citizen appreciates more fully that he is an integral part of the State. Patriotism is the result. Where will the student of history look for more sublime models of patriotism, than to the earlier, and more noble of the Greeks? Do not the stories of Themopylæ, and Marathon still stir the youthful heart, to its inmost depths, and plant therein a noble emulation

to do, and to dare for one's country? Who can tell how much of the patriotism of our later years is due to the classical teachings of our youth? But, to dwell no longer upon the treasures which these languages contain; to pass by, unheeded, those marvels of prose composition which have come down to us, through the wreck of empires, and the lapse of ages; those inimitable efforts of poetic genius, which lift us from earth to heaven, in the perusal, and half incline us to forget that we are mortal; those fragments of histories, which no modern hand is cunning enough to imitate; those orations, which shook the world, and left Senates, and listening multitudes enchanted and spell-bound—to pass by all these advantages, the study of the ancient languages has become a necessity for another reason. We cannot enjoy our own literature; nay, we can scarcely read our own language, with a due appreciation of its significance, and the shades of meaning of its words, without the aid of the Latin, and, to some extent, of the Greek. The literature of all modern civilized nations rests upon them, as upon a foundation. As unlike, to an ordinary ear, as our language appears, to the languages of the Latin races, a third, and perhaps even a half of our words had their origin, near or remote, in the Latin, and Greek. The literature of England, which is, in some sense, our own, inasmuch as we are of the same race, is the work, not of the Saxon-speaking multitude, but of her scholars. Previously to the days of Elizabeth, England cannot be said to have had any literature, worth the naming. In her reign, and along through the reign of Anne, when so many of her great scholars appeared, the Latin was the language of the schools. Almost all her scholars wrote, and spoke in that tongue. Bacon, Hobbes, Newton, all wrote in Latin. Books on philosophy, and science, had not yet been generally translated. No man was a scholar, or indeed could be a scholar, who was not master of this language. It was the only key which unlocked the temple of learning. It is true, that in later times, our language has been so much enlarged, and improved, by the labors of successive scholars, and so many elegancies, and beauties of expression have been engrafted upon it, that it has become no inapt vehicle of thought, and is beginning to have a literature of its

own. But though we no longer write in Latin, and though we have a literature of our own, our most vigorous, and elegant writers, and speakers have formed their style, upon the model of the classics; and so superior is this style, to that of any modern language, that it is easy to detect the difference. And no where has this difference been so marked, as among our public men. Here we find the most complete vindication of the adage, *palram ferat, qui meruit*. The scholar is always master of the arena, in public debate. In this country, where the offices of trust, and profit are open alike to all the people, many more of the people have risen to place, and power. Genius has no particular birth-place, and it first sees the light, as often in the hovel of the day-laborer, as in the palace of the rich. But genius, when wrapped in the swaddling cloths of poverty, and denied the advantages of early education, never wholly overcomes the inconvenience. The self-taught speaker, or writer, who has not undergone a classical training, is always the inferior, other things equal, of him who has. His logic may be as vigorous, and even his grammar as correct, and yet there will always be something wanting, either in taste, or style, or both. Nay, he will be inferior in the art of logical fence, to the man, who has been well versed in dialectics.

But we have said enough, as to the training, and development of the mind, for the sake of the mere training, and development. It only remains for us to glance at those studies which are desirable, in themselves, as a means to an end. Knowledge is power, and the more knowledge, the more power. It is sufficient barely to state this proposition, to show that success in life will depend, greatly, upon the amount of knowledge we may possess. It matters not what profession, or occupation we may adopt, we shall find all kinds of knowledge of service to us. If we have ever been in a machine shop, we have observed a great many tools lying around. These have been cunningly devised to help on the operations of the shop. Some of them are intended to save labor, and others to enable the workman to give a better finish to the job he has in hand. Some of them might possibly be dispensed with, and yet the work of the shop proceed after a fashion. But the job would not be so quickly,

or so well done. Just so it is with the intellectual workshop. The uneducated man may get along after a fashion, but the educated man will always be the better workman. The sciences are all bound together in a holy sisterhood, and so of the arts. What two sciences, for instance, are more dissimilar than the science of mathematics and the science of music? and yet both deal in numbers. The mathematician is not more busy, in examining the proportions of solid bodies, and the relations, and dependencies of the parts to the whole, than is the musician in determining the quantity of time to be allotted to each note, to produce harmony. But, in this practical world of ours, we cannot all be scholars. Life is too short, science too long, and the necessities of life too pressing. So numerous are the wants of modern society, that a great many trades and professions are necessary to supply them, and to carry these trades and professions to perfection, that a division of labor has been found to be necessary. One portion is sufficient to occupy the time of one man, and every youth should early make his choice, and abide by it. Having made his choice, he should give a preference to those branches of study which relate more particularly to the trade or profession he has chosen. The future machinist, for instance, has more need of natural philosophy, and applied mathematics, than of metaphysics and Greek; and so of the other pursuits. In short, the most suitable rule would seem to be, to learn all that it is possible to learn, in the time allotted to us; but if we must, of necessity, omit some of the studies embraced in a general course, omit those which have a less direct application to the pursuit we have chosen.

But there are two branches of study, to which we would invite special attention, without reference to any proposed calling. They are the most indispensable of all branches in a republic. We mean a knowledge of the law, and a facility for public speaking. We do not mean, of course, that every man should be a lawyer, or an orator; for these are specialities, to which only a small number of men can devote themselves; but that every good citizen should have at least a rudimentary acquaintance with the form of government, and system of laws under which he lives, and be able to express himself in public with facility,

on proper occasions. Indeed, this is an obligation resting upon us all, from the very nature of our government. In a republic there are very few men, who are not called upon, at some period of their lives, to fill an office, great or small. But even if a man does not enter into public life, he has to pass an opinion on those who do, and to enable him to decide which of his fellow-citizens are the most proper persons, to maintain social order, and be entrusted with the law-making power, he must, of necessity, have some knowledge of the social compact, and of the structure, and machinery of government. Especially does it become those who have received a liberal education, and whose ambition may lead them to covet public office, to prepare themselves for the proper discharge of the trusts which they seek, by a somewhat careful study of the constitution and laws. These studies might be undertaken by the senior class of our colleges, in connection with moral philosophy. Indeed no two studies are more fit to be combined; for the doctrines of moral philosophy, treating, as they do, of the structure, and functions of our minds, lie at the very foundation of laws designed to control human conduct. Philosophy and law, therefore, go hand in hand, like twin sisters, and the transition from one to the other, is most easy and natural. The moral philosopher, who has explored the most hidden recesses of the human mind; who has observed all its wheels, and cogs, and springs; who has marked how the delicate, and intricate machine is put in motion, and controlled, and how it, sometimes, passes beyond control, is already a legislator; but it is still necessary that he should learn the technology of the science, as it is found developed in some good system of government, before he can make a practical use of his knowledge. Nothing is more lamentable, than that ignorance should be found usurping the place of knowledge, in our legislative halls. Under our system of universal suffrage, we may not hope wholly to extirpate the evil; but we may mitigate it, to some extent, by the course we propose. But there is something more than a knowledge of the law required in public men. They must be able to express what they know, in correct, if not in chaste and elegant language, if they would influence the conduct of their fellow-men. We have already



spoken of the happy effects of logic, in developing the reasoning faculty. In the keen encounter of intellects, it is the most powerful of all weapons. Wit, humor, satire, ridicule are all very powerful in their way; but they are the mere adjuncts, the skirmishers, as it were, of logic. Butler, the humorous author of *Hudibras*, has a great deal of philosophy hid under his humor. He thus playfully characterizes the logician:

“ He was in logic a great critic,  
 Profoundly skilled in analytic,  
 He could distinguish and divide  
 A hair 'twixt South, and South-west side.  
 On either which he would dispute  
 Confute, change hands, and still confute,  
 He'd undertake to prove by force  
 Of argument, a man's no horse.  
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,  
 And that a Lord may be an owl;  
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,  
 And rooks committee men, and trustees.  
 He'd run in debt by disputation,  
 And pay by ratiocination.  
 All this by syllogism true,  
 In mood, and figure he would do.”

But to make this power of ratiocination effective, and the syllogism do its duty, in a proper manner the speeches must also be armed with rhetoric. But when we have armed a man with logic, and rhetoric, if he be, in other respects, a well-informed man, he is an orator. *Poeta nascitur, orator fit.* The poet is born, the orator is made. We all remember how Demosthenes made himself an orator, in spite of many natural defects. So may each and every man, become respectable speakers, if not orators, by the application of proper diligence. But we must not be afraid of labor; for labor conquers all things, and without labor nothing is conquered. The doom which was pronounced against the primeval man rests upon our race still. ‘In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread.’ To the superficial observer, fortune may appear to favor some men, and lift them up to greatness, almost without an effort on their part, and in spite of inferior qualifications. But this is only seeming. Some men achieve notoriety in this way, but noto-

riety is not always fame. Indeed, it is unsafe to say of any man, yet living, what his fame will be. Posterity is always the true arbiter of fame. If a man be embalmed too soon, his ashes are frequently taken out of the urn to make room for some other occupant. Mankind are, in general, too much blinded by their passions, and prejudices, to be able to pronounce a reliable verdict upon their contemporaries. If we trace the career of any one great historical character, we find in it, a verification of the remark, that no true greatness is accomplished without great labor. Look at Aristotle. His labors were herculean. He wrote upon no less than thirty-eight different subjects,—a single subject sometimes occupying several volumes. His giant intellect embraced all subjects, the most opposite, and dissimilar. The mention of the name of Aristotle naturally recalls that of his great pupil, Alexander. Alexander was equally laborious; his will was indomitable, his energy ceaseless, his industry untiring. In his short life of thirty years, he underwent the labors of a dozen ordinary men; and labor received its reward, as is always the case. His memory is embalmed along with that of his great master. Julius Cæsar, and, after him, Augustus Cæsar, commanded the destinies of the Roman world. They were both laborious men. Cicero ran nearly the same career as Aristotle, except that the latter was no orator. His logical mind, and fertile imagination, were never idle. When not engaged in the Senate, or the forum, he was writing on almost every conceivable subject. In modern times, Napoleon Bonaparte stands out as the most prominent figure on the world's canvass. He was even more untiring than his great prototype, Cæsar. He scarcely allowed himself sufficient time for necessary repose; taking no more than four, or five hours of sleep, in the twenty-four. If we turn to our own country, we shall find the same result. No idler ever became great among us. But many idlers, born with genius, have corruscated for a while, and been forgotten. It is only where genius has been combined with labor, that its possessor has become immortal. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Calhoun, Clay, Webster, Wirt, Patrick Henry, were all laborious men. They attained eminence, not *per saltum*, but by slow

and toilsome steps. As the orator, then, may be made, and need not, like the poet, be born, is not the prize in view worth the labor? But what is oratory, and what is the prize? To answer the last question first, the prize of oratory, in a republic like ours, is every thing within the gift of a free people. And the answer to this question is also the answer to the first, to wit: that oratory is the art of persuasion. In other words, the true orator persuades men to do as he pleases. And this art of persuasion is based on true fundamental maxims—the *fortiter in re*, and the *suaviter in modo*. From this description of eloquence, we perceive, that it is not a mere trick of speech, the mere art of varnishing defects in an argument, by the use of false logic, and pretty figures. Such *ad captandum* sophistries never deceive sensible men. The speaker may gain credit for ingenuity, and plausibility, but he never accomplishes the object of the orator, which is persuasion. Men listen, well pleased, perhaps, by his rhetoric, but unpersuaded by his eloquence, for where logic is not, there true eloquence can never be. But it is not so much our purpose to describe what eloquence is, as to speak of its effects. We are all familiar with the triumphs of Demosthenes, before audiences of the Greek people; a quick-witted, intelligent, and impulsive people. How he swayed them hither and thither, at will, now lashing the human sea into the devouring rage of the storm, before which even the stoutest ships went down, and now soothing and subduing it, to the glassy surface of the calm, whereon the gentle nautilus might ride undisturbed. Now melting the hearts of stone, and rugged men to tears, and now arousing the weak, the irresolute, and the timid to deeds of heroism. Indeed he may be said, without a violent figure of speech, to have 'rode on the whirlwind, and directed the storm' of the passions of the most passionate of our race. Philip, in his capital, had more fear of Demosthenes, than of an army in battle array. Cicero, too, though less vehement than Demosthenes, and less gifted with that talismanic power, which electrifies large multitudes, became the ruling spirit of Rome, during the most eventful period of her history. He was the popular orator, and the eloquent advocate combined. But the chief theatre of his tri-

umphs, was the Senate—the Roman Senate, the most august body, perhaps, which the world has ever seen. When this tribunal of sages would be sitting in judgment upon the kings, and princes of the earth, bestowing a crown here, and taking away a crown there, it was Cicero who mainly influenced their will. It was divine eloquence, the gift, the power of speech, which then governed the world. Cæsar, when he began to urge his war against the Senate, feared Cicero, as Philip had feared Demosthenes. It was in the great republics of antiquity, that both of these orators lived, and reigned; for they did indeed reign in the proudest sense of the term. And when Liberty wept, and bade farewell to Greece and Rome, eloquence seems also to have departed. We search the annals of nations in vain, for any thing comparable with the orations of those two great men. This may be owing to two causes. First, the languages in which they spoke, and which had that music, and rhythm, and depth, and force, which peculiarly fitted them, for the uses of the nation, have long since ceased to be spoken; and, secondly, the audiences, which had begotten the orators, had disappeared. Republican governments having been overthrown, there were no longer any people to be moved. The demand for oratory ceased, and the supply ceased with the demand. But history is now undergoing another great change. The long generations of men, who have slumbered beneath the despotism of masters, have disappeared. The feudalism, which kept our German-English nations, in particular, so long in bondage, has been broken, and scattered to the winds. The art of printing, like the all-pervading light of heaven, has penetrated every nook, and corner of the earth, dispelling darkness, and vivifying intellect, anew. The people begin again to make themselves heard and felt. The demand for eloquence, in consequence of this resurrection of the people, has been renewed, and eloquence has responded to the demand. In England, and these United States, Senates, and popular assemblies have been the theatres of its triumphs, as of yore. Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and Burke, on the other side of the water, and Patrick Henry, who more nearly resembled Demosthenes, than any other modern orator; Pinkney, Wirt, Calhoun, Clay, and Web-

ster, on this side, have been no mean followers in the footsteps of their illustrious masters of antiquity.

In conclusion, one word of friendly counsel and advice to 'Young America.' You have received, let us suppose, the rudiments of a college education; but the education of practical life is yet to follow. While you are learning these practical lessons, do not forget those which have been taught you within your academic halls. Make it a rule to read some portions of your classics every day, and to demonstrate one or more propositions in mathematics. By systematising your occupations, as before recommended, you will have ample time for this literary recreation; for such you will soon find it. Read also a portion of history, but be careful to read systematically; for desultory reading is of but little value. Turn down the page where you have left off, and begin again at the same place, and read through the entire volume, before you take up another. The bee which exhausts the flower, and not the erratic wanderer whose time is chiefly spent in flying from one flower to another, is the true gatherer of the honey. Husband those half-hours of which we spoke in the opening of this article, and you will, in a short time, be astonished at the result. There is no danger of exhausting or fatiguing the mind, if you do not keep it fixed too long on a single subject. Unlike the body, it is never perfectly at rest, nor does it require absolute, and profound repose. It finds sufficient relaxation in a change of the objects of thought. If tired of Homer, or Horace, or Virgil, you may find not only rest, but a recreation, in Euclid, or Legendre.

As to your deportment, be always *suave*, and polite in manner. If you have natural good feeling, that is to say, if you have been born with the milk of human kindness in your veins, you will be polite without an effort; for true politeness, when analyzed, is nothing but a manifestation of good feeling toward our fellow man. If you are inclined by nature to be morose, and ascetic, endeavor to conquer nature, or, at least, to guide, and control her. As to your opinions, be cautious how you form them. *Fortina lente* is the rule in forming an opinion. The chief difference between the educated, and the uneducated

man in this respect, is, that the latter jumps to his conclusions, while the former reaches his by slow and cautious steps. The world is full of error, and full of quacks, and every quack will be recommending to you his nostrums. Steel your hearts against these pretenders to knowledge, and accept no opinion, that is not based upon well-weighed, and well-sifted evidence. But, above all, guard yourself against prejudice of all kinds. Prejudice begets error, and fanaticism, and all kinds of uncharitableness. Tear it from your heart by the very roots. Be catholic, and tolerant in your opinions; for other men have their opinions as well as you; and have as good a right to them as you. While you apply this rule to all your opinions, make a special application of it to your religious opinions; for it is here that men are most likely to encroach upon each other, at the same time that they have the least right of encroachment. If you were to attempt to demonstrate a mathematical proposition to one of your associates, and after laboring a long time to convince him, you found him utterly incompetent to comprehend you, what would be your feeling? Would it be that of resentment? No. You would feel pity and compassion for his dullness. But if, now, you lay aside your mathematics, and begin to dispute with the same comrade, on some abstract question of religion, which cannot be brought to the test of human reason at all; which defies, not only your mathematics, but your metaphysics, forthwith you quarrel with him. In other words, if he fail to see the demonstration of that which is really demonstrable, you pity him, but if he fail to see the demonstration of that which neither you, nor any one else can demonstrate to him, you quarrel with him! Is not this a great absurdity? And yet you witness it every day. You see whole religious communities hating each other, most devoutly, for the love of God, with no better foundation for their hatred than this. And all this is the effect of prejudice instilled into the minds of the young, by injudicious parents, and teachers. It is not because your comrade fails to understand your demonstration, or attempted demonstration, that you hate him, but because you have been taught to abhor his creed, at an age when you are incapable of understanding any thing about

creeds. Happily we live under a constitution which ignores all creeds, and which restrains the zealot, and the fanatic, from doing much harm. Here every man's religious opinions are his own, with which no other man has the right to interfere. The chimes of the church bells, as they rise in the mid-air on a still Sabbath morning, mingle harmoniously, from whatever church steeple they may proceed.

The mention of the constitution of the United States, reminds us, that our reflections would be incomplete, if we did not devote a few minutes to that once revered instrument. But we shall be brief. You are too young to have taken part in the great struggle between the Northern, and the Southern, States of this Union, which ended by the surrender of the Southern armies, in the Spring of 1865; but you are not too young to understand the history of that struggle. It arose out of a difference of opinion between the North and the South, as to the nature of the government under which they lived; the South contending that the federal government was the creature of the States, and the North that the federal government was created, not by the States, but by the people of America as one nation, and was paramount to the States. There was a singular unanimity of opinion among the Southern people, as to the importance of maintaining their views of the controversy. They believed that the permanence of free institutions on the American continent depended upon it. All experiments of a purely popular government had hitherto failed. The Greek, and Roman republics, and the Italian republics of the middle ages, had come and gone, like so many historical spectres. Monarchies had everywhere succeeded republics, and it was the general opinion of mankind, that man could be governed only by force. Our ancestors of the eighteenth century thought otherwise. They declared that the proper means of governing an intelligent people was consent, and not force. Acting upon this idea, they established, in 1787, the present Constitution, which created a federal republican government, as the agent of the States for certain specified purposes. This form of government, hitherto unknown to the world, was admitted to be an experiment. The idea was, that if the agency worked well, the government would

be permanent, but if it worked ill, the States, which had created it, might resume the powers which they had conferred upon their agent, and no harm would be done; and thus, in either event, public liberty would be secure. Some of the far-seeing men who framed this Constitution feared that the agent might, in time, become stronger than the principals, and endeavor to wrest from them, powers which they had not conferred, and never meant to confer. This is what has actually happened. The South endeavored to prevent this, and preserve the liberties of the States. The North took sides with the agent against the States, and enabled him to subjugate the States; not the Southern States alone, but all the States. It is the Federal Government, now, which gives law to the States, and not the States which give law to the Federal Government. The creator has become the creature, and the creature the creator. The federal government, created by our fathers, the principles of which we Confederates fought a bloody war to uphold, lasted seventy-two years; during which our people were peaceful, comparatively virtuous, prosperous, and happy. How long the present government will endure, and what there is in store for the American people, no one can tell. An impenetrable curtain intervenes between us and the future; and perhaps it is well that it should so intervene. It may be the silver mask of *Mokanna*, which mercifully hides from our vision a hideous deformity. Such, briefly, is the revolution which has taken place in our government, at a period when you are about to enter upon the theatre of events. From this description, does it appear that the Southern people were rebels? We scorn the word. In the glowing fervor of the poet, we exclaim:

‘ Rebellion, foul, dishonoring word!  
 Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained,  
 The holiest cause, that tongue or sword  
 Of mortal ever lost or gained.  
 How many a spirit, born to bless,  
 Hath sunk beneath thy withering name!  
 Whom but a day's, an hour's success  
 Had wafted to eternal fame.  
 As exaltations, when they burst  
 From the warm earth, if chilled, at first,  
 If checked in rising from the plain,



Darken to fogs, and sink again.  
But if they once triumphant spread  
Their wings above the mountain-head,  
Become enthroned in upper air,  
And turn to semi-bright glories there !

Success would have turned the fogs which have settled upon our Southern land, with 'semi-bright glories.'

But it is not so much of the war which is past, that we would speak to you, as of your duties in the present, and the future. You will probably, in your day and generation, become actors in another great drama, of which the Southern war was but the prelude. The ship of State has broken adrift from her moorings, in the great moral tornado which was produced by the war, and the skill of all her pilots will be necessary, to prevent her from being driven upon the rocks. This ship is freighted with the liberties of the American people. Endeavor to save her frame-work ; but if this be impossible, be prepared to gather up the fragments that may float away from her, in the process of breaking up, and with them reconstruct the ark of liberty in some new form, that the Anglo-Saxon race may still be free. Whatever betide, recollect that this is still our country, and that the men who have beaten us are still, in some sort, our brethren. We are again living together under the same government ; and government is one of those practical things, which we must attend to, whether we will or not. It touches us at too many points, to render it possible for us to ignore it. What, under these circumstances, is our duty, as well as our interest ? Is it not to cultivate peace, and goodwill, with those whom we have been lately at strife ? In the course of this paper, we have spoken, more than once, of the Greek people. We have shown how brightly the fire of patriotism burned in their bosoms, and of what great sacrifices they were capable, for the public good. The Greeks were not exempt from the common lot of humanity. They had many, and bitter civil wars ; one of them, the Peloponnesian war, lasting through an entire generation. These enlightened people were as magnanimous, and as oblivious of injuries, as they were brave. It was one of their beautiful customs, never to build a monument of a material more durable than wood, to commem

orate a victory won by Greek over Greek. Whilst elegant shafts of the purest Pentelican marble shot up to heaven, to perpetuate the fame of the victories which they had won over the Persians, nothing but a stake, or a tablet of wood, told where Greek and shed the blood of his brother Greek. If our patriotism burned brightly, in the dark days of our trial, so did that of the Greek. If our beloved country has been ravaged by fire, and sword, so was the country of the Greek; and yet the Greek forgave his brother Greek, and when the war was over, renewed friendly intercourse with his late enemy, and set himself at work to remedy the evils which war had done. The people who have set us this Christian example were heathens. Shall we, then, who are Christians, refuse to follow it? In consenting to bury our animosities, it is by no means necessary that we should do violence to our memories, or to any of our cherished feelings or principles. On the contrary, let us store away in the most sacred recesses of our hearts, the history of that eventful struggle in which we staked life, liberty, and property, for the preservation of free institutions, in this, our native land. That struggle has conferred immortal honor upon our name, and race, and consigned to the sarcophagus of true glory, the ashes of some of the best, and noblest of men. If we lost our cause, we lost it through sheer exhaustion, against which human nature could no longer struggle; and if we have furled the conquered banner, we have furled it, with reverent, and pious hands, as solicitous of its fame, as if it had been the banner of success; and have consigned it to the keeping of our heavenly Father, who doeth all things aright.

' Furl that banner! true 'tis gory,  
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,  
And 'twill live in song, and story,  
Though its folds are in the dust;  
For its fame, on brightest pages,  
Shall go sounding down through ages,  
Furl its folds, though now we must.  
Furl that banner! softly! slowly!  
Furl it gently, it is holy,  
For it droops above the dead.'

- ART. VII.—1. *The Southern Presbyterian Review*, for April, 1855. Art. IV., *Bledsoe's Theodicy*.  
2. *The Southern Presbyterian Review*, for April, 1856. Art., *The Theology of Dr. Bledsoe*.

When *A Theodicy, or Vindication of the Divine Glory as Manifested in the Constitution and Government of the Moral World*, was ready for publication, it had, as nearly all Southern productions have, hard work to find a publisher. After many trials and failures, it was, at last, offered to the *Methodist Book Concern*, of New York, by whose managers its claim to see the light of day were first seriously considered. The learned gentleman—the late accomplished and much lamented Professor M'Clintock—to whom it was submitted by the publishers for examination, told the author plainly, that he did not believe it would be in his power to recommend its publication; because, in his opinion, no one could write a work on such a subject that would sell. After having examined the work, however, he advised its publication, and the result has justified his decision. For it has passed through many editions,—the first three editions having been issued within three months after its publication,—and many others have since made their appearance.

The work has, of course, run the gauntlet of criticism. This, as a general thing, has been far more favorable than was anticipated by its author. The leading idea or principle of the work, in particular, has encountered far less hostile criticism, as well as met with a far more favorable reception, than he had ventured to imagine. He was not at all surprised, however, that in certain quarters it was assailed with the heavy charge of atheism; for this sort of injustice was nothing new under the sun. Anaxagoras, the first of the Greek philosophers to rise to the sublime conception of a God, or a superintending and all-controlling mind, was not only accused of atheism, but

condemned to death for the great offence. 'In the persecution of Anaxagoras,' says a celebrated writer, 'there is nothing but what was very natural; it occurred afterwards in the case of Socrates, and it has subsequently occurred a thousand times in the history of mankind, as the simple effect of outraged convictions. Anaxagoras attacked the religion [the superstition] of his time: he was tried and condemned for his temerity.' Yet, as is now universally acknowledged, his sublime views respecting God, and the order of the universe, were infinitely more worthy of a rational being, than were the religious notions of those by whom he was tried and condemned as an atheist.

In like manner, although Ralph Cudworth, 'at his first essay, penetrated the very darkest recesses of antiquity, to strip Atheism of all its disguises, and drag up the lurking monster to conviction'; yet was he also accused of atheism itself. 'Though few readers,' says his biographer, 'could follow him, the very slowest were able to unravel his secret purpose,' and 'to tell the world that he was an atheist at heart. . . The silly calumny was believed; the much injured author grew disgusted; his ardor slackened; and the rest and far greatest part of his immortal work never appeared.' If, then, so many illustrious men, both in ancient and in modern times, incurred the charge of atheism, how could the obscure author of a *Theodicy* hope to escape a similar accusation? Indeed, the more profoundly he was convinced of the correctness of his views, and of their importance to the glory of God, the more confidently did he anticipate that they would be pronounced atheistical, by those whose theological convictions differed from his own. Hence, although he counted the cost, he has been delighted to find, that it has been much less than he anticipated.

*The Methodist Quarterly Review North*, in a notice of the book, did not hesitate to pronounce it 'the best work on the Divine Government ever written.' This, after a careful examination, was the judgment of the late Professor M'Clintock. Identically the same opinion, or one equally strong, was also expressed by *The Methodist Quarterly Review South*; then under the editorial management and control of the Rev. Dr.

Doggett. In various other quarters, also, the secular press, as well as the periodicals of different religious denominations, both in this country and in Great Britain, have expressed opinions of the work in the highest possible degree gratifying to the author. Nay, authors who are themselves celebrated, both in Europe and America, have corroborated the most favorable opinions of the press. For all these opinions, the author of *A Theodicy* is most profoundly grateful. They are, in fact, the reward, and the only reward, which he has received for the twenty long years of obscure toil, which he bestowed upon the work.

There have been, on the other hand, a few adverse criticisms, whose tone and temper are more or less violent. Now, he does not, for one moment, entertain the shadow of a complaint against the authors of these hostile criticisms, or attacks. On the contrary, he thanks them, from the bottom of his heart, for the opportunity which they have afforded him of replying to the objections against his views of God and the universe. Having barely alluded to a few of the favorable opinions of the *Theodicy*, as an off-set to those of an opposite character, we shall now proceed to examine, in detail, the objections that have been urged against that *Vindication of the Divine Glory as Manifested in the Constitution and Government of the Moral World*.

Some fifteen or sixteen years ago it was, that a writer in *The Methodist Quarterly Review South*, delivered a broadside against the work in question. The distinguished theologian, (now a bishop,) by whom that *Review* was then conducted, had, with nearly every eminent man in his own denomination, most warmly, not to say most enthusiastically, recommended the *Theodicy*; and yet he very properly admitted the said article into the pages of his periodical. It was indeed but fair and just, that the dissentient few should have a hearing in the very *Review*, which had so warmly recommended a work that had proved so obnoxious to them. Long has it been since the author of *A Theodicy* heard the thunders of that broadside. If, indeed, it had at all disturbed his equanimity, he would long since have replied to its terrible thunders. But he let them pass then; and

he shall let them pass now. Not, however, because he deems them unworthy of an answer, but because he has already answered them in a paper, which he has prepared for the publishers of his *Theodicy*, as an introduction, or appendix to some future edition of the work. Otherwise it would be exceedingly easy, in this place, to return the fire, to silence the battery, and to spike the guns, of the adversary in question. All this, unless we are greatly mistaken, will be clearly seen, as soon as the said reply shall be published.

The London *Athenæum* has, also, favored the world with an attack on *A Theodicy*. But we shall not, at present, notice this attack, for the same reason that we have just passed over in silence the writer in *The Methodist Quarterly Review South*. Both of these writers make themselves exceedingly merry over the supposed ignorance, presumption, and blindness of the author under review. But, when his reply to them shall be published, it will be seen to which side the charge of ignorance, presumption, and blindness really attaches. These facetious gentlemen were not aware, perhaps, that while they were so very merry in themselves, how great a cause of merriment they would some day be to others. In the meantime, we shall proceed to examine the two attacks in *The Southern Presbyterian Review*, whose titles we have placed at the head of this article.

This criticism deserves especial notice for several reasons. In the first place, it is the most elaborate and bitter denunciation of the book it aims to demolish, which has yet made its appearance. In the second place, the *Southern Presbyterian Review*, in which it occurs, is 'Conducted by an Association of Ministers', which consists of some, if not all, of the learned Professors in the Theological Seminary 'in Columbia, South Carolina.' In the third and last place, as the ministers of the Presbyterian Church are known to be equal, if not superior, in learning and ability to any in this country; so the attack endorsed and put forth by them may be supposed to exhibit the strength of the cause which it advocates. Hence, in selecting their criticism for special examination, we may hope to encounter foemen worthy of our steel.

We shall abstain, at present, from characterizing this attack as

it seems to deserve; preferring to proceed, at once, to lay before the reader a few specimens of the writer's *caution, candor, fairness, modesty, and love of truth*, in order that he may judge for himself. The article begins as follows: 'We feel rather surprised that this book says nothing about poor, dear Servetus. It omits, also, the nasal psalms of the ancient covenanters;—says noihing about the burning of witches in New England;—nothing about the grief of St. Augustine at parting with his concubine.' The writer is quite sure, however, that these things are in 'the author's heart'; and will come out yet, 'in some future edition' of his work, when his heart 'shall be set up in type.' Now what had this *Review*, as a decent tribuual, to do with the 'author's heart', before it has appeared in print? What have its malignant surmises respecting the unexpressed malignity of 'the author's heart' to do with the great questions discussed in his *Theodicy*? Are they not, indeed, a low and mean appeal to the prejudices of the readers? an attempt, in the very first sentence of the attack, to cover both the author and his work with the *odium theologicum*? In perfect keeping with this design, is the assertion that the author displays, at times, 'a hot and half-frenzied antipathy to the theology of the apostle Paul;' from which the reader might infer, that the author has indulged in fierce and passionate denunciations of the doctrines of St. Paul. Nothing could possibly be farther from the truth. Indeed, no man, whether inspired or uninspired, has ever lived, for whose character, genius, and doctrines the author entertains a more exalted and enthusiastic admiration than for those of the apostle Paul. But, then, there is, unless we are greatly mistaken, some slight difference between the great Apostle to the Gentles, and the great writer in the *Presbyterian Review*. This very modest gentleman may not be able to see the difference, and may, consequently, denounce every attack aimed at his theology, as hostility to the doctrines of St. Paul; but the reader will, unless we are much deceived, see the difference before we are done with the article under consideration.

If the writer of the article in question, were at all like the Apostle to the Gentiles, he would, at least, show some little

regard for truth in his statements. So far is he, however, from showing any such thing, that his statements are frequently put forth, not only without the least shadow of a foundation in truth, but directly and flatly in the face of truth. However serious this charge, it is not more serious than true, and may be most conclusively established against this great apostle of Calvinism.

‘The easy and merry facility,’ says he, ‘with which this author frequently deems himself to have refuted President Edwards, the actual contempt with which that great man is treated, the different appearance of Edwards on the pages of the *Theodicy*, from that which he makes on his own pages, as well as the dignity and importance of the matter itself, all require us to look closely at the reasonings of the *Theodicy* concerning the will, and the influence of motives over it. The giant error of the book lies there. We hope we may be fortunate enough to give the reader such an insight into it, though so sadly cooped up by the limits of a single article, that he may afterwards deliberately and thoroughly unravel it for himself. *In order to do so, we must attend closely to the author’s various expressions of his own idea, as it occurs on different pages of his book,*’ &c. Now, here, how solemnly all this is introduced, just as if the writer had some conscience in what he was doing, and really intended to point out ‘the giant error of the *Theodicy*,’ as set forth ‘in various expressions’ on ‘different pages of the book.’ But what, after all, has he actually done? We pass by, for the present, the utter falsehood of the statement, that President Edwards is treated with contempt on the pages of the *Theodicy*, and come right down to the question of fact. What, then, is ‘the great error’ of the *Theodicy*, which the reviewer has so very carefully and conscientiously gathered from ‘the various expressions’ of the book? In pretending to lay this error before his readers, the reverend gentleman, with a solemn air, assures them, that Professor Bledsoe ‘denies indeed that volitions have any efficient cause or *antecedent of any kind.*’ (p. 524.) Now, in the *Theodicy* of Professor Bledsoe there is not the least sign, or shadow, of any such monstrous error, or absurdity. On the contrary, this very error, or absur-



dity, is treated in his *Theodicy* as an opinion too wild and monstrous to be entertained by any sane mind. By imputing it to Professor Bledsoe, then, the writer in the *Presbyterian Review*, as we shall presently see, has utterly failed to 'attend closely to the author's various expressions of his own idea,' unless it was with a view to outrage them as much as possible by ascribing to him diametrically opposite expressions and ideas.

On page 150 of his *Theodicy*, for example, it is clearly and explicitly said: 'The term *cause* is very often used to designate the condition of a thing, or *that without which it could not happen or come to pass*. Thus we are told by Edwards, that he sometimes uses 'the word *cause* to signify any *antecedent* of an event, 'whether it has any influence or not, in the production of such event. If this be the meaning, when it is said that motive is the cause of volition, *the truth of the proposition is conceded by the advocates of free-agency*. In speaking of arguments and motives, Dr. Samuel Clarke says: 'Occasions indeed they may be, and are, upon which that substance in man, wherever the self-meaning principle resides, freely exerts its active power.' Herein, then, there is a perfect agreement between the contending parties.' Thus, it is expressly stated, that all agree,—all the advocates of free-agency and all the advocates of necessity,—that motives are the conditions, the indispensable prerequisites, to every volition, 'or that without which it could not happen or come to pass.' 'The advocates of free-agency,' it is said, [page 151,] 'have readily admitted that motives are occasional causes of volition. *We must look out for some other meaning of the term, then, if we would clearly and distinctly fix our mind on the point in controversy.*' Yet, directly in the face of this admission, nay, directly in the face of the whole doctrine of the *Theodicy*, the reviewer makes it deny that volitions have any 'antecedent of any kind.' In vain has the author asserted, in more than a hundred places, both in his work on the will and in his *Theodicy*, that motives are always 'the grounds and reasons' of volition, without which they 'could not happen or come to pass.' The writer before us will still impute to him the opposite opinion, as 'the giant error' of his book.

If there is no antecedent to volition, no ground or reason of its existence, nothing going or standing before it to help it into being; how could it possibly happen or come to pass? Could non-entity bring forth? Could a volition just rise out of nothing, and bring itself into existence? Did any sane man, indeed, ever entertain so wild a notion or belief? President Edwards seems to think, at least, that some persons have maintained such a notion, such palpable and infinite nonsense; for it is seriously combatted by him with all the arms and armour of his tremendous logic. This gigantic feat of his, is signalized on the pages of the *Theodicy*. [See from page 142 to 148.] He first supposes, with his adversary, that 'non-entity is about to bring forth;' and he then proceeds to show, by the most irresistible logic, that non-entity cannot really bring forth, or produce any thing! After having quoted a small portion of his logic, the *Theodicy* proceed, [p. 146]: 'Now all these words are put together to prove that non-entity cannot bring forth, at least such efforts as we see in this world! . . . Surely, if anything can equal the fatuity of the hypothesis that non-entity can bring forth, or that a thing can produce itself, it is a serious attempt to refute it.' Yet, in spite of all this, in profound contempt of all this and of the truth, the reverend gentleman makes the author of the *Theodicy* assert, that a volition has no 'antecedent of any kind;' or, in other words, that without cause, condition, or *antecedent*, it brings itself into existence! In vain has the author treated this wild notion, as an absurdity too great and too glaring to be embraced by any sane mind; for the reverend reviewer will have it, that this very notion is the leading idea, and 'the giant error,' of his 'bad book.'!

In a subsequent article by the same writer, which appeared in the *Southern Presbyterian Review*, for April, 1856, the same error is imputed to the author of the *Theodicy*; and it is thus scouted from the presence of all rational beings. 'One would think, for example,' says he, 'that Dr. Chalmers of Scotland, had possessed quite as clear and legible a consciousness, and was quite as reliable a reader of the records inscribed by the finger of God upon the soul of man, as Professor Bledsoe, or any person whom this age has known. And yet it is the only

matter about which we remember to have met with any thing like indignant contempt in all the theological lectures of that great thinker.' Very well, what is, then, the sole object of 'the indignant contempt' of that great thinker, 'Dr. Chalmers of Scotland'? Whatever it may be, it is certainly not a crushing blow to Professor Bledsoe. Having duly prepared his readers to witness the utter annihilation of the contemptible pigmy, Professor Bledsoe, by the great 'Dr. Chalmers of Scotland,' he adds: 'When he [Dr. Chalmers] comes to speak of this theory (*Institutes*, vol. II., p. 328,) of an act of the will that comes of itself unbidden, and *without any parentage whatever* in the order of successive nature,' he says, 'there is the revolt of all human sense and human experience against it.' Now, the plain truth is, that no man, in his right mind, ever believed that a volition ever 'comes of itself' at all; for it evidently comes of the mind. 'If we mean by the cause of volition,' says the *Theodicy*, (p. 150), 'that which wills or exerts the volition, there is no controversy; for in this sense the advocates of necessity admit *that mind is the cause of volition.*' According to 'Professor Bledsoe,' then, volition never comes of itself at all; it always comes of mind. Nothing is further from his philosophy, than the notion, that 'volition is *without any parentage whatever*'; for, as it is everywhere asserted by him, volition always has its parentage in mind. Nor does it, according to 'Professor Bledsoe,' come 'unbidden of itself;' for, as he everywhere asserts, it comes at the bidding of motive, 'without which it could not happen or come to pass' at all. [*Theodicy*, p. 150.] The tremendous blow of Dr. Chalmers, then, does not even touch 'Professor Bledsoe'; much less does it annihilate him. He is still a living man. That terrific blow, indeed, blazing with all its 'indignant contempt,' falls only upon the insane notion, that 'non-entity may bring forth,' or that volition may, and actually does, 'come unbidden of itself, and without any parentage whatever,' in the universe of God. Professor Bledsoe has never known, and he has never read, of any one, by whom such an absurd notion, or wild conceit, has been entertained. Hence, after all, he shrewdly suspects, that the overwhelming and crushing indignation of Dr. Chalmers,

‘Is only ocean into tempest wrought  
To waft a feather or to drown a fly.’

The same fly had long before been demolished by the logic of President Edwards; and, after quoting the passage in which this thirteenth labor of the New England Hercules was performed, the *Theodicy* (p. 146) says: ‘We do not intend to comment on this passage; we merely wish to advert to the fact, that it is a labored and logical effort to demolish the hypothesis that acts of the will do not bring themselves into existence, and to show that there must be some antecedent to account for their coming into being. We shall only add, “it is true, [as President Edwards says], that nothing has no choice”; but who ever pretended to believe that *nothing* puts forth volitions? that there is no mind, no motive, no ground or reason of volitions? Is it not wonderful that the great metaphysician of New England should thus worry himself and exhaust his powers in grappling with shadows and combatting dreams, which no sane man ever seriously entertained for a moment?’

Again, our reviewer says, ‘Professor Aledsoe denies that volitions and thir antecedents are necessarily connected.’ Now, this is not true; for Professor Bledsoe denies this general proposition in only one sense of the terms, while he admits it in another sense. He admits, and has always admitted, that, in one sense of the word, volitions and their antecedents are necessarily connected. They are necessarily cennected, in this sense, that volitions, as the *Theodicy* expressly declares, could not possibly ‘happen or even come to pass’, without motives. As a bird cannot fly in a vacuum, so the presence of air is absolutely and indispensibly necessary to enable it to fly. In like manner, as the mind can never act, as a rational being, without the presence of motive; so an atmosphere of thought and feeling is absolutely and indispensably necessary to its free moral agency. Such precisely, and not otherwise, is the necessary connection between volitions and their antecedents, or motives. But the atmosphere, which is so necessary to the flight of the bird, does not cause, or compel, or necessitate its flight. The bird itself flies. In like manner, the antecedents, the motives, the thoughts and feelings, (call them what you please), which are so necessary

to the mind's activity, do not efficiently cause, or compel, or necessitate its action. The mind itself acts. Otherwise it would not be free. If its volitions were efficiently caused, or compelled, or necessitated, to come into existence by the action of motive; then it would not be free, or accountable for its actions. Now all this is most abundantly set forth in the *Theodicy*. It is there stated, as clearly and distinctly as possible, in what precise sense the necessary connection between motive and volition is denied, and also in what sense it is admitted. But all this is lost upon the learned reviewer. He will not stick to the point, or issue, presented by the work before him. It suits his purpose far better, and is infinitely better adapted to his peculiar mode of warfare, to launch out into vague generalities, and let his tremendous artillery of words scatter and fly in all directions. So prodigiously does it scatter, indeed, and so wide does it fly of the mark before him, that his friends are in as much danger as his opponents. There might, if necessary, be produced, from his two articles, a hundred conclusive proofs of the truth of this remark. But one or two only will answer all the purposes of the present reply to his furious attack.

Is motive the *cause* of volition? In the discussion of this question, there has been infinite confusion and logomachy arising from the ambiguity of the word *cause*. If any one would see his way, and is really in pursuit of truth, he must consider the various senses of this word, and make up his mind, distinctly and definitely, respecting the above question, taken according to each sense of the term *cause*. Otherwise he will lose himself in vague generalities, and beat the air to no purpose. Hence, desiring to ascertain the exact truth, and to separate it from all error, the author of the *Theodicy* has been at great pains to consider in what senses of the word *cause* the above proposition is true, and in what sense it is false. After having completed this analysis of the meanings of the term *cause*, and given his reasons for his decision in each case, the author of the *Theodicy* concludes in these words: 'Our decision (for the correctness of which we appeal to the calm and impartial judgment of the reader) is as follows: If the term *cause* be understood in the first or second sense above mention-

ed, there is no disagreement between the contending parties ; and if it be understood in the third sense, then both parties are in error.' Now all this is utterly lost on our reviewer. Instead of contending for the position, which Dr. B. has really denied, he makes him deny those which he has clearly and explicitly admitted to be true ; and then proceeds to overwhelm and demolish his man of straw with the indignant scorn and contempt, not only of himself, but also of the great 'Dr. Chalmers of Scotland.' In other words, instead of condescending to argue the question in regard to any one precise, or particular, sense of the term *cause* ; he throws all its various senses into hotch-potch again, and lays around him in all the darkness and confusion of an utterly blind logomachy. The very reverend reviewer, indeed, like a mad bull in a china shop, rushes to the onset, and dashes around amid the flying fragments of its once well arranged wares.

Take, for example, one specimen of his blind fury. After having shown that both parties agree, most perfectly, in regard to the above proposition, in two senses of the word *cause*, the *Theodicy* continues, 'We must look out for some other meaning of the term, then, if we would clearly and distinctly fix our minds *on the point in controversy*. We say that an antecedent is the cause of its consequent, when the latter is *produced by the action* of the former. For example, a motion of the body is said to be caused by the mind ; because it is *produced by an act of the mind*. This seems to be what is meant by an '*efficient cause*.'" It is, no doubt, the most proper sense of the word ; and around this it is that the controversy still rages, and has for centuries raged,' (*Theodicy*, p. 151.) And it has, no doubt, raged so long, and with so little satisfaction, just because 'the real point in controversy' has not been sifted out, and distinctly set apart, from those which are not really in dispute. 'Here the precise point in dispute,' continues the *Theodicy*, 'is clearly presented ; and let us hear the contending parties, before we proceed to decide between them.' President Edwards is first heard.

'You are in error,' says the necessitarian [President Edwards] to his opponents, 'in denying that motive, and in affirming that

mind, is the *efficient cause* of volition. For if an act of mind, or a volition is caused by the mind, [in this sense,] it must be produced by a preceding act of the mind, and this act must be produced by another preceding act of the mind, and so on *ad infinitum*; which reduces the matter to a plain impossibility.' Now this reasoning of President Edwards is admitted, both in the *Theodicy* and in Dr. Bledsoe's work on the *Will*, to show most conclusively, that mind is not the *efficient cause* of volition.

The advocate of free-agency is next heard. 'The necessitarian,' says he, 'contends that "volition, or an act of the mind, is the effect of motive, and that it is subject to the power and action of its cause."' (Edwards' Inquiry, p. 178.) The advocate of free-will replies, 'If we must suppose an action of motive on the mind to account for its act, we must likewise suppose another action to account for the action of motive; and so on *ad infinitum*. Thus the necessitarian seems to be fairly caught in his own toils, and entrapped by his own definition and argument.' (*Theodicy*, p. 152.)

'Each party has refuted his adversary; and in the enjoyment of his triumph he seems not to have duly reflected on the destruction of his own position. Both are in the right, and both are in the wrong; but, as we shall hereafter see, not equally so. If we adopt the argument of both sides, in so far as it is true, we shall come to the conclusion that action must take its rise somewhere in the universe without being caused by preceding action. And if so, where shall we look for its origin? in that which by nature is endowed with active power, or in that which is purely and altogether passive?'

'We lay it down, then, as an established and fundamental position, that the mind acts or puts forth its volitions without being *efficiently* caused to do so—without being impelled *by its own prior action*, or by the *prior action* of anything else. The conditions or occasions of volition being supplied, the mind itself acts in view thereof, without being subject to the power or *action* of any cause whatever. All rational beings must, as we have seen, either admit this exemption of the mind in willing from the power and *action* of any cause, or else lose themselves in

labyrinth of an infinite series of causes. It is this exemption which constitutes the freedom of the human mind.'

Now all this is lost on our very candid reviewer. The analysis, the definition, and the reasoning, which are intended to disentangle the skein of logomachy respecting the law of cause and effect, are all utterly ignored by him. They have brought light, a clear and satisfying light, to many readers of the *Theodicy*; yet our reviewer does not even condescend to notice them. On the contrary, he just seizes upon the conclusion, which, without all that goes before and all that follows, must appear strange and unsatisfactory to his readers. He tells them nothing about the manner in which the conclusion has been reached, or the reasoning by which it has been established; he merely holds up the naked conclusion itself, without even the author's explanation of its meaning, and calls upon his readers to laugh at it! It is, says he, 'one of the most deliberate and measured declarations of the whole book'; but he is careful not to let his readers see the analysis, the explanations, and the reasoning, by which it is established. He merely gives the naked conclusion itself, as follows: 'Hence we conclude that an act of the mind, or a volition, is not produced by *the action* of either mind or motive, but takes its rise in the world without any such *efficient* cause of its existence.' That is, without any *such efficient cause*, as is explained in the *Theodicy*; and which is there shown to lead to the great absurdity of an infinite series of causes. The reviewer adds, 'This is the proposition on which he builds'; but he does not tell on what this proposition is built. Knowing that this proposition, if presented without the author's careful explanation, and without all that goes before and all that follows it, would not appear reasonable to his readers, he took the most sure method to carry his point, and to shout victory with success. Does not every body know that volition has an *efficient cause*? True. In some sense of the words; but not in the author's sense. This sense is not given to his readers. On the contrary, instead of giving the author's sense of his own words, the reviewer puts his own nonsense upon them; and then raves over them, and excites 'the indignant contempt' of his readers, to his heart's



content. But this is to bring the great question down from the high court of reason, and submit it to the low tribunal of ignorance, and prejudice, and passion. The reviewer is welcome to all the applause he may gain by such means. As he will have Calvinists for his hearers; so he will, no doubt, gain applause as a great champion of Calvinism. But, in the end, such a course will reflect as little honor on himself, as on his sect.

We have now seen, that the *Theodicy* affirms, as clearly and emphatically as language can possibly affirm, the doctrine that motives are 'the antecedents of volitions,' are 'the grounds and reasons' of their existence, without which they 'could not happen or come to pass.' We have also seen, that it repudiates, with equal clearness and decision, the wild notion, that volition ever 'produces itself,' or 'comes of itself unbidden, and without any parentage,' into the universe of God. Yet, in spite of all this, the reviewer makes it *deny* the first, and *affirm* the last, of the above proposition. By the same method, *any book may be made to teach any doctrine*, even the most wildly absurd doctrines directly in the face of its most distinct and unequivocal utterances. Having done this with the *Theodicy*, only see how the reverend reviewer rants and raves over its monstrous absurdities! Beginning with the declaration, 'We affirm that the free moral agency above described, is the moral agency of a *mal-house*, and of no other place, or world, that we know any thing of, that ever did, or can exist;' (p. 524) he goes on ranting and raving for several pages. 'No dramatist ever did,' says he, 'or ever will, indite either tragedy or comedy, to give correct views of human nature, out of a Lunatic Asylum, on the principles of moral agency on which the *Theodicy* is built,' (p. 525). Thus, again, the roar of his raving winds up with the charge of atheism: 'Eve was only acting in accordance with the laws of her nature, in eating the forbidden fruit. In giving her a command not to eat, and threatening her with death if she should eat, God did not employ means which had a controlling power over her. The volition to eat "*took its rise in the world without any controlling power within or without.*" According to Professor Bledsoe, the "*rise in the world*" of that volition was an entirely legitimate and natural phe-

nomenon. It was in perfect accordance with the laws of Eve's created nature, and was, of course, perfectly innocent! According to this theory, there seems to be no such thing as moral agency connected with volition; for volitions take their "rise in the world" independently of considerations of right and wrong. They are, indeed, but the productions of blind, unthinking, undetermining chance! Threats of death, and promises of life, can have no controlling power over them! Mount Sinai and Mount Calvary are both swept off from the face of the earth, and nothing is left but volitions "taking their rise in the world without any controlling power either within or without." What progress has this writer made in escaping from atheism?

Now, according to the philosophy of the *Theodicy*, the mind of Eve was the controlling power in the case of her disobedience. In the opinion of the said writer, however, God is the *only* controlling power in the universe, and he is, consequently, highly indignant at the doctrine, that this 'command not to eat,' with the awful threat of death in case of disobedience, had not 'a controlling power over her.' Now, with all due respect for the theological faculty of Columbia, South Carolina, we think that the command and threat of God did not have a controlling power over her; for the simple reason that they did not control her. Is it not a *fact*, that her own mind did, in contempt of the command and threat of God, pluck the forbidden fruit, and bring death into the world? If so, then may we not be allowed to believe this *fact*, rather than the ridiculous assertion of the *Southern Presbyterian Review*, that God did 'employ means which had a controlling power over her.' We assert the contrary, that they 'had [*not*] a controlling power over her'; for the sole, simple, all-sufficient reason, that *they did not control her*. Is it inconsistent with the divine glory, is it atheism, to look a simple fact in the face, and call it a fact? If so, then the author of the *Theodicy* fears that he shall never make the least progress 'in escaping from atheism,' until he concludes to renounce his reason, and, flying from all the glorious lights of heaven and earth, hides himself in the gloomy cells of Calvinism.

If we may believe our reviewer, Professor Bledsoe holds, that 'the volition to eat "took its rise in the world without any controlling power within or without".' The words are underscored by him; and, being admirably adapted to suit his purpose, he repeatedly harps upon them, and holds them up to the scorn and contempt of his readers. These readers may, perhaps, be a little surprised to learn *the fact*, that they are not the words of Professor Bledsoe at all. They can no where be found in his *Theodicy*. They are, on the contrary, a gross perversion of both the language and the meaning of that book. Now, in order to establish this very heavy charge, it is only necessary to look at what *he makes* Professor Bledsoe say, and then at what Professor Bledsoe says for himself. He makes Professor Bledsoe say, then, that 'the volition to eat', 'took its rise in the world without any controlling power within or without.' Or, in other words, that, in regard to volitions, there is no controlling power in the universe. 'According to this theory,' says he, 'volitions take their "rise in the world" independently of considerations of right and wrong. They are, indeed, but the productions of blind, unthinking, undetermining chance. . . . Mount Sinai and Mount Calvary are both swept off from the face of the earth, and nothing is left but volitions "taking their rise in the world without any controlling power within or without."' This, of course, is atheism. God is dethroned. All the glories of heaven, and all the terrors of hell, are blotted out; and nothing is left in the wide universe but a wild wilderness of volitions proceeding from the bosom of a 'blind, unthinking, undetermining chance.' O, how awful! Surely, this vile atheist, Professor Bledsoe, should be put in the 'mad-house,' or the 'lunatic asylum', for which alone his philosophy is fit! But, before so severe a sentence is pronounced against him, let us look at what he has himself said, and see how a few plain words will put down this ranting, raving, reviling Calvinist.

'The mind is free,' says the *Theodicy*, 'because it possesses a power of acting, over which there is no controlling power, either with or without itself.' (p. 156.) Now, in the sentence, from which the reviewer takes only as much as suits his pur-

pose, it is not said, that volition is 'without any controlling power within or without.' On the contrary, it expressly asserts, in the part carefully kept out of view by him, that the *mind* has 'a power of acting'; and, according to the uniform and invariable doctrine of the *Theodicy*, this power is, in regard to volitions, the controlling power. All free acts, or volitions, proceed from this controlling power of the mind; and hence to represent the *Theodicy* as affirming, that volitions take their rise 'without any controlling power', is a gross perversion of both the express language and the meaning of the book in question.

It only denies, that over this 'controlling power of the mind', from which volitions proceeds, there is a controlling power, by whose acts its own acts are necessarily caused. If we suppose, or admit, the existence of such a controlling power within *over* the controlling power of the mind; then, as President Edwards has clearly shown, there is no escape from the great absurdity of an infinite series of causes. This argument of President Edwards is set forth in the words, which immediately precede those quoted by the reviewer, and which he must have found it very convenient to omit. These omitted words are as follows: 'One of the notions to which the cause of necessity owes much of its strength, is a false conception of liberty, as consisting "a power *over* the determinations of the will". Hence it is said that this power *over* the will can do nothing, can cause no determination, except by acting to produce it. But according to this notion of liberty, this causative act cannot be, unless it be also caused by a preceding act; and so on *ad infinitum*. Such is one of the favorite arguments of the necessitarian.' Such is, indeed, precisely the argument of President Edwards in his work on the will. Then follow the words quoted by the reviewer.

Admitting the force of the above argument of Edwards, the author of the *Theodicy* rejected the 'false conception,' and refused to use the language above specified, of a power of the mind *over* its power, or will. He still regarded it, however, as infinitely absurd to consider 'volitions' as 'taking their rise in the world without any controlling power either within or without;'

for, in fact, they do always arise from the controlling power of the mind itself, which, in view of motives as the grounds and reasons of its acts are *freely* put forth; except, as Aristotle has declared, after the mind has enslaved itself by the formation of bad habits.

Now, as we have already seen, the argument of Edwards applies to his own scheme, as well as to that of his opponents. For, if we must suppose the *action* of motive to account for the action of mind, then must we also suppose the preceding action of something to account for the action of motive; and so on *ad infinitum*. Thus, having accepted the argument of Edwards in its application to the doctrine, or at least to the language, of Clarke, and Reid, and Steuart, and Coleridge; the very presumptuous author of the *Theodicy* saw no very great harm in applying it to Edwards' own scheme. He found the logic of Edwards, indeed, much better than its author had imagined; for it was, in reality, a two-edged sword, which cut both ways, instead of one only. If, then, it be the great heresy, nay, the atheism, of the *Theodicy*, that it came, finally, to rest in the simple conclusion, in the apparently clear and incontestable *fact*, that volition does take its rise somewhere in the universe of mind, without any controlling power *over* the mind's power of action; the sin of such awful apostacy must be laid on the logic of President Edwards. Our reviewer has, it is true, been pleased to ignore the logic of President Edwards, as well as of Professor Bledsoe. But it is here brought forth, and held up, as a protecting shield, between the poor professor of mathematics, and the divine wrath of the theological faculty of Columbia, South Carolina. This branch of our subject is, for the present, and perhaps forever, dismissed.

The author of the *Theodicy* is not only an 'atheist'; he is also a 'Pelagian'. That is to say, the vile heretic denies the influence of the Divine Spirit within the heart and mind. 'He seems,' says the reviewer, 'heartily to adopt that peculiar mode of mental philosophy, as to the nature of moral agents, *which removes the human soul from under Divine influence,*' &c. (p. 519.) Again, he says, 'The Book is equally explicit in denying the efficacy of the other mode of influence over the human soul, usually ascribed to God, that is, the influence of the Divine

Spirit within the heart.' (p. 519.) Now, all that is necessary to dispose of these accusations is, simply to produce a few extracts from that chapter of 'the book' which treats of the Divine influence; and then just laugh all such Calvinistic calumnies to scorn.

Take, for example, the following extract: 'Nothing is more wonderful to my mind, than that Pelagius should have such followers as Reimarus and Lessing, not to mention hundreds of others, who deny the *possibility* of a divine influence, because it seems to them to conflict with the intellectual and moral nature of man. To assert, as these philosophers do, that the power of God cannot act upon the human mind without infringing upon its freedom, betrays, as we venture to affirm, a profound and astonishing ignorance of the whole doctrine of free-agency.' (*Theodicy*, p. 173.) Now, directly in the face of this most explicit and emphatic repudiation of the doctrine of Pelagius, the writer before us, is pleased to ascribe it to the author of the *Theodicy*. He is, if we may believe this writer, 'a Pelagian', who denies the influence of the Spirit of God! Nothing could, indeed, be a more direct, or a more shameless, violation of truth. In default of sound pleas for Calvinism, this unscrupulous writer pelts his opponent with odious epithets; a mode of warfare adopted by those only whose malignant passions are as strong as their regard for truth is weak. What care such writers for the contempt of mankind, if they may only gain the applause of a sect?

Again, on page 174 of the *Theodicy*, it is said: 'As every state of the intelligence is necessitated, so God may act on this department of our mortal frame without infringing upon the nature of man in the slightest possible degree. As the law of necessity is the law of the intelligence, so God may absolutely necessitate its states, by the presentation of truth, or by his direct and irresistible agency in connexion with the truth, without doing violence to the laws of our intellectual and moral nature. Nay, in so acting, he proceeds in perfect conformity with those laws. Hence, no matter how deep a human soul may be sunk in ignorance and stupidity, God may flash the light of truth into it, in perfect accordance with the laws of its

nature. And, as has been well said, "The first effect of the divine power in the new, as in the old creation, is light." If our reviewer had happened to know, that these words were quoted from a celebrated Calvinistic divine, he would not, perhaps, have had the unblushing hardihood to look them in the face, and cry—heresy! a denial of 'the divine influence', and vile Pelagian heresy!

But the *Theodicy*, (p. 174), continues: 'This is not all. Every state of the sensibility is a passive impression, a necessitated phenomenon of the human mind. No matter what fact, or what truth, may be present to the mind, either by its own voluntary attention or by the agency of God, or by the coöperation of both, the impression it makes upon *the sensibility* is beyond the control of *the will*, except by refusing to give the attention of the mind to it. Hence, although truth may be vividly impressed on the intelligence, although the glories of heaven and terrors of hell may be made to shine into it, yet the sensibility may remain unaffected by them. *It may be dead.* Hence, God may act upon this, may cause it to melt with sorrow or to glow with love, without doing violence to any law of our moral nature. There is no difficulty, then, in conceiving that the second effect of the divine power in the new creation is "a new heart". Yet does our reviewer, in profound contempt of truth, look this passage in the face, and assert, that the *Theodicy* denies the influence of God on the heart of man! Though it asserts, in as strong language as possible, that God 'creates a new heart' within us; yet he declares, that it denies His influence upon the heart! He does not condescend to pervert or misrepresent the language of the book; he simply puts into the author's mouth words and sentiments which are utterly and emphatically repudiated by him! How could he dare to venture on such dishonest tricks? Did he suppose that they would escape detection; because his very pious readers would never look into so vile a book as the *Theodicy*? Or if, in spite of his abuse, they should venture to read the book for themselves, they would at least tolerate, if not applaud, his pious frauds, on the principle that the end sanctifies the means? Is the contempt of mankind nothing to

him, if he may only gain the applause of his sect, and stand forth as one of the anointed champions of Calvinism?

Such writers are never satisfied, unless you will cause the omnipotence of God to annihilate the freedom of the human will. You may assert the influence of the Divine Spirit to illuminate the reason, and to renovate the affections or 'create a new heart'; but still you are a vile heretic, unless you will also make it force the will, and convert the universe of mind into a mere machine. God may give a perfect moral law, and also the power to obey; and yet this is nothing, unless he gives, at the same time, the obedience itself. He may pour the light of divine truth into the reason, or renovate the affections and 'create a new heart'; but this—all this—is nothing, unless you will also admit, that he absolutely necessitates the will. But this is the very doctrine, the monstrous error, which it is the object of the *Theodicy* to refute, so as to vindicate the infinite glory of God against the horrible aspersions of his mistaken friends, as well as of his malignant enemies.

That vindication was no short or easy task. It was the result of twenty years reading and close reflection. It occupies all the chapters of both parts of the *Theodicy*; which was written over, from beginning to end, no less than five times with the author's own hand, and condensed as much as possible. Yet has our most infallible and omnipotent critic, set forth the whole of this vindication in one short sentence! Great man! Wonderful genius! Surely, he could easily put the ocean in an egg-shell, or construct a palace with a single pebble! Let us see, then, how the poor *Theodicy* is made to hide its diminished head in a single sentence. 'The solution,' says our critic, 'which Professor Bledsoe brings is this: "On the supposition of such a world, God did not permit sin at all; it could not have been permitted."' Now these words, taken by themselves, is a worse representation of the *Theodicy*, than a single brick would be of a house; for, so taken and considered, they suggest a false sense to the reader. They not only fail to exhibit the dimensions of the work; they utterly falsify the real sense of its fundamental principle. Let us glance, then, at Professor Bledsoe's solution of the great problem of evil, as it



is in his own work, and not as it is diminished and distorted in the *Southern Presbyterian Review*.

'The opinion of Necessity,' says Bishop Butler, (*Analogy*, chap. vi.) 'seems to be the very basis on which infidelity grounds itself.' It is, also, the very foundation on which Calvinism grounds itself, and erects its gloomy edifice of cloud-capt metaphysics. It was impossible for even an Edwards, or a Leibnitz, to refute the Atheist, and vindicate the glory of God, because they occupied the same ground with him, or maintained the same great fundamental falsehood. Hence, in order to vindicate the glory of God, Professor Bledsoe found it necessary, in the first place, to demolish this common ground of atheism and Calvinism, and the metaphysical tower of Babel thereon erected by the joint labors of the mistaken friends and the malignant foes of God. To this preliminary portion of his work, no less than four long and elaborate chapters are devoted.

In the first of these chapters, it is clearly shown, unless many readers of the *Theodicy* are greatly mistaken, that 'the scheme of Necessity denies that man is responsible for the existence of sin.' In the same chapter, it is also shown, that the attempts of Calvin and Luther, as well as of Hobbes and Collins, of all atheizing Calvinists, as well as of all calvinizing Atheists, are absolute, total, and ignominious failures. In the second chapter, it is demonstrated, at least to the perfect satisfaction of many of its readers, that 'the scheme of Necessity makes God the author of sin.' It is also shown therein, that 'the attempts of Calvin and other reformers', as well as of Leibnitz, and Edwards, and Chalmers, to rebut this impious consequence of their favorite scheme of Necessity, are utter failures,—are merely sophistical devices to hide the horrible features of the dogma of Necessity. It is then shown, in the third chapter, that 'the scheme of Necessity denies the reality of moral distinctions;' and that all the attempts of all the great advocates of that scheme, and especially the great attempt of President Edwards, to reconcile it with the reality of such distinction, are total failures. Thus, by a three-fold *reductio ad absurdum*, is it shown, that the scheme of Necessity is false. But this argument, it is evident, is addressed to those only whose sense of

sin and of God, would indignantly reject the scheme of Necessity on account of its consequences. Hence, in order to complete the argument, and effect the entire destruction of the scheme of Necessity, it was incumbent on the author of the *Theodicy* to show, that it is inherently false, that it is as untenable in itself as it is horrible in its consequences.

Accordingly, this is undertaken in the fourth chapter of the *Theodicy*; in which, in seven several sections, it is shown,—that ‘the scheme of Necessity is based on a false psychology’; that it ‘is directed against a false issue’; that it ‘is supported by false logic’; that it ‘is fortified by false conceptions’; that it ‘is recommended by false analogies’; that it ‘is rendered plausible by a false phraseology’; and, finally, that it ‘originates in a false method, and terminates in a false religion.’ Having established these seven propositions, the fourth chapter concludes as follows:

‘These are some of the hidden mysteries of the scheme of Necessity; which, having been discussed and exposed, we do not hesitate to pronounce it a grand imposition on the reason of mankind. As such, we set aside this stupendous sophism, [big with so many sophisms,] whose dark shadow has so long rested on the beauty of the world, obscuring the intrinsic glory of the infinite goodness therein displayed. We put away and repudiate this vast assemblage of errors, which has so sadly perplexed our mental vision, and so frightfully distorted the real proportions of the world, as to lead philosophers, such as Kaut and others, to pronounce a Theodicy impossible. We put them aside utterly, in order that we may proceed to vindicate the glory of God, as manifested in the constitution and government of the moral world.’

Now, why does the *Southern Presbyterian Review* neglect to notice these four long and elaborate chapters of the work it pretends to examine and review? They contain the substance of Professor Bledsoe’s solution; and yet his solution is set before the readers of the *Review* in question, without the least allusion to them! The patient and the pains-taking analysis is wholly overlooked, the careful and the conscientious argument is treated with silent contempt; and the conclusion to

which they conduct the mind is severed from all that precede and supports it, and nakedly held up as 'Professor Bledsoe's solution.' Is there no difference, then, between the solution of a problem and its bare enunciation? Or between a thesis, or theorem, and its demonstration? 'The *solution* which Professor Bledsoe brings,' says the reviewer, 'is this: "On the supposition of such a world, (*i. e.* of a moral world or system,) God did not permit sin at all; it could not have been prevented." Now this is not Professor Bledsoe's 'solution'; it is merely his thesis. It is not his demonstration; it is merely the proposition to be demonstrated. His solution, or demonstration, no where appears, in the very candid *Review* in question. This very prudent critic is, on the contrary, careful not to afford his readers a glimpse, however faint or feeble, of the 'solution' which he effects to treat with so much contempt. Utterly ignorant that solution, he merely exhibits the conclusion at which it arrives; just as if, while it holds up every thing else, it is itself upheld by nothing. Nor is this all. The naked conclusion is not only severed from all that precedes and supports it, but it is also most imperfectly represented by the reviewer. If he wished to represent Professor Bledsoe fairly, why did he make him say that 'God does not permit sin at all'; that 'it could not have been prevented' by Him. This is only one-half of 'Professor Bledsoe's' statement of his thesis, or doctrine; and this half statement, taken by itself, is admirably adapted to shock the mind of every pious reader, and prejudice him against the *Theodicy*. Hence, it is the never-failing resource of all the small critics, who have attacked that 'Vindication of the Divine Glory.' If, indeed, the author of that work was solicitous about any thing, it was not to shock the pious mind by any statement which might even seem to limit the omnipotence of God. This may, however, be very easily done, by skilfully selected and partial extracts from his work; as the *Southern Presbyterian Review* has most abundantly proved. The bare statement, for example, that 'God cannot prevent sin', and therefore does not 'permit it', is a flagrant instance of this method of gross misrepresentation by the skilful use of partial extracts. We would ask the reader, then, to consider this statement as it stands, no

in the pages of the theological adversaries of the *Theodicy*, but in those of the work itself. We would ask him, before proceeding, under the guidance of Presbyterian reviews and papers, to condemn the work, to examine the chapters in which its foundations are laid, and then read, with calm and judicial fairness, the chapter of twenty-nine pages in which the conclusion is drawn. If he will only do this, he will find, that this conclusion, stated in a single line, is *not* the solution which the *Theodicy* brings to the great problem of evil. He will find, on the contrary, that it is no more like that solution, than a little crooked straw is like a bird's nest.

After reviewing, in the chapter last referred to, four several solutions of the problem of evil, the *Theodicy* proceeds to lay down the conclusion of its own solution. It is, indeed, impossible, to do more than partial justice to this conclusion, without giving the whole chapter. The following extracts will, however, be amply sufficient to show how very partial, imperfect, and unjust, is the representation of the *Southern Presbyterian Review*.

'Supposing God to possess perfect holiness,' (p. 192,) 'he would certainly prevent all moral evil, says the atheist, unless his power were limited. This inference is drawn from a false premiss; namely, that if God is omnipotent, he could easily prevent moral evil, and cause virtue to exist without any mixture of vice. This assumption has been incautiously conceded to the atheist by his opponent, and hence his argument has not been clearly and fully refuted. To refute this argument with perfect clearness, it is necessary to show two things: first, that it is no limitation of the Divine omnipotence to say that it cannot work contradictions; and, secondly, that if God should cause virtue to exist in the heart of a moral agent, he could work a contradiction. We shall endeavor to evince these two things, in order to refute the grand sophism of the atheist, and lay a solid foundation for a genuine scheme of optimism, against which no valid objection can be urged.' Having shown these two things, which it is much easier for a critic to ignore than to refute, the author then draws the following conclusion: 'The argument of the atheist assumes, as we have seen, that a Being

of infinite power could easily prevent sin, and cause holiness to exist. [That is, could easily prevent all sin, and necessarily cause holiness to exist everywhere in its place.] It assumes that it is possible, that it implies no contradiction, to create an intelligent moral agent, and place it beyond all liability to sin. But this is a mistake. Almighty Power itself, we may say with the most profound reverence, cannot create such a being, and place it beyond the possibility of sinning. If it could not sin, there would be no merit, no virtue, in its obedience. That is to say, it would not be a moral agent at all, but a machine merely. The power to do wrong, as well as to do right, is included in the very idea of a moral and accountable agent, and no such agent can possibly exist without being invested with such a power. To suppose an agent to be created, and placed beyond all liability to sin, is to suppose it to be what it is, and not what it is, at one and the same time; it is to suppose a creature to be endowed with the power to do wrong, and yet destitute of such a power; which is a plain contradiction. Hence, omnipotence cannot create such a being, and deny to it a power to do evil, or secure it against the possibility of sinning.

‘ We may, with the atheist, conceive of a universe of such beings, if we please, and we may suppose them to be at all times prevented from sinning by the omnipotent and irresistible energy of the Divine Being; and having imagined all this, we may be infinitely better pleased with this ideal creation of our own, than with that which God has called into actual existence around us. But then we should only prefer the absurd and contradictory model of a universe engendered in our own weak brains to that which infinite wisdom, and power, and goodness, have actually projected into being. Such a universe, if freed from contradictions, might be also free from evil, nay, from the very possibility of evil; but only on condition that it should at the same time be free from the very possibility of good. It admits into its dominions moral and accountable creatures, capable of knowing and serving God, and of drinking at the purest fountain of uncreated bliss, only by being involved in irreconcilable contradiction. It may appear more

delightful to the imagination, before it comes to be more narrowly inspected, than the universe of God; and the latter, being compared with it, may seem less worthy of the infinite perfections of its Author; but, after all, it is but a weak and crazy thing, a contradictious and impossible conceit. We may admire it, and make it the standard by which to try the work of God; but, after all, it is but an "idol of the human mind," and not "an idea of the Divine Mind." It is a little, distorted image of human weakness, and not a harmonious manifestation of Divine Power. Among all the possible models of a universe, which lay open to the mind and choice of God, a thing so deformed had no place; and when the sceptic concludes that the perfections of the Supreme Architect are limited, because he did not work after such a model, he only displays the impotency of his own wisdom, and the blindness of his own presumption.

'Hence, the error of the Atheist is obvious. He does not consider that the only way to place all creatures beyond a liability to sin, is to place them below the rank of intelligent and accountable beings. He does not consider that the only way to prevent "sin from raising its head" is to prevent holiness from the possibility of appearing in the universe. He does not consider that among all the ideal worlds present to the Divine Mind, there was not one which, if called into existence, would have been capable of serving and glorifying its Maker, and yet incapable of throwing off his authority. Hence, he really finds fault with the work of the Almighty, because he has not framed the world according to a model which is involved in the most irreconcilable contradictions. In other words, he fancies that God is not perfect, because he has not embodied an absurdity in the creation. If God, he asks, is perfect, why did he not render virtue possible, and vice impossible? Why did he not create moral agents, and yet deny to them the attributes of moral agents? Why did he not give his creatures the power to do evil, and yet withhold this power from them? He might just as well have demanded, why he did not create matter without dimensions, and circles without the properties of a circle. Poor man! He cannot see the wisdom and power of God man-

ifested in the world, because it is not filled with moral agents which are not moral agents, and with glorious realities that are mere empty shadows!

‘If the above remarks be just, then the great question, why has God permitted sin, which has exercised the ingenuity of man in all ages, is a most idle and insignificant inquiry. The only real question is, why he created such beings as men at all; and not why he created them, and then permitted them to sin. The first question is easily answered. The second, though often propounded, seems to be a most unmeaning question. It is unmeaning, because it seeks to ascertain the *reason why* God has permitted a thing, which, in reality, he has not permitted at all. Having created a world of moral agents, that is, a world endowed with a power to sin, it was impossible for him, to prevent sin, so long as they retained this power, or, in other words, so long as they continued to exist as moral agents. A universe of such agents given, its liability to sin is not a matter for the will of God to permit; this is a necessary consequence from the nature of moral agents. He could no more deny peccability to such creatures than he could deny the properties of the circle to a circle; and, if he could not prevent such a thing, it is surely very absurd to ask why he permitted it.

‘On the supposition of such a world, God did not permit sin at all; it could not have been prevented. It would be considered a very absurd inquiry, if we should ask, why God permitted two and two to be equal to four, or why he permitted the three angles of a triangle to be equal to two right angles. But all such questions, however idle and absurd, are not more so than the great inquiry respecting the permission of moral evil. If this does not so appear to our minds, it is because we have not sufficiently reflected on the great truth, that a necessary virtue is a contradiction in terms, an inherent and utter impossibility. The full possession of this truth will show us, that the cause of theism has been encumbered with great difficulties, because its advocates have endeavored to explain the *reason why* God has permitted a thing, which, in point of fact, he has not permitted. Having attempted to explain a fact which

has no existence, it is no wonder that they should have involved themselves in clouds and darkness. Let us cease, then, to seek the reason of that which is *not*, in order that we behold the glory of that which *is*.'

Now, this extract is long; but less would not have given a tolerable view of the great leading idea, or principle, of the *Theodicy*. According to that work, the world had not 'sufficiently reflected on the great truth, that a necessary holiness is a contradiction in terms, an inherent and utter impossibility'; and had, consequently, remained in clouds and darkness respecting the existence of evil. It is, indeed, the avowed object of that work, to bring this great truth to light, and thereby dispel the clouds and darkness respecting the origin and existence of evil. Yet all this is overlooked by the very candid critic under consideration. Omitting to notice all that precedes, and all that follows, the great truth in question, though it was all written to elucidate and establish that great truth, and apply it to the problem of evil; he merely exhibits the conclusion, which is drawn from that great unseen truth, and calls it 'Professor Bledsoe's solution'! That is to say, without notice or mention of the theorem, or its demonstration, he exhibits merely the corollary which flows from it, and then laughs that naked and unsupported corollary to scorn! Easy victory! Marvellous triumph! How many critics, in precisely the same way, have demolished the doctrine of Copernicus! Seeing only the conclusion at what he had arrived, and knowing nothing of the demonstration from which it flowed; they laughed to scorn the strange idea, that the sun is the fixed centre around which the earth and all the other planets revolve. They could laugh, all the more easily and heartily, at the apparently absurd conclusion, because they knew nothing of the demonstration on which it rested. The grandest scheme of thought, indeed, that was ever reared by the patient labor of years, may be easily misrepresented and ridiculed, in a minute, by the most thoughtless and flippant of sophists.

It is certainly easy to misrepresent and ridicule *A Theodicy*, if we may judge from the habit of its Calvinistic adversaries. But who, or where, is the adversary, by whom its foundations



have been shaken? It is easy to pick out a phrase, here and there, and, detaching this from its place in the body of the work, cry 'absurd, or impious, or monstrous'. But who, or where, is the opponent, that has ever grappled with its principles and arguments, or pretended to show that they are false? Are all the great champions of Calvinism dead? Or are they only ashamed, in this enlightened nineteenth century, to come before the world in defence of their dark doctrines? We should certainly not have noticed the *Southern Presbyterian Review*, or the other adversaries above referred to, if abler ones could have been found, or had made their appearance; and if, after a silence of seventeen years, we have at last replied to them, this is only in deference to the advice of friends.

How any one could, without a burning sense of shame, pronounce *A Theodicy* the work of a Pelagian, is more than we are able to conceive. It seems impossible, indeed, that the heresy of Pelagius could be more explicitly or more emphatically repudiated, than it is in both the language and the doctrines of that work. For example, it is asserted, (p. 178,) 'Nothing is more wonderful to my mind, than that Pelagius should have such followers as Reimarus and Lessing, not to mention hundreds of others, who deny the *possibility* of a divine influence, because it seems to them to conflict with the intellectual and moral nature of man. To assert, as these philosophers do, that the power of God cannot act upon the human mind without infringing upon its freedom, betrays, as I venture to affirm, a profound and astonishing ignorance of the whole doctrine of free-agency. It proceeds on the amazing supposition, &c.'" Yet, in the face of all this, (and much more to the same effect,) nay, in profound and unblushing contempt of all this, the author has been persistently ranked with Reimarus and Lessing, and other one-sided advocates of free-agency, as a follower of Pelagius! He has been thus maligned and vilified, not by low and mean adversaries of no reputation, but by learned divines,—the chosen champions of Calvinism,—and their followers. It is, indeed, the circulation of such utterly unfounded and false misrepresentations, which has induced the friends of its author to believe that the truth should be made

known, and, if possible, its enemies put to the blush.

Nor is this all; for many have, with our reviewer, explicitly asserted, that the *Theodicy* denies 'the influence of the Spirit on the mind and heart of man.' So far, however, is this assertion from the truth, that the *Theodicy*, quoting the words of a distinguished Calvinist divine, recognizes and affirms the reality of such an influence of the Spirit. 'No matter,' it asserts, (p. 174,) 'how deep a human soul may be sunk in ignorance and stupidity, God may flash the light into it, in perfect accordance with the laws of its nature. And as has been well said, "The first effect of the divine power in the new, as in the old, creature, is light."' It is also asserted, (p. 175,) that 'God may act upon this, (i. e., the sensibility,) may cause it to melt with sorrow or to glow with love, without doing violence to any law of our moral nature. There is no difficulty, then, in conceiving that the second effect of the divine power in a new creation is "a new heart."' Now, Dr. Dick himself, whose language is here quoted, does not go one inch beyond this in his assertion of the influence of the Spirit on the mind and heart of man. Yet, directly in the face of all this, in profound contempt of all this, have the admirers and followers of Dr. Dick, one of the most rigid and renowned of the champions of Calvinism, unblushingly asserted, that the *Theodicy* denies and repudiates the doctrine of the influence of the Spirit on the human heart! Is it possible, then, for misrepresentation to be more flagrant, or more inexcusable, than that which has been heaped on *A Theodicy*? Or does it speak well for the cause of Calvinism that, instead of fair argument and honest opposition, it is compelled to resort to such means for its defence?

But, however glaring and gross such misrepresentations, the climax of this mode of warfare has yet to be noticed. The *Theodicy* has been actually accused of atheism, and its author denounced as an atheist. Although, from a burning zeal in the cause of God and an unconquerable desire to vindicate His glory, the book was conceived and written; yet has it been accused of atheism! Strange and wonderful as such a phenomenon may seem, however, it is, we repeat, nothing new under the sun. For although Anaxagoras, as is well known, was the

first of the Greek philosophers by whom the sublime idea of a God was truly conceived and set forth; he was reviled and denounced as an atheist by his benighted and bigoted contemporaries. In like manner, Ralph Cudworth, who, in the cause of God, exhausted all the resources of a vast erudition and exerted all the powers of an unsurpassed genius, was, nevertheless, reviled and caluminated as an atheist in disguise. Disgusted by the credence which was given to this calumny, in consequence of the never ceasing activity of his enemies, he abandoned his labors in despair, and left his *Intellectual System of the Universe* an unfinished, but still a magnificent, monument of his zeal in the cause of God. His genius was sublime, and his design pure; but, unfortunately, his will was too weak to withstand the storm of vituperation and abuse, by which his good name was assailed. His great work, however, has survived the attacks of his enemies; and stands, at this moment, a noble monument to the wisdom and glory of God, as well as to the wickedness and folly of man. In like manner, (if we may be permitted to compare small things with great,) *A Theodicy* has likewise, survived the vituperation and abuse of its enemies, and, having passed through many editions, has crossed the great seas, and found its way into foreign lands. Having answered his arguments, and exposed his false statements, we shall not bestow one word on the scurrility and abuse of our reviewer, or of any other metaphysician and theologian of the same school of divines. We shall, on the contrary, henceforth submit, as we have heretofore submitted, our work to the verdict of time, and the judgment of the learned world. We can now do so with the greater confidence; since, in spite of all the charges of 'ignorance', and 'presumption', and '*Pelagianism*', and 'atheism', which have been heaped on our head, the learned world, on both sides of the Atlantic, has recognized our right to meet and contest, in an open and fair field, the arguments and opinions of Augustine, and Calvin, and Leibnitz, and Edwards. If, in the face of such fearful and overwhelming odds, we have been enabled to maintain our ground, even for a moment; this has been only because the truth and the providence of God are beneath our feet, and around our path.

We shall, in conclusion, notice the charge that the *Theodicy* treats President Edwards with contempt. This is a very heavy charge; for nothing more clearly betrays a low, mean, and shallow nature, than a want of respect for the great and the good. What should we say, then, of the man, who not only fails in respect, but cherishes a positive contempt, for President Edwards; whose exalted genius and piety are universally acknowledged among men? This charge, however, rests on the bare assertion of the reviewer; who offers not one word of proof in its favor. If, indeed, he had ransacked the pages of the *Theodicy* from beginning to end, he could not have found one scintilla of evidence in support of such a calumny. We defy him, or any other man, to produce a single word from the *Theodicy*, which shows the least want of respect for President Edwards. The reviewer speaks repeatedly, indeed, of the easy facility with which the author of that work 'whistles such old fogies as Augustine and Edwards down the wind.' But where is the proof? We do not ask the reviewer, or any other man, to show any respect for the author of *A Theodicy*. We only ask him to show a little respect for what is infinitely greater than Augustine, or Edwards, or any other man; namely, for the Truth.

No man is required, by the laws of logic, to disprove a negative. We might, then, simply meet the assertion of the reviewer before us with a counter assertion, and so dismiss him from our further consideration. But we are glad to have an occasion to signalize, from the pages of the *Theodicy*, the profound veneration of its author for President Edwards. It has been, says he, (*Theodicy*, p. 26), 'a constant delight to him to read the great master-pieces of reasoning which Calvinism had furnished for the instruction and admiration of mankind.' By this he meant, above all others, as his whole work shows, the writings of President Edwards. Indeed, he immediately adds: 'By this means he came to believe that the scheme of the Armenians could not be maintained, and his faith in it was gradually undermined. But although he thus submitted his mind to the dominion of Calvinism, as advocated by Edwards, and earnestly espoused it, with some exceptions; he never felt that

profound, internal satisfaction of the truth of the system, after which his rational nature continually longed, and which it struggled to realize.' Now from this passage, as well as from others in the *Theodicy*, it appears that its author showed his profound respect for President Edwards, by the devout, patient, and protracted study of his works, and not by merely talking about them as ignorantly and flippantly as our reviewer has done. The whole *Theodicy*, in fact, from beginning to end, shows that its author regarded President Edwards as among the very greatest of all the great champions of Calvinism, who had furnished 'the great master-pieces of reasoning for the instruction and admiration of mankind.'

Again, on page 98, the *Theodicy* quotes with approbation and pleasure, the eloquent eulogy of Sir James Mackintosh on the character, genius, and piety of President Edwards. 'This remarkable man', says he, as there quoted, 'The metaphysician of America, was found among the Calvinists of New England, when their stern doctrine retained its rigorous authority. *His power of subtle argument, perhaps unmatched, certainly unsurpassed among men, was joined, as in the case of some of the ancient mystics, with a character which raised his piety to fervour.*' Does this look like contempt? Having quoted this eulogy, the *Theodicy* adds, that 'his great work on the will', is, perhaps, 'with the exception of the *Essais de Théodicée* by Leibnitz', 'the greatest effort the human mind has ever made to get rid of the seeming antagonism between the scheme of necessity and the holiness of God.' Again, we ask, does this look like contempt for President Edwards? The truth is, that the author of the *Theodicy* has studied the works of Edwards more, and noticed them more, in his *Vindication of the Glory of God*, than those of any other man, just because he regarded him as the very greatest of all the great champions of Calvinism. The author of the *Theodicy* has, in fact, a profound contempt for that mode of theological controversy, which attacks the persons and the characters, rather than the arguments, of his opponents. He has accordingly, scorned to utter a single word, or syllable, in disparagement of the genius, or the learning, or the piety, of President Edwards. He has, on the contrary, left a mode of

warfare, so low and mean, to the small champions of error; who, unable to meet the arguments of their opponents, malign their characters and impugn their motives. If what they lack in reason, they could only make up in rage, they would undoubtedly carry off the palm of victory, and shout, with success, the song of triumph. But, however loud their shouts or songs of victory, we shall never descend to an imitation of their example.

By a writer in the *New-Englander*, a periodical published under the auspices of Yale College, this charge of 'a contempt for President Edwards,' is also brought against 'Professor Bledsoe'. This charge was urged before his *Theodicy* was published; and is founded on the language used in his *Examination of President Edwards' Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will*; a work which made its appearance some twenty-four or twenty-five years ago. Unable, however, to find any positive, or patent, proof of the charge, the writer in question accuses him of 'a *suppressed* contempt for the perverse author' of the *Inquiry*. Now, the passion of contempt is one which we are not apt to feel; and when we do feel it, we are still less apt to *suppress* it. But if we have ever felt it for President Edwards, we confess it has been so completely *suppressed*, as to leave not the shadow of a trace of its existence in our own consciousness. Indeed, there are few, if any, names in the world's history, for which we feel a more profound veneration than for that of President Edwards. It was, in fact, precisely for this reason, that we undertook to reply to his arguments in favor of the awful scheme of necessity. What would it have signified to refute such writers as Hartley, or Priestly, or Belsham, or Collins, or Helvetius, or Diderot, while the arguments of 'the great Edwards' remained untouched? Wishing to try fairly, and in open field, the strength of the cause, we selected, for examination, the great work of the very Prince of Predestinarians.

But, as the writer before us attempts to prove his charge, let us see by what means he finds us guilty. The caption to the third section of the *Examination* is as follows: 'The Inquiry involved in a vicious circle.' Now, the very amusing critic before us underscores the term *vicious*, and insists that it be-

trays 'a suppressed contempt for the author' of the *Inquiry*. 'Any one can see', says he, 'that the word *vicious* is introduced, and reiterated, in this connection, not because it means any thing to the purpose of the argument, but merely to give some vent to his contempt for the perverse author.' Decidedly rich! We had supposed, that any one at all familiar with works of philosophy, or logic, would read this word, and use it, without being scarcely conscious of its existence. We can, indeed, hardly go amiss, for the innocent use of this very harmless word, in the philosophical writings of England, or France, or America, or Scotland.

Thus, for instance, Dugald Stewart says: 'It is wonderful, that it should have escaped the penetration of this *most acute thinker* (Descartes), that a *vicious* circle of the same description is involved in every appeal to the intellectual powers, in proof of their own credibility.'<sup>1</sup> Now, did Mr. Stewart, by the use of this technical term *vicious*, give vent to a suppressed contempt for Descartes? It is well known, as Sir William Hamilton says, 'that the great admiration of Stewart for Descartes, and the exalted eulogiums which he bestowed on his writings, is what revived the study of them in Great Britain.' We might, if necessary, adduce similar extracts from the writings of Mill, Comte, Cousin, and others, to show that there is no sort of malice or contempt in the use of the term *vicious*.

Let us, however, explain for the satisfaction of the *New-Englander*, and of all Yale College, that we really intended no sort of contempt for President Edwards, by asserting that his *Inquiry* is involved in 'a *vicious* circle'. We did not mean, for a moment, to insinuate that the circle was like a *vicious* horse that bites, or a wild ass' colt that kicks. We merely meant, that the reasoning of the *Inquiry*, by returning, like a circle, to the point from which it started, was a logical fallacy, and therefore established nothing. We deem it necessary to make this explanation; inasmuch as the technical language, the stereotyped phraseology, of philosophy, does not seem to be perfectly understood in the region of Yale College, or by the enlightened conductors of that valuable quarterly the *New-Englander*.

<sup>1</sup> Stewart's Works. Vol. VI., p. 118.

But the author of the *Examination* has also said, it seems, that Edwards was 'necessarily devoted to blindness.' To the perpetration of this phrase, he pleads *guilty*. The great Edwards was, however, 'necessarily devoted to blindness', not like the writer before us, by the weakness of his powers, but by the cause in which he was enlisted. We did say, and we still say, that every man, no matter how gigantic his powers, who undertakes the advocacy of error, is 'necessarily devoted to blindness'. His arguments are necessarily unsound; because no man can prove, or establish, that which is false.

The critic before us has, however, been careful to *suppress* a part of the passage from which the above words are extracted. In saying that Edwards was 'necessarily devoted to blindness,' we have, at the same time, also said, that this was in spite of 'all his gigantic powers.' This part of the language, and much more to the same effect, is carefully *suppressed* by the writer in question, in order to show that we cherish a suppressed contempt for President Edwards. Is this fair? Is this honest? Is this worthy of a minister of the Gospel?

We have done with such reviewers. Only give us such adversaries as President Edwards, or the late Archbishop Kenrick, and not one word of disrespect, much less of contempt, shall ever escape our lips, or our pens. But if little men will resort to such tricks of controversy, they must take the consequences. If they will deal in personalities, and accuse us of atheism, we will, at least, show our faith in God, by the use of pure means, and of pure means only, in the advocacy and the vindication of His cause.

We have said, that Edwards was 'necessarily devoted to blindness', not by the weakness of his powers, but by the omnipotency of 'his method'. This idea was derived from Bacon, who says, that 'the ground of our hope', for the progress and advancement of knowledge, is to be found, not in the world's possession of better minds, but in the practice of better methods. We have said, and we still say, that he who, like Edwards, begins with universal maxims, or trueisms, and reasons downward from these to the *facts* of the actual world around us, is, just in so far as he does so, 'necessarily devoted to blindness'; and



that, too, in spite of 'all the gigantic powers' of his mind. It is no disparagement to the greatness of his mind to say, that he has been misled by the same method which, (as has been so often shown since the time of Bacon,) had crippled the efforts, and obscured the glory, of a Leibnitz, a Descartes, and a Plato. This 'method of discovery and proof', says Bacon, 'by first establishing the most general propositions, then applying and proving the intermediate axioms according to these, *is the parent of error and the calamity of science.*' This method is, as we have shown both in the *Examination* and in the *Theodicy*, the parent of the great errors of Edwards, and the calamity of his metaphysical theology. It was the parent of his great errors, as well as those of Leibnitz, and Descartes, and Spinoza, and Plato; errors which we have ventured to attack, not merely in their branches, but in their roots in the false method so eloquently condemned, and so clearly exploded, by 'the Master of Wisdom.'

No error in science, or philosophy, or religion, can be supported by sound argument. However plausible the argument in favor of such error, or however great the genius expended in its construction, the day of judgment will, sooner or later, find it out, and expose its naked deformity to the eyes of men. When President Edwards, (and no man ever had greater power to do so,) deals out the day of doom to the false arguments of his great adversaries, the whole Calvinistic universe are in ecstasies. They never cease to laugh at the monstrous sophism, till then deemed so grand and imposing, and to raise the shout of victory over the triumphs of his 'remorseless logic.' But only do the same thing for his false arguments; only strip them of all their plausible disguises; only analyze them and expose them to the eyes of mankind in their own inherent nakedness;—only do this, and show that, like all the great sophisms of all the great men of history, they are utterly contemptible; and then the Calvinistic universe are not in ecstasies. On the contrary, they cry shame on the achievement, and, scouting it from their presence as 'a contempt for the great President Edwards' himself, they denounce, as presumptuous, the obscure individual who has dared to touch, or call in question, the arguments of so

great, so good, and so venerable a personage. We all have our idols. But, after all, we love not President Edwards, or his followers, the less; we only love Truth the more. By his followers, however, we here mean, not those who merely hold his doctrines, but those who, like himself, maintain them with pure intentions and clean hands; scorning the pitiful tricks of controversy.

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## THE BEAUTY OF THE UNIVERSE

A POEM.

What time this World's Great Workmaister  
did cast to make al things such as we now behold,  
the goodly pattern which he plast before his eyes,  
and to which he framed them al as comely as  
he could, was PERFECT BEAUTIE. Spenser.

All things are for the sake of the Good, and the Good is the cause of all things beautiful. Plato.

### CANTO I.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

Amid the discords of earth, a voice is heard, in the dim distance, singing the order, harmony, and beauty of the Universe—Ravished with its sweetness, Philo resolves to seek the face of the Singer—Darkness falls upon his path—Three shining Forms tempt him to abandon the pursuit—Philo is too deeply smitten with the voice of the Singer to heed the three shining Forms—Pleasures, Riches, Honors, are things of time—Truth alone is eternal, and sings in every living soul that longs to hear—Philo, continuing the pursuit, is assailed by the monster Doubt—The vale of Doubt described—Inspired by the voice of the Singer, Philo leaves the monster Doubt, as he had left the shining

Three—Flying for his life, he reaches, finally, the abode of the Singer—‘the delight of the Universe’—and sees her face—Address to the Singer, whose name is Una—Una gives him one glimpse of the Universe—Philo, satisfied with the vision, falls asleep at Una’s feet, and sees, in his dream, the form of Beauty—The song of Beauty—Philo, awakened from his dream, longs to see and hear more—By the direction of Una, he undergoes the Baptism of Fire, in order to prepare him for the vision of the Universe—Purified by the Baptism of Fire, Una puts on him robes of light, and transports him to the centre of the material Universe—Overwhelmed with a view of the unity, order, harmony, and beauty of the material Universe, Una informs him that these are but feeble types and shadows of the unity, order, harmony, and beauty of the Spiritual Universe. The veil is removed from these for Philo—His exultant song closes the first Canto.

## I.

Discordant sounds of earth assailed mine ear,  
 And wrought distraction in my puzzled brain;  
 And shapes of night, to mortal vision drear,  
 Oppressed my soul with constant heavy pain.  
 ‘Is this’, I cried within, ‘the lasting reign  
 ‘Of sorrow, sin, and shame, whose fell embrace  
 ‘Includes all things of earth, and air, and main?  
 ‘Or the dark passage of the human race,  
 ‘From God’s indignant frown to his eternal grace?’

## II.

Then from a blooming Mount I heard a voice  
 That warbled forth wild strains of ecstasy,—  
 Sweet as of angels that in bliss rejoice,  
 Or as the music of the surging sea,  
 When, rolling far away, it seems to be  
 The melody of worlds, where the blest soul  
 Shall dwell, for aye, in sinless purity:  
 Oft o’er my troubled spirit hath it stole,  
 And wondrous glad I am to own its sweet control.

## III.

Nor was that voice a merely transient strain ;  
It sings within my soul a ceaseless song,—  
A song of countless world's without a stain ;  
Where the full tide of life is borne along,  
As pure and bright, as beautiful and strong,  
As when it came from the great Maker's might,  
Undimmed by sin, and undisturbed by wrong,  
And each glad spirit bears his image bright,  
In whom no darkness is, but all is Love and Light.

## IV.

The sweetest song, I ween, that ever fell  
From the fair realm above upon the vale  
Beneath, where shadows drear forever dwell,  
Or mingled its blest tones with the wild wail  
Of agonizing earth : though weak and frail,  
The Singer of that song I sought to know,  
And reach, if aught thereto might e'er avail,  
The blooming Mount from which its strains did flow,  
And revel in the scenes that made such raptures glow.

## V.

But scarce the ventrous flight had I begun,  
When sudden darkness fell upon my way,  
That seemed a gloomy wood, through which the sun  
Had never shed the gladsome light of day ;  
And there, unblest by one enliv'ning ray,  
I wandered far, and lost myself in night ;  
And others met, who there had gone astray,  
All finding darkness where they sought for light,  
And groped amid its dismal shades in saddest plight.

## VI.

Amid the dismal shades, I saw afar  
 A lovely Form in radiant glory sit—  
 More beautiful than moon or morning star,  
 Whose look, whose smile, whose joyance infinite,  
 Caused such wild raptures o'er my soul to flit,  
 And dreamy bliss, as lured me far from toil,  
 And gave me o'er to yearnings exquisite:  
 So sweet her smile, so strong her magic coil,  
 The glory of the great it oft and oft doth spoil.

## VII.

I listened to her syren voice, and deep  
 The melting strain sank in my troubled soul,  
 And from my restless pillow banished sleep.  
 Ah! scarce may one resist her sweet control,  
 Who makes such tides of rapture madly roll  
 Across his breast! Yet I resolved to fly,  
 And seek the blooming Mount, the blessed goal,  
 Where SHE enthronéd sits, and, in her eye,  
 A purer pleasure find, a living ecstasy.

## VIII.

A second Form I saw; with gems and gold  
 She blazed; and, in her train, the lordly knave  
 Was foremost seen,—all glittering bright and bold;—  
 Next came the beggar mean, and the rich slave,  
 With millions at his beck, her smile to crave:  
 In endless crowds they followed her about;  
 Though lacking all she had, or ever gave,  
 I turned my back upon the servile rout  
 In scorn, nor lingered longer there as one in doubt.

## IX.

The third, if not so fair as was the first,  
 She bore, at least, a more majestic port,—  
 More like an angel blest than thing accurst,—  
 And scattered glories round us as if in sport :  
 She bade me follow in her train, and court  
 Her favors high as if they were the bloom  
 Of life, its dignity and chief support ;  
 And, saying this, her smile did far illumine  
 The ambient air, and flashed into my place of gloom.

## X.

I could have followed her, and been content  
 With such poor favors as she might bestow ;  
 But in my soul another thing was pent,  
 Another fire did burn, in whose bright glow  
 Most sad and dark did seem all things below :  
 The wish, I mean, to see the Singer's face,  
 Whose glance is bliss, and freedom from all woe,—  
 The Singer's face, whose winning, wondrous grace,  
 Forever makes 'a sunshine in a shady place.'

## XI.

This burning wish eclipsed the shining Three,  
 And pointed to the Mount, whose distant light  
 And dim, my feeble eye could scarcely see ;  
 It was, howe'er, most cheering to the sight,  
 So long oppressed in that dark, cheerless night ;  
 And, kindling hope, where late had been despair,  
 Renewed my failing strength and former flight ;  
 When, lo ! mine eye did meet a Monster's glare,  
 Whose tread shook all the earth, and hideous voice the air.

## XII.

'Frail mortal, stop!' the grisly Monster cried,  
 'Nor tempt this gloomy vale of mine to pass,  
 'Which others, greater than thyself, have tried,  
 'Till all their glory sank, like withered grass,  
 'No more to rise from the wide, welt'ring mass  
 'Of men and bones, the dying and the dead.'  
 Whereat his eyes, like seas of molten glass,  
 A lurid light upon the dark round shed,  
 And such a scene disclosed as filled my soul with dread.

## XIII.

A horrid vale it was, o'erspread with bones,  
 Through which forever ran dark streams of blood,  
 And gloomy caves that ever uttered moans  
 Of sad imprisoned ghosts; o'er all did brood  
 Grim Doubt, so deadly in his ghastly mood,  
 That horror deep chilled all the sluggish air;  
 Beneath his shadow flew an unclean brood  
 Of ill-presaging things, which seemed to bear,  
 And spread the image of the Monster everywhere.

## XIV.

The fearful sight each glowing vein did chill;  
 Hope fled apace, despair began to rise,  
 Quenching the heart and binding up the will;  
 And there I stood as stone; though having eyes,  
 I nothing saw,—nor earth, nor seas, nor skies,—  
 And blank obscurity did seem to be  
 The universe,—replete with moans and sighs,  
 Till the sweet Singer cried: 'Flee, mortal flee!  
 'And leave th' Monster huge as thou hast left the *Three*.'

## XV.

O'er roaring floods and rugged heights I fled ;  
 The way was dreary, frightful, steep, and long ;  
 But, as I climbed each dizzy height, outspread  
 The blooming Mount, and I became more strong  
 To climb ; until, the dark—dark hills among,  
 I reached the Mount, and saw the Singer there !  
 Oh ! she did wake within my soul a song,  
 Which, could I make it sound upon the air,  
 Would fill with strange delight the hell of dark despair !

## XVI.

Hail glorious Truth ! or ere the world was formed,  
 Or aught created ere had leave to be,  
 The bosom of the mighty God was warmed  
 By thy resplendent charms ; who unto thee  
 The homage paid of boundless ecstasy :  
 Thou goest forth all things of earth among,  
 But fairer than all things of earth to see,  
 Forever lovely and forever young,  
 With glory in thine eye and music on thy tongue.

## XVII.

‘ Why seek me thus ? ’ the smiling Singer said,  
 ‘ Why risk yon roaring floods and frightful ways,  
 ‘ And scale the Mount where I alone am fled ?  
 ‘ And where, securely hid from mortal gaze,  
 ‘ May see God’s face and celebrate his praise.  
 I seek thee thus, because I fain would know  
 ‘ The wondrous world, and comprehend its maze,—  
 ‘ See its grand scheme from boundless Love outflow,  
 ‘ Though stained it be with sin, and filled with deadly woe



## XVIII.

'To see the inner Glory hid behind  
 'This outer world of seas, and clouds, and land,  
 'Is the one great passion of my longing mind :  
 'The world was made by Love, and fitly planned,  
 'I know and shall believe, though never scanned  
 'By me. Hence do I seek, and long have sought,  
 'To know, if mortal may, how God's command  
 'Hath bodied forth his inward glorious thought.  
 'In the wide Universe, with boundless beauty fraught.

## XIX.

'That sight, poor Philo! thou shalt surely see,—  
 'And mortal ne'er beheld a sight more grand,—  
 'As all shall see who thus may follow me.'  
 Whereat she smiled, and waved her snow-white hand,  
 When straight the darkness fled from out the land.  
 Or else it fled from out my darkened eyes,  
 As if before some great enchanter's wand ;  
 And earth, and air, and seas, and boundless skies,  
 Looked fairer than most fair, in all their outward guise.

## XX.

Then on the mountain's top, in slumbers mild,  
 I sank to rest, and found it sweet indeed,—  
 Unutterably sweet,—since Una smiled ;  
 And my glad eyes, from chilling terrors freed,  
 On Una and the World did cease to feed ;  
 For they were closed up in balmy sleep.  
 Yet on my dream was stamped the glorious creed  
 Of God, not writ with ink, but on the blue deep  
 In flaming worlds of light,—not seen like this to weep.

## XXI.

And Beauty's form I saw ; her lily feet  
 On roses stood ; and a bright em'rald bow  
 Shone round her brow, whose rounded radiance sweet  
 From Una's smile was shed. In accents low,  
 Yet clear and melodious as is the flow  
 Of murn'ring brooks, she sang the radiant sky,  
 The rolling earth, and all that's fair below ;—  
 With glowing cheek and with a beaming eye,  
 She sweetly sang them all—then ended with a sigh.

## XXII.

• Wide o'er the World,' she sang, ' the dusky Night  
 ' Spreads out her starry wings, and high the moon,  
 • From the blue deep, with soft and silv'ry light,  
 ' Doth flood the Universe. Hail holy boon !  
 • Thou charm'st the soul far more than blazing moon,  
 ' And with a milder glory bathes the earth !  
 • All nature pale seems sunk in deadly swoon,  
 ' As if fair Morn should have no future birth,—  
 • So deep in night have ebb'd the sounding tides of mirth.

## XXIII.

• O Night ! I love thy sweet still majesty,  
 ' With a deep and passionate love ; the blue  
 • Broad concave of the beauteous world, for thee  
 ' Is a befitting throne ; and its vast hue  
 • Of loveliness, bright with the suns that strew,  
 ' Like blazing gems, the World's great diadem,  
 • Is of thy spirit mild an image true,  
 ' And of thy queenly sway the meet emblem ;  
 • For all thy holy love is symbolized in them.

## XXIV.

' Oft have I gazed upon thy peerless charms,  
   ' And drunk in thrilling beauty at thy feet,  
 ' Till I could feel, O Night! thy loving arms  
   ' Around me. The sweet air is doubly sweet  
 ' When mingled with thy breath; and to complete  
   ' The deep charm of music, upon thine ear  
 ' It must be poured, and its soft waves must meet  
   ' The soul in harmony with thine,—the tear  
 ' Of sadness then will flow the melting strain to hear. /

## XXV.

' Oh what a scene is this for holy thought!  
   ' The green earth, and the o'er-shadowing trees,  
 ' The calm full moon, with hallowed meaning fraught,  
   ' Soft lights and shadows, and the balmy breeze,—  
 ' Yea, all created things,—now steal, with ease,  
   ' Deep in the soul, which, high on wings unfurled,  
 ' And firm, doth soar aloft in silent praise  
   ' And adoration of the Beauteous World,—  
 ' Till by unholy doubt to darkness it is hurled:

## XXVI.

' Till the dark whisper o'er it steals,—How hath  
   ' Foul sin into a world so passing fair  
 ' Found its dark way, and, in its serpent path,  
   ' Left stains, so broad and deep, and everywhere,  
 ' O'er ocean, earth, and o'er the boundless air,  
   ' Obscured great glory with malignant gloom?  
 ' O may we hope, or must we still despair?  
   ' If God be Love, say whence the wretched doom  
 ' Of this lower world—this whitéd universal tomb?

## XXVII.

Awakened from my dream, the last sad strain  
Of Beauty's song an echo still would find  
Within my soul, and there it would remain,—  
A wild, sad, trembling tone,—all undefined  
Its wailing swept across my troubled mind,  
Till Una sang again; then fled my fears,  
For that wild strain became, with hers combined,  
Sweet as the rolling of the silver spheres,  
Whose music God hath made to ravish angels' ears.

## XXVIII.

I sat like one entranced, as she did ope  
Her rosy lips, and breathe upon the air,  
In strains divinely sweet, the song of Hope,  
Whose spell subdues all forms of false despair,  
And fills the vale of tears with visions fair.  
And as she sang, the magic of her eye  
Did burn into my soul, and kindle there  
Great glowing thoughts of man's high destiny,  
Both here in time and there in fixed eternity.

## XXIX.

But like all things of earth, these visions fair  
These hopes, these great and glowing thoughts, would fade  
Mid thickening mists of doubt, like things of air;  
And life, unstable all, with light and shade  
Would alternate; for doubt and fear were laid,  
Were only laid, and not cast forth by love,  
By perfect love and truth; so naught was made  
Secure and firm, like God's bright throne above,  
Or like his anchored word, which hell nor death can move.

## XXX.

So, then, I wept and cried: 'O Una show  
 ' That inmost Beauty to my inmost heart,  
 ' Which, from the mind of God, doth freely flow  
 ' Into the World, and work till every part  
 ' Is fairly changed, and all is made to start  
 ' And live, and beam with Beauty's spotless sheen:  
 ' O this blest vision to my soul impart!  
 ' That I may firmly stand where hell is seen,  
 ' And look, with calm untroubled thought and mind serene..

## XXXI.

' The boon you ask,' she cried, ' it is not mine  
 ' To give, but His, alone, whose kind regard  
 ' Is life to all who live and bliss divine;  
 ' But yet, of patient toil 'tis the reward,  
 ' And not of dreams; nor deem the terms too hard  
 ' On which he gives so beautiful a thing;  
 ' 'Tis rightly kept from all, who, having spard,  
 ' Laborious thought, rove high upon the wing  
 ' Of Fancy light, lost in her quick imagining.

## XXXII.

' Upon thy native land the light of God  
 ' Hath shone; and yet it is the land of dreams,  
 ' Where ev'ry crooked path is idly trod,  
 ' Which quickly may be found; to all it seems,  
 ' Or almost all, in vain t' explore the streams  
 ' Of God's eternal thought, whose radiance there  
 ' Is seen but in uncertain, fitful gleams;  
 ' Because at random there they beat the air  
 ' And fail to seek, as thou hast done, the true and fair.

## XXXIII.

‘ Most wait for light—vain, idle, empty dream !  
 ‘ Or in this life by toil, or in the next,  
 ‘ All must work out, and see, the World’s grand scheme.  
 ‘ Or with its darkness be forever vext.  
 ‘ To bless with light the worker, when perplexed,  
 ‘ Is God’s design, and not to supersede  
 ‘ His work of love ; to every state annexed  
 ‘ The same decree, lest idleness should breed  
 ‘ Dark wastes within the mind from night’s prolific seed.

## XXXIV.

‘ O teach me, then, in thy fair steps to tread,—  
 ‘ Thy steps so beautiful on the dark hills,—  
 ‘ And I will follow thee, and neither dread  
 ‘ Dark Hell, nor Death, nor Doubt which death instils,  
 ‘ Till thy blest word my work of love fulfils ;  
 ‘ For, in my heart of hearts, I now do find  
 ‘ The purpose fixed, to do what Una wills,—  
 ‘ To do, and dare, and die, or in my mind,  
 ‘ The golden secret of the world forever bind !

## XXXV.

‘ If so,’ fair Una cried, ‘ the task is hard,  
 ‘ Tis difficult and vast, and scarce begun,  
 ‘ When, with thy labors past, it be compared :  
 ‘ The shining Three, each like a pleasant sun,  
 ‘ Thou hast renounced indeed, and nobly run  
 ‘ A high ennobling race, to find me out ;  
 ‘ And yet, with all, thou hast but little done,  
 ‘ If thou would’st conquer quite the monster Doubt,  
 ‘ And all his horrid brood of shapeless monsters rout.

## XXXVI.

' There yet remains the mighty sacrifice,  
 ' Which all, who follow me, must undergo,  
 ' Ere they can win the precious, priceless prize,—  
 ' Ere they can see, and feel, and fully know,  
 ' The golden secret of the world below.'  
 ' That sacrifice,' I cried, ' be what it may,  
 ' My firm allegiance to thy will shall show ;  
 ' Then speak the word, and let me see the way,  
 ' That in this hell of doubt I may no longer stay.'

## XXXVII.

' Renounce thyself,' then Una sternly cried,—  
 ' If, out of darkness thou would'st find the way,  
 ' Renounce thy hopes, thy fears, thy loves, thy pride,  
 ' Thy doubts, thy creed—renounce them all for aye :  
 ' Thy strength to prove, or thy weak will betray,  
 ' Behold in this sequestered, silent spot,  
 ' Yon fiery flaming fount, whose sparkling play,  
 ' Once seen, or felt, is never more forgot—  
 ' As pure as heavenly fire, as hellish Hades hot.'

## XXXVIII.

' What may this mean,' I asked, ' this well of fire ?'  
 ' Tis a baptismal font of fire,' said she ;  
 ' Fear not, poor child ! but come as I require,  
 ' And dip thyself therein, till none may see  
 ' A wrinkle, spot, or blemish left on thee :—  
 ' Till purified, and made as snowy white,  
 ' And pliant, as the flesh of infancy ;  
 ' Then, pure within, thou shalt as angel bright  
 ' Be clothed, for aye, in robes of never-fading Light.'

## XXXIX.

Ah! bitter was the deadly strife I felt,  
 As Una's words thus fell upon my ear!  
 For who, in crucible like this, can melt  
 His very soul, and all its pride? No tear  
 No sigh, no groan of hell, could well compare  
 To the deep agony I then endured,—  
 The dark amazedness and ghastly fear:  
 To other trials I had been enured,  
 But in the haunts of men from this had been secured.

## XL.

With shuddering horror I obeyed howe'er,  
 And, merging from the fire, all things seemed strange,  
 All things seemed new! All idols old and dear  
 The searching flames did from my soul estrange,  
 And in my vision wrought a changeless change!  
 I saw my feelings past—how dark! how low!  
 And foolish fancies, too, which erst did range  
 In channels fixed of prejudice, and glow  
 With no seraphic love—such as immortals know.

## XLI.

Then on me Una put a robe of light,  
 As pure and bright as ever angel wore,  
 Or blest saint, when purified and made white  
 As unstained snow. 'Be thine henceforth the power,'  
 She said, 'on everlasting wings to soar,  
 'And see—in cloudless, boundless splendor see,  
 'The World—its inward frame—its outward flower.  
 'Its life eternal and its harmony—  
 'All over bright with image of the Deity.



## XLII.

On wings invisible we gently rose,  
 And, swift as thought, o'er regions vast we flew,  
 Till on the Sun of suns we found repose—  
 The centre of the universe! The view  
 Thence spread around, and into glory grew  
 Ineffable. In mutest awe we gazed,  
 As countless worlds of light like lightning flew  
 On all sides round. E'en Una seemed amazed,  
 As all in cloudless, boundless, awful splendor blazed.

## XLIII.

'Great God!' she cried, 'Our Maker and Defence!  
 'Thou sitt'st behind the deep, blue, boundless sky,  
 'Meet emblem of all mystery! and thence,  
 'Dost sparkle out upon the ravished eye,  
 'In worlds of light that swift as thought do fly;  
 'For suns are sparks, cast in dark labyrinths,  
 'From the Eternal Majesty on high,  
 'And, blazing through their depths, are feeble hints,  
 'Thrown all about, of His unveiled magnificence.'

## XLIV.

She ceased: yet still upon the boundless maze,  
 Through which the beauteous world forever ran,  
 Her eyes were fixed in one long, steadfast gaze:  
 And then, as one entranced, she thus began:  
 'Behold yon crystal orbs, frail child of man!  
 'See with what gladness they so swiftly run,  
 'Through all the mazes of their wondrous plan,  
 'Each singing in his course, each star and sun,  
 'Though his eternal race of love shall ne'er be done.

## XLV.

‘ See the great solar system whence you came,  
   ‘ Now dwindled to a point, and scarcely seen,  
 ‘ And other systems, which no tongue can name,  
   ‘ More grand, more beautiful, and more serene,  
 ‘ Whose mild effulgence fills the wondrous scene  
   ‘ Of the wide universe. Each seems a toy,  
 ‘ And yet becomes, if nearly viewed and seen,  
   ‘ Vast worlds of light, and life, and love, and joy,  
 ‘ Which neither time, nor change, nor hell, can e’er destroy.

## XLVI.

‘ Yet this material universe of light,  
   Is but the shadow of God’s beauteous thought!  
 ‘ Whoso would see His image—glorious sight!—  
   ‘ Must view the realm with mighty spirits fraught,  
 ‘ With living spirits, in His likeness wrought  
   ‘ Who made all worlds, even as He made these,—  
 ‘ From nothing into boundless being brought,  
   ‘ By His omnific word, which makes with ease  
 ‘ All beauteous things and good, Himself alone to please.

## XLVII.

‘ O World of worlds! amazing scene of love!  
   ‘ In all thine orbs, in all thy rolling spheres,  
 ‘ That from the primal touch forever move,  
   ‘ No sin, no death, no evil thing appears,  
 ‘ But bliss unbounded every being cheers.  
   ‘ Thus God designed the whole, and made it well,  
 ‘ For in this universe of endless years,  
   ‘ More heavens shine than myriad tongues can tell,  
 ‘ While in the realms of space there groans a single hell.’

## XLVIII.

As Una spake these words, she sweetly smiled,  
 And from her eyes shot a seraphic glow,  
 So bright with joy, so beautifully wild,  
 All things seemed fair ; and I forget the woe,  
 Which tried my heart in the dark world below.  
 But when the mighty spell was past, it all  
 Came back again ; and then I begged to know  
 How she would sing man's dark mysterious fall,  
 And show God's perfect love, beneath his funeral pall.

## XLIX.

'The Angel of the Earth,' she said, 'shall sing  
 'That song, more than all songs of heaven sweet,  
 'Whose deep impassioned tones shall swell and ring  
 'Forever in all worlds, and then complete  
 'The harmony and bliss of all, and greet  
 'The dusky hosts of sin, and death, and hell,  
 'With sad discomfiture and sore defeat.'  
 I saw that Angel then, and heard her tell  
 Why man was made, why tempted sore, and why he fell.

## L.

Then Una touched my lips, for they were sealed  
 In mute astonishment and loving awe,  
 And bade me say, if all were now revealed  
 That I had wished to know, or if I saw,  
 In God's own beauteous World and perfect Law,  
 The dark obscurities which once were there ?  
 'I see it all,' I cried, 'from every flaw  
 'His ways and works are free, and everywhere  
 'Perfection shines therein, as his own Essence fair.

## II.

• I see a lamp within the lofty dome  
   ‘ Of the dim world, whose radiance keen doth show  
 • Its awful beauty, and, through the wide gloom,  
   ‘ Make all its obscure mystic symbols glow  
 • With pleasing light ; that all may see and know  
   ‘ Its form divine and its harmonious scheme,—  
 • Not as distorted in the mind below,  
   ‘ Nor in philosopher’s, nor poet’s dream,—  
 • But as it was, and is, high in the Mind Supreme.

## LII.

• The cloud of evil rolls beneath my feet,  
   ‘ In peerless beauty rolls ; for now ’tis spent  
 • With hues, than angel’s eyes, or hopes, more sweet—  
   ‘ Ten thousand hues in gorgeous glory blent !  
 • The Eye of Reason, on its bosom bent,  
   ‘ Doth permeate its gloom with light divine,  
 • And, even there, reveals the deep intent  
   ‘ Of God’s eternal love, whose grand design  
 • Makes reason shout for joy, and hell with beauty shine.

## LIII.

• That was a darkness once which might be felt,  
   ‘ And hung, in dim eclipse, upon the throne  
 • Of God, and his fair World, but now doth melt  
   ‘ Beneath his smile, nor doth it melt alone,  
 • For with ten thousand beauties now ’tis strewn,  
   ‘ As Mercy’s Eye, with steady, glowing beams  
 • Irradiates its gloom : its darkness flown,  
   ‘ All loveliness and light the World outgleams,—  
 • Most worthy of the Word from which its glory streams.

## LIV.

‘ Hail glorious image of the Beauteous World !  
‘ No spot or blemish in thy form appears ;  
‘ Where once the wheel of Fate so darkly whirled  
‘ To the dim eye, and shook the soul with fears,  
‘ Thy face, unveiled, the boundless prospect clears,  
‘ And all is fair ! O World of Love and Light !  
‘ Thy beauty shines above thy peerless peers !  
‘ More ravishing than woman’s love to sight,  
‘ And more than wine thou wakest up the soul’s delight !

## LV.

‘ Not in Calypso’s isle, nor Tempe’s vale,  
‘ Nor yet Armida’s blooming place of rest,  
‘ Where Pleasures ever sing, and every gale  
‘ Bears in its bosom bliss to beings blest,  
‘ Nor in the bower, of all creations best,  
‘ Where Bliss enthronéd sits, is aught so fair,  
‘ So ravishing and sweet to mortal breast,  
‘ As but one glance of thine upon the air,  
‘ O World ! or but one glimpse of thy pure bosom bare !’

## ART. IX.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

1. THE MONITIONS OF THE UNSEEN, AND OTHER POEMS. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

It may be, as yet, a mooted question among English readers of verse, to whom the place of honor left empty by the death of Mrs. Browning, of right belongs. We on this side of the water, seem to have settled the matter for ourselves, if popularity is allowed to be the test. It is scarce half a dozen years since the name of Jean Ingelow was first heard in England: and when we remember the slow recognition of Elizabeth Barrett, and the scoutings of the critics over Wordsworth's earlier works, and even the hesitating praise doled out to Tennyson at first, we may well be amazed at the suddenness with which this new aspirant has sprung, without drawback, into popular favor. We have but to look over the publishers' lists,—to note the number and the richly illustrated character of the many editions that pass so rapidly off, to convince ourselves that our author's reputation is as fixed here as it is in her own country, and probably more widely extended.

No sooner is a new volume announced as coming from her pen, than all readers of her former ones are on the *qui vive* to ascertain if she be still able to make good the claims she has already established for herself. Her American publishers have forwarded to us advanced sheets of her forthcoming book—*Monitions of the Unseen, and Other Poems*; a work which we think ourselves safe in predicting will in no degree detract from, but heighten, the estimation in which our author is already held. At first blush, the title of the book, taken from its most important and opening poem, made somewhat against its attractiveness, in our esteem: it seemed to offer too abstract and subjective a theme to commend it to the popular heart. But on reading the poem twice,—once did not satisfy us,—we were fain to withdraw our objection, and own ourselves mas-

tered by its clear, poetic insight, its rare and ethereal imagery and its very beautiful practical lesson, of which the key is given in these few lines :

— Men count themselves so wise,  
There is no task they shall be set to do,  
But they will ask God,—Why.—What mean they so.  
*The glory is not in the task, but in  
The doing it for Him..'*

The next longest piece in the volume, is a story, or rather two stories,—for there is no connection whatever between them and we fail to see the appropriateness of their being included under one head,—entitled, *The Two Margarets*.—tender, simple, informed throughout by the author's prevailing and original style. One is reminded, in the reading, of *The Four Brigades*, in one of her earlier volumes, the rhythmic structure being the same. The tale of *The Mariner's Cave* abounds in finely wrought sea imagery. Indeed, one cannot be a reader of Miss Ingelow's writings and not know that her childhood must have been rocked to sleep by the dash of waves,—and largely do marine aspects color her pages.

While to this author, no doubt, 'poetry is its own exceeding great reward,' as Coleridge was wont to say, she does not,—as the Germans would persuade us is the true, legitimate manner of art,—eschew an aim. A deep, moral purpose pervades every thing she writes; and to her highest honor be it said, we always lay down her books confessing ourselves touched, softened, and made better.

2. *THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS AT THE SIAMEST COURT: BEING RECOLLECTIONS OF SIX YEARS IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT BANGKOK.* By Ann Harriette Leonowens. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

This is a more important and valuable book than an examination of the first few chapters would lead the reader to suppose. It opens with a certain redundancy and glitter of style which has the effect of setting one to questioning whether the author is relating, as she professes, a *bonâ fide* experience, or is only romancing. As we proceed, however, there is inherent evidence that the story is a true one, and the volume gathers in interest, chapter by chapter, till its close.

Siam is very much of a *terra incognita* to us, and we willingly accept the information which is here presented in regard to it. Mrs. Leonowens, an English lady resident at Singapore, received intimation that the King of Siam wanted an English governess for his sixty-seven children, (she was made aware of the number only when she came to teach them,) and induced, partly by her friends, partly by the necessity of providing for her own fatherless children, and largely, we suspect, by her own innate love of adventure, she made application for the post. For six years she held the place; and from the reluctance with which her royal pupils gave her up, she evidently succeeded in making herself agreeable to her employers. The work is very unique, and is valuable as affording a view of the interior life of an Oriental Sovereign, such as has been rarely afforded to profane eyes. It abounds in vivid pictures of the luxury and barbaric magnificence of the Court,—lifts the jealous curtains of the harem, and permits us to see the gilded chains, the *ennui*, the sadness, that oppress these slaves of a despot,—presents shifting scenes of Bangkok, the fair and foul Venice of the East,—furnishes a clear and intelligible outline of the principles of Buddhism, and altogether gives us the impression of having ‘done’ Siam. So gorgeous are the descriptions of many of the temples and palaces, that parts of the book read like the Arabian Nights. The semi-occidental tastes of the King, who seems to have been a man of uncommon education, in one sense of the term, as well as of great force of character, were everywhere apparent. A marble statue of Clyte might be found flanked by the impossible goddesses of China or Japan. He had a palace modelled after Windsor Castle: and he was covetous of having his children speak and write English, though not that they should accept the Christian religion.

The governess found her pupils docile and apt, and, on both sides, strong attachments were formed. She held her own stoutly with the King, who at times attempted to bring his absolutism to bear upon her: but she had only to threaten him with a complaint to the British Consul,—which was pretty certain to bring him to reason.

One closes the book with a sigh of sympathy for the pet-



ted, yet weary, slaves; for these wives and children were indeed the slaves of a lord and master who held their lives at his beck; and also with a hearty thankfulness that one's birth had not been in the Orient. The volume is handsomely gotten up and largely embellished with illustrations taken from photographs presented to the author by his Majesty of Siam, which add much to the interest of the book.

3. DR. DEEMS' SERMONS: a medium for the circulation of the Gospel as preached from the pulpit of 'The Church of the Strangers,' by the Pastor

These sermons are published and mailed, postage paid, to subscribers regularly during the week after their delivery. They are printed on fine book-paper, handsomely tinted, and issued weekly in quarto form. As 'each number is stereotyped, back sermons can always be furnished.' Each volume, when completed, will contain about 400 pages. At the end of the first year, 'the volume will close with a short history of "The Church of the Strangers," and also a fine portrait of the Pastor engraved on steel, as a frontispiece.' Such, at least, is the declared 'intention of the publishers.'

We have read several of these sermons with much pleasure. The one before us, from the text—'Weeping may endure for night, but joy cometh in the morning'—was delivered December 18th, 1870; and is entitled 'Night and Morning.' The thought is original; the style chaste, elegant, and polished. The following specimen, though long, will, we have no doubt, afford satisfaction and delight to our readers, as well as justify our favorable opinion in their estimation. We pronounce it *ever beautiful*.

'Another lesson of importance is this: God's works go forward in the order of—first Night, then Morning.

'In the earliest recorded syllables of time we have the original chronological statement of Moses, "And the Evening and the Morning were the First Day." It was first Darkness, then Light. The day did not begin with brightness but with gloom. The processions of history have walked in that way ever since, and God's mighty doings have been wrought in that type. It is interesting to trace it in every department of nature and c

man. It seems to have been one of the deepest and most pervading ideas in the infinite Mind. Where what we call Nature now stands was original silent darkness of nothingness. Then chaos surged tumultuously, in the disorderly rout of things that had been created by God in the impenetrable dark. It was "Tohoo," says Moses in the Hebrew. It was "Bohoo," he adds. The ponderous mass was a ponderous mess. . .

'So in the darkness there went forward what cannot possibly be described in human words, because Law was long before Speech and every word, as "chaos," "confusion," "formlessness," "darkness," every human word has reference to law. We can only approach the idea by pulling pin after pin out of the splendid tabernacle of the universe and letting it fall in ruinous decay. But "fall" and "ruinous" and "decay" have reference to law. The vast oppositeness of the original to the present state of affairs is begun to be perceived by noticing how all our thoughts and expressions go on in obedience to law. On chaos law fell and through chaos law thrilled, the first symptom of life. Creation was born in the evening. The first swing of the pendulum of the clock of Time marked the first instant of the evening. "The Evening and the Morning were the first Day."

'The Bible follows nature in this same type. Its Day begins in the darkness of the original state of the universe, and emerges in the Cosmos of an orderly physical, intellectual, and moral world. It begins in the evening of the history of humanity, its dim infancy and failing youth, and emerges in the glory of the redeemed spirit. It begins with man groping through the by-ways of earth, and ends with man walking in the open, golden streets of the New Jerusalem. It begins with the evening of Adam, and ends with the morning of Jesus.

'The same law holds good in the history of each individual man. His earliest beginnings in embryo are in darkness and the peril thereof. How long that evening seems when we attentively regard it! Months and no senses; then senses and no months before any child can use them. Intellect lies like a landscape in the night. Then the dawning of intelligence show mind more and more. Sometimes no morning comes, and then

all the human life is an evening, but there is no complete day.

‘The same holds true in each department of human exertion. Men usually begin life poor. It is exceptional when men’s childhood and youth are their happiest time. The struggle for existence goes forward. The skill to win the bread has to be first acquired, and then exerted, before the joy of the bread comes. It is quite unnatural when the morning precedes the evening, and men have every luxury and brightness in youth, and every privation and gloom in old age. The earliest years are the darkest. Let me say that, for the comfort of the many young men who attend on my ministry. My sons, it is night with you now, and a night in which you have oft weeping. It is so hard. You have so few returns for your many efforts. You see older men accumulating rapidly. You say Capital can do anything: if I only had capital! Very true. But capital is gold in a mine. It has to be dug out in the dark. You are in the dark digging now, and weeping while you dig. But if you are forming habits of observation, caution, enterprise, honor, and thrift, weep on awhile. Weeping may endure for your night of toil, but joy will come in the morning of your success. But if you try to make a morning in your night by prodigal expenditures of money, by undue and expensive gayeties, by wine and women and horses, by striving to live like your employer who has been thirty years in trade, you will be acting unnaturally, you will be living in an unreal day in which there is no real joy, and you will fall on a sudden night in which weeping will go forward without being cheered by the hope of morning.

‘The same law is illustrated in student life. If one will become learned one must separate one’s self from many an indulgence, from many an innocent pleasure, and many an hour of ease. “Much study is wearisome to the flesh,” is just as true in our day as it was in the day of Solomon. The student works forward without the stimulus of applause. His sedentary life depresses him. He is away from sunlight and fresh air. He is away from concerts and places of amusement, and parties of pleasure, and the manifold diversions of gay social life. He is digging among hidden things. He is climbing acclivous heights

of thoughts. He is training his mental muscles under rigid gymnastic rules. He must hold himself to his work, although the songs of birds and the brilliant sunlight are so enticing outdoors. He hears the sound of the fame of the great scholars, orators, and poets. He is so obscure! He is doing nothing for the world, not even making his own salt. For his bread perhaps he is dependent on the advances made by some lover of learning and patron of genius. Weeping endures through all his night of toilsome study, but joy will come. The hour will arrive when that learning so painfully acquired and that severe discipline of intellectual powers shall lift him up amongst men, and in song or oration or discovery or book he shall shake the nations with a joy like daybreak. While he weeps in his night the laurel is growing, the laurel that is to be wrought into wreaths for his brow.

‘Trace back the history of the great inventors and mechanics, the men who construct bridges with marvellous spans, link together roads that girdle a continent, make electric cables like spinal chords collecting and diffusing the nerve-power of intelligence, and rear cathedrals so lofty and so grand as to draw men up toward the throne of God, and angels down toward the altar of Jesus, and consider how these men wept through a long night of poverty, neglect, and struggle, before success rose like the day-star, and wealth and fame poured in like the enlarging day. With them the evening came before the morning. In all life every day consists not of morning and evening but of evening and morning.

‘Moreover, dear brethren, there is this lesson, that *weeping comes of ignorance*. We are in the night. Darkness is on us; but God is in the light. What He is doing and what He is going to do, we know not. What are you? What am I?

“An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry.”

The morning will come. We shall see that what frightened us in the night was the noise of the workmen building for us a palace of delights, the sough of the bellows at the furnace where they were purifying the gold for the crown of our ever-

lasting rejoicing. Many things grieve us now that would make us happy if it were day, and will make us when the day shall come.

' We shall lose much if we fail to perceive another teaching of the text, a most consoling lesson ; it is, that *weeping is brief and joy is long*. In the original, the word translated "endure," means "lodge," as a sojourner at an inn, and the word translated "joy," means "singing aloud," or "shouting." Weeping is not the proprietor of the house, nor even a permanent occupant. Joy is the rightful tenant. The soul was made for happiness and not for misery, even as "God has not appointed us unto wrath but to obtain salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ." It is not a necessity of our being, as it is of the orbs in the solar system, that a part should be toward the sun and part turned away into darkness.

' Perhaps, beloved brethren, the largest application of this figure and its embedded truth is to the relation which exists between this present life and the immortal estate of the children of the kingdom of heaven. Suppose all life should be a night of unbroken labor and study and care to the student, the merchant, the farmer, the mechanic, the seamstress, the sufferer,—a darkness as to material success or physical pleasure. The student never reaches fame, nor the merchant fortune, nor the farmer success, nor the mechanic distinction, nor the seamstress rest, nor the sufferer ease,—but to each the night darkens down into deeper darkness,—and each dies a failure in the eyes of his fellow-men. But through it all there may be the day of the Lord, because the soul is turned to its sun, the source of its light and warmth and power. I have seen many a man whose body-side was in the night while his soul-side was in the morning. The happiest man I have met this week is a man who had lost a million of dollars, but who while that pecuniary shadow was falling upon him had turned his soul-side to Jesus and found surpassing riches in Him. And to such a one, how short must life seem when completed ! How like a watch in the night ! How like a tale that has been told ! How quickly we forget sorrows when joys come dancing in ! So, all the night of life may be filled with weeping, but the morning of

the better life will be filled with shouting. "In the morning shouting." Such is the Psalmist's brief and brilliant description. Morning! Morning falls on the tomb. Morning wakes the eyes of the soul that had shut themselves for a season in sympathy with the poor body in the hour of dying. Morning reawakes all its powers and aspirations. That morning, dear brethren, may come to you and to me as now sometimes a morning comes to one who has been in pain until the senses have become benumbed, and then had fallen asleep and now wakes in perfect ease. We may fall asleep in garret or cellar or mansion, lost in a forest or afloat on a wreck. The shadows had gathered, the stars had become beclouded, the rain was falling, the winds were blowing aloof, night and clouds and weeping, fainting, senselessness—and then, morning! We shall wake in light and warmth and health. We shall see the skies of eternity, we shall breathe the airs of Paradise, we shall feel the vigor of immortality, we shall hear the voices of heaven,—sweet voices, musical, not too transporting, nor yet the sound as of many waters, but voices attuned to our condition, mingling old familiar words and tunes with tones and cadences that could come only from hearts sweet with heaven and through throats and mouths that had long breathed the air of heaven. Perhaps they may make us happy with a song of assurance which once drew tears from our eyes as a song of hope :

" Here is rest for the weary, here is rest for the weary,  
Here is rest for you,  
On this morning side of Jordan  
In these sweet fields of Eden,  
Where the tree of Life is blooming,  
Here is rest for you."

' Can we refrain? Shall we not join them? Shall we not go with them? Shall we not quickly learn to sing the Song of Moses and the Lamb, the song of everlasting law and everlasting love? Shall we not see and hear and join "the great voice of much people in heaven, saying Alleluia: Salvation and glory and honor and power unto the Lord our God?" It is morning! Hark! "The voice of a great multitude as the voice of many waters and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying Alle-

luia; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." We join that throng, we join that song. Where is Weeping now? Fled with the Night. HE has wiped all tears from all eyes. O softest hand of everlasting love. O eyes forever brightened by the benediction of the touch of the Lord. O Morning, cloudless, tearless, brilliant, balmy, and everlasting! O men, O brothers, bear the weeping. The night is short. The morning comes. In the night weeping is a lodger, in the morning joy is an everlasting inmate.

" Brief life is here our portion,  
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care;  
 The life that knows no ending,  
 The tearless life, is there.  
 And now we fight the battle,  
 But then shall wear the crown  
 Of full and everlasting  
 And passionless renown."

‘ Break, O Morning, break on the souls that are in the night of sin; and on our graves, break, O Morning of the everlasting Day!

4. AN ELEMENTARY GREEK GRAMMAR. By William W. Goodwin, Ph. D., Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. Boston: Ginn Brothers & Co. Chicago: F. B. Ginn. 1870.

Professor Goodwin has already published a larger work, on the *Syntax of the Moods and Tenses*, which has passed through several editions. The syntax of the present grammar is partly condensed from that work. In many respects this is a good text-book. The language is generally clear and simple, and the arrangement of the subjects is for the most part unobjectionable; though, in looking through the book, we notice some awkward and careless expressions, and an occasional want of perspicuity. The part which treats of the forms is too much condensed in comparison with the syntax. Of course, a pupil ought to be thoroughly acquainted with the forms, declensions, conjugations, &c., before he enters upon the syntax. He can learn the syntax while reading Greek, and hence if, in order to make the book concise, any part ought to be sacrificed, it should rather be the syntax. A sensible teacher can more easily sup-

ply the deficiencies of syntax than those of what is usually included under the term etymology. In his preface, the author says: 'I have attempted to make a Greek Grammar in which the facts and principles of the language shall be stated in as concise a form as is consistent with clearness and precision.' As we have noticed in some other elementary grammars, so in this, the effort to be concise has often resulted in a want of perspicuity, which is indispensable in a text-book. Though, as we said before, we consider this a good grammar, we are not prepared to say that it is superior to some other Greek grammars of its class now in use; unless it be in its brevity. It is a well known fact that there are much better grammars of the Latin and Greek, than of our own language, which can be partly explained by the fact that our language is constantly changing, while the others are dead languages, and can be more easily reduced to rules. We need not mention any other grammars in comparison with the one under consideration; but there are several that, if they are not perfect, answer all the purposes of a competent teacher, and none else ought to attempt to teach. The author further says of his grammar, 'that it will contain the amount of grammatical knowledge which ought to be required of students before they enter college.' As the Procrustean system still prevails in many colleges in this country, this book will supply the *quant. suff.* of Greek Grammar to be administered to a youth, before he assumes the responsibilities of a Freshman. The author correctly states that a boy ought to be put to translating Greek into English and *vice versa*, as soon as he has mastered the most important forms. The Continental method of pronunciation is recommended, and we can only express surprise that teachers of good standing are still found, who adhere to what is called the English method, when all the facts and reasons are in favor of the continental.

We proceed to notice some of the errors of the book. On page 17, we find the following, 'The dual is sometimes used to denote two objects, but even here the plural is more common'. This would imply that the dual is sometimes used to denote more or less than two, which he cannot mean. This is all the explanation given of the dual in this part



of the book. In explaining *augment*, on page 76, the author seems to confound it with *reduplication*. On page 115, is this note, 'Several subjects in the singular connected by *and* generally have a plural verb. But the verb often agrees with one of the subjects (generally the nearest) and is understood with the rest, which generally happens, &c.' This is certainly *general* enough. The example under this note is translated, 'I and you agree'. This is good Greek, but not very polite English. On page 129, we find this remark, 'The Greek is descended from a language which had eight cases'. From what language is the Greek descended? The Sanscrit has eight cases, but philologists teach that it and the Greek are both descended from some older language, the number of whose cases, or rather case-forms, cannot be known. On page 128, an example is thus rendered, 'From the wife which he had at first.'

*Which* formerly was used for persons, but now stands for brutes, goods, and chattles; and we think that in this enlightened day, an author runs some risk in placing *wife* in that category. 'The aorist takes its name (*ἀόριστος*, *unlimited, unqualified*), from its denoting a simple past *occurrence*, with none of the limitations (*ὅρος*) as to *completion, continuance, &c.*, which belong to other tenses'. It is true that the aorist does refer to past occurrences, but it also denotes completed action. The indefiniteness rather refers to the past time. The aorist denotes a momentary or single action in virtue of its expressing the completion of the action in contrast with the imperfect which denotes continued action. On page 145, the Genitive Absolute is thus explained: 'A noun and participle not connected with the main construction of the sentence often stand by themselves in the genitive'. This is condensation at the expense of perspicuity. We had marked several other places, in which the language is objectionable or the principle not correctly explained, but must omit them.

The author states his indebtedness to Madvig, Krüger, and others, but claims credit for a new method of explaining 'conditional sentences'. He divides them into 'general and special', and has several subdivisions under these two heads, so that his explanation makes them more complicated than that

of other grammarians. Though the usual division into four classes may be liable to objections, it is simpler and less liable to objections than his classification. He sets out with the idea that the different moods cannot be explained or defined, with comprehensiveness enough to include all the examples of these moods. If he had generalized enough to have arrived at the distinctive features of each mood,—and we believe some of the grammarians have succeeded in this,—he would have had less trouble, we think, in explaining ‘conditional sentences’. His theory is that each construction of the different moods must be explained for itself. This is not philosophical, if it is practical. Of course the general principles must be established from particular examples. But if a general principle can be reached, it should be stated in an elementary grammar, unless it is too profound to be understood by a beginner. He commends Madvig as being more practical than the German authors, but we fear he has failed to appreciate the manner in which the moods are treated in Madvig’s admirable *Greek Syntax*. We admit that there is some difficulty in applying to particular cases, the general principles that have been established in reference to the moods, and it is here that the capacity and ingenuity of the pupil ought to be called into play. It excites thought, and though the pupil, and even the teacher, may not be able to solve every example satisfactorily, the ends of education will be greatly promoted. We are inclined to the opinion that the fault in the application will rest with the pupil or teacher. While the science of grammar may not be perfect, there can be no doubt that many general principles have been established, and that the moods form no exception to this. In conclusion, while we are not prepared to admit that the author has made any advancement in grammatical science, we can endorse his grammar as, for the most part, well suited for elementary instruction in the Greek language.

5. CLYTIE AND ZENOBIA ; OR THE LILY AND THE PALM. A Poem. By Mary Bayard Clarke. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1871.

This poem, consisting of 65 pages of beautiful letter-press, is well worthy of the reputation and genius of its authoress, whose

writings have long been known to the reading public. The article on 'Mary Bayard Clarke,' in *Southland Writers*, is not, like most of the others, from the pen of Mrs. Tardy, but from that of Judge Edwin G. Reade. 'One of the sweetest poets and truest women of America,' says Judge Reade, 'is Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke, a native of Raleigh, North Carolina. Her prose writings, as well as her poems, are characterized chiefly by simplicity, power, and naturalness. Hearing Daniel Webster speak, one is apt to feel, "That is just what ought to be said on the subject; and I could say it just as he has done." The like may be said of Mrs. Clarke's poetry: there is no straining after effect—no doubling and twisting to make a rhyme—no climbing after a sentiment, or ranting over a passion—no gaudy dress or want of neat attire. It is just what you feel; and just what you, or any body else, would say, (as you think.) But try it, and it will prove just what you *cannot* say.' This description of Mrs. Clarke's poetry, we are happy to be able to endorse fully, with the exception, perhaps, that it is more ornate, than the reader would be apt to imagine from the words of Judge Reade. But this exception, if it be one, will constitute one of the charms of her poetry for the great majority of her readers.

We cannot, at least in this issue of the *Review*, enter into an analysis, or a detailed account, of the beauties of the poem before us. We can only advise our readers to buy, and devour, and enjoy for themselves, the story of *Clytie and Zenobia*, as rendered into verse, and enriched with the inventions, of the gifted authoress. In conclusion, however, we shall treat them to a specimen of the poem; or rather to one of the songs which are interspersed, as episodes, in the course of the story, like beautiful islands in the current of a gently flowing stream. We select, for this purpose, a song by the worshippers of the Sun, not because it is the best, but because it is the first, which occurs in the poem.

He comes! and on the palm-tree's crown  
 A radiant smile casts brightly down;  
 The clash of timbals fills the air,  
 The priests again bow down in prayer,  
 And then, in adoration, raise  
 A great triumphant hymn of praise.

Before the dying cadence falls,  
 Resounding through the temple halls,  
 The vestal virgins' chorus swells,  
 Like echoes from sweet fairy bells,  
 And on the golden air their floats  
 The softest, most voluptuous notes,  
 Which tell that, darkness vanquished, now  
 To love the conquering god will bow,  
 And ardent smile on virgin Earth  
 Until she gives her offspring birth.'

## SONG.

He comes! a conquering god who treads  
 The darkness 'neath his feet,  
 The bridegroom whom the waiting Earth  
 Prepares with joy to meet.

The flowers, that all night long have wept,  
 As soon as he appears  
 Lift up their heads to greet the god,  
 Who dries their dewy tears.

The Heliotrope towards him turns  
 All day its bright blue eyes,  
 But when his smile too ardent grows  
 The Morning Glory dies.

The Rose to him alone will give  
 The attar of its bloom;  
 His warmth, like love in virgin hearts,  
 Draws out the sweet perfume.

Like Truth the stately Lily stands  
 In pure and spotless pride,  
 Her snowy bells, by darkness closed,  
 To sunlight open wide.

Like Justice, see, the Tulip shuts  
 Its petals until light  
 Shines on the kingly flower and brings  
 Its glories into sight.

The silvery mist which veils the Earth  
 He gently draws aside,  
 And smiles just as a bridegroom might  
 When he unveils his bride.

Smile on, smile on, O glorious god!  
 Until your work is done,

And Mother Earth shall fruitful yield  
Her offspring to the Sun :

The Royal Palm bear golden dates,  
Pomegranates clustering grow,  
While through the Nect'rine and the Peach  
The lucious juice shall flow ;

The Almond shed its ripened nuts,  
The glist'ning Orange shine,  
The purple Fig with sweetness burst,  
And Grapes hang on the vine.

Leave to the Greek his numerous gods,  
The Syrian needs but one,  
For all the heart of man desires  
Is given by his Sun.

Then O, while Earth with fruit and flowers  
Responds to his caress,  
Let man, by Justice, Truth, and Love,  
The power of light confess.

6. SERMONS PREACHED IN THE MEMORIAL CHURCH, BALTIMORE. By Rev. Octavius Perinchief. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1870.

Mr. Perinchief acquired, while the pastor of Memorial Church in this city, a high reputation as a thinker, if not as an orator, with the members of his congregation. The above sermons were handed to us, by one of his many friends, with the request that we would examine them, especially the sermons on *The Trinity* and *Providence*, and favor our readers with a notice of them. We should certainly, with much greater pleasure, perform our promise to do so, if we could the more fully concur in the high estimate which that friend had formed of their merits. We were also inclined to think as favorably as possible of the sermons in question, by the circumstance that the amiable and estimable author of them is an invalid clergyman, whose subsistence may, for aught we know, in some measure depend upon the sale of the productions of his pen. But although our opinions may sometimes, and in spite of ourselves, be insensibly biased and colored by our desires; yet do the interests of truth and religion evidently require, that we should permit them to be consciously influenced by no other consideration than that of duty. We can, in the present instance, the more clearly

adhere to the sacred line of duty, because our opinions respecting the great theme discussed by Mr. Perinchief were formed, and expressed, long before we had the pleasure of reading his sermons.

In the leading article of our last issue, for example, we expressed our views, in part at least, respecting the doctrine of the Trinity, which we have since seen discussed in the sermons before us. In our notice of that discussion, we shall, of course, be guided by the principles there laid down, as the result of no little protracted thought and patient meditation.

One of these principles is, that we should never attempt to explain, or illustrate, the mystery of *the Trinity itself*. We should only attempt to explain and illustrate *the language* in which that mystery is set forth or expressed. If the language be properly explained and illustrated, it will be seen that it is not involved in contradiction, as superficial thinkers are so apt to imagine; and as it is free from all contradiction, so it may be true. Or, in other words, the doctrine of the Trinity, in spite of the *seeming* self-contradiction of its language, may be true *some how or other*; though we cannot see *how* it is true—how the three hypostases are united in the one essence, or how the one essence is distinguished into the three hypostases or persons. Hence, as it may be true *some how or other*, so we may and should believe that it is true on the authority of a divine revelation. As it is possible, so it may be true as a fact; and it should be received as a fact, provided it be set forth, or taught, in the word of God. This is all that philosophy can do for the doctrine of the Trinity. It delivers us from the region of absurdity, of impossibility, but it never carries us beyond the domain of mystery. The whole universe is, indeed, replete with mystery, from the triune God of heaven and earth, to the triune air in which we live, and move, and have our corporeal being; and the mystery of the very least of all things, no less than of the very greatest, is above the reason of man. It is not *contrary to*, it is only *above*, or *beyond*, the penetration of our powers. To reveal this truth, by clearing the mind from the ambiguities and the *seeming* self-contradictions, of *the language* of the Trinity, is all that human philosophy can do for

the great mystery of the Godhead. In regard to this great mystery, the philosopher and the peasant stand on precisely the same level, only the philosopher understands his own ignorance, while the peasant, or the pretender, is apt to lose himself in 'the conceit of knowledge without the reality'. For the illustration and proof of this remark, we must refer our readers to the leading article of the last number of our *Review*, entitled *The Spirit of Rationalism*.

We have also said, in that article, that every attempt to explain, or illustrate, the *doctrine* of the Trinity, as distinguished from *its language*, is necessarily a failure. Of the justness of this remark, the attempt of Mr. Perinchief to explain *the doctrine*, or *mystery*, of the Trinity, is a striking illustration. According to his sermon, 'we cannot say the Father is *the Deity*, the Son is *the Deity*, the Holy Ghost is *the Deity*. We can say, that Father is *Deity*, all that the Father is, is *Deity*, all that the Son is, is *Deity*, all that the Holy Ghost is, is *Deity*—and that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, together, is *the Deity*. Take an illustration. Of a triangle—the first side is triangle, not the whole of the triangle, not *the triangle*, but the whole side is triangle, the second side is triangle, the third side is triangle. You see here we are obliged to use the same terms expressive of part, as we do in expressing the whole. And yet there are not three triangles, but one triangle, and there is one triangle in the three together.'

Now, such is the artificial and forced jargon, in which our author attempts to illustrate the Trinity. He says, 'we see'; but we do not see. We do not see, and indeed we cannot see, that we are obliged to use the same term in speaking of the side of a triangle, which we use to denote the triangle itself. It is simply absurd to call, as our author does, the side of such a figure—*triangle*. It is not triangle at all. It is merely a right line, and neither more nor less than a right line. Thus, his very language in regard to the three sides of a triangle is as absurd, as his language in regard to three persons of the Trinity is far-fetched, forced, and unphilosophical.

If he had undertaken to illustrate *the language* of the formula—three Gods in one God—in order to show that it is not

self-contradictory; he might have very well used, for the purpose, the easily formed conception of three triangles in one triangle. But while this might have been employed to remove all appearance of contradiction from *the language* of the Trinity, it would have thrown no light whatever on the idea, or the nature, or the doctrine, or the subject, of the Trinity. But to call each of the three sides of a triangle, or each of three right lines, *triangle*, in order to show how three triangles form *the triangle*, is merely to bring a mathematical absurdity in order to illustrate a ridiculous conception of the Trinity.

The same remark applies, with equal force, to other illustrations of our author; especially to the one drawn from 'the American flag'; in which 'the red is flag', the 'white is flag', and 'the blue is flag;' and yet 'there are not three flags, but one, and but one; because they are three. These three agree in one'. That is to say, these three flags agree in the flag; which illustrates nothing, except the confusion of the author's mind. It illustrates neither the language, nor the doctrine, of the Trinity. Each of the three colors is absurdly called 'flag', in order to bring the language of the illustration into a conformity with that of the Trinity; while, without the least forcing, the description of a thousand natural phenomena might have furnished him with an exactly similar use of *apparently* self-contradictory language.

We had intended to notice our author's sermon on *Providence*, and to conclude with some specimens of his style as a pulpit orator, which contains many excellencies as well as some very glaring defects; but our present limits are already exhausted. We cannot, however, permit ourselves to conclude this notice, without adverting to one sentiment of the author, which is sufficient to vitiate a whole theology. '*God*', says he, (p. 169), '*does not look upon sin so much as a fault, as a misfortune*'; and it is he, not ourselves, by whom this sentiment is put in italics.

7. AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF MARYLAND. By the Visitors and Governors of St. John's College, Annapolis. August 1st, 1868. Annapolis: Robert F. Bonsal. 1868.

AN ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF MARYLAND. By the Visitors and Gover-



nors of St. John's College, Annapolis, in behalf of that Institution, November, 1868. Annapolis: George Colton & Son. 1870.

Both of the above-named pamphlets relate, as is evident from their common title, to one and the same subject,—the claims of St. John's College, at Annapolis, on the people of the State of Maryland. The first was written by Thomas Swann, while Governor of the State, and as such 'Ex-Officio President of the Board' of Visitors and Governors of St. John's College; the last was written, in the same character and capacity, by the present Governor of Maryland, the Hon. Oden Bowie. The subject is one of the very first importance to the honor, prosperity, and glory of the State. Hence it is, that we have observed, with extreme pleasure, the enlarged, liberal, and enlightened spirit, as well as the good sense, by which both papers are characterized. The subject demands, as every one knows, the best thoughts of every scholar, patriot, and statesman in the land. This truth was evidently impressed on the minds of both writers. There is not a trace, nor a sign, nor a shadow, of demagoguism in either production.

Yet, in spite of all this, have we risen from the perusal of them, with a feeling of profound dissatisfaction. How forcibly, indeed, do they press on our attention the melancholy fact, that the great interests of the higher education have, in our State, fallen into a most dilapidated and forlorn condition. Now, why is this? Why do our young men have to seek in other States, North and South, the advantages of the higher education? Why, on the contrary, do not the young men of other States,—of Delaware, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Kentucky, and of all the Southern States,—flock to Maryland, to secure these advantages? Why are thousands, and hundreds of thousands, of dollars, continually flowing from Maryland, in pursuit of College and University education, which cannot be so well had in our own State? Why, on the contrary, are not millions of dollars continually flowing into our State, in pursuit of the same indispensable object? Why have we not the honor and the glory, as well as the pecuniary emolument, of educating the best minds of the South, instead of sending our own best minds to other States to be educated? This is a grave

question,—this is a great problem,—whose solution the sons of Maryland are required to solve; or else prove unequal, if not untrue, to the honor, prosperity, and glory of the State.

The sad state of things in question, is not owing to any want of interest, on the part of our public men, in the cause of College or University education. To the truth of this statement, both of the speeches before us bear the most unequivocal evidence. Governor Bowie, for example, advocates, and urges on the people of Maryland, the positions: ‘That endowments are necessary for Colleges’; and ‘that Colleges are required to supply suitable teachers in our primary schools’. He also insists on ‘the propriety of endowing our Colleges’; and concludes with the proposition, that ‘Annapolis is the most eligible location, and St. John’s College the most suitable Institution, to receive the public endowment.’ Now, there is not, perhaps, a well-educated man in the State of Maryland, nor a man whose mind is capable of receiving a good education, who would dissent from any one of the positions laid down by the Governor, and advocated in his *Address*. Why, then, are our Colleges so poorly endowed? Why, for the want of endowment, is St. John’s College, for instance, scarcely able to raise its head from the ground, while the Universities of Michigan and Chicago have, by the munificence of their endowments, been made to shoot up and expand into such amazing prosperity? And why, in the face of such facts, do our people resist the appeals of our Governors to endow St. John’s College? This is the question, which we have to answer; and which, in our humble opinion, neither of the appeals before us has fully answered.

Governor Swann says: ‘It is common to resist appeals like these we are now making, by urging that “Colleges should be self-sustaining,” but we beg leave respectfully to submit that such an opinion proceeds from an ignorance alike of the history, and of the practical working, of all successful institutions. It would be more just to say that Colleges always succeed in proportion to the degree in which they are furnished in advance with the means of education, and it is equally true that in proportion as they are *helped*, Colleges become able to *help themselves*. When they have been once *permanently established*, on

a broad and liberal foundation, their own alumni, the voluntary generosity of private citizens, and their own means of extending the blessings of education, or generally found sufficient for their maintenance. This may be seen by what has been done in other States by individual donations for such Colleges when *permanently established*. Within comparatively a few years the sums given to Colleges in this country from private sources have been almost beyond belief. The following statement of the amounts recently received by the institutions named will serve to show how little room is left for the saying, that "Colleges should be self-sustaining:" Amherst College, Mass., \$350,000; Baldwin University, Ohio, \$104,000; Brown University, R. I., \$160,000; Bethlehem College, Pa., \$500,000; Princeton College, N. J., \$300,000; Cornell University, N. Y., \$870,000; Dartmouth College, N. H., \$121,000; Dickinson College, Pa., \$100,000, (of which a large sum has been the contribution of Marylanders); Hamilton College, N. Y., \$202,500; Harvard College, Mass., \$483,000; Hobart Free College, N. Y., \$112,000; Lafayette College, Pa., \$260,000; Lincoln College, Pa., \$100,000; Lombardy College, Ill., \$100,000; Madison College, N. Y., \$160,000; Marietta College, Ohio, \$100,000; Methodist College, N. Y. City, \$250,000; New York University, \$160,000; Racine College, Wis., \$100,000; Rochester University, N. Y., \$200,000; Rutgers College, N. J., \$250,000; Trinity College, Conn., \$100,000; Tuft's College, Mass., \$500,000; Chicago University, Ill., \$285,000; Lewisburg University, Pa., \$100,000; Washington College, Mo., \$150,000; Waterville College, Me., \$150,000; Wesleyan University, Ct., \$137,000; Yale College, Ct., \$750,000; making an aggregate of nearly \$9,000,000.

Now, in looking over the list of endowments which have been 'recently' made, one very sad reflection is awakened in our mind. We do not find, in the whole list, the name of a single Southern College! Nine millions have *recently* been poured forth, by the mean and stingy North, in support of her Colleges and Universities, and where is the one million which, for the same purpose, has *ever* been contributed by the large-hearted and liberal South? The University of Virginia re-

ceived, before the war, the donation of a farm, which was worth some ten or twelve thousand dollars; and, since the war, she has received a much larger donation; amounting, we believe, to more than \$100,000. But that is all? How amazing, nay, how humiliating, when compared with the princely endowments, which have been lavished on Harvard University in Massachusetts, amounting to millions!

But, if the name of no Southern College, or University, appears in the above list, it is not the fault of Governor Swann. It is all due the state of things which we so deeply deplore. Whence this state of things? Or, to come back to the question right before us, why has so little been given to St. John's College? Is it because our people are, in money matters, so much meaner than the Yankees? By no means. The cause is to be sought in the fact, *that our people have lost confidence in the efficiency of the working of St. John's College.* Sensible people do not pour water in a seive. Hence, if you wish them to give their money to a College or University, you must show them that it is prepared, not merely to swamp their means, but to do the great and glorious work of such an institution.

This, in our humble opinion, cannot be done by St. John's College; because its organization is radically wrong. It has been crippled, not to say crushed, by unwise legislation; and requires, therefore, to be radically reorganized, and put in working order. The amount of the legislation of this State, on the subject of education, has been absolutely frightful; and in its bearing on the interests of the higher Collegiate education, it has been as fruitful in evil, as it has been frightful in amount.

Governor Swann well says: 'It is because Maryland has neglected adequately and continuously to build up any one seat of learning on a basis at once broad and liberal, that she has been doomed, for successive years, to witness not only the annual exodus of her sons, repairing to other States, more wise as well as more happy in their educational appointments, in order to procure that higher education which was sought in vain within their own borders, but also to see the munificence of her own citizens, which might have aided to found and embellish a College on her own soil, diverted in tributary streams to swell the already abun-



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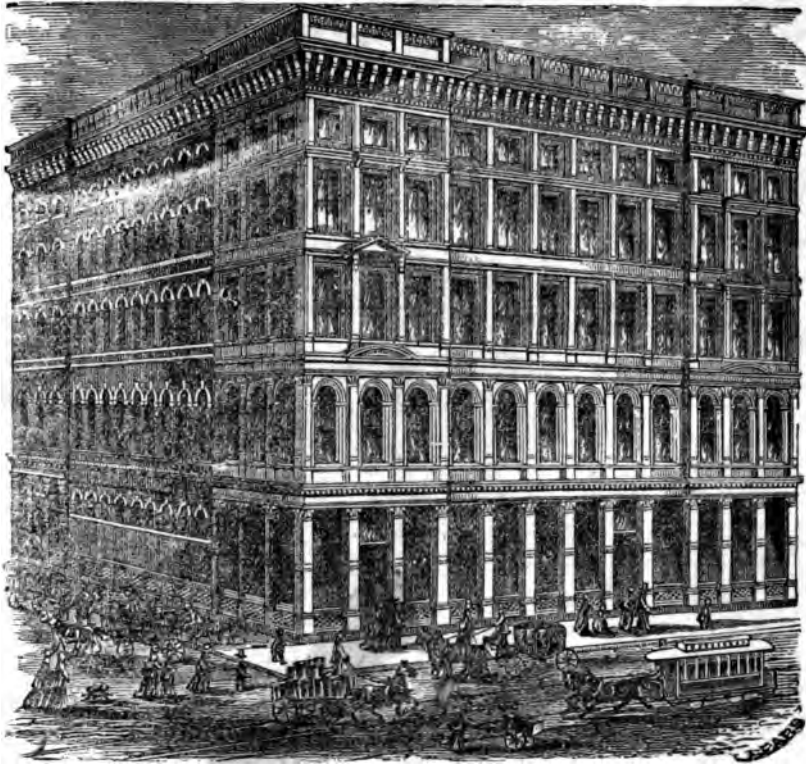
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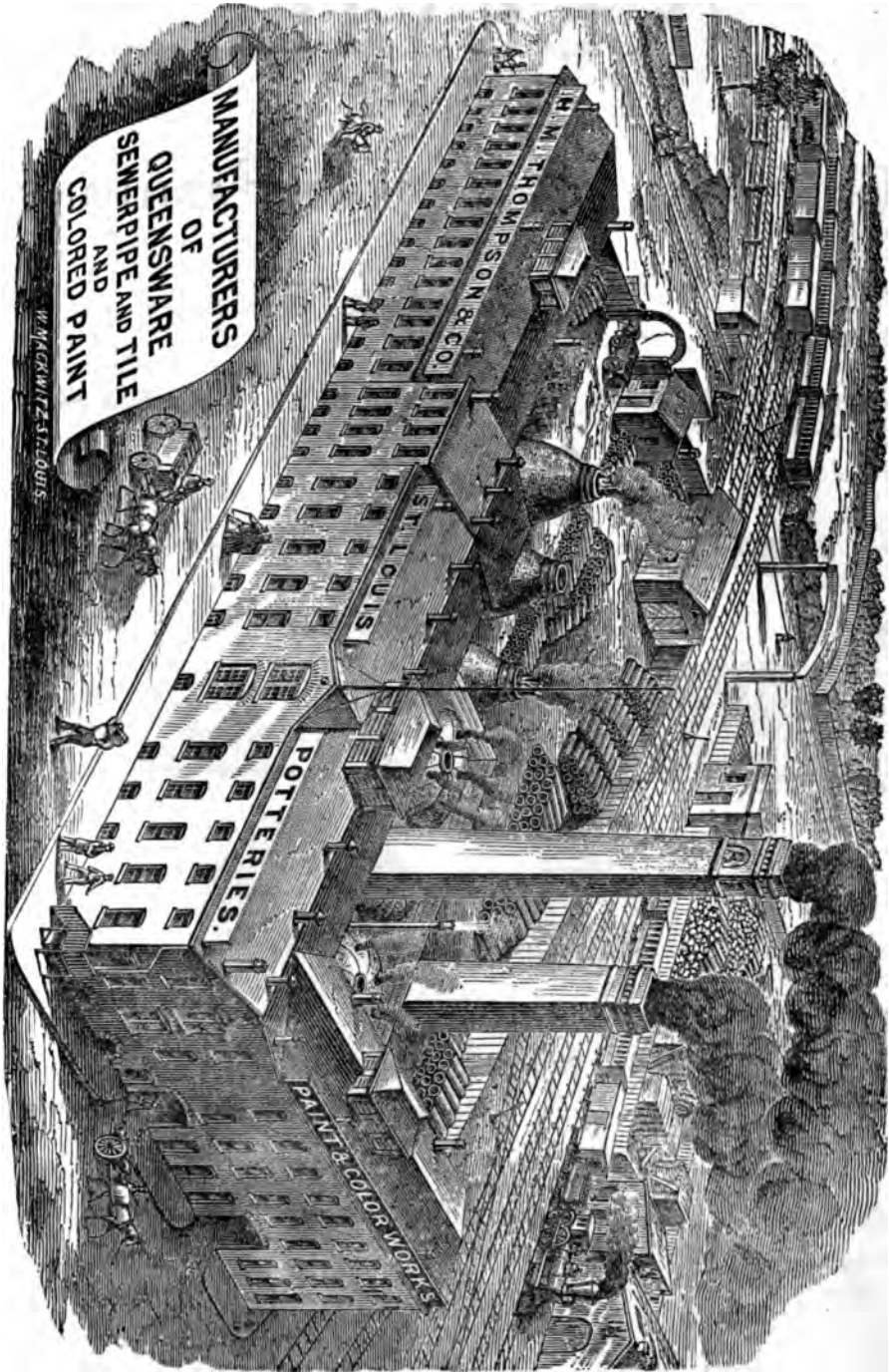
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A. T. BLEDSOE, LL. D., EDITOR.

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JANUARY, 1873.

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# THE SOUTHERN REVIEW.

No. XXXII.

OCTOBER, 1874.

ART. I.—1. *Systematic Theology*. By Charles Hodge, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, New Jersey. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Vol. I, 1872; Vols. II and III, 1874.

2. *Fetich in Theology; or, Doctrinalism Twin to Ritualism*. By John Miller, Princeton, N. J. New York: Dodd & Mead. 1874.

The idea of God is the root of all religion, whether natural or revealed; and the decay of this root-idea, or its non-development, is the secret source of the deep-seated and wide-spread infidelity of the present day. Hence, if we would counteract this great evil, we must promote the revival, the growth, and the development of the idea of God in the minds of men; that is to say, we must go to the very root of the tree, and there bestow our chief care, instead of expending our energies, as so many do, in battling about its outgrowths and branches. It is worse than idle, it is simply ridiculous, to argue the question of providence, or prayer, or miracles, with men who have no adequate notion of a living and personal God. We might as well, indeed, pray to a stock, a stone, or a star, as to the poor, lifeless, and impersonal God of a Darwin, a Tyndall, a Huxley, or a John Stuart Mill. For he is the creature, and not the Creator, of law and order; the slave, and not the Master, of the blind forces of nature. He can hear

no prayer, he can work no miracle, and he can exercise no sort of providence in the affairs of men. Hence, with such an idea of God, every intelligent being must needs deny the reality of providence, the efficacy of prayer, and the possibility of miracles. Their logic is good; their premises only are bad. If, therefore, we would counteract their influence, and turn the currents of religious thought into the right channel, we must encounter their premises, and show that their idea of God is more worthy of a monkey than of a man. We must, in other words, restore the true idea of the Creator and Ruler of the universe, from which we may deduce the doctrine of providence, the duty of prayer, and the use as well as the possibility of miracles, as corollaries in the moral system of the world. Otherwise all our labor will be in vain. Mr. Mozley should have devoted the *first* instead of the *fourth* chapter of his work 'On Miracles' to the idea of God, as this is the hinge on which turns all our great controversies with the infidelity of the present day, whether they relate to the reality of providence, the efficacy of prayer, or the possibility of miracles. He should, first of all, have awaked the mental vision of the skeptic, and laid open his mind to the central light of the universe, if he intended (as no doubt he did) to deliver him and his dupes from the darkness in which they are involved. This piece of surgery we shall now proceed to perform—a duty which appears the more necessary because it has been so unskillfully performed by Dr. Hodge.

He begins right. That is, he opens the first chapter of his 'Theology proper' with 'The Idea of God;' but he no sooner takes the second step than his views become indistinct, confused, and vacillating. Nay, in more places than one they become glaringly inconsistent and self-contradictory. To the question, says he, 'What is the Origin of the Idea of God?' 'three answers have been given: first—that it is innate; second—that it is a deduction of reason, a conclusion arrived at by a process of generalization; third—that it is to be referred to a supernatural revelation, preserved by tradition.' (p. 191.)

He adopts the first of these answers, namely, that 'the idea of God is *innate*.' But when he comes to explain himself he



evidently means, not that the idea of God is innate, but that it is the product of innate tendencies, or faculties of the mind. And this confusion of *the products* of innate tendencies, or faculties of the mind, with *the tendencies or faculties themselves*, runs through all the speculations of Dr. Hodge on this profoundly interesting subject. Thus, he says (p. 191), 'These immediate perceptions are called intuitions, primary truths, laws of belief, innate knowledge, or ideas.' He here confounds, as usual, 'primary truths,' or 'ideas,' with the 'laws of belief;' or, in other words, *the products* of those laws with *the laws themselves*; than which a more fatal source of error could not infect the mind. It confounds a thought with the faculty or power of thought; a belief with the laws of belief; and hence, because the latter are innate, he concludes that the former are also innate!

He will have it, that the idea of God is always innate, and is never 'due to a process of reasoning' (p. 199), and yet he proves the existence of God, or establishes the idea of God in the mind by 'a process of reasoning.' He proves and establishes the objective reality of this idea by five several arguments, namely—by 'the cosmological argument' (p. 208), by the 'historical argument' (p. 211), by the 'geological argument' (p. 212), by the 'teleological argument' (p. 215), and by the 'moral or anthropological argument' (p. 233). Thus, according to Dr. Hodge, the idea of God is innate, and it is not innate! It *cannot* be proved by 'a process of reasoning,' and yet *it is* proved by a process of reasoning, or arguments, from effect to cause! Is it not wonderful that one who has devoted his life to the study of theology should fall into such glaring inconsistencies and self-contradictions? He makes, it is true, certain very refined distinctions in order to reconcile these discrepancies, of which he seems half conscious; but, as we shall presently see, these distinctions are more subtle than solid, and serve only to gild with delusive light the chaos of opinions in which he seems hopelessly involved.

Among the many strange things in the logic of Dr. Hodge is his 'Proof that the knowledge of God is innate' (p. 194). The knowledge or idea of God is innate, says he, because it is

both *necessary* and *universal*. To use his own words, 'The question here is, whether the existence of God is an intuitive truth? Is it given in the very constitution of our nature? Is it one of those truths which reveal themselves to every human mind, and to which the mind is forced to assent? In other words, has it the characteristics of *universality* and *necessity*? It should be remarked that when universality is made a criterion of intuitive truth, it is intended to apply to those truths only which have their foundation or evidence in the constitution of a nature. As to the external world, if ignorance be universal, error may be universal. All men, for example, for ages believed that the sun moved around the earth; but the universality of that belief was no evidence of its truth.

Before he proceeds far he finds that 'universality,' as a test of primary or innate truths, is about to break down under him utterly, and so he mends his position. Seeing that the universal belief, once entertained, that the earth is the centre of the material universe, round which the sun, moon, and stars revolve, was no evidence of the truth of the belief, he very prudently limited his test, or criterion, 'to those truths only which have their foundation or evidence in the constitution of our nature.' But even this limitation does not save him. For, by the very constitution of our nature, all men were led to believe that color is a property of bodies, and not merely a projection and illusion of the mind; that sensation resides in the organs of sense, and not merely in the sentient mind; and yet these convictions, though once absolutely universal, are now well known to have no foundation whatever in truth. They were no evidences of truths at all, much less of innate truths. They were only illusions.

Again, there is a natural conviction which universally springs from 'the constitution of our nature,' and which relates, not to 'the external world,' but exclusively to the world of spirit; and yet it is false. That is to say, we are conscious that the motion of our bodies is produced by the action of our spirits; and hence, the fundamental 'law of belief,' that, '*like effects proceed from like causes*,' leads us to refer other motions of the body to the action of spirit. The child, or the

savage, for example, believes that every body in motion is moved by a spirit, or by a will-force, like his own, which is the only cause of motion known to the experience of mankind. He believes that a watch, when he sees it move, is animated by a living spirit, and is moved by its will force. Even Plato and Kepler believed that each planet, or star, was animated and moved by a spirit or soul of its own. Was this 'idea innate'? Did God, in other words, plant this notion in the mind of man that 'he might not leave the world without a witness of himself?' It is certain that, until corrected by the teachings of science, or 'processes of reasoning,' or by a divine revelation, it led to polytheism and idolatry—to the worship of sun, moon, and stars, as well as of cats and crocodiles. Such, too, is 'the idea of God,' which Dr. Hodge asserts is 'innate.' It is no 'idea of God' at all; nor is it the work of his hands. It is merely a miserable *fetich*, which the human faculties have formed for themselves as an object of worship. It may be a cat or a crocodile, a stream or a star; but it is *not* a God. It may even be some 'Being [spelled with a big B] on whom they'—the poor, blind worshippers—may feel that they 'are dependent, and to whom they [in some dark, unknown sense of the term] are *responsible*;' but it is *not* a God. Whether great or small, high or low, beautiful or deformed, it is merely a miserable idol, and not a God.

'All men,' says Dr. Hodge, 'have some knowledge of God.' We admit that all men, even the most ignorant, 'have some knowledge of God,' or else of some idol. 'That is,' he continues, 'they have the conviction that there is a Being [or a being] on whom they are dependent, and to whom they are responsible.' What is the source of this conviction? In other words, 'what is the origin of the idea of God?' But here the question arises, Is this Being a God? May it not, in fact, be merely a father, or a mother, or a departed and deified hero? Nay, may not this Being, or this God, as it is called, be merely a thing, and not a person? May it not be a sun or a star—a world, or a wilderness of worlds—the fire-god of the fire-worshipper—the blind force of a Huxley—the impersonal 'not-me' of a Matthew Arnold—or other *fetich* of Egypt, or

Africa, or Princeton ? We must know, indeed, what *kind* of Being this is on which 'all men' feel their dependence, and in what sense they own their responsibility to him, or to it (as the case may be), before we can admit that it answers to 'the idea of God.'

Dr. Hodge tells us, it is true, that 'if this idea is analyzed it will be found to embrace the conviction that God is a person, and that he possesses moral attributes, and acts as a moral governor.' This 'innate idea,' be it observed, is universal, or common, to the whole human species. Hence, it contains no more than may be found to exist in the most ignorant and degraded portions of the human race. How, then, by *the analysis* of so meagre an idea, if idea it may be called, can it be shown 'that God is a person, that he possesses moral attributes, and acts as a moral governor' ? We cannot possibly conceive. Analysis certainly cannot enlarge the contents of the idea. It seems to us, therefore, perfectly incredible that such an idea can be *analyzed* into 'the conviction that God is a person—that he possesses moral attributes, and acts as a moral governor.' Indeed, Dr. Hodge himself says, that it is by various processes of reasoning—or by five several arguments, and not by analysis—that the innate idea of God is thus to be developed, enlarged, and clothed with the attributes of the moral governor of the world. 'It is to be remembered,' says he, 'that theistical arguments are designed to prove not only that there is a necessity for the assumption of an extramundane and eternal Being, but mainly to show *what that Being is; that he is a personal Being, self-conscious, intelligent, and moral.* All this may be included in the primary intuition, (?) but it needs to be brought out and established.' How ? By being analyzed into its contents ? No ; but by his five 'theistical arguments,' which are needed to develop, amplify, and to clothe with moral attributes the innate idea of God. The 'cosmological argument' shows that he is the Creator of the universe ; the 'teleological argument,' that he is the 'intelligent, 'designing Cause,' to whom is due in order, harmony, beauty, and magnificence of the world ; and 'the anthropological argument,' that he is its moral gov-

error. Now, the whole 'idea is innate,' and may be analyzed into the glorious attributes of God; and anon, these sublime superadditions are due to his five 'theistical arguments,' or reasoning processes!

'All men have the conviction that there is a Being on whom they are dependent, and to whom they are responsible.' (Vol. I, p. 191.) 'All that is maintained is, that there is a general sense of dependence and accountability to a *being* higher than themselves exists in the minds of all men.' (Vol. I, p. 195.) Now, the conviction in question is an 'innate idea,' and anon, it is a 'general sense.' An 'idea,' a feeling or 'sense,' and a 'conviction'! This conviction, says he, is opposed 'to that acquired by a process of research and reasoning.' (Vol. I, p. 191.) God's 'existence is a self-evident truth.' (p. 28.) 'It is the *general sense* of a Being [what being?] on whom we are dependent, and to whom we are responsible.' 'If this idea [or conviction, or vague general sense,] is analyzed, it will be found to embrace the conviction that God is a person,' etc.

'But hardly,' as Mr. Miller truly says, 'has all this escaped from the lips of Dr. Hodge before he begins most singularly to contradict it. On page 339 he asks, "*How do we know God?*" He approaches this systematically. He uses the very word "*idea*." "How does the mind proceed in forming the idea of God?" [Yea, verily, how does the mind proceed in forming an innate idea?] He distinctly shows how it can be formed [innate though it be], and depends to form it upon *the very methods that he had once denounced*. He says, "we deny to God any limitation; we ascribe to Him every excellence in the highest degree; and we refer to Him as the Great First Cause *every attribute manifested in His works*. We are the children of God, and, therefore, we are like him. We are, therefore, authorized to ascribe to Him all the attributes of our nature as rational creatures, without limitation, and to an infinite degree. If we are like God, God is like us. *This is the fundamental principle of all religion*. If we are his children, He is our Father, whose image we bear, and of whose nature we partake. This, in the proper sense of the word, is Anthropomorphism, a word much abused, and often used in a

bad sense, to express the idea that God is altogether such a one as ourselves, a being of like limitations and passions. *In the sense, however, just explained, it expresses the doctrine of the Church, and of the great mass of mankind.* Jacobi well says: "We confess, therefore, to an Anthropomorphism inseparable from the conviction that man bears the image of God, and maintain that, besides this Anthropomorphism, which has always been called Theism, is nothing but atheism and *fetichism.*"' (p. 113.)

We are happy to agree with Dr. Hodge, that the idea of God is '*formed*' by reasoning from effect to cause. But if it is *formed* in this way, or by any other operation of our faculties, it is not innate. Suppose, however, that the idea for which he contends were innate, what would be gained to the cause of Theism? It is only a conviction, or idea, that there is some being, or thing, 'on which we are dependent, and to which we are responsible.' If such a conviction, or idea, is actually innate, it is not one, it is manifold; and its various forms are widely different in different minds. We asked a negro the other day, 'What do you think of God?' and he replied, 'He is just like any other man.' This is one of Dr. Hodge's innate ideas, which must be true, because it is both *necessary* and *universal*! It was the *fetich* of the poor negro. He evidently believed, as we learned upon inquiry, that God, as he called him, was subject to the same limitations and passions, and possessed the same bodily form of 'any other man.' This was sad enough; for the poor negro was a professor of religion, who had been born in a Christian land, and brought up among Christian people, in the full blaze of Gospel light. But there is something far sadder still, and it is this, that, after the studies of a long life devoted to the subject, Dr. Hodge has set forth an 'idea of God,' in which one of his former pupils, and a thoughtful member of his own school in theology,<sup>1</sup> has been able to find nothing at all that is worthy of the worship of a rational, moral, and religious being. Is not Princeton, then, a house divided against itself? Be this as it may, it is certain that the labors of Dr. Hodge do not supersede

1 John Miller, of Princeton, N. J., the author of *Fetich in Theology*.

the necessity of a clearer, fuller, more accurate, and more satisfactory exhibition of the idea of God. We shall, in the present paper, endeavor to contribute our mite toward so desirable an object or achievement.

To attempt this, with any hope of success, we must form a clear, full, accurate, and satisfactory idea of His image here upon earth. For it is only through this study, successfully pursued, that we can rise to a contemplation of the infinite and adorable perfections of God. If the nature of our own powers and attributes, or the relations they sustain to one another, and to the world around us, be misconceived, or seen amiss, this will work a corresponding distortion and deformity in our idea of God. As we must, in other words, proceed from effect to cause in forming our idea of God, from his manifold works in the world around us to the great Worker above us, and especially from His little image upon earth to the great Original in heaven, so any defect, or error, in our finite data, or premises, will lead to an infinite defect, or error, in our conclusions. The truth of this remark, as we shall have occasion to show, is amply and most strikingly illustrated in the speculations of Dr. Hodge. All history, in fact, illustrates the same great truth. Whether it be the history of skepticism, or of belief; the history of atheism, or of theism; it shows that, at all times and in all places, our idea of God depends on our idea of ourselves. Or, in other words, that it is only through a knowledge of the attributes, the laws, and the relations of the human mind that we can arrive at a knowledge of the attributes, the laws, and the relations of the Divine Mind, in whose image we are formed. Hence it is that those who, like Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and others, have studied matter so much, and mind so little, have such low, mean, defective, and grovelling ideas of God, and of His relation to the world. The microcosm in man must, by careful study and patient meditation, be cleared of its manifold obscurities ere it can reflect, as in an even and pure mirror, the microcosm of God. No man, much less a Huxley, could behold the unity, the order, the magnificence, and glory of the material universe if he should view it only through a knotty and cloudy piece of

glass. It would needs look more like a chaos than a Cosmos. Still less can any man, though he possessed the native intelligence of a Huxley, with all his vast knowledge of material things, behold the unity, order, magnificence, and glory of the spiritual universe if viewed through his dark jumble of confused notions respecting the nature, the properties, the laws, and the relations of mind. *Knowledge begins at home.*

There has always been a school of philosophers who, under one form and name or another, have deified Fate, and subordinated God to the laws of the universe. Thus the Stoics of old, for example, maintained the opinion that all things in heaven and earth are bound together by 'an implexed series and concatenation of causes.' They admitted, it is true, the existence of a God; but yet they regarded Him as merely the greatest and brightest link in the adamantine, universal chain of necessity, and not as the independent, free, personal Creator and Ruler of the world. They maintained this opinion, because they viewed the human will, not as a free, self-active power, being in and of itself a spring of action, but as involved in, and enslaved by, the mechanism of cause and effect. They could not say,

That God, binding all nature fast in fate,  
Left free the human will,

and hence, they could not believe that God himself was free. Thus, as we have said, a finite error in regard to their own will became an infinite error in regard to the Divine will, and the system of the universe. This scheme of Fate, or system of the universe, differs in nothing except in name from the all-producing and all-embracing 'Blind Force' of Herbert Spencer, and his school of 'blind' philosophers.

On the other hand, there has been, especially in modern times, a school of thinkers who have denied the very existence of force, or efficient causation, in the system of the universe. This is blank atheism. When we saw, in the *Logic* of John Stuart Mill, the statement that 'the distinction between agent and patient is illusory,' we knew that he was an atheist—an



opinion which, however sedulously concealed during his life, has since been openly avowed in the posthumous publication of his *Autobiography*. For, if 'the distinction between agent and patient is illusory,' then is mind, no more than matter, a real agent; and God himself, supposing such a Being to exist, is merely a passive part and parcel of the universal sea of flowing existence, in which there is no moving force, or efficient causation. David Hume and John Stuart Mill have been the chief advocates of this strange philosopheme, or theory of the universe.

This theory, though previously propounded by Hobbes, would perhaps have disappeared ere this from modern speculation if Hume had not thrown around it the eclat of his genius. 'The first time,' says he, 'a man saw the communication of motion by impulse, as by the shock of two billiard balls, he could not pronounce that the one event was *connected*, but only that it was *conjoined* to the other. After he has observed several instances of this nature, he then pronounces them to be *connected*. What alteration has happened to give rise to this new idea of *connexion*? Nothing but that he now *feels* these events to be *connected* in his imagination, and can really foretell the existence of one from the appearance of the other. When we say, therefore, that one object is connected with another, we mean only that they have *acquired a connexion in our thought* [or imagination, though they have none in reality], and gave rise to this inference, by which they become proofs of each other's existence.' (An Inquiry concerning the Human Understanding, sec. 7, p. 2.) Thus, according to Hume, when we say that one event is the cause of another, we can only mean, if we would speak truly, that it is simply the *antecedent* of the other, without any sort of connecting *nexus* between them. In other words, the cause is only *conjoined* in place and time with its effect, but never exerts any efficient influence, or productive power, in order to bring it to pass. He thus eliminates all force, or efficient causation, from the system of the world; and pronounces the ordinary notion of causation, which is believed in by all minds, and wrought into all languages, to be merely an illusion of

the imagination. Hence the conclusion of his disciple, John Stuart Mill, that 'the distinction between agent and patient is illusory.' It follows, therefore, that we can have no knowledge of a Great First Cause, inasmuch as he has never been observed, or seen, as the antecedent of effects, and that the very idea of such a Being is merely a figment of the imagination. Experience, says Hume, and Mill, is the source of all our knowledge; and we have never had any experience, or observation of the fact, that God has made a world.

Now, for our part, we are grateful for the labors of David Hume. It is customary, we are aware, to rush full tilt against his doctrine, as if determined to dash it to atoms and grind it to powder. But, if we are not very greatly mistaken, it contains a partial truth, which may be rendered of immense service to the cause of Theism. He is right in concluding, as he does, that no such thing as productive force, or efficient causation, exists in the external world, or in the sphere of matter. For dead, passive, inert matter never acts. His 'two billiard balls' were equally passive—the one in moving, and the other in being moved. The first, passive to the force by which it was put in motion, only *suffered* a change of place; and, if it put the second ball in motion, this was not because it had any *power to act*, but only because two bodies cannot occupy the same place at one and same time. The only real cause, in such a case, was the will-force, by which the motion of the first ball was produced. All the rest was the most pure and perfect *passivity*. We hope this will be carefully meditated by the reader and constantly borne in mind, for we shall have great use for it in our polemic against the skepticism of David Hume. There will be no great harm, we trust, in our polemic, if we just put a hook in the nose of the great leviathan of unbelief, and bring him, well-harnessed, into the service of the living God. His great error consisted, not in denying the existence of real efficiency or causation in the world of matter, but in the sweeping conclusion that, because he could not find it there, it had no place in the universe—in the sweeping conclusion that, because he could not find the living among the dead, there is no living thing in the universe which can

think, and feel, and will, and act like the great Being whose image it bears. We even thank him, indeed, for the proof of the great truth, that in the universe of matter there is no such thing as real causation or positive efficiency. But we cannot allow him to extend this partial truth, this one-sided view of the world, however precious and important, over the universe of mind, so as to obliterate 'the distinction between agent and patient,' between action and passion, between 'the living and the dead.'

Every system of divinity is treated by Hume with unbounded contempt. Thus he says, in a passage quoted with approbation and delight by Professor Huxley, 'If we take in our hand any volume of divinity, or school metaphysics, let us ask, does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number? No. *Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact or existence? No. Commit it, then, to the flames, for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion.*'<sup>1</sup> Now, is not the rabid infidelity of such a man more worthy of the Caliph Omar, by whom the Alexandrian Library was committed to the flames, than of a philosopher? Yet is this calm and dispassionate philosopher, as he is considered by his followers, the admired and acknowledged master of the most advanced physicists of the modern scientific school. We propose, then, to try them, one and all, by their own principles and methods of investigation. And we do hope, before we are done, to give them something a little better than their own 'sophistry and illusion,' even a little 'experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact [and] existence.' We do hope, in other words, to demonstrate, *by their own methods of science*, the being and the attributes of God; and to show that, in their mad opposition to such 'matter of fact and existence'—the most glorious in the universe—they do most incontinently trample their own principles and methods under foot. Let the reader hear, and then decide whether this hope be well or ill-founded.

Before we can, however, apply the methods of science, in a clear and satisfactory manner, to the demonstration of the

<sup>1</sup> Hume's Works, Vol. IV, p. 198, Edinburgh Edition, 1836.

being and attributes of God, we must clear away some of the difficulties and obscurities in which they are involved. We could have wished, indeed, that this had been done for us by the scientists themselves, but the truth is, they do not understand their own methods any better than other people. Even John Stuart Mill, the philosopher of the school of skeptical scientists, is no exception to the truth of this remark, though he has written a large book on the logic of their methods. He is still involved in the darkness and difficulty of the points here referred to; they are very distinctly recognized by him, but not solved. Thus he says: 'Mankind were wrong in concluding that all swans are white: are we also wrong when we conclude that all men's heads grow above their shoulders and never below, in spite of the conflicting testimony of the naturalist Pliny? We have, no doubt, what is the correct answer to this question. But why are not men wrong in rejecting such a story, and in believing, with assured confidence, that wherever men exist their heads are not beneath their shoulders? *Why is a single instance, in some cases, sufficient for a complete induction, while in others myriads of concurring instances, without an exception known or presumed, go a very little way in establishing an universal proposition?*' (Logic, B. III, c. 3.) This is one of the great questions and great perplexities which pertains to the philosophy or logic of the inductive method; and Mr. Mill truly adds, '*Whoever can answer this question knows more of the philosophy of logic than the wisest of the ancients, AND HAS SOLVED THE GREAT PROBLEM OF INDUCTION.*' Now, has Mr. Mill himself answered this question, and thus, after the lapse of ages, 'solved the great problem of induction'? We think not.

After stating the above question, in the language of Mill, President Porter gives his answer, or solution, in the following words: 'If we seek to answer this question, we say it is more credible or reasonable to believe that swans should vary in color than that men should vary so greatly in form. But why is it more credible? Some would deem it sufficient to reply that in most of the species of animals, individuals who are alike in every other respect differ in color; in other words, that

it is the generally observed law that color is very variable, while the general outline or type of form is uniformly observed in every species, or at least has never admitted so monstrous a deviation as would be implied in having the head beneath the shoulders. *This would be Mr. Mill's answer to his own question*, for in the last analysis or ultimate solution, he makes extended observations and broad generalizations from *observed facts to be the grounds of* all induction—nay, he makes the belief in causation itself, in the uniformities of nature, and in the necessary truths of mathematical axioms to rest upon experience. *But this does not relieve the difficulty. It in no way explains why we believe the unknown will follow the uniformly known—why facts which have been generalized from the past must necessarily hold good in the future. In this particular instance the solution obviously rests upon some other ground than observation.*' (The Human Intellect, § 480.) True, this does not relieve the difficulty in the least, but leaves the great question propounded by Mr. Mill pretty much, if not precisely, where he found it, still enveloped in the clouds and obscurities of a false philosophy. For, as the philosopher of Malmesbury has well said, 'experience concludeth nothing universally'; and hence it cannot, from 'a single instance,' nor from a hundred instances, draw an universal conclusion. On the contrary, it concludes only so far as it sees or observes, and no farther. All generalizations 'from observed facts' must be limited to the facts themselves, and can never rise from the particular to the universal. Dr. Porter is right; the answer to Mr. Mill's question must rest 'on some other [and higher] ground' than any known to his philosophy. It must, and, as we shall presently see, *it does*, rest on a fundamental law of belief, and not merely upon 'observed facts.' It is such a law of belief, and not *observed facts* or properties, which lifts the mind from a particular instance to an universal truth. An observed instance or fact, or rather an observed *relation*, is the ground or datum from which the law of belief takes its start; but yet it is, by its own internal power and authority, that it reaches an universal conclusion, or 'a complete induction.' It is precisely for the want of such 'a law of belief,' grounded

and established in the very constitution of the human mind, that Mr. Mill's logic is blind, and so fumbles about in the dark, and fails to solve 'the great problem of induction' propounded by himself. This will be, we think, perfectly apparent, when we come to give our own solution of that 'great problem.'

But before attempting this it becomes us to notice, in passing, President Porter's answer to the same question, or solution of the same problem. 'We assert with confidence,' says he, 'that it is not likely that a species of men should be so monstrously constructed. We cannot admit the supposition for a moment. The decisive reason is, that men so formed could not perform the functions of men with any convenience or success; that such a form would offend both the eye and the mind, and would be entirely incompatible with the ideal of beauty and convenience to which we assume that nature would certainly conform.' Now, in spite of our great respect for President Porter, this looks to us more like sentiment than science, more like poetry than philosophy. Assuming that nature will, everywhere and always, certainly conform to 'the ideal of beauty and convenience,' he concludes, in spite of the testimony of Pliny, that no men have ever been, or ever will be, found with heads so very *inconveniently* and so very *unhandsomely* placed with reference to their shoulders. It 'would offend both the eye and the mind.' But the question under consideration is one of science, not of taste; and hence, as it seems to us, it is to be determined, not by our notions of fitness and beauty, but by the certain, fixed, and eternal principles of truth. If the argument of Dr. Porter were good, would it not prove, not only that the heads of all men are placed right with reference to their shoulders, but also that the eyes, noses, mouths, arms, and legs of some men conform more nearly, than in fact they do, to 'the ideal of beauty and convenience'? Nay, if his argument were good, might it not be used to prove that the minds of men are far more perfect and beautiful than nature has been pleased to make them? However this may be, it appears clear to our minds that the learned President, though usually so acute and profound, has

thrown very little real light on 'the great problem of induction.'

He continues: 'Considerations of *convenience* and of *adaptation*, and even of *beauty* and *grace*, then, go far toward deciding the question. They give that weight and force to those "single instances which in some cases are sufficient for a complete induction," and detract all force from "the myriads of concurring instances" in other directions. It must be on the ground of such relations, assumed *a priori* to be true of the whole universe of being, and to hold good of its properties, powers, and laws, that we proceed in all our judgments of induction.' (§ 481.) Now, this solution, to say the very least of it, does not answer our purpose, which is to meet the skeptic on his own ground, and to conquer him with his own weapons.

'The great problem of induction,' as it is called by Mr. Mill, engaged our attention in early life, before it was suggested by him, or by any other writer, even before his *Logic* was published. Our solution of it appeared in the *New York Review*,<sup>1</sup> and in the first article ever written by us for a quarterly. That article was a review of a work by Lord Brougham, in which he attempted to prove that natural theology is an inductive science. His Lordship failed, as we believed, because he had never considered, much less solved, the problem in question. If he had only seen why it is that 'a single instance' does, in some cases, establish 'a complete induction,' while, in other cases, 'myriads of concurring instances' yielded only most uncertain, insecure, and precarious inductions, he would have possessed the great secret of the inductive method in its application to the truths of natural theology. For, by applying the principles of the first class of inductions, or those which

1 This *Review*, which was projected and edited by Prof. C. S. Henry, of New York, with an assistant editor, both of whom were learned and able writers, had a short but brilliant career. On the list of its contributors were such names as Bishop M'Ilvaine, Chancellor Kent, Dr. Hawks, and the greatest and most brilliant writer of them all, Hugh S. Legare, of South Carolina. Yet with the aid of all these celebrated writers, and others also, in addition to the two editors, the *New York Review* languished and died in three short years.

spring from 'single instances,' he might have shown that all those great truths—the being and the attributes of God—rest upon the method of induction as securely as any of the truths of physical science. He might have shown, in other words, that natural theology *is* an inductive science, as rigorously and firmly established as any other science under the sun. This is what we shall now proceed to show.

If we would understand the reason of the difference between the two classes of inductions, we must, in the first place, ascertain the leading characteristics by which each class is so deeply marked and clearly distinguished. Let us see, then, this characteristic of each class of inductions. 'Mankind were wrong,' says Mr. Mill, in concluding that all swans are white.' Yea, after having seen millions of white swans, and never one of any other color, they were wrong in the conclusion, 'that all swans are white.' In like manner, if, from the same number of concurring instances, with no instance to the contrary, they had concluded that all crows are black, or that all roses are red, they would have been equally wrong. For, as there are swans that are *not* white, so are there crows that are not black, and roses that are not red. Now, in these several cases, as well as in all others of uncertain and precarious inductions, the conclusion relates to some *property* of the class of the objects observed. On the other hand, in every case of a secure and complete induction, the conclusion relates, not to a *property* of *one class* of objects, but to a *relation* between *two classes* of objects, or to a *relation* between the analogous parts of the same class of objects. The reason of the difference in the two cases is this, that there is an infinite diversity in the superficial *properties* of things, while their *relations* are uniform, fixed, and universal. Hence, one observed instance of a *relation* points to an universal truth, or 'complete induction,' while myriads of instances of observed *properties* indicate no certain conclusion. We shall dwell no longer on this difference or distinction here, because it is discussed, and its value illustrated, in two most elaborate papers on the logic of induction and deduction, which appeared not long since in the pages of this *Review*. It only remains, at present, to apply, as we



have never yet done, the principles of the first class of inductions to the *scientific proof* of the being and the attributes of God.

It is a trite remark, and an admitted fact, that the universe everywhere displays, as one of its grandest and most striking characteristics, 'a diversity in unity, and a unity in diversity.' But it is seldom, if ever, observed, that all the infinite variety of nature relates, mainly, if not exclusively, to the *properties* and *forms* of nature, while its wonderful unity consists in the uniformity of her laws or *relations*. According to the law of gravity, for instance, every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force which varies directly as its mass, and inversely as the square of its distance from the attracted particle. This mathematically expressed *relation* is uniform, fixed, and universal. It is always and everywhere 'without the least variableness or shadow of turning.' How different in size, and form, and color are all the material objects of earth! yet all, without exception, sustain this one relation to each other, or obey this one law. 'One star differeth from another star in glory.' In size, in form, in color, and in splendor one star differeth from another. But all stars obey the one law of gravity. Some solar systems, like our own, have only one sun, while others have two, or three, or four similar suns, or centres of light. But all systems, no less than all single stars, obey the same universal law. When Newton discovered that this law, or mathematically expressed relation, obtained between the earth and moon, he leaped at once to the sublime conclusion, that all atoms, and all worlds, and all systems, are under the dominion of the same law. Yet this induction—the widest and most wonderful ever made—is universally received as an established conclusion of science.

How established? By the aid of innate ideas, or a *priori* assumptions, or self-evident truths? No. These things have been the bane of all science and philosophy. No innate idea, or a *priori* assumption, or self-evident truth, has ever thrown one particle of light on the constitution or the laws of the universe. The human mind can take no steps safely in science or philosophy till she has first planted her foot on a concrete

instance, or real relation, and then, by virtue of a fundamental law of belief, or innate tendency, she can make a 'complete induction,' or think the thoughts of God. Mankind cannot say that all swans are white, nor that all crows are black, nor that all roses are red, nor that all stars have the same color, because they have observed 'myriads of concurring instances which seem to justify the conclusion. But mankind can and does affirm, with the most assured confidence, not even excepting the most skeptical of scientific skeptics, that 'like effects imply the existence of like causes,' and hence, when, in 'a single instance,' a relation is observed and known to exist between a *particular effect and its cause*, the same relation is instantly extended to all similar effects. It was by this law of belief, by this innate tendency of the mind, that Newton was enabled to take, from the humble stepping-stone of 'a single instance,' his sublime step among the stars—a step which all science has since justified and confirmed. So true is the saying of the Son of Sirach, that 'God has made all things double, the one over against the other,' so that the human mind, in its normal action, responds to the unity, order, harmony, and beauty of the universe, as displayed in its laws or *fixed relations*.

Now, let us apply this principle, this axiom, this law of belief, this innate tendency of the mind (no matter by what name it is called), to the truths of natural theology. We are conscious of an *act* of the will, or, more accurately speaking, of the mind in the *act* of willing, and we know that this is the cause of motion in our body. From this 'single instance' of a relation between *a cause and its effects*, we rise to the inductive, to the universal truth, that every motion in a body proceeds from will-force like our own—the only type of causation or of efficient productive energy, of which we have any experience or knowledge. We do so by virtue of the principle, now universally conceded, that 'like effects imply the existence of like causes.' Hence the child, or the savage, no sooner sees a watch in motion than he concludes that it is animated and moved by a spirit like his own. The skeptical scientist laughs at the blunder of the child, or the savage, and likens it to the con-

clusion of those who believe that the motion of the heavenly bodies is produced by a will-force, or a spirit like their own. But the mistake of the child, or the savage, is a very superficial one, when compared with the error of the skeptic himself. It relates merely to *the place* occupied by the spirit or will-force by which the watch was produced and set in motion. In point of fact, the watch was made and rendered capable of keeping time by the will-force of an intelligent artist, and its motion was caused, and its machinery kept in motion, by the will-force that wound it up. Fortunately, however, neither the child, nor the savage, was sufficiently learned, like the skeptic, to be able to doubt that all motion, whether in a watch or a world, necessarily implies the action of spirit. Or, in other words, to trample under foot the fundamental law of belief, that 'like effects proceed from like causes.' The mistake of Plato and Kepler, who supposed that each revolving planet was moved and directed by an indwelling spirit, was similar to that of the child and savage in relation to the moving machinery of the watch. But science has corrected their mistake, without impairing the fundamental law of belief, that all motion, whether in heaven or earth, implies the action of mind or spirit. It has only displaced the notion, that each planetary world is moved by an indwelling spirit, by substituting in its stead the will-force of a supreme, extra-mundane, and eternal Spirit, who is seated on the throne of the universe, and clothed with supernatural power. When Newton stated and solved, as a purely mechanical problem, the system of the material universe, he left unchanged its relation to the universe of mind. He still found it necessary, in order to account for the origin of the motion of sun, moon, and stars, to refer it to the action of one supreme Mind or Spirit. Thus, with the native simplicity of a child, rather than with the learned sophistry of the skeptic, did he preserve intact the great fundamental law of belief, that like *effects* imply like *causes*—that *motion* implies the *action* of spirit. If we admit this principle or law of thought, as all rational beings do, and adhere to it consistently, as all logicians should, without blinking it in our speculations, or obscuring it by our sophistry,

we shall reach the conclusion, that Mind or Spirit is the supreme Mover of the heavens and the earth.

This sublime conclusion, whether more or less clearly arrived at, is that of some of the best minds in the modern as well as in the ancient world. As we have already shown, in a recent article entitled 'Modern Atheism,' it was the conclusion of a Clarke, a Hall, a Gregory, a Stuart, a Herschel, and other thinkers of great eminence in the world of letters and science. It was the conclusion, also, of such minds as those of Roger Collard, Maine de Biran, Principal Tulloch, the naturalist, Wallace, and many others. All these celebrated men do, as clear thinkers and consistent logicians, find the cause of all motion in the will of God, except those motions which originate in the will of man, for will-force is the only type of causation within the range of human experience or knowledge. Hence, unless we are pleased to fancy or imagine causes of which we know nothing, we are bound to ascribe all motion to the supreme, self-active Agent and Cause of all things, or to the self-active agents or finite minds which bear His image. In one word, *all efficiency is in mind, and in mind alone.*

This view of the universe, or explanation of the phenomena of *all* motion, is borne out and sustained by the three conditions, tests, or criteria by which a true theory is distinguished from an unsupported hypothesis. 1. The cause used to explain the phenomena or facts *is known to exist.* 2. *It is known to produce phenomena exactly like those ascribed to it in the theory.* 3. It is *sufficient* to explain all the phenomena ascribed to it in the theory.

1. In the first place, the cause *is known to exist.* No one can doubt the testimony of his own consciousness, that an effort of his will, or of his mind in willing, is the efficient or producing cause of motion in his body. It is, therefore, not merely a fancied or imaginary cause which has been *invented* to explain the phenomena of motion. On the contrary, *it is known to exist,* and is denied by those only who would fain reject the testimony of consciousness, shake the foundations of all knowledge, and let in a flood of universal skepticism

on the human mind, darker and more cheerless than an Egyptian night.

2. In the second place, this known cause is *known* to produce effects or phenomena precisely like those ascribed to it in the theory; for, in both cases, it is simply *motion* — the motion of body, as distinguished from, and set over against, the action of mind.

3. In the third and last place, the cause is *sufficient* to explain all the phenomena ascribed to it in the theory. This is obvious. And he must needs be a very bold man who is rash enough to assert, that all the Mind of the spiritual universe is not sufficient to produce all the motion in the material universe. Hence, to *suppose* or *fancy* any cause of motion besides the known one of will-force, or the action of spirit, is to trample under foot the very first rule of the inductive method. It is, moreover, to sin against 'the law of parcimony,' which condemns all causes that are not necessary to explain phenomena, especially all imaginary or supposed causes. As the above view, then, complies with all the conditions, tests, or criteria of the true theory, it should be accepted *as such*.

In order to evade this conclusion, it may be asserted that *matter is known* to produce motion no less than mind. How known? and by whom? Against this evasion of the skeptic we set the skeptic himself. For, as Hobbes, and Hume, and Comte, and Mill have abundantly shown, the events of the physical world are '*conjoined*' only, and never '*connected*.' They have shown that, in relation to the universe of matter, we have absolutely 'no experience,' and therefore no knowledge, of any such thing as an efficient or producing cause. They have done the work for us, and we have to thank them for the conclusion, that there is no efficiency in matter, or in body, by which its own motions are produced. Hence, by the elimination of all causation from the sphere of matter, they negatively established the grand conclusion of the Theist, that '*All efficiency is in mind, and in mind alone*.'

They would also eliminate, we are aware, all efficiency from the universe of mind, as well as from the universe of matter.

But they can do so only by a most unwarrantable generalization—by an illicit application to the universe of mind of the discovery they have made in regard to the universe of matter. This process of theirs is not only illicit or illogical, it is also seen to be false in the light of consciousness—the only light we have for our guidance in the study of nature. For we do know, in the clear light of consciousness (if we know anything), that mind does exert an efficient influence, or put forth a *producing force*. This is the light that is *in us*, and if any man extinguishes this light, how great is his darkness! He may boast of his light, his reason, his science, his knowledge, but, in fact, he has put out the eyes of his mind.

Those who assert, however, that 'the distinction between agent and patient is illusory,' usually deny the difference between matter and mind. Mind, they allege, is merely a result or function of material organization. But how is the position established by them? By the evidence of 'experience,' their one grand and only source of knowledge? By no means. Experience has never shown, in 'a single instance,' that any combination or organization of matter can produce mind. Their position, then, instead of being founded on *experience*, and established by *induction*, is a purely gratuitous assumption. The truth is, if we reason from the facts of experience at all, we must recognize the distinction between mind and matter, agent and patient, as founded on the most fundamental difference in all the universality of things. We are conscious of thinking, and feeling, and willing; and as nothing, or blank naught, cannot exhibit such phenomena, so we *know* that there is *some thing*, or essence, which thinks, and feels, and wills. This 'some thing,' this 'essence,' we call 'mind.' On the other hand, the thing, or substance, which exhibits the properties of size, figure, motion, etc., we call 'matter.' By what authority is it that we assert these two substances to be one and the same in nature, essence, or kind? By what principle of reason, or science, or method, do we conclude that there is no real or essential difference between matter and mind? They have, it is certain, no one property whatever in common, and hence no assumption could be more perfectly gratuitous than

the assertion that mind is matter, or that matter is mind. As they are wholly disparate in all their properties, in all that we know of them by experience or otherwise, so the only reasonable inference is, that they differ from each other in nature and in kind, as well as in all their manifestations. Hence we hold that Descartes, the great founder of the inductive study of mind, was right in the fundamental position, that the most profound and clearly-marked difference in the universe is that which subsists between mind and matter, or between agent and patient. The philosophy which does not see this difference is simply stone-blind. Is it any wonder, then, that Mr. John Stuart Mill, by whom this difference was utterly denied, should have failed to discover the existence of God? or that he should set aside the very idea of such a Being as the dream of women, and children, and theologians? A dream which, however childish, has infected the weak brains of a vast multitude of would-be philosophers, such as Socrates, Plato, Descartes, Leibnitz, Bacon, Newton, Herschel, and a few other old fogies, whose names have paled before the mightier constellation of the Mills, the Darwins, the Tyndalls, the Huxleys, and other advanced philosophers and fire-flies of the present day.

To deny the distinction between agent and patient, or between mind and matter, is to deny the difference between God and the world. It is, in other words, to deny the existence of a living, personal, self-conscious, self-active God, and sinks into a pantheism which, for all the grand purposes of life, and love, and hope, and joy, is no better than downright atheism itself. How important is it, then, how infinitely important, that this most fundamental of all distinctions should not only be preserved in speculation, but that it should also be kept ever bright and burning on the altars of the human mind!

It is to be regretted, therefore, more than words can express, that this distinction between agent and patient, or, in other words, between mind and matter, is so often and so sadly obscured by the friends of Theism themselves. They admit the distinction in words, and yet by their incautious assumptions, reasonings, and speculations, they so obscure it as to involve

the idea of God in clouds and darkness. Dr. McCosh, for example, in his work on *Positivism and Christianity*, admits 'that matter is action,' as well as mind. We have already exposed, in a former number of this *Review*,<sup>1</sup> the weakness and folly of this fatal admission, by which one of the great strongholds of Theism is betrayed into the hands of its enemies. The President of Princeton could not have committed such an error, if he had only reflected sufficiently on the essential difference between *motion* and *action*, in order to recognize and appropriate, with a clear, firm grasp, the great idea of a Galileo and a Newton respecting the utter *passivity* of matter in all its states, whether of motion or rest, and in all its forms, whether solid, fluid, or gaseous. It was the glory of Galileo that, in spite of the illusions of the senses, the ambiguities and confusions of language, and the prejudices of all men to the contrary, his power of patient thought and profound meditation enabled him to see clearly and to grasp firmly this great idea, that matter is altogether and always *passive*, never *active*; and it was the glory of Newton, that he revealed this great idea and law of the *inertia* or *passivity* of matter as one of the constituent elements in the system of the material universe. It is not, however, the second-rate glory of President McCosh, that he has thought their thoughts, and thereby conserved the interests of Theism.

President Day has fallen into the same error. The former President of Yale College, no less than the present President of Princeton College, has confounded agent and patient, or action and passion, and thereby obscured the glory of the idea of God. His zeal in the cause of necessity has led him to adopt principles or assumptions utterly inconsistent with the nature of mind as distinguished from matter. We have not room, however, in the present paper, to convict President Day of this error, or to expose the false assumptions, reasonings, and illustrations by which its nakedness is hid from view.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See notice of Dr. McCosh's *Positivism and Christianity*.

<sup>2</sup> This we did, many years ago, in our work on *The Will*, a work which has been long out of print. Hence, in order to complete this portion of our



But Dr. Hodge is, if possible, more incautious in his admissions, in his assertions, than either Dr. McCosh or President Day. Indeed, his deliverances under this head—'Matter is Action'—are so very remarkable that we feel called upon to notice them *in extenso*. 'The second fact or principle,' says Dr. Hodge, 'recognized by Scripture, is that *matter is active*. It has properties or forces which are the proximate causes of the physical changes which we constantly see and experience. This is considered by scientific men almost an axiomatic truth. "No force without matter, and no matter without force." This is also the general conviction of men. When they take a heavy body in their hand, they attribute its weight to the nature of the body and its relation to the earth. When one substance produces the sensation of sweetness, and another the sensation of acidity, they instinctively refer the difference to the substances themselves. So of all other physical effects; they are always and everywhere referred to physical causes. Such is a law of our nature; and therefore the theory which denies that any physical causes exist, and refers all natural effects or changes to the immediate operations of the Divine will [or to the will of finite spirits], contradicts our nature, and cannot be true. Besides, as we have already seen, that theory logically leads to idealism and pantheism. It merges the universe into God.' (Vol. I, p. 606.)

Alas! for the metaphysics of Princeton. Such a display of the want of metaphysical acumen is, we are constrained to say, *extremely distressing*. It is, however, but a fair specimen of Dr. Hodge's usual style of thought on the deep questions of metaphysical theology. It demands, therefore, and it shall have, a severe analysis of its mistakes in logic, and its blunders in philosophy. The criticism which we are here about to make on this extraordinary passage may be easily extended, by the intelligent reader, to nearly half of Dr. Hodge's three large volumes.

argument, we shall reprint, in a separate article, the Section of that work which treats 'Of Action and Passion.' It will, in this isolated form, lose the support of the preceding and the succeeding Sections of the same work; but it will, if we are not mistaken, be sufficient in and of itself to refute President Day. (See Art. III.)

The first thing which strikes us in the above passage as most extraordinary, is the appeal to Scripture to prove the position 'that matter is active.' We had supposed, indeed, that it is known everywhere, especially at Princeton, that the Scriptures were not written to settle abstruse questions of science. They invariably speak of things as they *appear*, not as they *are* in themselves, or in the results of scientific analysis and exposition. They leave all men, exactly as they found them, to judge of natural things according to first *appearances*, which lie upon the surface, or else to search out for themselves the deep truths concealed behind them. Every illusion of the senses, as well as of the mind, is incorporated into the popular language in which they are written, just as it is in the vernacular of all nations. It would, therefore, be a prodigious anomaly if they were found to throw any light whatever on the question as to whether matter is active or passive. They have absolutely nothing to do with any such question; and if the popular language in which they were written *seems* to favor Dr. Hodge's view, 'that matter is *active*,' this is only what should have been expected, even on the supposition that matter is in its own nature inherently and essentially *passive*. As all this must have been well known to Dr. Hodge, so we can only wonder that he should have appealed to Scripture to prove 'that matter is active.' He might just as well have appealed to them, as did the infallible Church of Rome, to prove that the earth is the fixed centre of the universe, around which the sun, moon, and stars revolve from east to west. The Church and the world were both wrong, and Galileo was right, not only in regard to the Copernican system of astronomy, but also in regard to the great truth, 'that matter is *passive*.' This great truth is, in fact, a constituent element in the mathematical exposition of that system as given by the *demonstrations* of Sir Isaac Newton.

That 'matter is active,' says Dr. Hodge, 'is considered by scientific men almost an axiomatic truth. "No force without matter, and no matter without force."' This is simply amazing. 'No force without matter'! Then is God, who is a most pure spirit, without all force or power to act in the

world. 'No force without matter'! Then no force to create or to move the heavens and the earth without a material God. For if there is no force without matter, then how did God create matter itself, or how does he act on matter without material organs? Is not such a position, we ask, is not such a glaring self-contradiction, more than most amazing in one who has written so much against materialism?

By what class of 'scientific men,' we ask again, is the position, 'that matter is active,' considered as 'almost an axiomatic truth?' By such 'scientific men,' we answer, as Tyndall, and Huxley, and Herbert Spencer, by all, in one word, whose science lands them in the belief of a materialistic atheism. We do, therefore, in the name of God, appeal from all such 'scientific men' to the decision of a Herschel, a Hall, a Gregory, a Stewart, a Clark, a Tulloch, a Maine de Biran, a Galileo, and a Newton, that matter is passive, and *that mind alone is active.*

'This is also,' says Dr. Hodge, 'the general conviction of men.' True, he has the majority on his side, but questions of science are not to be determined by numbers; otherwise the system of Copernicus had gone under, never more to raise its head above the multitudinous waves of a boundless majority. 'All which things,' said Copernicus, after the protracted mathematical labors and profound meditations of forty long years, 'seem incredible, and are against the opinion of the majority [himself alone standing up for the truth]; yet, by the grace of God, I will make them clearer than the sun.' He redeemed his promise, and justified the sublime audacity of his reason, which, in the end, outweighed the authority of the world, and caused it to kick the beam. Galileo, in like manner, had the majority against him—nay, he was crushed by the weight of numbers. But his reason was, nevertheless, in the right, and has already prevailed, except with the multitude to whom Dr. Hodge makes his pitiful appeal.

'The *general* conviction of men.' That is to say, the conviction of men who have bestowed as little reflection on the nature of matter, and on the first law of its motion, as has Dr. Hodge himself, or President McCosh. We regret that Prince-

ton still halts with the herd of men, instead of marching onward and planting her standard on the heights of science, which have been gained by such majestic, mighty minds as those of a Galileo and a Newton, as well as by all who are capable of thinking their thoughts or appropriating their labors. The sun of science, it has been truly said, first touches the mountain-tops and gilds them with the glory of its golden beams, and then, by slow, very slow, degrees pours its floods of illumination into the benighted valleys below. Princeton has not yet, we are sorry to say, been visited by one of the most glorious lights ever kindled on the mountain-tops of science, though it has been shining there, in all the fullness of its effulgence, for more than a century and a half. She seems to have been napping, indeed, much longer than did Rip Van Winkle himself, in the Sleepy Hollow of 'general convictions.' Indeed, it is so easy to live, and move, and think, and dream with the crowd, under the illusions of sense and the prejudices natural to mankind, that few, very few, rouse themselves to shake off the mighty spell, and rise, by severe mental toil, to the pure regions of cloudless and eternal truth. Aye, it is so very easy, so delightfully slumberous, to travel in the beaten tracks of Sleepy Hollow, that very few attempt the rugged sides of science, though a Copernicus, a Kepler, a Galileo, and a Newton have opened for us a high mountain road to the very Pisgah of the universe. Princeton has evidently never tried that mountain road. Why, then, will she continue to utter the dreams of Sleepy Hollow as the decisions of science? We should not care so much about her dreams, or her decisions, if they did not obscure the idea of God, and stain his glory with the very errors which she has undertaken to combat.

'This is also the general conviction of men. When they take a heavy body in their hand, they attribute its weight to the nature of the body and its relation to the earth.' But what right have they to 'attribute its weight to the nature of the body'? etc. They only feel that it is heavy, and know that, if the hand be removed, the body will move toward the earth. The question is, by what force is it made to move?

We answer, by the only force which is known to the human mind as the cause of motion—namely, the force exerted by spirit, that is, a will-force. For if we give up or abandon this fundamental law of belief, that like effects imply like causes, we are cut loose again from our moorings, and sent adrift, without chart or compass, on a dark sea of baseless assumptions and dreams, in which *unknown* causes or fancies are mistaken for real causes.

True, it is 'the general conviction of men,' that if a substance imparts a sensation of sweetness or of acidity, it is itself sweet or acid. But who does not know that this 'general conviction of men,' or natural belief, is an illusion of the mind? Who does not know, in other words, that the sweetness or the acidity is in the sentient mind alone, and not in the so-called sweet or acid substance? There is a difference, no doubt, between the so-called sweet or acid substances, which is *the occasion* of the different sensations of sweetness and acidity. But an *occasion* is not a cause. The real cause in the case is the act of the will, or the mind in willing, by which it is brought into correlation with the external substance, and so gives rise to the sensation of sweetness or of acidity within the mind itself.

'So of all other physical effects; they are always and everywhere referred to physical causes. Such is a law of our nature [an illusion of our nature]; and therefore the theory which denies that any physical causes exist, and refers all natural effects or changes to the immediate operations of the Divine will [or of the human will], contradicts our nature [an illusion of our nature], and cannot be true.' Now, all this reasoning proceeds on the false supposition, 'that matter is active,' and keeps itself in countenance only by confounding the too hasty decisions of our nature with the oracles of reason and nature itself. The 'general conviction of men,' though it be a natural illusion or prejudice long since exploded by philosophers, is at once erected into 'a law of our nature,' before which every adverse conclusion must be set aside.

But the most wonderful thing of all remains to be noticed. It is as follows: 'Besides, as we have already seen, (?) that

theory logically leads to idealism and pantheism. It merges the universe into God.' How, or by what logic? We do not deny that the logic of Dr. Hodge has made this theory 'lead to idealism and pantheism,' or to 'merge the universe into God.' But *his* logic is one thing, and *true* logic is another. The sublime theory, that the uncreated, self-existent, eternal and infinite Spirit, 'without body, parts, or passions,' is the sole mover of the heavens and the earth, excepting always the finite spirits whom he has made in his own image, has no shadow of affinity whatever with idealism or pantheism. It is not idealism, because it recognizes a universe of matter, as well as a universe of mind. It is not pantheism, because it keeps clearly and forever distinct the universe of mind and the universe of matter—the one as the sole fountain of all efficiency and causation, the other as the passive recipient of impressions and effects. It does not make God the soul of the world. On the contrary, it keeps him entirely and forever distinct from the created universe of mind and of matter, as the uncreated Creator of all things, who existed alone from all eternity, before he called the world into existence. It must be an exceedingly willful and tortuous logic by which such a theory can be made to 'merge the universe into God,' or to 'lead to idealism and pantheism.' It is certainly not the logic of a Herschel, or a Hall, or a Clark, or any one of a hundred other profound Christian theists by whom this sublime theory of the universe has been maintained. It is only the logic of Dr. Hodge which, in this instance as well as in many others, has shown its marvellous capacity *to make anything lead to anything*. Why, in order to save this sublime theory of so many profound theists from the gulf of pantheism, his logic, as we have just seen, has swamped the idea of God in the bottomless slough of materialism, and erected over its dismal burying-place the awful motto, 'No force without matter.'

The great difficulty with Dr. Hodge is, that his ideas are seldom clear, precise, definite, and fixed. Hence, his logic is not of the rigid kind, which marches straight forward, from clearly formed and firmly established premises, till it reaches their inevitable consequences, or conclusions. On the con-

trary, his premises are often vague, his course wavering, and his conclusions doubtful. We have several remarkable instances of these defects in the next short paragraph, which concludes all he has said under the memorable head, that 'matter is active.' 'These physical forces,' says he, 'act of necessity, blindly, and uniformly. They are always and everywhere the same. The law of gravitation is in the remotest regions of space what it is on our earth. *It acts* always, and always in the same way. The same is true of all other physical forces. Light, heat, electricity, and chemical affinities are everywhere the same in their mode of operations.' One or two words respecting this remarkable jumble of ideas, and we shall give our author a little rest.

Physical forces do not *act*, even if they exist, for the simple reason that no force ever acts. Force is itself an exercise or *act* of power; and surely it is absurd to say that an act acts, or that force exerts a force. Again, he says, 'the law of gravitation . . . acts always.' But this is to confound *the law* with *the force* of gravity; than which it is not possible, even for Princeton, to perpetrate a grosser confusion of ideas. For a law does not act; it is merely the mode according to which an agent acts. A law is nothing except a conception of the mind, *and it can do nothing*. It is only an agent that acts; and the law according to which it acts is not its act or force. Nor can 'the force of gravity' act; for all force is the act or exercise of some power, and that power is the property of some agent. What agent is it, then, that exercises the power, and puts forth the continuous act which we call 'the force' of gravity? Is it a material or a spiritual agent? We know, by our own experience, that spirit acts; we have no such knowledge that matter ever acts. If we say, then, that matter is active, or ever acts, we utter a purely gratuitous assumption, which has no foundation whatever in our own experience, or knowledge. When we say that a force acts, we forget that force is an act, and an act is force; or that the only idea we have of force is, that it is an act or exercise of power. Again, when we say that a *force* acts, we forget that *power* only acts, and that power is an attribute, or property,

of an agent. Force in the abstract is nonsense; and so is power in the abstract. Power is the property, or attribute, of an agent; and force is the exercise of power by an agent, who has the power to act. Is matter, or spirit, such an agent?

'Force,' says Laplace truly, 'is the cause of motion.' 'But of the nature of force,' says he, '*we know nothing.*' Yet it was by the aid of 'force' alone—sometimes called 'the force,' and sometimes 'the law,' of gravity—that the great author of the *Mécanique Céleste* showed how the beautiful system of sun, moon, and planets was created, 'without the hypothesis of a God.' Force, as blind as fate, reared all this majestic and beautiful fabric of the heavens and the earth; so that M. Comte could see therein not 'the glory of the Lord,' but the glory of Hipparchus, and Copernicus, and Kepler, and Newton. Thus force—not in the concrete, but force in the abstract—was 'the unknown' god of Laplace, or the builder and beautifier of the universe. In like manner, 'Blind Force,' and force in the abstract, was, and is, 'the unknown and the unknowable god' of Herbert Spencer. But what is force? It is nothing, absolutely nothing, but an exercise of power; and power is nothing in itself, absolutely nothing, but an attribute, or property, of some agent, by whose power it is exercised, or put forth in the form of force. But, surely, it is the greatest of all solecisms to deny the agent, or substance, and deify its attribute—nay, to deny the attribute, or power, and deify its exercise. Hence, as we cannot have the exercise of a power without the power itself, nor the power itself without some agent to whom it belongs, so we believe in a real, substantial Being, or Agent, behind the force that built and beautified the universe. This Being, or Agent, and not his power, much less the exercise of his power, is our God. The creating force of a Laplace, or of a Spencer, is merely the outer skirts of his power, and his power is merely the united element of his infinite glory. In other words, he is not the act, force, or exercise of a power, nor the power or attribute of an Agent; he is the Agent himself; the living, personal, self-conscious, and self-active God, in whose image we are made. It is for this reason that he is not an unknown God.



In all that Dr. Hodge has said about 'light, heat, electricity,' etc., and their 'operations,' he has not gone one hair's breadth beyond the coarse, vulgar notions of the uneducated classes, beyond the philosophy of the *δὲ πολλοί*, the metaphysics of the rabble. These phenomena are, according to Dr. H., all 'physical forces,' or 'physical causes,' and produce 'physical effects' by their 'operations.' Even when they act on the mind, and produce impressions, these are called 'physical effects.'

But let us raise the curtain a little and look at what really passes behind all this drapery of words. Neither light, nor heat, nor electricity, nor sound, is a 'physical force,' or cause. It is merely 'a mode of motion;' and motion, as we have repeatedly seen, is not a force or cause. The force by which the motion is produced is the only real cause in the case. All the phenomena of sound, light, heat, electricity, and so forth, result from certain 'modes of motion,' and these results are the effects, not of the motion, but of the force by which the motion was produced. The motion of passive matter is, we repeat, merely the instrument or means by which force achieves its effects, or produces its works.

But Dr. Hodge appeals to the Scriptures, and to the general convictions of men. His appeal to the Bible only mistakes its rhetoric for logic, or the popular descriptions of its poetry for the definitions of science. By such means he can, of course, prove from the Scriptures that light, and lightning, and thunder, and heat, are all most terrific 'physical forces.' But, while every philosopher should admire good rhetoric and good poetry, there is no sufficient reason, unless it be the want of reason, why he should be the slave of rhetorical writers and poets. Our very learned and brilliant scientists, who seem determined to put 'physical forces' in the place of God, are likely to remain in bondage to the language of eloquence and poetry, or of passion and the imagination; but we do hope that our philosophers, divines, and theologians will, sooner or later, shake off such miserable shackles of the mind, and learn the language of pure reason.

Dr. Hodge's appeal to popular opinion is, if possible, still

more unfortunate. More than once since this article was begun, here at the Yellow Sulphur Springs, have we heard 'the live thunder leap' in the mountains around us. Sometimes it would *seem* to roll and die away in the far distance, and at others it would *apparently* come crashing down among the forest trees at our door, as if it would rend the very earth in sunder. But in all this there was a grand illusion of the senses and the mind. The sound *appeared* to be in the external world, and the popular opinion, or 'the general conviction of men,' accredit this *as a fact*. But, as every philosopher is aware, the sound of thunder, or the noise it occasions, is merely a sensation of the mind, and only *seems* to be in the external world. It is the popular opinion, also, that it is the thunder and not the lightning that does all the damage as a 'physical force,' or cause of destruction. After all, however, and in spite of the general opinion, the *occasion* of thunder, as it exists in the world of matter, is merely 'a mode of motion,' and the real or efficient cause in the case is the force by which that 'mode of motion' was produced in the air. All the rest was motion, not action—effect, not cause; and all the results of the motion, whether in the world of matter or in the world of mind, are the *effects* of the force that produced the motion. [See Art. III.]

So, in regard to lightning, the vivid electric flash and the zigzag fury, or the faint, broad glimmer, all *appear* to exist in the clouds. But they, too, are only sensations of the mind, which *appear* as if they were phenomena of the external world. But, in the case of lightning, there is, in all the external world, nothing but a 'mode of motion' in an infinitely elastic medium, which is as invisible to the eye of man as the very Spirit of God himself—that is to say, nothing except the *force* by which that particular 'mode of motion' is produced. So, in like manner, the phenomena of light, and all the vast variety of shades and colors, are only sensations in the mind or sentient principle, which are, by a grand illusion, spread over the magnificent panorama of visible things. The source of light, as light is seen by the eye, is also a 'mode of motion,' and its real or efficient cause is the *force* by which the motion is pro-

duced. Motion is merely the passive instrument or means by which the *effects* of the original or producing *cause* are transmitted. Dr. Hodge has fallen into the vulgar error of mistaking the instrument for the cause, and this error runs through all his attempts to prove that 'matter is active,' or that 'physical forces' are not merely figures of speech. We are very sorry that he should have done so much to obscure the idea of God, and lend his countenance and support to some of the worst errors of the atheistical scientists of the present day, as well as of all time. It is only necessary to strip the gaudy feathers of popular language and of popular illusions from the atheism in question, in order to show how insignificant and deformed a thing it is in its own native nakedness. This we shall, accordingly, continue to do until the atheism of 'second causes,' or of 'physical forces,' is shown as it is in itself.

It is so much easier to *abstract* than it is to *dissect* nature, and our grand abstractions spread, apparently, a light so broad and beautiful over the surface of things, that we are frequently dazzled into blindness to their real differences. Lord Bacon has, in one of his most subtle and profound aphorisms, alluded to this source of error. This habit of *abstracting*, instead of *dissecting*, nature has, in fact, given rise to many weird, unstable, and transitory systems of metaphysics, especially in Germany. We need not, however, cross the Atlantic in order to find proofs of the prolific outcroppings of this great root of error. The philosophy of New England is replete with them. The present President of Yale College, for example, the learned, eloquent, and highly accomplished Noah Porter, D. D., belongs, in part at least, to the same school of transcendental *abstractionists*. In other words, his habit of judging by abstractions, instead of by dissections, has led him to overlook the real differences of things, so as to obscure the distinction between agent and patient, and consequently the idea of God.

Thus, for example, he finds much delusive light, beneath which is concealed no little confusion and error, in the grand abstraction, 'that every event must have a cause.' (§ 596.) This

abstraction he sometimes calls 'a self-evident and intuitive truth' (§ 595), and sometimes 'the *a priori* principle.' (§ 596.) But by whatever name it may be called—an abstraction, a self-evident truth, or an *a priori* principle—it is merely a thing of words, and can throw no light whatever on any part of the real constitution or course of nature. After Mr. Hume exposed the utter insignificance of the truism, that 'every effect must have a cause,' philosophers were accustomed to say, that 'every event must have a cause.' But this did not mend the matter in the least conceivable degree. For when it is asserted, that 'every event must have a cause,' it is assumed that every event is an effect; and if the idea or conception remains the same, the insignificance of the truism must also remain the same. It cannot be hid away, or changed merely by the substitution of some new word or *sound* for the same idea. There must be some change in the ideas, the meaning, the sense of proposition, and not in its sound merely, if we would redeem it from the character of an insignificant and worthless truism. This the philosophy of New England has not done.

The truth is, that 'the self-evident truth' of President Porter is a very ambiguous proposition. In one sense of its terms it is 'a self-evident truth,' while in another sense of its terms it is false. Hence the necessity of a little *dissection* of nature, in order to show in what sense it is true, and in what sense it is false, as well as to show how it may be amended so as to reflect, not the delusive light of words merely, but the real light of things.

'I sometimes use the word *cause*,' says President Edwards, 'to signify any antecedent,' or occasion. In this sense of the word, it is self-evident that 'every event must have a cause.' For 'nothing cannot bring forth,' or give rise to events. There can, for instance, be no such thing as an act of the will without a will capable of acting, or some substance endowed with the power of willing. Nor can there be any act of the will, or of the mind in willing, without some motive as the antecedent or occasion of its volition. To say that any effects or events can come into existence without some such cause of

its existence, is to say that '*nothing* may bring forth,' or give rise to events, which is the most inconceivable of all absurdities.

Again, says President Edwards most truly, 'the word is often used in so restrained a sense as to signify *only that which has a positive efficiency to produce a thing, or bring it to pass.*' In this sense of the word it is not true (it is false), that 'every event must have a cause.' For many of the most momentous events in the universe, namely, the acts of the mind in willing, have no such cause of their existence. They are causes, and not effects, that is, in this sense of the word *cause* and its correlative *effect*. If, indeed, some preceding act were necessary to *produce* an act of the will, or of the mind in willing, then another preceding act would be necessary to *produce* that, and so on *ad infinitum*, which lands us in the conclusion of an infinite series of causes, than which a greater absurdity could not possibly be conceived. Hence we conclude that action must and does take its rise somewhere in the universe, without being efficiently caused or produced by any preceding action whatever. And where shall we find this first action, this producing cause, or this fountain of original causation, if not in the universe of mind? Shall we look for it in the world of matter—in that which is by nature inert, passive, or inactive? or in the world of mind—in that which is by nature endowed with a self-active will? In mind, and in mind alone, is the original fountain of power, activity, or causation.

Is it self-evident, or evident in any way, that 'every event must have [an efficient or producing] cause'? If so, then every executive act of the human will—nay, of the Divine Will itself, is not free, but fast bound in the mechanism of cause and effect. Man is no longer a *person*, but merely a machine. His freedom, his power, his dominion, his glory, are all gone. Nay, God himself, the high and holy One who inhabiteth eternity, is deposed from his throne, and reduced to merely 'the greatest and brightest link in the adamantine chain of necessity,' and his volition, the mightiest of all events, to the greatest and brightest *effect* in the universe. For if his

will is free from the dominion of causes, then it is not true, much less self-evident, that 'every event must have a cause.' And if his will is free from the mechanism of cause and effect, or the dominion of fate, then is the will of man, who was made in his image, also free from the same dominion. The truth is, there are many events—namely, all the volitions of God and man, which have no efficient or producing causes; they are *causes* themselves, but not *effects*.

If 'every event must have a cause,' then there must be as many causes as events. But when it is asserted, that 'every event must have a cause,' it is clearly assumed that every event, as having a cause, must be an effect. But if every event is an effect, where and what are the causes? Since every event is an effect, and as there must be as many causes as effects, it follows that every event must be a cause as well as an effect. All events are effects, and all are causes! Even the first cause of all must be an effect! Thus the self-evident truth, as it is called, that 'every event must have a cause,' lands in utter and inextricable confusion of thought. A more complete obliteration of the distinction between cause and effect, or action and passion, and therefore between agent and patient, could not well be conceived. But the obliteration of this distinction does, as we have already seen, involve the idea of God in the clouds and darkness of a false metaphysics, and consequently favors the cause of atheism.

Every event is, it may be said, an effect in relation to the event which precedes and produces it, and a cause in relation to that by which it is followed. This is a very common view of the subject of causation, and hence the notion of 'a chain of causes and effects,' which, as may be easily shown, is utterly false and delusive. It is, like the self-evident truth' from which it flows, *a mere thing of words*, which corresponds to nothing in nature.

To say that 'every effect must have a cause,' is merely to assert that *every effect is an effect*, an identical proposition, an insignificant truism, which can throw no light whatever—not even so much as a particle—on any fact or principle in all the universality of *real* things. Nothing can, indeed, be

deduced from such truisms, from such barren abstractions, except delusions and shadows. All real knowledge takes its rise, not in such poor, pitiful abstractions of the brain, but in the real, concrete instances of nature. From 'the single instance,' for example, that force does produce motion, as seen in the light of consciousness, we may conclude that, in all instances, motion is an effect, and force is its cause. *Motion is always an effect, and never a cause; force is always a cause, and never an effect.* This principle, which, as we believe, is of infinite importance to the cause of Theism, we shall now proceed to illustrate and establish.

Force is an effort, exertion, or exercise of power. The legitimate effect of force, when brought to bear upon matter, is motion. In regard to Mr. Hume's 'two billiard balls,' for example, the only force or cause in the case was the exercise of power by which the first ball was put in motion. All the rest was the most pure passivity. The first ball imparted its motion to the second, but it did not act or exert its power, for it had none to exert. (See Art. III, Of Action and Passion.) And if there had been a hundred balls instead of two, the only force that caused them all to move would have been that by which the first ball was driven against the second, the second against the third, and so on. *Motion is not action, exercise of power, force, or cause. It is merely a passive change of place.* A body in motion *does* nothing, it merely *suffers* a change of place. This important truth, which first rose on the great mind of Galileo with invincible clearness, is frequently obscured and lost sight of amid the manifold imperfections of human language.

The history of science has furnished an illustrious proof of the truth of this remark, in the search, at one time so diligently pursued, after the measure of 'the force of a moving body.' All the great mathematicians and thinkers of Italy, Germany, France, and England, at one time were, for more than half a century, engaged in this search. Descartes and Newton had asserted that 'the force of a moving body' is always as 'its mass into its *velocity*.' Leibnitz, the Bernouillis, and others, contended, on the contrary, that it always varies

'as the mass into *the square of its velocity*.' The controversy raged for fifty-seven years. Reid, of Scotland, and Kant, of Germany, tried their hands on the question, but, in the opinion of the scientific world, without any satisfactory result. The Academy of Sciences of France offered a premium for the best essay on the subject. The prize was adjudged to the celebrated Colin Maclaurin, who afterward embodied his essay in his invaluable 'Account of Sir Isaac Newton's Discoveries.' But this essay, however learned and ingenious, did not settle the vexed question. It still continued to engage the attention and to divide the opinions of the greatest mathematicians and philosophers of Europe. The scientific world, however, at length acquiesced in the decision of D'Alembert, 'not so much because they were entirely satisfied with his solution of the problem, as because they were tired of the controversy.'<sup>1</sup>

Though his solution was not entirely satisfactory to men of science, it has found its way into all the text-books on mechanical philosophy, both in Europe and in America. This solution and its history have long appeared to us exceedingly wonderful and instructive. 'The force of a moving body,' he concludes, 'has two measures widely different from each other,' according to the manner in which it is estimated. If we estimate this force by 'one class of its effects,' then it is to be measured by 'the mass into *the simple velocity*'; and if by 'another class of its effects,' then it must be measured by 'the mass into *the square of the velocity*.' The wonderful thing about this is, that such a solution should have been given by a D'Alembert, and that it should have been acquiesced in by the whole scientific world for more than a century. It embodied, it is true, the opinion of both contending parties, and so effected a compromise between them, which seems to have resulted from the love of peace more than from the love of truth. For how, in the name of common sense, can one and the same thing—'the force of a moving body'—have 'two measures widely different from each other.' If 'one class of effects,' when summed up, is proportioned to '*the velocity*

<sup>1</sup> See Playfair's History of the Mathematical Sciences.



*simply,*' and another class of effects to 'the square of the velocity,' then, most assuredly, the sum of the effects, in the one case or the other, cannot be proportioned to its cause, which is surely the very height of absurdity. What! The effect produced by a force or cause not proportioned to its cause! Who can possibly believe such a thing? Is it not wonderful, then, we humbly ask, that such a conclusion as that of Mr. D'Alembert's should have stood unchallenged so long on the very face of the annals of science?

But the instructive thing in this piece of history, and that for which it is here introduced, is this, namely, the deep-seated, the obstinate, the all but unconquerable nature of the error, which arose from mistaking an effect for a cause, the motion of a body for a force. The expression, 'the force of a moving body,' is merely a figure of speech, and not a fact of nature. There is, in fact, no such thing as 'the *force* of a moving body'; there is only its motion. The search was in vain, because it was a search after *the mathematical measure of a metaphor*. Who could find it? Not all the men of science and genius in the universe. One of the greatest mathematicians and philosophers of the age, after a most diligent and laborious search, discovered that this metaphor had 'two measures widely different from each other.' In truth, it had no measure at all, and it admitted of none. As soon as it was seen to be a metaphor—as soon, in other words, as it was seen that the force by which a body was put in motion, and the motion (not the force) of the moving body were the only elements of the problem—the true and satisfactory solution of it was not at all difficult. It then became evident that the perfect passivity of body, even in motion, had been ignored by all who had discussed the subject—by Leibnitz, by the Bernouillis, by Maclaurin, by Reid, by Kant, and by all the rest. No sooner was the great idea of Galileo restored, and *applied to the subject*, than the light of the true solution appeared. The very facts, or 'class of effects,' which had been supposed to favor the *vis viva* of Leibnitz, or 'the square of the velocity,' were found to be the strongest proofs and confirmations of the opposite doctrine of Newton. The strange

decision, that one and the same thing can have 'two measures widely different from each other,' was shown to be an error in fact, as well as an absurdity in principle. The great controversy was settled, not by an awkward compromise between heterogeneous and irreconcilable conclusions, but by reducing the apparently conflicting facts, or 'different classes of effects,' to a unity of principle, and thereby bringing to light the internal harmony and beauty of the science.

Now, to apply all this to the science of theology, no greater error can be committed than to mistake an effect for a cause—that is, *a motion for a force*. For this is to confound action and passion, cause and effect, or agent and patient, which is the great blunder of the atheizing scientists of the present day, as well as of all time. Motion is not a *cause*; it is only an effect. Motion is the effect of force, and not itself a force; and it must be kept in its own place, viewed in its own nature, and in its subordination to its cause, if we would not turn the world up-side down, and introduce infinite confusion into the system of things. To subvert this relation by mistaking an effect for a cause, a motion for a force, is to sin against the great fundamental law of all rational belief, *that like effects proceed from like causes*. It was this error, the subversion of this relation, which seduced the whole scientific world into the hopeless search after the measure of 'the *force* of a moving body,' only to return from their fruitless labors weary, worn, and exhausted under the burden of difficulties too great for them. But for this mistake, which rendered the problem in question insoluble by the greatest minds, the very least of the great inquirers might easily have solved it with perfect success. And the error, or mistake, which thus darkened, for more than a century and a half, the little problem of a moving body, has still more fearfully darkened the great problem of the universe, and concealed from the view of many the great 'unmoved Mover of the heavens and the earth;' a lesson which never should be forgotten or lost on the human mind.

Let it be, then, forever remembered that the results of motion, whether simple or sublime, are not the effects of motion, but only of the force, or forces by which the motion is

really produced. Or, in other words, that motion is merely *the passive instrument, or means*, by which *Force, or the exercise of power*, achieves its wonderful effects and works. To ignore or to overlook the principle, that motion, *as an observed and known effect*, always implies the exertion of power, or the existence of force, *as an observed and known cause*, is the very root of atheism in speculative thought. 'He is not an atheist,' says Helvetius, 'who believes in motion; for motion . . . is the source of all things.' Motion is, on the contrary, the *original* source or cause of nothing, much less of the unity, the order, the harmony, and the beauty of the universe. Motion is nothing, and does nothing, except as the pliant, passive instrument of force, which is everywhere and always the cause of motion. By ignoring this truth, the logic of Helvetius just turned the universe up-side down, so as to hide away the existence of God beneath the nadir of oblivion, and exalt motion into the very zenith of all power and efficiency. Motion is the god of Helvetius. What a god!

Motion is also the god of Tyndall. Forgetting the principle, that motion, as an *effect*, always implies the existence of force as its *cause*, Mr. Tyndall departs from the only true line of induction from 'the single instance' of a *known relation*, only to wander in a wilderness of words, assumptions, and shadows. 'Sound is a mode of motion;' 'heat is a mode of motion;' 'light is a mode of motion;' nay, mind itself, with all its wonder-working powers, is merely a mode of motion. Bent and bowed down, in the very habit of his soul, he looks only at the results of motion, never rising and erecting himself to the contemplation of the *real* cause of motion, and its wonderful results in the cause or *force* by which it is produced. Thus motion becomes his god, as well as the god of Helvetius. We, on the contrary, keeping in the only line of induction from 'a single instance,' or relation, seen and known in the light of our own conscious *experience*, we rise to the contemplation of God, 'the unmoved Mover of the heavens and the earth.' Keeping in the straight and narrow path to all accurate and clearly-defined knowledge, we discover the existence of a living, personal force like our own, by whom all superhu-

man motions are produced. This force is the initial element in 'the idea of God.'

We hear much of 'a chain of causes and effects.' But such a chain is an illusion, created by the false light of the so-called 'self-evident truth, that every event must have a cause.' We may trace up any series of events we please, from the end to the beginning, and we may observe it as closely as possible, and yet we shall see only effects, till we reach the original, real cause in the will-force, by which the *passive* series was set in motion. Only the first link of 'the chain,' if it must be so called, is a real or *producing cause*, while all the others are *produced effects*. This first link, or producing cause, is not a produced effect. For if, in order to account for its existence, we must believe that it has a real or producing cause, we must do the same for this last, and so on *ad infinitum*, which lands us in the great absurdity of an infinite series of causes, and, at the same time, in an infinite series of effects! The reader may take his choice between an infinite series of causes and an infinite series of effects, without any first cause or first effect—that is to say, if he is determined not to believe in the existence of any such thing as a free, independent, self-active Will. For our part, we believe that there is such a free, independent, self-active will in God, above and beyond whom there is no power that controls his volitions. So, in like manner, we believe that there is a free, independent, self-active will in man, who bears the image of God. Otherwise he were not a responsible being. This will has, it is true, been enslaved by the indwelling power and habit of sin, and so needs to be redeemed, emancipated, and set up *de novo*. But it is only in so far as it is, either by nature or by grace, free, independent, and self-active, that it is a responsible will. Our dependence on God is, we most joyfully acknowledge, ineffable and unutterable; but yet is this dependence *moral*, not *mechanical*. Thus do we dissect nature, and, in the light which shines through the real differences of things, the vast metaphysical chain of necessity melts into thin air, and the huge image of Fate vanishes from the world. Man is free, and God is glorified. Man is no longer viewed as bound, with all *things*, to

the footstool of God here upon earth, by 'a chain of causes and effects'; nor is God himself beheld as bound, by the same chain, on the throne of the universe. As is his finite image upon earth, so is the infinite God in heaven, a free, independent, and self-active Spirit, and all who worship him must do so as free, independent, and self-active spirits.<sup>1</sup>

We have thus dwelt, at great length, on the initial element in the idea of God, because this will facilitate and shorten the development of the other elements of the same divine idea, *especially the element that God is an intelligent and designing Cause*. Indeed, nearly all that we have said in relation to the first element is directly and obviously applicable to this. Thus, in the light of consciousness, we become aware of the relation between design and a designing mind, between the arrangement of means to accomplish an end and a contriving mind by which the design is planned and executed. From this 'single instance,' or relation between cause and effect, we 'complete the induction,' as universal as it is simple and grand, *that design always implies a designer*. This induction is perfectly legitimate, because it is authorized by the fundamental law of belief, *that like effects always proceed from like causes*, without which all knowledge is little if any better than a dream. To depart from the light and guidance of this principle is to go astray in quest of causes where none exist, and consequently to find, instead of real or known causes, only the gratuitous assumptions and unsubstantial shadows out of which so many misty systems of confusion have been most elaborately constructed. The darkness of such systems have often been, it is true, relieved and grandly illuminated by the lightnings of genius and the splendors of learning; but, for all this, as they have had no root in nature, and have not *grown* up under the pure and simple light of nature, so have they passed away, and are still passing away, to give place to other systems as unstable as themselves, leaving behind, in the minds of most

<sup>1</sup> Independent, we mean of course, not in the states of *intelligence* and the *sensibility*, but in the volitions or acts of the *will*, the seat and centre of all responsible *personality*. Independent, not of God for existence or moral aid, but of the mechanism of cause and effect; a *person*, and not a *thing*, with all the chains of the metaphysical workshop shattered at his feet.

men, the sad heritage of doubt as to the truth of all metaphysical science. The very scientists of the present day, who affect to despise all metaphysics, have done more to bring science into contempt by their *false* metaphysics than by all other means put together.

The universal principle, that design implies a designer, is an induction from 'a single instance' of a known relation between cause and effect. Is it not true? It is certain that, in all ages of the world, it has been accepted as true by the very greatest minds that have adorned the annals of science, letters, or philosophy. Neither a Solomon nor a Socrates, neither a Plato nor a Pascal, neither a Bacon nor a Newton, seems to have doubted, for a single moment, the absolute and perfect truth of the principle, that a design implies a designer. Hence, from the wonderful manifold designs, which blaze on all sides around us, and from every part of the universe, they inferred the existence of an intelligent, designing Mind, like our own; or, in other words, a personal God. But such, it seems, is the inconstancy and vanity of learning, that philosophy, like dress, must have its change of fashions. It is now the fashion, for example, with Darwin and his disciples, to account for design without a designer, thus setting at nought, and treating with contempt, the fundamental law of belief, that like effects are to be referred to like causes. The effects are like, essentially the same; and yet, instead of explaining them by like causes, this inductive philosopher, as he calls himself, explains them by utterly unlike ones. Instead of explaining phenomena by *known* causes, and which are known to produce *like* phenomena, he prefers to explain them by *unknown* causes, which have never been known, even in a single instance, to produce similar phenomena. Thus, at the very first step, he tramples under foot the principles of the inductive method, which he professes to follow with learned insight and the most scrupulous care.

Nothing is more severely ridiculed, or treated with greater contempt, than 'the weak credulity' of Christians, by the so-called men of science. *Believers* may 'walk by faith,' but they, forsooth, demand the light of evidence, and *can* believe

only those facts or truths which 'are verifiable.' It is for this reason that they deny the existence of a God. It cannot be 'verified' by the principles of science, or the inductive method of investigation. Now, let us see how this is, and, if we are not greatly mistaken, it will appear that these children of the light, these boasted champions of reason and despisers of faith, these severe thinkers and profound logicians, are, in fact, among the most weakly-credulous of men. For this purpose we intend to contrast the theory of the Theist with the wild hypothesis which they propose to substitute in its place.

We cannot, it is true, ascertain the existence of God by any of the five senses. We can neither see, nor hear, nor feel, nor taste, nor smell the existence of a divine essence. Nor can we put it in a crucible, and ascertain its existence by any of our chemical tests. All this is freely admitted. But it is equally true, that by none of these methods can we ascertain the existence of the elastic medium, in which are exhibited the phenomena of light, heat, and electricity. We know the existence of God, however, precisely as we know that of the infinitely elastic medium in question—namely, *by its manifestations*. Again, we cannot ascertain or 'verify,' by any of the means above specified, the indubitable fact, that the moon is nearly two hundred and forty thousand miles from the earth, or that it is nearly twenty-one hundred miles in diameter. How, then, do we establish these facts? Why, we answer, simply by *inductive* and *deductive* reasoning, the two great methods of the physical sciences. By precisely the same methods, also, do we establish or 'verify' the existence of a God, as the great central fact of the universe.

We know, from our own experience, that design and a designer stand related to each other as cause and effect. From 'this instance' of an observed *relation* we rise to the 'complete induction' that design always implies a designer; in other words, that the arrangement of means to accomplish an end implies and shows forth the existence of an intelligent and contriving cause. If this is not a true inference, then is there no such thing in science as safety in reasoning from effect to cause, or in passing from the known to the unknown.

But nature everywhere—in all the places of her dominion—exhibits the evidences of design, even the most complicated arrangements of means, the most wonderful adaptations, in order to accomplish an infinite variety of ends. Hence, unless we are pleased to trample under foot the great law of rational belief, *that like effects must have like causes*, we are bound to conclude that the manifold works of nature imply the existence of a designing Cause or Mind. This is our *deduction*. Where, we fearlessly ask, is the fault or flaw in this 'verification' of the existence of God? By precisely the same steps, both *inductive* and *deductive*, do we ascertain all the great facts of physical astronomy; though in astronomy the steps are more numerous and complicated than they are in theology. Yet no one ever doubts that, by such reasoning, the *real* facts of astronomy, so immensely different from the *apparent* facts, are clearly ascertained or 'verified.' It is only in regard to the fact of God's existence that an 'evil heart of unbelief' gives the trammels of its own logic to the winds, and rejoices in its fancied freedom!

The above theory fulfills all the conditions and stands all the tests or criteria of a truly established inductive science. In the first place, it employs no cause to explain phenomena, except such as are *known* to exist. That there is such a thing as a designing cause no man can doubt who is not blind to the light of consciousness, or from the the tablets of whose memory the hand of oblivion has not razed the clearest and most unequivocal facts of his own existence. The cause, then, which we have employed to account for phenomena is *known* to exist. It is not an imaginary, it is a real cause. It was not invented to account for facts or phenomena which could not be otherwise explained; it is furnished to our hands by nature herself.

In the second place, this cause, a designing mind, is *known* to produce effects precisely like those ascribed to it in theory. Not precisely alike, it may be, in every minute and non-essential particular, but in every essential feature or characteristic of all that is necessary to the absolute validity of the conclusion, the two classes of effects are exactly alike. A watch, for



example, is not more evidently a system of means skillfully adapted to an end by a designing mind than is the wonderful structure of an eye, or the sublime mechanism of the solar system.

In the third and last place, the Cause assigned is amply sufficient to explain all the facts or phenomena ascribed to it in the theory. Mind is, in fact, the only cause that is sufficient to explain the wonderful designs everywhere exhibited, both in the frame-work and in the fancy-work of the universe. The last is the perfection of beauty, the first is the beauty of perfection. How fair must he be, then, 'whose utmost skirts so beautiful appear!'

The logic upon which the above view rests is so simple, so natural, so direct, and so irresistible that it forces conviction upon the honest inquirer after truth, and requires an ingenuity as dogged as it is perverse to shut out its light from the mind. Accordingly, such has been the view or opinion of all great and *sound* minds, from Moses to Solomon, from Solomon to Socrates, from Socrates to Newton, and from Newton to the present hour. The doctrine, that Mind, or God, is the builder and beautifier of the universe, has stood, like one of the everlasting pyramids of Egypt, amid the ravages of time and the ruins of human speculation. There have been, it is true, Darwins in all ages of the world, who have come before the public with their little *raree* shows of a cosmogony.

'What!' we seem to hear some one exclaiming, 'is not Darwin a great man, a master mind? Has he not eclipsed Moses, and Solomon, and Socrates, and Newton, and all great stars in the firmament of mind?' Yes, we answer; but it is only as a passing cloud eclipses the eternal glory of the sun, moon, and stars. All great minds are, like those of Socrates and Newton, simple, natural, direct, and truth-loving in their movements. They are great, like the sun, without eccentricity in their orbits, or deviations in their career—intrinsically and eternally great. Others are sometimes *esteemed* great, not because they are so *intrinsically*, but only because, like comets, they startle and astonish the world with the glare of novelty and the portentous aspect of a shadow. Mr. Darwin is

such a comet. So eccentric, indeed, is his course, that, like some comets, he is destined to cross the field of vision but once, and then disappear forever. It is distance, and distance only, that lends substance to Darwinism, just as it does to a comet. We have seen a large comet, and beheld, shining through its *apparently* solid nucleus—the perfect image of Darwinism—a star of the sixth magnitude, a star which the most attenuated mist or vapor would have concealed from view. What is a comet, then? And why should the late comet have attracted, as it has done, more attention than all the great luminaries of heaven? Because men, viewing it at a distance, do not understand its nature. Merely to approach it, and to enter into its substance, or *solid nucleus*, as it is called, is to see what a shadow or mist it is, visible only at a distance. So, likewise, is it with that portentous mist of philosophy called Darwinism, which has been made to obscure the idea of God. If, indeed, we only look close enough, all the stars of heaven may be seen shining through this miserable mist, though at a distance it may seem radiant with the glories of science. Having, in a former article,<sup>1</sup> exposed a few of the imposing shadows of Darwinism, we shall, in the conclusion of this paper, merely subject it to three tests, or criteria, by which the sorry shams of science are detected, and distinguished from its substance.

‘Mr. Darwin and his associates,’ says Dr. Hodge, ‘admit not only the creation of matter, but of living matter, in the form of one or a few primordial germs, from which, without any purpose or design, by the slow operation of unintelligent, natural causes and accidental variations, during untold ages, all the orders, classes, genera, species, and varieties of plants and animals, from the lowest to the highest, man included, have been formed. Teleology, and therefore mind, or God, is expressly banished from the world.’ (Vol. II, p. 23.) But here the question is, by what *known* cause, or causes, has the whole world of living things, with all its infinite variety of forms and diversity of elements, been developed from ‘one or a few primordial germs,’ or ‘forms,’ or ‘cells,’ or ‘eggs,’ as these

<sup>1</sup> See Art. ‘Philosophy versus Darwinism.’

seeds of the living universe are frequently called by Mr. Darwin and his associates? Is there, in fact, any such *known* cause?

It will be found, if the language of Mr. Darwin be closely searched, that he does not even pretend to the existence of any *cause* by which all the wonders of his hypothetical creation have been produced. It is to 'the *law* of natural selection,' and other laws, not to any *cause*, that he ascribes the development, from one or a few seeds, of the whole terrestrial universe of living things. But a *law*, as we have already seen, is not an agent or a cause; it is merely the rule according to which an agent or cause acts. It can do nothing; it can produce nothing, much less all the wonders of a world. We must suppose, then, that by the term *law* Mr. Darwin intended to designate a *cause*, and not a law merely. That is to say, we must suppose this, if we would give to his language any reasonable sense. Let us look, then, at the expression, 'the *law* of natural selection,' and see if it really means a cause.

Some 'primordial germs,' 'forms,' 'cells,' or 'eggs' are more perfectly developed than others. Some of them are, therefore, fitted, by the perfection of their development, to survive in the struggle for existence, while all the others are destined to perish. 'Nature,' says Mr. Darwin, 'selects' those thus fitted to survive, and leaves all the rest to perish in the vain struggle for existence; and this choice of Nature he calls 'the *law* of natural selection.' Now, a moment's reflection is sufficient to convince any one that this so-called choice or selection of nature is neither a law nor a cause; it is merely a figure of speech! If some forms, or germs, survive in the struggle for existence, this is only because the natural influences which favor their development and preservation are stronger than those which tend to their destruction, and not because nature 'selects' them to survive. There is no choice or selection in this case. 'The *law* of natural selection' is, in other words, merely a *figure of speech*, by which Mr. Darwin has imposed on himself, as well as on the unthinking portion of the world. All the causes recognized in his hypothesis are those, and those only, which develop its germs, cells, or eggs

into the infinite variety of the living world; and if we inquire what these real causes are, we do not find them anywhere described, or even specified, in the confused dream of Darwinism. We only learn that they are 'natural causes;' but as to *what* they are, or whether they are *known* to exist, we are permitted to learn nothing from him or his associates.

If we look at the *known* world, or take a survey of its *known* causes, we find that its germs are preserved by the influence of parents, and by no other means whatever. This agrees with the cosmogony of Moses [Gen. i. 20-28], according to which the parent plant or animal was created *first*, 'whose seed was in itself, after his kind,' by whose seed the earth was replenished. But Mr. Darwin inverts, not only the cosmogony of Moses, but also the whole order of the *known* world, by placing the seed first, and the parent last, in the creation of the world. For, since the beginning of time, no seed, egg, or cell has ever been known to exist, except as the product of the living parent; and none has ever been preserved or fitted to survive except by the agency or influence of the parent. But all this, which is the universal order of the known world, is inverted in the imaginary world of Mr. Darwin. His seed, cells, or eggs came from no parent, and were developed by 'natural causes'—what causes?—when no parents existed! He reasons not from the known to the unknown, but from the unknown to the known; or rather, from an imaginary and unknown order of things, which he supposes existed at first, he draws conclusions directly and utterly at variance with all that is, or ever has been, known of the order of the actual world.

Now, this inversion of the known order of nature, and of all natural logic, is perpetrated by Mr. Darwin with a view to get rid of the idea of God, and to establish the absurdity of miracles. 'The time is coming,' says he, 'when the doctrine of special creation, that is, the doctrine that God made the plants and animals each after its kind, will be regarded as "a curious illustration of the blindness of preconceived opinion." These authors,' he adds, 'seem no more startled at a miraculous creation than at an ordinary birth.' Yet, in spite of all

1 Hodge's Theo. Vol. II, p. 17.

this, Mr. Darwin is compelled to account for his living cell, or egg, by the creative act of God! The notion, that God created the world, he leaves to the fond credulity of the believer, who is so little startled at the idea of a miracle. But he, a man of science and a philosopher, can believe no such miracle, no such monstrous fable. All such nursery tales and silly stories he ranks with old wives' fables and the wonders of witchcraft. Yet this mighty man of science and this profound philosopher no sooner finds himself under stress of weather with his anti-miraculous hypothesis, than he calls in the miraculous hand of God to create his living germ, cell, or egg! How weak the belief, that God created the world! and yet how wise the conclusion, that He created the world-producing egg! 'The time is coming,' says Mr. Darwin, 'when the doctrine of a special creation' will be regarded as 'a curious illustration of the blindness of preconceived opinion.' But it will never come, we reply, until the doctrine, that God created a world-producing egg, and then left this egg to develop into the world, shall be regarded as 'a curious illustration' of the wonderful wisdom of rejecting all received opinions. Then, but not till then, will Darwinism, with all its glaring self-contradictions and worse than Hindoo fables, be entitled to the respect of mankind.

But what does Mr. Darwin mean by this strange, this wonderful inconsistency of his? Does he mean that the belief in all miracles is absurd, except the one miracle which is demanded by the exigencies of his hypothesis? Or is this one miracle of his merely a tub thrown to the whale?—merely a miracle in words, and a sham, intended to propitiate credulous Christians? Let him answer this question. Let him tell us whether his one miracle was wrought by a real God—by a living, personal, self-conscious, and self active God, or by a personification of nature only, or by a figure of speech. Then shall we be able to determine whether, after all, he is an honest or only a hypocritical believer in miracles. We can 'walk by faith' in God, but not in Mr. Darwin.

The first test of a true science is, then, amply sufficient to detect the hollowness of Mr. Darwin's theory. God is, after

all, the only real cause specified in his theory, and the nature of this cause he has not taken the pains to define or explain. God, or something he calls by His name, he is compelled to use to account for the existence of his living germs, cells, or eggs. All the rest—the growth, development, perfection, and glory of the world—he explains by ‘natural causes,’ not one of which is specified by him. Animated nature, he assures us, is the result of ‘natural causes’ operating on the seeds, germs, or eggs of nature, which God is said to have created. Wonderful information! Enlightened by this brilliant scientist, we are more fully convinced that natural effects are the result of natural causes! though we are not permitted to see any *known* cause at work, or how its part is performed in the production of the world. All is still as dark as night, and the only hope for his disciples is to ‘walk by faith’ in him.

The second test of a true theory exposes, if possible, still more signally the emptiness of Darwinism. For, Mr. Darwin himself being the judge, ‘natural causes’ have never been *known* to produce effects like those ascribed to them in his theory. Mr. Darwin admits that if, according to his theory, one species was developed out of another, by slow variations, there has been no sign or symptom of any such effect, or transformation, in any historical period of the world. On the contrary, he acknowledges that, during the whole of the historical period, species have remained unchanged, and are now precisely what they were thousands, if not millions, of years ago. Thus, according to Mr. Darwin, his ‘natural causes’ completed their work long before history began, and since then have rested from their labors. If one species is derived from another, by the slow operation of ‘natural causes,’ then one of two things inevitably follows: either that these causes have ceased to operate, or that the vestiges of their operation must be everywhere visible. Or, in other words, we should everywhere behold the intermediate steps, or connecting links, formed by the process of transformation of one species into another. It is admitted, however, that there is not the slightest indication of any such thing, or partial transformation of species. Hence, if Mr. Darwin’s theory be true, the labors

of his 'natural causes' were completed thousands of years ago, since which they have ceased to operate. Long before the historical period, nay, long before the age of myths and dreams, 'natural causes' completed their work, and stamped on the very face of nature 'the immutability of species.' This, however wonderful it may seem, is admitted by Mr. Darwin himself. He does not even pretend that natural causes have ever been *known* to produce, either in whole or in part, any effect like those ascribed to them in his romance or rhapsody of science. He does not assert, in fact, that natural causes did *actually* produce the effects ascribed to them in his hypothesis; he only insists that, considering 'the hundreds of millions of years' in which they had to operate, they *might* have produced those effects. This is his grand argument—*they had time enough to produce them; that is, to do what they had been known to do in a single instance.* And so they had, if their sublime work were only a question of time. But something more than time is required to enable blind, unintelligent causes to do the work of infinite wisdom; even to build and beautify the universe. The simple truth is, that no theory or hypothesis has ever done more to disgrace the weakness and credulity of man than the wild dream of Mr. Darwin. If the letters of the alphabet were cast up and down at random for 'hundreds of millions of years' there would have been time enough, if time only were required, to produce an *Iliad*, or a *Paradise Lost*. But who, that has not lost his senses, can believe that such poems would ever have been produced by such means. They *might* possibly have been produced in that way, but, in fact, no poem has ever been, or we may safely predict will ever be, produced in any such way. Much less can we believe that the infinitely more sublime poem of the world has resulted from the blind operation of natural causes. No man who has really studied that poem can fail to discover therein, not only the most profound and perfect knowledge of all the sciences, both abstract and concrete, but also of all the most complicated collocation of the means best adapted to attain, in conformity with the laws and principles of all the sciences, the beneficent ends of infinite

most powerful and effective batteries. But, unless we are greatly mistaken, he might have planted his batteries on still broader and deeper foundations, and consequently given a more complete vindication of the holiness of God. He might, in other words, have brought out the effulgence of the divine holiness in such a way as to scatter still more effectually than by any logic, however resistless and conclusive, the inconsistencies and obscurities in which it is involved by the speculations of Dr. Hodge.

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ART. III.—1. *The Beginnings of Life.* By BASTIAN. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

2. *Body and Mind.* By MAWDSLEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
 How complicate, how wonderful is man!  
 How passing wonder He who made him such!  
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes,  
 From different natures marvellously mixt,  
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!  
 Distinguished link in being's endless chain!  
 Midway from nothing to the Deity!  
 A beam ethereal, sully'd and absorpt!  
 Tho' sully'd and dishonored still divine!  
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute!  
 An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!  
 Helpless immortal! insect infinite!  
 A worm! a god!

Not the least encouraging and significant of the signs of the times is the revolution which modern science has wrought in the study of human nature. Under the intense rays of physical investigation, *dichotomies* and *trichotomies* evaporate into nothing, and man comes forth a symmetrical unit, a perfect whole; complex it may be, made up of strange extremes, with 'different natures marvellously mixt,' but nevertheless so interdependent as to constitute an *individual* being. A philosophy that is constructed upon any *one* class of phenomena



exhibited in the life of man, whether mental or physical, proceeds upon premises that are false, and can only lead to subtle and dangerous errors. Man is a unit — a grand, imposing individual; and it is only by studying him as an individual that we can arrive at any correct and definite conclusions as to the nature of his being. The failure to recognize this individual oneness of human nature has ever been fraught with dangerous and delusive error, and nowhere is this more apparent than in the department of human physiology, which lies within the domain of molecular action, which, for the convenience of discussion, we have seen fit to denominate

THE PHYSIOS OF PHYSIOLOGY.

What is it *to live*? Momentous question this! A question which philosophy has never answered, a mystery which science cannot explain, a problem which revelation alone can solve.

So numerous have been the attempts to clearly and accurately define the nature of life, and so conflicting and nebulous have these definitions been, that all reasoning upon this subject has by very many eminent physiologists been relegated to the domain of abstract speculation, to furnish food for the fevered fancy of the metaphysical brain.

But amid all the conceptions of life which have hitherto been entertained, two fundamentally opposite doctrines have stood out in bold relief, under one or the other of which all the views ever promulgated on this subject may be ranged.

One school of physiologists maintains that life is a super-added and altogether independent power, which acts through the instrumentality of elaborately perfected material, but is altogether apart and distinct from the intrinsic properties of material substance. According to this school, life is to be regarded as the principle or cause of organization.

The other school holds that life is but a more complicated manifestation and development of molecular and material force, a property of material substance, when it has been raised into the sphere of sufficiently advanced and matured complexity. According to this school, life is to be regarded as the product or effect of organization. The atoms of Demo-

critus grouping themselves together so as to form the various material substances which exist by virtue of these inherent tendencies; the *νοῦς* of Anaxagoras, whose business it was 'to dispose all things, each in accordance with its own nature, into a universe that shall comprehend within it the most manifold forms of existence, and to enter into, and identify itself with, this universe as the power of individual vitality;' the all-pervading spirit or 'soul of Nature, the basis of the ancient Pantheistic philosophy, and so beautifully expressed in later days by the poet Wordsworth, in his "Excursion," when he said

"To every form of being is assigned  
An active principle: howe'er removed  
From sense and observation, it subsists  
In all things, in all nature, in the stars  
Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds:  
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone  
That paves the brooks;"

the *Archæus* of Paracelsus and Van Helmont, whose place of abode was the cardiac orifice of the stomach, guiding and directing the chemical changes in the organisms which gave rise to the phenomena of life. All these and many other less notable conceptions of life in ancient philosophy have come down to us under varied modifications, but all bearing the impress of either one or the other school of physiological thought.

We cannot, in the narrow limits of a single paper, enter into the discussion now attracting the attention of the scientific world concerning the origin of life. But it is necessary that we notice briefly the position taken by Dr. Bastian in his late work on *The Beginnings of Life*, the pages of which are still wet from the press. In this he attempts to establish a position which, at first glance, seems to accord with neither of the conceptions of life which we have here noticed. In speaking of the modes of origin of reproductive units, he says:

'The mere *form* of living things, or of the active elemental parts of higher organisms, has lost its importance. Vital manifestations are now known not to be dependent upon visible

organization of any kind: they are the results of peculiar molecular aggregations.'

Now, while we might not admit with Virchow, that 'the *cell* is really the ultimate morphological unit in which there is any manifestation of life, and that we must not transfer the seat of real action to any point beyond the cell,' yet the rejection of this doctrine would not, as held by Dr. Bastian, involve the possibility of the presence of life in the absence of organism. For what are 'peculiar molecular aggregations' but simply another expression for organization; whether such organization be *visible* or not, does not at all affect the question. Organization means simply the coming together of ultimate particles to form a mass different from the morphological units which enter into its composition. This is nothing more nor less than a 'peculiar aggregation of molecules.' The crystal is an example of such an aggregation of molecules, and the crystal is an organization. Here the aggregation takes a definite geometrical form, while in the case of protoplasm the aggregation of plastide particles is amorphous, and yet there is something in the protoplasm which distinguishes it as an aggregation of morphological units from the liquid which holds it in suspension: that something is organization.

But the question now arises, upon the supposition that all life is dependent upon organization, how shall we distinguish the living from the non-living organisms, the crystal from the man? Here the definition of Bèclard comes in to solve the problem — 'Life is organization in action.' The crystal does not live because it does not act. The law of inertia is impressed upon it. It can neither move nor reproduce itself. The plastide particles are readily distinguished from the liquid which surrounds them by their ceaseless activity, which begins just so soon as the 'peculiar aggregation of molecules' takes place. The man becomes a living being whenever, in the secret chambers of the womb, that 'peculiar aggregation of molecules' takes place, which manifests itself in the formation of a self-acting organism. And the man is dead when that 'peculiar aggregation of molecules' which makes up his organism is irreparably disturbed. Death is but the manifestation

of a disorganization which has already taken place. When once the body has exhibited the functional activities of life they will never cease until the organism is so altered that it is rendered incapable of expressing the activity which gave rise to its so-called vital phenomena. And yet how often do we hear it said, by those who maintain that death consists in the abstraction of an undefinable something entirely independent of the organism in which it dwells, that the body is frequently in a state of perfect organization immediately upon death? What, then, we ask, was the cause of death? Was it not something which interfered with the organization? And this interference is nothing more nor less than disorganization. It may not be indeed somatic, but molecular disorganization there must always be, or death could never blanch the rosy cheek, or still the warm beating heart. A body is dead because it is disorganized, not disorganized because it is dead.

But if the question be asked, 'What is there in the mere molecular arrangement of dead matter to produce vital phenomena? we can only answer, that we do not know, unless it be that such molecular arrangement is required for the expression of the one common force of nature in vital manifestations. The man can no more see without an eye, or hear without an ear, than the great force of nature can express itself in vital phenomena without a properly-organized material through which to act. And if we are further asked, 'What is this common force of nature? we are ready at once to refer its agency back to the Source of all that is—to Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being, the pulsations of whose mighty heart sends a life-giving energy through all the arteries of existence.

' God of the granite and the rose,  
Soul of the sparrow and the bee,  
The mighty tide of being flows  
Through countless channels, Lord, from thee.  
It leaps to life in grass and flowers —  
Through every grade of being runs;  
While from Creation's radiant towers  
Its glory flames in stars and suns.'

But now let us inquire where that peculiar aggregation of molecules, which we call organization, first takes place in the human body. Where do we first find that bioplasm out of which the tissues are to be developed? What is the immediate penetralium in which the mystery, which is still the aspiration, if not the reproach, of physiological science lies concealed?

This problem is worked out by that crimson fluid, which is distributed to the several fabrics through a service of branching tubes. It is liquid in order to effect such distribution, and complex because it has to contain all the ingredients that are needed for the constitution of the body in its vast diversity, muscle, membrane, nerve, bone, cartilage, and fat. The blood is thus nothing more nor less than food compounded by chemical elaboration into vital condition and power. It is in this chemical elaboration that we find the seat of the first manifestation of vital endowment. And upon the ultimate perfection or finish which the blood receives from this chemical elaboration depends the degree of vitality impressed upon those formed anatomical elements known as the red corpuscles. Now, from this it is readily seen how very important, nay, how necessary it is, that this chemical elaboration, which is to determine the physiological condition of the body, be properly regulated, not only by supplying the materials for its action, but also by properly preparing those materials for organic assimilation. We affirm boldly, and without fear of contradiction, that any system of medical treatment that does not proceed upon the basis of alimentation, is utterly worthless, is but the evidence of a total want of chemico-physiological information so necessary to the successful practitioner of medicine. But when we say this we do not mean that the work of the physician is accomplished when he introduces into the stomach those elements which he finds necessary to the nutrition of the body, for they are just as much outside the organism there as though they were on the shelves of the apothecary. Physiology demands that medical treatment shall have in view the assimilation of nutritious materials as well as the supply. Hence the prescriptions based upon the constitution of the

blood have failed to bring about those results which might naturally be expected by those ignorant of the laws of organic assimilation. It is the failure to recognize these laws which has brought reproach upon chemical physiology. Chemical physiology, did we say? Why, physiology itself is nothing but the chemistry of vital action. The human body, viewed in the light of science, is a chemical laboratory and nothing more. It is chemistry alone which can show us the elements of our physical being, and explain the laws of their organic arrangement, a proper understanding of which is the *ultima thule* of physiological investigation. Through the agency of chemical laws all the vital phenomena of the body can be readily explained. The crushing argument, so triumphantly thrown out by the vitalists, that it is the inherent vitality of the stomach which protects it from the action of its own secretion, which would destroy it under other conditions, is set at naught by chemistry, which teaches that the secretion does act upon the stomach, destroying the epithelium which lies upon the mucous membrane, the interior walls of the stomach becoming of a brighter hue as digestion progresses, until the epithelium is so destroyed as that the alkalinity of the blood, by osmosis, neutralizes the further action of the gastric juice, and the secretion of the stomach is thus held, as it were, in a bag with alkaline walls, which neutralize all action which would otherwise be carried on to complete disorganization. And in this way may be explained all those processes which seem peculiar to vital action.

In concluding this division of our subject, we would unite with Lehmann, the great chemico physiologist, in expressing our conviction, 'that even metaphysiology will be unable to deprive physiological chemistry of the consideration due to it, among physical studies in its explanation of vital processes; and we will therefore leave it to the poetic and the imaginative to depict the romance of the protecting activity and sturdy contest maintained by the vital force, and of a struggle between different powers -between the attraction and repulsion of polarities.' And we put the question with which this eminent co-worker in the field of physiological chemistry has

already preceded us. Does it not need a superabundant richness of fancy to believe with metaphysiologists, that apparent death, trance, or, as it has been termed, *latent life*, is the predominance of the spiritual over the material (the metamorphosis of matter being at its minimum), rather than a predominance of the material over the spiritual, as sounder minds would be led to assume? It would be well if these spiritualists would look down from the high stand which they have chosen, and deign to believe that there are some among those experimentalists who, clinging to matter and gathering their facts with ant-like industry from the lowly earth, notwithstanding that they have long held communion with the poet-philosopher Plato, and the philosophical natural inquirer, Aristotle, and have some familiarity with the Paraphrases of Hegel and Schelling, are yet unwilling to relinquish their less elevated position. If these happy admirers of their own ideal had descended from their airy heights, and closely examined organic and inorganic matter, they would not have deemed it necessary to assume, that besides carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen, organic substances must also contain an *organogenium* or latent vital force, or whatever else they may be pleased to call it. Had they sought information from a chemist, they would have learned that when exposed to the clear light of rigid logic, there is no essential difference between organic and inorganic bodies; a chemist totally unacquainted with organic matter would, *a priori*, have deduced all these incidental differences of matter from the doctrine of affinity, and the science of stoichiometry evolved from dead matter. However these advocates of a romantic poetry of nature may despise the swarm of industrious investigators, who are often unwearyingly employed for years together in endeavoring to collect a few firm supports for the construction of a true philosophy of nature, we do not despair of seeing our work rise in simple grandeur, until a great temple shall stand as a monument to our energy, every stone polished, and every spire glittering in the sunlight of truth — a structure more durable and lasting than those sophisms of natural philosophy, which, passing through ages, from Pythagoras and Empedocles to

Schelling and Hegel, have, like the sand of the ocean shore, been alternately upborne by one wave and engulfed by the next.

THE ÆSTHETICS OF PHYSIOLOGY.

Dr. Mawdsley, in one of his Gulstonian lectures, makes this statement: 'The internal organs are plainly not the agents of their special functions only, but by reason of the intimate consent in sympathy of function they are essentially constituents of our mental life.'

Now, it is with profound interest and pleasure that we note the introduction of this passage in an article upon the Progress of Medicine and Surgery in the *Edinburgh Review*, together with the following significant remarks:

'The heart, the lungs, the liver, and the reproductive organs, when diseased, have their voice, if we may so speak, in the varying emotions which they give rise to. The wonderful exaltation of hope which takes place in the consumptive patient we are all familiar with. The fear and oppression which accompany heart disease, and the depression and envious feelings which master us when subject to derangement of the liver, have long been patent to the poet as well as to the physician. To a still larger extent sex influences character, and it is in the power of the surgeon to wholly change the tone of mind of either man or woman. With proofs like these, of the solidarity of mind and matter, we need not fear that the study of psychological medicine will in future be hampered by the subtleties and words of the metaphysician, but that it will become amenable to scientific inquiry as a purely physical disease.'

This strikes the keynote of modern science. Psychology and physiology have long been billing and cooing like two courting doves, and we hail with joyful enthusiasm their wedding day. In spite of dogmatic prejudices, the common sense of men has formulated the identity or correlation of the two in expressions like these: 'He has a *bad* face;' or, as the



great poet of human nature has it, 'there is murder in his eye.'  
And again,

'Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
May read strange matters.'

And again, 'He wears his heart upon his sleeve.' And the well known words of Cæsar present themselves at once to our minds :

'Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:  
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look:  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.'

So intuitive are these ideas of the interrelation between physiological expression and psychological disposition that the strongest advocates of that philosophy which denies the interdependence of soul and body find it impossible to shake them off, and never fail to manifest surprise when expression and character stand at variance with each other. If a dark crime be committed by one who wears a noble face, the incongruity between the physiological expression and this state of moral degradation is noted by all alike, and the commission of the crime is in every case instinctively referred to some extraneous influences brought to bear upon the character, which resulted in disturbing the balance of his nature. When such incongruities exist, they are regarded in every case as anomalous, and are always remarked. But these anomalies do not affect the law, as has been aptly said, any more than the perturbations of planets destroy the general ellipticity of their orbits.

We propose to trace this law of interrelation between character and expression through the whole extent of its operation, and establish, if possible, the efficiency of its action in the modification and development of psychological disposition on the one hand, and the physiological expression on the other.

'Expression,' says Herbert Spencer, 'is feature in the making.' The transitory forms of the features are, as all admit, indices of mental states. Very few there are who can 'wear a smiling face while discontent sits heavy at their

heart.' What a world of meaning there is in a smile, and many a story of love has been told by the liquid glance of hazel eyes, in language, too, far more eloquent than the poor, stammering tongue can ever reach.

'The beauty that is borne here in the face  
The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself  
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,  
Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed,  
Salute each other with each other's form.'

Now, these transitory forms, as they spring from internal mental states, register themselves upon the face and *produce*—mark the word—permanent expression. That cultivation of a cynical disposition will soon express itself in a chronic modification of the angles of the mouth, and discontent writes upon the brow its ineffaceable frown. The fixed determination of a resolute spirit never fails to render permanent that compression of the lips and steady gaze of the eye which so signally characterize the state of its energetic activity. We thus see how it is possible to change completely the whole contour of facial expression by the cultivation of a certain bent or disposition of the mind. Nor is this physiological change confined to the face alone. As there is no portion of the organism which is not acted upon, either directly or indirectly, by nervous influence, and as this influence has its source in that complex network of nervous decussations, the brain, it follows that the influence of mental disposition must be transmitted to every portion of the physical system. It is thus that physiological individuality is established. Why is it that every man possesses an identity by which he is recognized? Why are not all men alike in their physiological expression? We apprehend that this is a question which has never been fairly met, or satisfactorily answered, by those who deny the correlation, or 'interrelation' as some have styled it, of mind and body. When we consider the fact, that a mental impression transmits its influence to the remotest part of the organism, so as to produce instantaneous effects, we can readily see how great an influence such a battery as this must exert

upon the growth and development of the organism. It is, indeed, strange that the influence of *intelligent selection*, so subtle, so powerful, so certain as it is, should have been so overlooked by those who have wrought out for us the doctrines of evolution. We are glad to see this dwelt upon by Prof. E. D. Cope, in his late articles upon Evolution and its Consequences. After reducing growth—force (of which term we believe he is the author), in all its exhibitions, to cell-division, cell-nutrition, and cell-origin, he goes on to speak of the influences active in locating this force, very properly taking the ground that natural selection can originate nothing. Then, speaking of intelligent selection, he says :

Intelligence is a conservative principle, and will always direct effort and use into lines which will be beneficial to its possessor. Here we have the source of the fittest, *i. e.*, addition of parts by increase and location of growth force, directed by the influence of various kinds of compulsion in the lower, and intelligent option among higher animals. ‘ Thus intelligent choice, taking advantage of the successive evolution of physical conditions, may be regarded as *the originator of the fittest*, while natural selection is the tribunal to which all the results of accelerated growth are submitted. This preserves or destroys them, and determines the new points of departure on which accelerated growth shall build.

‘ If the above positions be true, we have here also the theory of the development of intelligence and of other metaphysical traits. In accordance with it, each trait appropriates from the material world the means of perpetuating its exhibitions by constructing its instruments. These react by furnishing means of exercise of these qualities, which have thus grown to their full expression in man.’

It is this last paragraph of which we wish to make use at present.

Retardation of development, either physical or mental, is indicative of unballanced activity. On the other hand, excessive development in one direction is generally accompanied by atrophy in another. The blacksmith’s arm is the badge of his profession, and such excessive physical development does

not indicate any great cerebral power. 'The pale cast of thought,' on the other hand, in the language of the old Roman poet, '*redolet lucerris*' — smells of the lamp, and tells of 'wee sma' hours,' 'when churchyards and graves give up their dead.' The projecting lower jaw or the prognathous countenance is generally considered indicative of a lack of intelligence. And why? The reason is obvious, when we go among the Papuans and find them tearing their food with their jaws, instead of cutting it with knives and forks. And the lower we go in the scale of animal life the greater prominence of the lower jaw do we find, since greater demands are made upon the jaws, as they are used not only for mastication, but for prehension, for carrying, for gnawing, in short, for everything except locomotion, which is the sole function performed by the limbs. As we advance from the stage of barbarism toward civilization we find the facial angle increasing, owing to the fact that the fore-limbs are made to assist the jaws and relieve them of much of the labor which barbaric manners imposed upon them. Still further advancements show the use of implements to assist the hands, and further still, we find factories in which machinery is used for manufacturing implements. 'This progression in the arts of life,' says Herbert Spencer, 'has had intellectual progression for its necessary correlative.' The gradual disuse of the jaws thus results in their gradual recession, and the simultaneous protrusion of the brain, which is indicative of higher mental states.

And then again, the lateral prominence of the cheek bones, which, like the prognathous countenance, both detracts from facial beauty and indicates deficient intelligence, is, in like manner, related to lower habits of life. The muscles which move the jaws are the temporal muscles. Now, in proportion as the jaws are exercised, will these muscles, according to the law of development, increase in size. But as they pass down between the cranium and zygomatic processes of the temporal bone, the spaces must be enlarged in order to adapt themselves to the increased size of the muscle. This enlargement must take place laterally, and we notice this peculiarity in facial expres-

sion in the Mongolian and other uncivilized races. We can thus trace other defects of feature to intellectual inferiority, which, with the expression it gives to the countenance, gradually disappears as we pass from barbarism to civilization. The wide expanded nostrils, opening up in full view as if to scent the air; the depression of the bridge of the nose, alike characteristic of the 'gray barbarian and the Christian child;' the great width between the eyes, giving us the listless Beatian stare; the long mouth to grasp, and the large mouth to contain the immense boli of food, which the canine eagerness of the uncultivated barbarian prompts him to gulp unmasticated down his throat; the wide-spread alæ of the nose, and other facial defects too numerous to mention, which, by common consent, *are* called ugly, all are traceable to intellectual inferiority. And now, what are the ideal forms with which art furnishes us to represent the highest order of intellectual development? Do they not present us with facial characteristics exactly the opposite of those we have just enumerated? Take the ideal Greek head, which sculpture presents as not only the perfection of physical beauty, but also as the expression of the highest intellectual development. Here we find the projecting forehead and receding jaws, rendering the facial angle indeed greater than it is ever found in fact. The cheek bones are so small as scarcely to make any impression upon the soft tissues which cover them. The bridge of the nose is high, almost on a line with the forehead. The alæ of the nose join the face with but little obliquity. The nostrils are scarcely visible from the front. The mouth is small, and the upper lip short and deeply concave. The outer angles of the eyes do not keep the horizontal line as is usual, and, instead of being directed upward, as in the Mongolian type, they are directed slightly downward. The form of the brow indicates an unusually large frontal sinus — a characteristic entirely absent in children, in the lowest of the human races and in the allied genera. Time would fail us were we to attempt to note the individual mental characteristics manifested by facial expression, but in the ideal Greek head we find those general characteristics which go to make up physical beauty. The question

now arises, how do we arrive at this ideal of physical beauty? Why should the prognathous countenance be called ugly, and the receding jaw constitute an element in facial beauty? Why does a cultivated taste fix upon the characteristics which we have enumerated as elements of beauty? The problem is easily solved, if we assume the correlation of beauty and ugliness with the perfection and imperfection of mental nature. 'All those,' says Mr. Morell, 'who have shown a remarkable appreciation of form and beauty, date their first impressions from a period lying far behind the existence of definite ideas or verbal instructions. The germs of all their æsthetic impressions manifested themselves, first of all, as a spontaneous feeling or instinct, which, from the earliest dawn of reason, was awakened by the presentation of the phenomena which correspond objectively with it in the universe.' Now, these elementary intuitions are the result of the attainment of that grade of mental development which enables us to apprehend the objective reality of external things. During the period of infancy a very rapid and energetic process of self-education is going on; 'the whole mind,' says Dr. Carpenter, 'being concentrated upon its perceptive activity.' By judicious parents and nurses this process will be favored by supplying a sufficient variety of objects upon which it may be advantageously exercised. These intuitional æsthetic feelings constitute a fundamental part of our very nature, though they exist in very different intensity in different individuals. Every one has heard of the marvellous sense of harmony in the infant Mozart, and no one has failed to notice the repugnance of infants to hideous objects, when they have been allowed to look only upon those which are pleasant to the cultivated eye. These feelings in the infant, are, however, the result of education, it may be indeed self-education, and that too very rapidly attained, for had not Mozart been brought in contact with harmony, the intuitive appreciation of it would have remained latent forever. These intuitions are peculiarly susceptible of development by appropriate culture, under the influence of which they not merely grow up in the individual, but manifest themselves with increased vigor and more extended range in successive generations of mankind.

The question again recurs, why should these intuitional feelings exist at all? Why should they not be called forth by ugly as well as beautiful objects? These are questions which cannot be answered unless we accept the almost irresistible induction from the facts before us, that the aspects which please are the outward correlatives of inward perfections, while the aspects which displease are the outward correlatives of inward imperfections. From what has been said we arrive at the conclusion, which we think logical and correct, that beauty is divine, that ugliness is *criminal*.

How many an otherwise lovely female face is spoiled by the habitual furrowing of the forehead and curling of the lip, revealing so unmistakably the Xantippe spirit within her breast; while, on the other hand, the cultivation of a gentle, loving spirit would materially modify the hideousness of a Medusa's head.

- The transitory aspects of face which detract from beauty are certainly criminal, as they spring from those dispositions which are morally wrong. In the case of permanent ugliness, the individual who inherits it, like him who inherits consumption, scrofula, gout, or insanity, is more sinned against than sinning. Sin there certainly is somewhere, for ugliness is a disease, a pathological condition, and, like all other diseases, is the result of that evil diatheses into which 'man by transgression fell.' But, like all other tendencies and dispositions, it comes within the sphere of free agency, and may, according to evangelical ideas, be totally eradicated under the influence of the atonement which is said to remedy all defects made by the fall, whether physical, mental, or moral. Thus we see that, under the proper system of development, man has it in his power to direct the formation of his physical constitution in such a way as to wholly eradicate ugliness, which is generally considered rather a misfortune than a fault. From the bottom of our heart we sympathize with those unfortunate women who inherit the dire disease of ugliness; but our sympathy would not lead us so far as to enter into an organic copartnership with

them any sooner than we would take to our bosoms a scorbutic or otherwise tainted constitution.

The very presence of facial defects, according to laws laid down by Galton in his *Hereditary Genius* — laws, too, which have their foundation in fact — indicates some intellectual or moral deficiency in the breed, if not in the individual; and if we expect our posterity to be free from these deficiencies we must not run the risk of having them reproduced by hereditary transmission. Like consumption, these facial defects will certainly crop out, and that, too, in many instances, along with the mental characteristics which caused them, or of which they were originally the expression. Now, we are aware that, in taking this ground, we lay ourselves liable to be met with facts which, at first glance, appear to conflict with the induction which we have established. We know that often the law seems to be reversed; that beneath plain faces grand natures are often found, and noble countenances often hide the darkest souls. The passionate outburst of Juliet, when she hears of Tybalt's death at the hand of Romeo, is often not unjustly applied:

'O serpent heart hid with a flowering face!  
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
Dove-feathered raven! wolfish, ravening lamb!  
Despised substance of divinest show!  
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,  
A damned saint, an honorable villain!  
O nature! what had'st thou to do in hell  
When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend  
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?  
Was ever book containing such vile matter  
So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace!'

And many a despairing Troilus has expressed his despondency in the melancholy words,

'O beauty! where's thy faith?

But these exceptions do not, as we have before intimated, affect the law. Most of these defects can very readily be accounted for. Some are caused by unsymmetrical develop-



ment, others by defects in the epidermis produced by visceral derangements. Indeed, in many cases, disease so alters the facial expression as to produce great deformity of feature, even where beauty had once abounded. And, on the other hand, the low, moral state of the Italians, which seems to co-exist with prevalent facial beauty, though at first sight affording an insuperable argument against the hypotheses we have laid down, can, nevertheless, be reconciled to the general induction. In the first place, we contend that in the typical Italian face we can detect the traces of that obliquity of moral character so often and so justly charged against them. But when this cannot be done, there is an explanation, which we think renders it possible to admit the seeming contradictions which the detailed facts present and yet to hold by the theory. This explanation is founded upon the heterogeneity of constitution which must exist in all mixed races. Galton, in his *Hereditary Genius*, to which book we have already referred, takes this view, substantially, in treating of the anomalies which occur, seeming to contradict the law of heredity. Speaking of the apparent anomaly which is noticed when the children of pious parents occasionally turn out badly, he says: 'The *amplitude* of the moral oscillations of religious men is greater than that of others whose average moral position is the same.' With this fact as a basis he draws the following conclusion:

'The parents are naturally gifted with high moral characters, combined with instability of disposition; but these peculiarities are in no way correlated. It must, therefore, often happen that the child will inherit the one and not the other. If his heritage consist of the moral gifts without great instability, he will not feel the need of extreme piety: if he inherit great instability without morality, he will be very likely to disgrace his name.'

Now, precisely the same kind of reasoning applies to the variance of the physique with its morale. Let there be a mixture produced by the superinduction of a well-balanced moral and physical nature upon one possessing moral and physical defects, and there will result, not a homogeneous

mean between the two, but a seemingly irregular combination of the one with characteristics of the other. The disposition of the one will be transmitted while the physique of the other is superinduced upon it, thus producing an incongruity between the two; while, if the case were otherwise, there would be a perfect correlation.

Upon this point Herbert Spencer has taken very much the same position as that we have laid down, and has thus expressed himself:

‘This imperfect union of parental constitutions in the constitution of offspring is yet more clearly illustrated by the reappearance of peculiarities traceable to by-gone generations. Forms, disposition, and diseases, possessed by distant progenitors, habitually come out from time to time in descendants. Some single feature, or some solitary tendency, will again and again show itself, after being apparently lost. It is notoriously thus with gout, scrofula, and insanity. On some of the monumental brasses in our old churches are engraved heads having traits still persistent in the same families. Wherever, as in portrait galleries, a register of ancestral faces has been kept, the same fact is more or less apparent. The pertinacity with which particular characteristics perpetuate themselves is well exemplified in America, where traces of negro blood can be detected in the finger nails, when no longer visible in the complexion. Among breeders of animals it is well known, that after several generations in which no visible modifications were traceable, the effects of a cross will suddenly make their appearance. In all which facts we see the general law that an organism produced from two organisms constitutionally different is not a homogeneous mean, but is made up of separate elements, taken in variable manner and proportion from the originals.’

To what conclusion do we then come? We have admitted that plainness may co-exist with nobility of nature, and fine features with baseness. We have removed the difficulties that stand in the way of the belief, that beauty of character and beauty of face are correlative of each other. Then, since character is plastic in the hands of man, why should the

world be cursed with ugliness, either moral or physical? Why let the trail of the serpent be longer seen in Eden's bowers?

'Beauty was lent to Nature as the type  
Of Heaven's unspeakable and holy joy,  
Where all perfection makes the sum of bliss.'

To cultivate the beautiful is among man's highest duties. Thanks to the age in which we live, we do not belong to that class of cynics who trample upon godlike beauty in the name of God, and curse it as vanity and pride. Beauty is the costume of heaven, ugliness the livery of hell.

#### THE ETHICS OF PHYSIOLOGY.

Dr. Holland has well remarked, that a great deal of religion flows through the biliary duct. It is indeed wonderful to trace the different intellectual, emotional, and volitional states back to the physical conditions in which they inhere. And as it is impossible to construct a mental philosophy independent of the physiological laws which govern the organism, so we hold that it is equally impossible to construct a system of ethics into which physiology does not enter as a prominent factor. What morality can there be in the continence of Origen? And, on the other hand, who cannot, to some extent, condone the fierce anger of an Othello? There were men who took an active part in the crucifixion of Christ who would themselves have been crucified before they would have played the part of Judas in betraying him. Men are born with peculiar moral diatheses, which, according to the law of heredity, are transmitted through the physical organism.

And it is a fact much to be regretted, that such a gulf has ever separated that ethereal essence which is called the soul and the organism through which alone it can act. 'This hasty pudding within the skull,' said Frederick W. Robertson, as he epitomized in a single expression the stupid prejudice of the prevailing 'scholarship.' Upon which Dr. Youmans has well remarked, 'Poor Robertson! smitten down in the midst of a noble career, by the consequences of over-tasking, dying of brain disease in the prime of manhood! How cruelly did Nature avenge the insult!'

To ignore the physiological aspects of human nature in the

construction of a science of mind or morals, is to render the play of Hamlet with the part of the illustrious Dane left out. Our codes of social and religious ethics need revisal. Physiology has been left too much in the background. The soul has been magnified; the body villified, neglected, and despised. Upon this 'prison-house of the immortal soul' the anathemas of fanatical ascetics fall thick and fast. With strange inconsistency we are called upon to trample under foot the emotions, the passions, which find their origin in this seed-bed of corruption, while that which bears the seal of inspiration has deigned to call it the temple of the living God. Broken columns, inverted torches, weeping angels, and willows are within the gates upon which is written, 'Whoso believeth in me shall never die.' Why cling with such tenacity to life, if to die is but to sever the chain that clogs the spirit in its upward flight? As well might the gaudy insect, whose hues of beauty sparkle in the summer sunlight, contemn the humble shell that was once its home, as that man should despise his own humanity, which is the only road to life and immortality—the sole mysterious ladder that 'slopes through darkness up to God.' Away with that philosophy which would strike out humanity from man, and leave nothing but a shadowy abstraction—a flickering phantom on the shores of time. No, no; let us be *human*. Humanity has been honored, blest, and consecrated by the great Jehovah, who, in the beginning, looked upon this the crowning work of his hands and pronounced it '*very good*;' and who, in the person of his immaculate and only begotten Son, became man himself, with all the tender sympathies, the nobler aspirations, the god-like purposes of a sanctified humanity.

Far from being a clog to the immortal spirit, the body is but the stepping-stone to immortality, and upon the walls of this temple the panorama of eternity is painted, for the soul is the grand expression of human life. Let the deserted shell no longer speak to us of corruption and decay, since its own vitality has entered into that which now survives it.

'Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,  
But that which warmed it once can never die.'

Though dead, he who was human is human still, and lives throughout the cycles of eternity in all the expanding progression of a developed humanity. Away then with blackness, and tolling bells, and weepers, the heavy stones we so often roll against the sepulchres in which lie those who have been baptized into the name of him

Who robbed the grave of victory,  
And took the sting from death.

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**ART. III.—*President Day on the Will.***

There are no two things in nature which are more perfectly distinct than action and passion; the one necessarily excludes the other. Thus, if an effect is produced in anything, by the action or influence of something else, then is the thing in which the effect is produced wholly passive in regard to it. The effect itself is called passion or passiveness. It is not an act of that in which it is produced; it is an effect resulting wholly from that which produces it. To say that a thing acts, then, is to say that it is not passive, or, in other words, that its act is not produced by the action or influence of anything else. To suppose that an act is so produced is to suppose that it is not an act, the object in which it is said to be caused being wholly passive in regard to it.

If this statement be correct, it follows that an act of the mind cannot be a produced effect; that the ideas of action and passion, of cause and effect, are opposite and contrary the one to the other; and hence it is absurd to assert that the mind may be caused to act, or that a volition can be produced by anything acting upon the mind. This is a self evident truth. The younger Edwards calls for proof of it; but the only evidence there is in the case is that which arises from the nature of the things themselves, as they must appear to every mind which will bestow suitable reflection on the subject. But as he held the affirmative, maintaining that the mind is caused

to act, it would have been well for him to have furnished proof himself before he called for it from the opposite party.

It may be said, that if it were self-evident that the mind cannot be caused to act, it would appear so to all men, and there could be no doubt on the subject; that a truth or proposition cannot be said to be self-evident unless it carries irresistible conviction to every mind to which it is proposed. But this does not follow. Previous to the time of Galileo it was universally believed by mankind that if a body were set in motion it would run down of itself, though it should meet with no resistance whatever in its progress. But that great philosopher, by reflecting on the nature of matter, very clearly saw that if a body were put in motion, and met with no resistance, it would continue to move on in a right line forever. As matter is inert, so he saw that it could not put itself in motion; and if put in motion by the action of anything upon it, he perceived with equal clearness that it could not check itself in its career. He perceived that it is just as impossible for passive, inert matter to change its state from motion to rest as it is for it to change its state from rest to motion. Thus, by simply reflecting upon the nature of matter, as that which cannot act, the mind of Galileo recognized it as a self-evident and unquestionable truth, that if a body be put in motion, and there is nothing to impede its career, it will move on in a right line forever. This great law of motion, first recognized by Galileo, and afterward adopted by all other philosophers, is called the law of *inertia*, because its truth necessarily results from the fact that matter is essentially inert, or cannot act.

We are aware it has been contended by Mr. Whewell, in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, that the law of motion in question is not a necessary or self-evident truth; and the reason he assigns is, that if it were a truth of this nature, it would have been recognized and believed by all men before the time of Galileo. But this reason is not good. For if it did not appear self-evident to those philosophers who lived before Galileo, it was because they did not bestow sufficient reflection upon the subject, and not because it was not a self-evident truth. All men

had seen bodies moving only in a resisting medium, amid counteracting influences; and having always seen them run down in such a medium, they very naturally concluded that a body put in motion would run down of itself. Yielding to an illusion of the senses, instead of rising above it by a sustained effort of reason and meditation, they supposed that the motion of a body would spend itself in the course of time, and so come to an end without any cause of its extinction. This is the reason why they did not see, what must have appeared to be a self-evident truth, if they had bestowed sufficient reflection upon the subject, instead of being swayed by an illusion of the senses.

Mr. Whewell admits the law in question to be a truth; he only denies that it is a necessary or self-evident truth. Now, if it be not a necessary truth, we should like to know how he has ascertained it to be a truth at all. Has any man ever seen a body put in motion, and continue to move on in a right line forever? Has any man ever ascertained the truth of this law by observation and experiment? It is evident, that if it be true at all, it must be a necessary truth. Who that is capable of rising above the associations of sense, so as to view things as they are in themselves, can meditate upon this subject, without perceiving that the law of *inertia* is a self-evident truth, necessarily arising out of the very nature of matter?

It does not follow, then, that a truth is not self-evident, because it does not appear so to all men; for some may be blinded to the truth by an illusion of the senses. This is the case with the necessitarian. He has always seen the motion of body produced by the action of something else; and hence, confounding the activity of mind with the motion of body, he concludes that volition is produced by the prior action of something else. All that he needs in order to see the impossibility of such a thing, is severe and sustained meditation. But how can we expect this from him? Is he not a great reasoner, rather than a great thinker? Does he not display his skill in drawing logical conclusions from the illusions of the senses, and assumptions founded thereon, rather than in laying his foundations and his premises aright, in the immu-

table depths of meditation and consciousness? We may appeal to his *reason*, and he will fall to *reasoning*. We may ask for *meditation*, and he will give us *logic*. Indeed, he wants that severe and scrutinizing observation which pierces through all the illusions and associations of the senses, rising to a contemplation of things as they are in themselves, which is one of the best attributes of the great thinker.

To show that he does this, we shall begin with President Day. No other necessitarian has made so formal and elaborate an attempt to prove that the mind may be caused to act. He undertakes to answer the objection which has been urged against the scheme of moral necessity, that it confounds action and passion. It is alleged, that a volition cannot be produced or caused by the action or influence of anything. To this President Day replies, 'these are terms of very convenient ambiguity, with which it is easy to construct a plausible but fallacious argument. The word passive is sometimes used to signify that which is *inactive*. With this meaning, it must, of course, be the opposite of everything which is active. To say that that which is in *this* sense passive, is at the same time active, is to assert that that which is active is not active. But this is not the only signification of the term passive in common use. It is very frequently used to express the relation of an effect to its cause.' (p. 159.)

Now, here is the distinction, but is it not without a difference? If an effect is produced, is it not passive in relation to its cause? This is not denied. Is it active, then, in relation to anything? President Day says it is. But is this so? Is not an effect which is wholly produced in one thing by the action or influence of another wholly passive? Is not the thing which, according to the supposition, is wholly passive to the influence acting upon it, wholly passive? In other words, is it made to act? Does it not merely suffer? If it is endued with an active nature, and really puts forth an act, is not this act clearly different from the passive impression made upon it?

One would certainly suppose so, but for the logic of the necessitarian. Let us examine this logic. 'The term passive,' says President Day, 'is sometimes employed to express the



relation of an effect to its cause. In this sense, it is so far from being inconsistent with activity that activity may be the very effect which is produced. A thing may be *caused* to be active. A cannon shot is said to be passive with respect to the charge of powder which impels it. But is there no activity given to the ball? Is not the whirlwind active when it tears up the forest? etc., etc. (p. 160.)

Now, all these illustrations are brought to show that the mind may be caused to act—that it may be passive in relation to the cause of its volition, and active in relation to the effect of its volition. A more striking instance could not be adduced to prove the correctness of the assertion already made, that the necessitarian confounds the motion of body with the action of mind. ‘A thing may be caused to act,’ says President Day. But how does he show this? By showing that a thing may be caused to move! ‘Is no *activity* given to the ball? Is not the whirlwind *active* when it tears up the forest?’ And so he goes on, leaving the light of reason and of consciousness; now rushing into the darkness of the whirlwind; now riding ‘on the mountain wave;’ and now plunging into the depths of ‘volcanic lava,’ all the time in quest of light respecting the phenomena of mind! We could have wished him to stop awhile, in the impetuous current of rhetoric, and inform us, whether he really considers ‘the motion of a ball’ as the same thing with the volition of the mind. If he does, then he may suppose that his illustrations are to the purpose, how great soever may be his mistake; but if he supposes there is a real difference between them, how can he even pretend to show that mind may be caused to act by showing that body may be caused to move?

We freely admit that body may be caused to move. Body is perfectly passive in motion, and hence its motion may be caused. But the mind is not passive in volition, and hence the difference in the two cases. It is an error, as we have already said, pervading the views of the necessitarian, that he confounds the action of mind with the motion of body. Even Mr. Locke, who, in some places, has recognized the essential difference between them, has frequently confounded them in

his reasonings and illustrations. Hence, it becomes necessary to bear this distinction always in mind in the examinations of their writings. It should be rendered perfectly clear to our minds by meditation, and never permitted to grow dim through forgetfulness. This is indispensably necessary to shut out the illusions of the senses, in order that we may have a clear and unclouded view of the phenomena of nature.

Is the motion of body, then, one and the same thing with the action of mind? They are frequently called by the same name. The motion of mind, and the action of body, are very common modes of expression. Body is said to act when it only moves, and mind is said to move when it really acts. These metaphors and supposed analogies are intimately and inseparably interwoven into the very frame-work of our language; and hence the necessity of guarding against them in our conceptions. They are almost as subtle as the great adversary of truth, and, therefore, we should be constantly on the watch lest we should be deceived or misled by them.

Let us look, then, at these things just as they are in themselves. When a body moves, it simply passes from one place to another; and when the mind acts or chooses, it simply prefers one thing to another. Here there is no real identity or sameness of nature. The body *suffers* a change; the mind itself *acts*. The one is pure passion or passiveness; the other is pure action — the very opposite of passivity. The one is a *suffering*, and the other is a *doing*. There are no two things in the whole range of nature which are more perfectly and essentially distinct; and he who confounds them in his reasonings, as philosophers have so often done, can never arrive at a clear perception of the truth.

President Day, if he intended anything to the purpose, undertook to show that an act may be produced in mind, in that which is active, by the action or influence of something else; and what has he shown? Why, that body may be caused to move! Let a case be produced in which the mind, the active soul of man, is made to act; let a case be produced in which a volition is caused to exist in the soul of man, by the action or influence of anything whatever, and it will be

something to the purpose: but what does it signify to tell us, that a body, that that which is wholly and essentially passive in its nature, may be made to move, or *suffer* a change of place? A more palpable sophism was never perpetrated; and that such a mind should have recourse to such an argument only betrays the miserable weakness and the forlorn hopelessness of the cause in which it is enlisted.

Indeed, the learned President seems, after all, to be at least half conscious that the analogies of matter can throw no light on the phenomena of mind; and that what he has so eloquently said amounts to just nothing at all. For he says, 'It may be objected that these are all examples of *inanimate* objects, and that they have no proper application to mental activity.' (p. 161.) Yes, truly, this is the very objection which we should urge against all the fine illustrations of President Day, and it is a full and complete answer to them. It is the great principle of the inductive study of mind, that its phenomena can be understood only in so far as we have observed them in the pure light of consciousness, and no farther; they should never be viewed through the darkening and confounding analogies of matter.

No one, that we know of, has ever denied that a body may be caused to move; the only point on which we desire to be enlightened is, whether the mind may be caused to act. To this point President Day next directly comes. Leaving 'inanimate objects,' he says, 'take the case of deep and earnest thinking. Is there no activity in this? And is it without a cause? When reading the orations of Demosthenes, or the demonstrations of Newton, are our minds wholly inactive; or, if they think intently, have our thoughts no dependence on the book before us? (p. 161.) Truly, there is activity in this, in our 'deep and earnest thinking'; but what is the cause of this activity? Does the book before us *cause* us to think? This is the point at which the argument of the author is driving, and to which it should come if it would be to the purpose, and yet he does not seem to like to speak it out right manfully; and hence, instead of saying that the book causes us to think, he chooses to say that our thoughts have a *de-*

*pendence* on the book. It is true, that no man can read a book unless he has it to read; and, consequently, his thoughts in reading the book are absolutely dependent on the possession of it. But still, the possession of a book is the *condition*, and not the *cause*, of his reading it. The cause of a thing, and the indispensable *condition* of it, are perfectly distinct from each other; and the argument of Day, in confounding them, has presented us with another sophism.

The ideas of a condition and of a cause, though so different in themselves, are always blended together by necessitarians; and hence the confusion into which they run. Edwards has united them, as we have seen, under the term *cause*, and then employed this term to signify the one or the other, at his pleasure. The word 'dependence' is the favorite of President Day; and he uses it with fully as much vagueness and vacillation of meaning as Edwards does the term *cause*. He has undertaken to show us that the mind may be *caused* to act; and he has shown us, that a particular class of thoughts can not come into existence, except upon a particular condition! This is not to reason, but to slip and to slide from one meaning of an ambiguous word to another.

When it is said that the mind cannot be caused to act, President Day must have known in what sense the term *cause* is used in this proposition. He must have known that no one meant to assert, that there are no *conditions* or *antecedents* on which the action of the mind depends. There is not an advocate of free-agency in the universe who will contend that the mind can choose a thing, unless there is a thing to be chosen; or, to take his own illustration, can read a book unless there is a book to be read. The question is not, whether there are *conditions*, without the existence of which the mind cannot act; this no one denies; but whether there is, or can be, a real and efficient cause of the mind's action? The point in dispute relates not to the mere fact of dependence, but to the *nature* of that dependence. The question is, *can the mind be efficiently caused to act?* This being the question, what does it signify to tell us, that it cannot read a book unless it has a book to read? Or what does it signify to tell us, that a body

may be caused to move? These are mere irrelevancies; they fall short of the point in dispute; and they only seem to reach it by means of a very 'convenient ambiguity' of words.

But still it may be said, that although a body is passive in motion it may act upon other bodies, and thereby communicate motion to them. This is the ground taken by President Day. 'The very same thing,' says he, 'may be both cause and effect. The mountain wave, which is the effect of the wind, may be the cause which buries the ship in the ocean.' (p. 160.) We are aware, that one body is frequently said to *act* upon another; but this word action, as President Day has well said, is a term 'of very convenient ambiguity, with which it is easy to construct a plausible but fallacious argument.' (p. 159.) The only cause in every case of motion is, that *force*, whatever it may be, which acts upon the body moved, and puts it in motion. All the rest is pure passion or passiveness. The motion of the body is not action; it is the most pure passion of which the mind can form a conception. If a body in motion is said to act upon another, this is but a metaphor; there is no real action in the case. Indeed, if a body be put in motion, and meets with no resistance, it will move on in a right line forever — and why? Just because of its *inertia* — of its inherent destitution of a power to act. As a mathematician, President Day certainly knew all this; but he seems to have forgotten it all in his eagerness to support the cause of moral necessity.

He saw that motion is frequently called action; he saw that one body is sometimes said to act upon another; and this was sufficient for his purpose. He did not reflect upon the natures of motion and of volition, as they are in themselves; he views them through the medium of an ambiguous phraseology. Nor did he reflect, that if motion is communicated from one body to another, this is not because one body really acts upon another, but because it is impossible for two bodies to occupy the same place at one and the same time. He did not reflect, that if motion is communicated from one body to another, this does not arise from the activity, but from the impenetrability of matter. In short, he did not reflect that there is no state

or phenomenon of matter, whatever may be its name, that at all resembles the state of mind which we call action or volition, or else he would have seen that all his illustrations drawn from material objects can throw no light on the point in controversy.

We find the same confusion of things in the works of the Edwardsees. We do not at all confound action and passion, President Edwards contends, by supposing that acts of the soul are effects, wherein the soul is the object of something acting upon and influencing it. (p. 203.) And again, 'It is no more a contradiction to suppose that action may be the effect of some other cause beside the agent, or being that acts, than to suppose that life may be the effect of some other cause beside the being that lives.' (p. 203.) The younger Edwards also asserts, that 'to say that an agent that is acted upon can not act, is as groundless as to say, that a body acted upon can not move.' (p. 131.) We might adduce many similar passages, but these are sufficient. What do they prove? If they are anything to the purpose, they are only so by confounding motion with volition, passion with action.

No one would pretend to deny that the mind may be, and is, caused to exist, or that the agent may be caused to live. In regard to our being and living we are perfectly passive; and hence we admit that we may be caused to exist and live. *Living* and *being* are not *acting*. We are not passive in regard to volition; this is an act of the mind itself. The above assertions only overlook the slight circumstances that *being* and *doing* are two different things; that motion is not volition, that passion is not action. This strange confusion of things is very common in the writings of the Edwardsees, as well as in those of all other necessitarians.

Edwards held volition to be a produced effect. This identifies a passive impression made upon the mind, with an act of the mind itself. In order to escape this difficulty, Edwards was bound to show that action and passion are not opposite in their natures. 'Action, when properly set in opposition to passion or passiveness,' says he, 'is no real existence; it is not the same with *an action*, but is a mere relation.' And again,

'Action and passion are not two contrary natures;' when placed in opposition they are only contrary relations. The same ground is taken by President Day. 'Are not cause and effect,' says he, 'opposite in their natures? They are opposite relations, but not always opposite things.' They contend that an object may be passive in relation to one thing, and active in relation to another; that a volition may be passive in relation to its producing cause, and yet active in relation to its produced effect.

Now, this is not true. An act is opposite in its nature to a passive impression, made upon the mind. This every man may clearly see by suitable reflection, if he will not blind himself to the truth, as the necessitarian always does, by false analogies drawn from the world of matter and the phenomena of motion. We have seen how President Day has attempted to show, that an object may be passive in relation to one thing, and yet active in relation to another; and that in all these attempts he has confounded the motion of body with the action or choice of mind. We have seen that all the illustrations adduced to throw light on this subject are fallacious. Let this subject be studied in the light of consciousness, not through the darkening and confounding medium of false analogies, and we may safely anticipate a verdict in our favor. For who that will closely and steadily reflect upon *an action* of the mind does not perceive that it is different, in nature and in kind, from a passive impression made upon the mind from without? We do not say action, which President Edwards seems to think does not signify anything positive, such as *an action*, when it is set in opposition to passion; but we say that *an action* itself is opposite in its nature to passion—to a produced effect.

President Edwards cannot escape the absurdity of his doctrine by alleging, that when action and passion are set in opposition, they do not signify opposite natures, but only opposite relations. For he has confounded *an act* of the mind with a *passive impression* made thereon; and these things are opposite in their natures, whether he is pleased to say that action and passion are opposite *natures* or not.

This position may be easily established. 'I humbly con-

ceive,' says he, 'that the affections of the soul are not properly distinguished from the will, as though they were two faculties in the soul.' . . . 'The affections are no other than the more vigorous and sensible exercises of the inclination and will of the soul.' These passages are referred to by President Day to prove that Edwards regarded our 'emotions or affections as acts of the will.' (p. 39.) Having confounded the will and the sensibility, it became exceedingly easy for Edwards to show that a volition may be produced or caused; all that he had to do was to show that an emotion may be produced, which is the same thing with an act of the will or a volition. It is upon this confusion of things, that his whole system rests; for if the sensibility is different from the will, as most persons at the present day will admit it is, then to excite an emotion, or to make a passive impression upon the sensibility, is very different from producing a volition.

Edwards has taken great pains with the superstructure of his system, while he has left its foundations without support. He has not shown, nor can any man show, that the sensibility and the will are one and the same faculty of the soul. He assumes that an emotion is an act of the will, and then proceeds to build upon it, and to argue from it, as if it were a clear and unquestionable truth. Thus, he repeatedly says, that whatever pleases us most, or excites the most agreeable sensation, is that which 'operates to induce a volition;' and to say otherwise is to assert that that which pleases us most does not please us most. Such assertions (and I have already had occasion to adduce many such) clearly identify a sense of the most agreeable, or the most pleasing emotion, with an act of the will. His definition, as we have already seen, laid the foundation for this, and his arguments are based upon it. The passive impression, or the sensation produced, is, according to Edwards, a volition! No wonder, then, that he could conceive of an action of the mind *as being produced*. The wonder is, how he could conceive of it *as being an action at all*.

Let us suppose, now, that a feeling or an emotion is produced by an object in view of the mind. It will follow, that the mind is passive in feeling, or in experiencing emotion.



We are conscious of such feeling or emotion, and hence we infer, that we are susceptible of feeling or emotion. This susceptibility we call the sensibility, the heart, the affections, etc. But there is another phenomenon of our nature, which is perfectly distinct in nature and in kind from an emotion or a feeling. We are conscious of a volition or choice; and hence we infer that we have a power of acting, or putting forth volition. This power we call the will.

Now, the phenomena exhibited by these two faculties of the soul, the sensibility and the will, are entirely different from each other; and there is not the least shadow of evidence going to show that the faculties themselves are one and the same. On the contrary, we are compelled by a fundamental law of belief, to regard the susceptibility of our nature, by which we feel, as different from that power of the soul by which we act or put forth volitions. The only reason we have for saying that matter is different from mind, is that its manifestations or phenomena are different; and we have a similar reason for asserting that the emotive part of our nature, or the sensibility, is distinct from the will. And yet, in the face of all this, President Edwards has expressly denied that there is any difference between these two faculties of the soul. It is in this confusion of things, in this false psychology, that he has laid the foundation of his system.

If President Edwards be right, it is no wonder that the younger Edwards should so often assert, that it is no more absurd to say that volition may be caused than it is to say, that feeling or emotion may be caused. For, if the doctrine in question be true, a volition is an emotion or feeling; and to produce the one is to produce the other. How short and easy has the path of the necessitarian been made by a convenient definition.

If we only bear the distinction between the sensibility and the will in mind, it will be exceedingly easy to see through the cloudy sophistications of the necessitarian. 'How does it appear to be a *fact*,' asks President Day, 'that the will cannot act when it is acted upon?' We reply, that the *will* is not acted upon at all; that passive impressions are made upon the

sensibility, and not upon the will. This is a *fact* which the necessitarian always overlooks.

Again, the same object may be both passive and active—passive with respect to one thing, and active with respect to another. Thus, says President Day, ‘The axe is passive with respect to the hand which moves it; but active with respect to the object which it strikes. The cricket club is passive in *receiving* motion from the hand of the player; it is active in *communicating* motion to the ball.’ The fallacy of all such illustrations, in confounding motion and action, we have already noticed, and we intend to say nothing more in relation to this point. But there is another less palpable fallacy in them.

How are such illustrations intended to be applied to the phenomena of volition? Is it meant, that volition itself is passive in relation to one thing, and active in relation to another? If so, we reply, it is absurd to affirm that volition, or an act, is passive in relation to anything? Is it meant, that not volition itself, but the will, is passive to that which acts upon it, while it is active in relation to its effect? If so, we contend that the will is not acted upon at all; that the passive impression is made upon the sensibility, and not upon the will. Is it supposed, that it is neither the volition nor the will, which is both active and passive at the same time, but that it is the mind? This may be very true. The mind may be passive, if you please, in relation to that which acts upon its sensibility, while it is active in volition; but how does this prove the doctrine, that *an act* may be produced by something else acting upon the will? How does this show that action and passion are not confounded, in supposing that an act is caused? The passive impression, the state of the sensibility, is produced; but this is not *a volition*. The passive impression exists in the sensibility; the volition exists in the will. The first is a produced effect; the last is an act of the mind. And the only way in which this act of the mind itself has been linked with that which acts upon the mind, as an effect is linked with its cause, has been by confounding the *sensibility* with the *will*; and the light of this distinction is no sooner

held up, than we see that a very important link is wanting in the chain of the necessitarian's logic. Let this light be carried around through all the dark corners of his system, and through all its dark labyrinths of words; and many a lurking sophism will be detected and brought out from its unsuspecting hiding-place.

When it is said, that the same thing may be active and passive, this remark should be understood with reference to the mind itself. The language of the necessitarian, we are aware, sometimes points to the volition itself, and sometimes to the will; but we should always understand him as referring to the mind. This is conceded by the necessitarian. Hence, when he says, that the same thing may be both active and passive, he must be understood as applying this proposition to the mind itself, and not to the will or to volition. It is the mind that acts; and hence the mind must be also passive, or we cannot say that *the same thing* may be both active and passive.

The mind, then, it may be said, is both active and passive at the same time. But it is passive in regard to its emotions and feelings; and hence, if you please, these may be produced. It is active in regard to its volitions, or rather in its volitions; and hence these cannot be produced by the action of anything upon the mind. To show that they can, the necessitarian, as we have seen, has confounded a passive impression with an active volition. If these be distinct, as they most clearly are, the necessitarian can make his point good only by showing that the passive impression made upon the mind is connected with the volition of the mind, as a producing cause is connected with its effect. But this he has not shown; and hence his whole system rests upon gratuitous and unfounded assumptions. I say his whole system; for if the mind cannot be caused to act, if it is absurd to speak of a produced action, it is not true, that an action or volition does or can result from the necessitating action or influence of motives.

ART. IV.—*Wilkes—Sheridan—Fox.* By W. F. RAE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (Reprint from London Edition. 1874.)

This book is a collection of three monographs on the individuals named. A work of this kind, when well executed, is a desideratum. Books are multiplied so fast that information must be condensed for us. The reading public has not the time to learn the details of different historical periods from original sources, sifting the wheat from the chaff, and books like this, which, in giving a sketch of the leading characters of a particular age, present us with a graphic picture of the times in which they lived, are always welcome. To those who do not read original works they supply information in an attractive form, while to those who have studied the history of the times to which they relate they recall half-forgotten memories, and serve as books of ready reference.

Such works, however, while the details they give are full, must avoid the fault alluded to by Voltaire, of trying to say everything there is to be said on a subject. Moreover, the author, barring his political predilections, that natural bias for which allowance must always be made, should be strictly impartial—should nothing extenuate nor aught set down in malice. Tried by these canons, the book before us is well worthy of a careful perusal.

With regard to Sheridan and Fox the author has added nothing to our stock of information; he has epitomized the leading events of their lives, and presented us with facts with which we are already familiar. In regard to Wilkes, however, the case is different. There is no readable life of him, and Mr. Rae supplies us with information not easily accessible, while the view he takes of his character is somewhat new. This part of the book, if not the best, is certainly the most noticeable, and for that reason claims most of our attention.

The current idea of 'Ugly Jack Wilkes' is that of a popular demagogue, passing most of his time in relating obscene

stories of his numerous amours, or cracking jests on the New Testament, and occasionally, by way of more serious diversion, writing outrageous libels on political opponents, and stirring up the rabble of London to open violations of law and order. Mr. Rae does not undertake to whitewash his hero after the approved modern custom, but the case he makes out in opposition to the views above stated is a strong one. His own opinion is summed up at pp. 124 and 139.

‘To pronounce a panegyric on Wilkes, because others have reviled him, would be a piece of absurdity not unprecedented, yet wholly inexcusable. He was neither a perfect man nor a perfect monster. . . . Granting it to be true, as his traducers allege, that in professing attachment to liberty he was but acting a part, it is undeniable that his part was a most useful one, and that his performance has proved his country’s gain.’

Accused of being a mere political adventurer, his primary object, notoriety, and his end, self-interest; still the means which he adopted for the attainment of that end was the persistent, uncompromising, and indomitable advocacy of many of the dearest principles of English freedom, and for that reason the story of his long struggle with the supporters of high prerogative belongs to English constitutional history.

John Wilkes made his first appearance in Parliament in 1757, at the outbreak of what is called in Europe the ‘Seven Years,’ and by us, the ‘Old French,’ War. This war was universal, and England waged battle in every quarter of the globe. In Westphalia, in the Low Countries, in the Iberian Peninsula, on the coasts of France, her armies were engaged with varying success, but with brilliant valor. Amid the pestilential vapors of an African jungle a British fleet crossed the bar at the mouth of the Senegal, and wrested Fort St. Louis from the French, while amid the balsamic odors of Canadian pines Wolfe fell victorious on the plains of Abraham. In the sultry empire of the great Mogul, Robert Clive shattered the power of Sarajah Dowlah, in the battle of Plassey; while, despite the efforts of the heroic Lalley, the lilies of France were torn from the walls of Pondicherry. In the West Indies

island after island was captured by the British Navy, while the British Army stormed the breach at Moro Castle, and planted the banner of St. George in the Capital of the Pearl of the Antilles. Far away at the antipodes, Manilla was wrested from the Spaniard after a desperate struggle, in which swarthy Malays flung themselves against the iron battalions of England, and died like wild beasts gnawing the very bayonets with their teeth. Every courier that arrived at St. James brought news of some brilliant achievement—victories won, fortresses taken, provinces acquired.

A series of feats of this kind is well fitted to gild the pill of arbitrary power when about to be administered by a ruler. George III, who ascended the throne before the conclusion of the war, resolved to administer this pill to the English nation, and he undertook to administer it without the gilding. Dismissing the elder Pitt, who was the life and soul of the war, he directed his first efforts to bring it to a close, and that, too, by giving up most of the conquests it had placed at the disposal of England.

There can now be no doubt that the views of the King were those attributed to him by Burke in 1770. He was English born; he felt secure of his throne; he resolved to cast off the leading strings of the great Whig party, which had directed and supported his predecessors; he determined to be a king in the full sense of the word, and to choose only such ministers as were pleasing to himself, whether they could command a majority in Parliament or not. To carry out these views he made a most unfortunate choice of a Premier, in the Earl of Bute, who was hated by some as a tory, by some as a favorite, and by all as a Scot. This campaign against the liberties of England, and the principles of the Revolution of 1688, deliberately planned, and obstinately persisted in, was of far more importance to the English nation than its foreign wars. The leaders of that gallant band who, almost always in the minority, contended during this whole reign against the indomitable obstinacy of the King, who possessed all the courage and tenacity of his race, are very dear to the lovers of constitutional freedom, wherever they may be, and for that reason

their lives will always be perused with interest by American readers.

'Among the earlier critics and opponents of the King's policy, the most pointed and virulent, persistent and audacious, the most sorely tried, and, in the end, the most successful, was John Wilkes.' (p. 5.)

Our space will not allow us to follow the details of his career as set forth in Mr. Rae's book; we can but call attention to a few of his more prominent services in the cause of popular rights.

Freedom of opinion (free speech, free press) is the greatest of all liberties, and generally the last acquired. At the close of the seventeenth century, liberty of the press was theoretically established in England, but practically the undefined state of the law of libel, shackled free discussion. To speak ill of government was a crime — censure of ministers was a reflection on the King himself. During the reigns of the first two kings of the House of Hanover, no marked advance was made. The press, although it used more license, was a mere tool of party. Grub-street writers were hired by political leaders, to blacken in wretched pamphlets the characters of political opponents. The accession of George III witnessed a great awakening in the press, a vast increase in its power. It was about to rise above party, and become a great popular force — a fourth estate in the kingdom.

At this period Wilkes appeared as a newspaper writer. He started the celebrated *North Briton*, in opposition to the *Briton*, a government periodical edited by Dr. Smollett. In this publication appeared for the first time the full names of public characters, who had been formerly designated by initials. In the opening sentence of the first number the keynote is struck. 'The *liberty of the press* is the birth-right of a Briton, and is justly esteemed the firmest bulwark of the liberties of this country.'

Forty-four numbers were published, but without any prosecution for libel being brought against the author, though they contained sufficient ground of action and turned the government into ridicule. The resignation of the Earl of Bute

caused the publication to be suspended. Finding, however, in the speech from the throne prepared by the Grenville ministry, proof that, though the favorite had resigned, he was still in power, Wilkes issued, on April 23, 1763, the celebrated No. 45, of the *North Briton*.

We, who in the present age read the article, are at a loss to discover what it contains which could have caused so bitter and persistent a persecution of its author. 'The truth is, that Wilkes was prosecuted not so much on account of No. 45, . . . but because it was accounted intolerable that freedom of discussion in print should be claimed and exercised by a declared opponent of the ministry of the day. (p. 52.)

All the influence of the government was employed to crush him, and here commenced the memorable struggle which he carried on with dogged resolution till he finally triumphed, and the liberty of the press triumphed with him. The step was the issue of a general warrant by Lord Halifax, one of the Secretaries of State, directing four messengers, taking with them a constable to search for and seize the authors, publishers, and printers of No. 45, together with their papers. No sworn evidence of crime had been offered, no one was named in this dread instrument. Armed with this roving commission, the messengers held in their hands the liberty of every English citizen. Forty-nine persons were arrested under it, many of them as innocent of any connection with No. 45 as was Lord Halifax himself. It was an exercise of prerogative as fatal to the existence of constitutional freedom as any of the acts of the Star Chamber. When Wilkes read it upon his seizure, he, wiser than the crown lawyers, declared it to be 'a ridiculous warrant against the whole English nation.' Wilkes was gifted by nature with an unusual amount of firmness and intrepidity, and these qualities were exhibited to perfection when he was brought before Lord Halifax, prior to his commitment to the Tower, of which interview Mr. Rae gives a hitherto unpublished version. He was released on a writ of *habeas corpus*, on the ground that his arrest was a violation of privilege as a member of Parliament. Not content, however, with his own release, he attacked the general warrant as an



unlawful exercise of prerogative. Suits were brought by himself and the arrested printers, in which, after many delays, Lord Halifax was laid in damages for £4,000, while the printers recovered sums varying from £5 to £200. This high-handed proceeding cost the Government £100,000 before its termination.

Meanwhile great exertions were made in Parliament to have general warrants declared unconstitutional, and all the force of government was exerted to defeat the motion. The great debate in 1765 on this question was protracted for two nights, the house sitting on one of them for seventeen successive hours without adjourning. The party whips used superhuman exertions to marshal their forces; 'and the spectacle of the sick and halt, swathed in flannels, encumbering the floor, reminded the not too reverent Walpole of the inspired account of the pool of Bethesda.' The ministry succeeded by a majority of fourteen in forcing an adjournment, but the next year the motion was carried. It was then unnecessary, both Chief Justice Pratt in the Common Pleas, and Lord Mansfield in the King's Bench, had declared general warrants 'unconstitutional, illegal, and absolutely void.'

To the obstinate resistance of Wilkes, and the vehemence with which he proclaimed his wrongs, is due the rendering of this decision at that time. Charles Townshend, no friend of Wilkes, acknowledged that he had done some good: 'he had stopped a growing evil. Nobody could think what thirty years more might have done.'

Meanwhile, unsuccessful with the general warrant, the ministry appealed to their majority in Parliament, and a motion of Lord North was passed in the Commons, and agreed to in the Lords, declaring No. 45 to be a 'false, scandalous, and seditious libel,' and sentencing it to be burned by the hangman. When sentence, however, was about to be executed the mob of London interposed, rescued No. 45 from the flames, and burnt in its stead their favorite symbols for the King's mother and the Earl of Bute—a petticoat and a jackboot.

The upper house still further distinguished itself in the persecution of Wilkes. He had printed, at a private press in his

own house, a vile production in parody of *Pope's Essay on Man*, called an *Essay on Woman*, with notes purporting to be by Bishop Warburton. A copy of this was stolen by one of his printers, who had been bribed to procure it by the Earl of March, known to a later generation as 'Old Q.' This copy was placed in the hands of Lord Sandwich, then Secretary of State, who it is said, in addition to political hatred, bore a lasting grudge against Wilkes for a practical joke the latter had played upon him in the Monastery of Medmenham — a monk of which order Sandwich had been chosen in preference to Wilkes.

Armed with the *Essay on Woman*, Sandwich presented himself before the House of Lords, and proceeded to read it to them. The assembled peers were shocked. Lord Hardwick appealed to him not to continue to the end. But the occupation was too congenial a one to be suspended, and he crammed the whole mass of filth into the ears of his hearers with infinite gusto. The work itself, although obscene and filthy, was not more so than some of Pope's own writings, and less so than some of Swift's. Moreover, it had never been published; it had injured no one. Only thirteen copies had been printed for circulation among a few of Wilkes' chosen friends, whose morals were as likely to be corrupted by a loose book as a negro was to be tanned by a warm sun. Besides, if the accused was guilty of an obscene and blasphemous publication, he had exposed himself to the law, and the courts were the proper tribunals at which to proceed against him. The only pretext for noticing the book was the absurd use of the name of a bishop, which was claimed to be a breach of privilege. That the object of the court party was to give publicity to Wilkes' obscenity, as damaging to his moral reputation, is shown by the character of the chief actor, Lord Sandwich, who furnished the wits with an apt illustration of 'Satan reproving Sin.'

The upper house recommended Wilkes' prosecution for having published an impious libel. He had been ordered by the Commons to attend in his place with a view to further proceedings; but, having been wounded in a duel, provoked

and forced upon him by Samuel Martin, one of their own members, his attendance was necessarily deferred. Meanwhile, expecting no mercy from Crown or Parliament, and dogged by spies, and beset with petty persecutions, he withdrew to Paris. He was expelled from Parliament, convicted in the King's Bench for having published No. 45 and the *Essay on Woman*; and, as he continued to absent himself, was outlawed, and the King and his party thought there was an end of him. Wilkes, however, was not the man to hide his light under a bushel. One campaign, indeed, was over, but the war was not ended.

For the rest of his long struggle; his return from the continent; his election to Parliament while still an outlaw; the attempt of the House of Commons by an arbitrary exertion of privilege to usurp the right of suffrage of the electors of Middlesex; for the excitement of the mob of London, who howled 'Wilkes and Liberty' till they were hoarse, and chalked '45' on every available object, including the boots of the Austrian ambassador; for Wilkes' second prosecution for a libel on Lord Weymouth; his unconquerable persistency and final triumph; for all this we must refer the reader to the pages of Mr. Rae's book.

Another popular cause which he advocated was the admission of the public to the debate in Parliament, and their publication in the newspapers. The privilege of excluding strangers from the houses was undoubted. It had its origin from the time when Parliament met for deliberation, not debate, and when the presence of the public would impede the transaction of business. Instances were on record where strangers had been counted in a division. This exclusiveness, however, was alien to the spirit of a later age, and the rule had been gradually relaxed, as also had that forbidding publication of the debates. It is not wonderful that the Parliament, which not only expelled Wilkes when duly elected, but also seated Col. Luttrell in his place, should desire to shroud its debates in secrecy. It had been so jealous in the enforcement of its privileges as to be nick-named the *Unreported Parliament*. What meagre reports of debates were given to

the public were published with great precautions to disguise their character. They were given as debates in the 'Senate of Great Lilliput,' and the principal speakers figured as Mark Antony, Brutus, etc. At a somewhat later day less disguise was used, and some part of the true name given. Thus, Mr. Constantine Phipps, and Mr. Dyson, the former representing Lincoln and the latter Weymouth, figure as 'Mr. Constantine Lincoln,' and 'Mr. Jeremiah Weymouth, the d——n of this country.'

In 1771, Wilkes, having instigated several printers of newspapers to publish the debates with the names of the speakers in full, the house made a determined attack upon them. The skilful tactics of Wilkes, who was at that time Alderman, completely baffled the supporters of privilege, and brought the question to a final decision. The publication of debates was still asserted to be a breach of privilege, but the offence was committed with impunity, and has not been since attacked.

A point of interest in the life of Wilkes is his advocacy of the cause of the American colonies, a service which was at the time gratefully acknowledged. He is one of the few parliamentary supporters of their cause, whose names are preserved in the geography of the country. Wilkesbarré, in Pennsylvania, owns Wilkes and Col. Barré, as common god-fathers. We have not the space to cite the passages from his speeches in behalf of the colonies, which are given by Mr. Rae. As early as 1775 he ventured to style Samuel Adams and John Hancock, not only 'worthy gentlemen,' but 'true patriots;' and he was throughout the persistent and consistent friend of the colonies.

Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, the staunch upholder of the Established Church, makes it a leading charge against Wilkes, that he divorced politics and Christianity. Condemning his moral character, we can see nothing to commend in his public career. We agree with Mr. Rae, in holding that public benefits are not wholly neutralized by private vices, and while we reprobate the one, we are willing to award due meed of praise to the other. Moreover, in judging Wilkes' moral character, we have

no right to try him by our own code, but must apply the canons of the time in which he lived. Society has changed so much in the last hundred years that it is only by a careful study of the memoirs and letters of the time that we can put ourselves in the place of the actors in the scene. Chatham, Pitt, Burke, thought nothing of debt; Charles Fox gambled away fortunes; Robert Walpole, and Henry Fox, Lord Chancellor Worthington, and Lord Chancellor Thurlow, were free talkers and loose livers, as was more than one dignitary who sat on the bench of Bishops. The beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, the leader of fashion and the most cultivated society in the English capital, was accustomed to listen to language which would throw a modern peeress into an agony of shame.

High-bred, upright, and honorable English gentlemen sat at table and swallowed claret till they rolled under the mahogany. There is an account in Wraxall's memoirs of the Prime Minister, the Lord High Chancellor, and the Treasurer of the Navy, getting so fuddled with wine at dinner that, as they drove home, they forced their way without paying through a toll-gate, and narrowly escaped a bullet from the keeper's blunderbuss. Thackeray, in his four Georges, tells of a German gentleman he once met, who had served in the English army and mixed in the best English society fifty years before, since which time he had resided on his estates. He spoke English perfectly, but every other word was an oath.

Judged by the rules even of an age like this, we must acknowledge that Wilkes was a debauchee and a prefligate; but he is not the incarnation of all human wickedness we have been taught to believe him. Moreover, it has been much the custom to attribute to him every story more than usually obscene, every piece of blasphemy more than usually outrageous. In this respect he has shared the fate of Byron. 'Both have had to bear the sins of their neighbors in addition to their own. It may be, as has been asserted, that Wilkes is the Olean of the eighteenth century; if so, he is not the Olean of Mitford, but the Olean of Grote.' (p. 135.)

Bad though his private character was, there must have been virtue in his public career. Had he been the utterly worthless

demagogue he is usually represented to be, it was a singular interposition of Providence, which for upward of thirty years so guided his steps, that, seeking only his own interests, he yet never sold out to his opponents; and in all the great constitutional questions in which he was engaged, was invariably on the side of right and justice. 'Personally he was subordinate to his cause. The cause of which he became the champion, was really that of the nation.' (p. 126.) It is not perhaps generally known, that as early as 1776 Wilkes moved for leave to bring in a bill for the reform of Parliamentary representation, which embraced the principles of the celebrated bill of 1830.

In the days of Walpole, Selwyn, and Sheridan, to be acknowledged by his contemporaries to have no living superior in the endowment of what the French call *esprit*, is no small commendation. The example Mr. Rae gives is evidence of the justice of the verdict, for no repartee recorded in that whole age of brilliancy is superior in caustic keenness to Wilkes' reply, when Lord Sandwich jestingly asked him whether he expected to die of a certain contagious disease or on the scaffold. 'That depends, my Lord, whether I embrace your principles or your mistress.'

We have given so much space to Wilkes that we can only call attention to two points in our author's sketch of Sheridan. The events of his life are so well known that nothing further is needed. The first of these is the resuscitation of the celebrated Begum speech, as reported by the short-hand writers, which our author, by several amusing comparisons, shows to be quite different from the usually received version or that published in the edition of Sheridan's speeches. This report certainly gives a much better example of his oratory, though how far even it is trustworthy may be matter of doubt when we remember that these same short-hand writers turned the last words of Burke's famous sentence, 'virtue depends not on climates and degrees — into *climaxes* and *trees*. The critical review Mr. Rae gives of Sheridan's dramatic works will be read with interest by all who have listened with delight to his fascinating plays.

'Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,  
And saving those that eye it.'

Such were the lines once applied to Fox by Sheridan in the House of Commons, and the comparison has always seemed to us eminently just. It was his lot for the greater part of his life, to fight the battle of constitutional freedom against prerogative. In the course of that time he was never induced by the love of power, wealth, or popularity, to sacrifice the happiness of the many to the interests of the few. He was a true lover of his country; he sought her welfare and happiness, and shrank from no odium in advocating that course of action which he thought could alone enure to her prosperity. When he was at last for a short season called to the helm of State, during the war with Napoleon, he forced even from such bitter partisans as Alison and Scott the confession, that 'Fox a Briton died.' But his love was not confined to his own country, He was an ardent and consistent lover of liberty, whether for France or America, for India or England, Protestant or Catholic. The main and ruling passion of his life was a love of freedom. He gave his life for the defence of English freedom; he hastened his death by his exertions to abolish the slave-trade.

His independent political career commenced in 1774, when he was in his twenty-fifth year. He seems to have had an early presentiment of his lot. As early as 1776, in a letter to his friend Fitzpatrick, speaking of his credit as an orator, he says: 'I am so convinced that this is all that I ever shall gain (unless I choose to become the meanest of men) that I never think of any other object of ambition. I am certainly ambitious by nature, but I really have, or think I have, totally subdued that passion. . . . Great situation I never can acquire, nor, if acquired, keep, without making sacrifices that I never will make. . . . I am sure I shall be the happier for having made up my mind to the situation.'

For fifteen years he was continually in opposition; for even when a member of the Rockingham Ministry and the Coalition, his views were those he himself expressed when he said: 'Provided we stay in long enough to have given a good stout

blow to the influence of the crown, I do not think it much signifies how soon we go out.' As we follow him through this long struggle, and read his speeches, which, unlike the brilliant fireworks of Sheridan, seem always the clear, straightforward, and convincing utterances of plain common sense; as we listen to the overflowings of his warm and generous heart; as we recognize in him the sturdy bulwark of English freedom, the friend of the oppressed in every country; as we see in him the unchanging friend of America, we feel some share of that warm glow of admiration and affection which his followers felt for him, and which with them approached to idolatry.

As the life and character of Charles James Fox are too well known to call for any further comment, we shall confine our remarks to Mr. Rae's style of treatment. He evidently regards this as the best chapter in the book; and from what we know of his political feelings we may well believe that he has written it *con amore*. It is, however, a disappointment to us. We will not quote from it, for it would be only quotation at second-hand. This, we think, is the great fault of the sketch; the greater part of it is borrowed. Not only paragraphs, but sentences, and even single words, are enclosed in inverted commas. Their bristling array is repulsive to the reader as he turns the pages. This defect has probably arisen from two causes. The first of these is a certain conscientiousness, which will not allow him to borrow a single expression, idea, or word, without giving credit for it. This, we think, is overstrained; the references at the foot of the page are sufficient evidence of the sources whence his information is derived, and (except in the speeches) we could surely dispense with further indication.

Another reason is, perhaps, the idea that in this way he would be more likely to present the living Fox to us as he spoke and acted, not as evolved from the author's internal consciousness. In this respect his success is but limited, although his careful and exhaustive study of his subject has enabled him to make his selections with care, and to bring them in with excellent effect. The result, however, is to such a pro-



duction as we could wish to see as a mould is to a statue. He has all the materials for a perfect casting, every little detail is noticed, but the clear-cut, powerful sentences, such as Macaulay would use in a similar case, which, by condensing the materials, would transform them into the 'living bronze,' are wanting. A writer who seeks to impress us with the truth of his conceptions must rely upon himself. He must show that confidence in the truth of his picture that he can dispense with the ostensible aid of others, and by his own self-reliance impress us with a feeling of safety in relying upon him. He is supposed to have so far mastered his subject as to speak with authority, and we expect it of him, giving, as he does, the opinions of Smith, and Jones, and Robinson, and overloads his page with voluminous quotations from the words of the person he is describing. He simply indicates to us the many little rills which unite to form the perfect river; he does not guide us himself down the broad bosom of the stream. While this mode of presentation, perhaps, prevents exaggeration in statement, it mars the beauty of the production. By making allowance for the bias of a writer, we find no difficulty in correcting exaggerations in his picture when it is presented to us glowing with life; but to require the reader to construct the picture for himself, from the mere corporal's guard of facts (which is all that can be given in a sketch like this) is to exact from him unnecessary labor, and the result is to weaken any views of his own which the writer may seek to impress upon us.

The most noticeable portion of the article is a parallel between Fox and John Bright. 'Fox differed from Pitt as Mr. Bright differs from Mr. Gladstone, while the oratorical likeness between Mr. Bright and Fox is as close as that between Mr. Gladstone and Pitt. The "Man of the People" of the reign of George III is represented by the "Tribune of the People" in the reign of Victoria. In warmth of feeling; in sympathy with the down-trodden and oppressed; in hatred of tyrants; in reverence for the Constitution, coupled with a readiness to remove from it all excrescences and defects; in devotion to peace as the one thing needful for a great and

self-respecting nation, combined with the purest and most ardent patriotism ; in poetic imagination and humorous sallies united to the strongest common sense ; in love and reverence for their noble mother-tongue, which they have shown to be grandest when least adorned, most effective when spoken in homely simplicity, Fox and Mr. Bright display an identity which is almost unprecedented.' (p. 441.)

Mr. Rae has a vigorous style, never dull, and often brilliant. When he abandons his inverted commas he states a great deal in few words, and without seeming to cramp or hurry himself. He has thoroughly studied his subject, and gives us an admirable condensation of it. On the whole, we can recommend the book to our readers. It treats, and treats well, of a period of English history, which may always be studied with profit by American statesmen, and read with interest by American readers.

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ART. V.—1. *The Rural and Domestic Life in Germany.*  
By WILLIAM HOWITT. London : Longman, Brown, Green,  
and Longmans. 1842.

2. *Social Life in Munich.* By EDWARD WILBERFORCE.  
London : Wm. H. Allen & Co. 1864.

3. *An American Family in Germany.* By J. ROSS BROWNE.  
New York : Harper and Brothers. 1866.

'He who has battled,' says Carlyle, 'were it only with poverty and hard toil, will be found stronger and more expert than he who could stay at home from the battle, concealed among the provision wagons, or rest unwatchfully "abiding by the stuff."' The rough road in life with its thorny pit-falls, is the one which opens out slowly and surely into sunny meadows and smooth paths. The best blessings are evoked out of difficulties and trials. Bunyan compares temptation to the lion which met Sampson ; it is the same with the perils which beset our life-journey ; 'the first time we encounter

them they roar and gnash their teeth, but once subdued, we find a nest of honey in the n. 'What is poverty,' says Jean Paul Richter, 'that we should whine under it? It is but piercing the ears of the maiden, and you hang precious jewels in the wound.' That good is educed from evil, that the most secure safety is plucked from danger, are truisms which are not without historic justification. Nations, as well as individuals, often undergo the discipline of suffering before they develop the highest virtues.

Although the 'Thirty Years' War' apparently drained all the life-blood out of Germany, the great heart of the nation slowly resumed its pulsations. When France was in the high tide of her prosperity, in the reign of *Le Grand Monarque*, Germany was at the lowest ebb of her humiliation; but out of that humiliation was evolved, gradually and certainly, her second Renaissance. The strength of the country was enfeebled, but out of that weakness has been slowly developed modern German character.

Jean Paul has said, that 'the empire of the seas belongs to the English, that of the land to the French, and that of the air to the Germans.' If the distinguished German writer meant to imply that his nation excelled in the subtle triumph of mind over matter, his words have been verified, for Germany yields to no country in depth and variety of literature, and takes the lead of all others in intellectual superiority. In the realms of science, art, and theology, she holds undisputed sway, and her increasing influence throughout the world calls for a more extensive knowledge of her people.

'Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.' It is this obstinate courage, this dogged persistency in the German character, which has resulted in ultimate triumph. They possess, in a great degree, that quality which has been given by some one as a definition of genius—'an immense capacity for taking trouble!' Whether their work be intellectual or manual, there is no shirking, no wasting time; their whole soul is in it. They take for a maxim the old Saxon saw, 'where there's a will there's a

way;' and, with wind and tide against them, they have won honor in literature and war.

The German peasantry are the most industrious and thrifty in the world. It surprises the traveler to see in how short a time the corn-land is cleared up. Men, women, and children, with their little old wagons and cows, accomplish the work with such dexterity that you never see a rick. In a fortnight the whole Rhine plain is cleared of its corn, and plowed up for turnips. It is one of the peculiar features of German peasant life, for the old and young women to collect the household fuel, which they bear in huge bundles on their heads. In the severe cold of winter, and the intense heat of summer, they may be seen toiling under the crushing weight, now and again stopping to say an *Ave Maria* as they pass a niche where the Virgin is enshrined. Who does not remember in this connection, Reed's exquisite picture in 'Drift-Wood,' of 'the woman, worn and bent,' sinking under her load at the foot of a way-side cross, where she met the 'Burthen Bearer,' who relieved her forever of the weight which oppressed her?

The young girls present quite a picturesque appearance, with their pretty costumes and bright, happy faces. Some of them wear little white or black caps, some have a black or red handkerchief arranged like a hood, some wear black hats like Welsh women, with long, black streamers, and often the head is left uncovered, and exposed to the blazing heat of the sun. They are all healthy-looking, very upright, with a most hearty, good-humored look; but, as age advances, this out-of-door work tells upon them, and the old women are fearfully ugly, lean, and withered. The women in the lower classes, are unmercifully worked; nearly all the harvesting is done by them, the men allotting them their task, as if they were machines. 'It is no uncommon thing,' says Browne, 'to see a stout young fellow returning to his village after a hard day's work, with his arm cast devotedly over the neck of his sweetheart; a broad grin of satisfaction on his honest face, while the unresisting damsel staggers along under a load of vegetables, skillfully poised in a huge basket on the top of her head. The unmannerly lout professes to love her with all his might and

main, but never offers to relieve her of her burden. "*Ach, du bist so schön!*" he cries—'thou art so beautiful!'—and then he snatches a kiss from under the big basket. 'Ja, Ja! Hans,' says the girl, 'but where is that new handkerchief you promised me?' 'Ach, Gott!' cries Hans, 'you are so sweet you make me forget everything!' But Hans does not offer to take the basket, with all this excess of devotion. He always forgets that 'women are weak as well as pretty.'

The married women frequent the markets to sell the produce of the dairy and farm, the younger girls to sell flowers; their costume on such occasions is a lilac petticoat, trimmed with black ribbon, and a peasant waist of red and green; the hair is worn in long plaits, and crowned with a broad-brimmed straw hat. The women throughout Germany are taught to work, but the lower classes wear their industry, as poor Ophelia did her rue, 'with a difference.' The educated portion of the gentler sex in Germany are always good musicians, and understand several languages; and, although the Germans live simply, no woman's education is considered complete without a thorough knowledge of cookery, which they never hesitate to use practically. They are not deterred by the bug-bear of respectability (so-called); indeed, there is no synonym for that ill-used word in the German language. They are not cursed with idle moments; the clock never 'clicks lazily behind the door.' When chatting with friends, the fingers are always as busy as the tongue; knitting-needles are flying, or bright silks and worsteds are weaving some exquisite picture on canvass.

'Is it true,' said a German lady to one of our countrymen, 'is it true that your ladies in America sit still in houses and read, and cause the husbands and servants to work everything?' 'Oh, no!' was the reply, and then followed an explanation of the position of the American women.

'So!' said the *fraulien*, 'it is very different here. You see that lady across the room, very stout, with ear-rings and light hair, that is the *Frau Professor* and *Geheimrath S*—, but she goes down in the kitchen and cooks till eleven hour every morning. I myself divide my householding with my sister,

and since six months I have kept the accounts, and I go to the markets, and look the cooking every day over, and brush the rooms, and clarify the dishes. The next six months will my sister take, and oh! will I not be glad?'

John Wesley, that prodigy of industry, says: 'Never be unemployed, never be triflingly employed, *never while away the time.*' It is this noble economy of time, this steady, unremitting work, in which the German nation excel all other peoples. It is related of a celebrated German critic, that he could recite the whole of the Iliad in Greek without a mistake. He was a distinguished physician with an immense practice, and mastered 'the old Ionian singer' in the hurried snatchees of time, when driving from one patient to another.

It is a well-known fact that the greatness of a country often depends on the thrift of its people, and as time is held in high esteem by the Germans, so also is money. Cautious and economical, they are not penurious. They know, like St. Paul, 'how to spare and how to abound.' Nothing is allowed to be wasted. The grass and weeds are gathered for the cows; the cuttings of the vines are dried and tied up for fodder; even the refuse of hemp and the rough stalks of poppies are saved to make bedding for the cattle, which is afterward converted into manure. The fungi out of the woods is gathered and sold for poisoning flies, and the stalks of a certain long grass for cleaning pipes. Fir-cones are collected and stored for fuel. Everything is made to tell. Nothing is thrown away; but, at the same time, there is no race more liberal to the poor, none more hospitable and kindly. The result is, that the poor are well cared for, and that all are content and happy on the smallest possible expenditure. The wise theory of Dickens' Micawber may be cited as the secret which regulates households and lightens hearts throughout Germany: 'Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen six; result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds nought and six; result, misery.' There is no such wretched state of things in Germany as *keeping up appearances*. Poverty is no disgrace

1 'Social Life in Germany.' Charles Loring Brace.

there, and the people are wise and brave enough to be content with the lot which God has appointed them.

Their judicious care of the poor may be seen by a description of the *Hamburgh Rauhe Haus* (Rough House), a large vagrant school established by Herr Wichern in 1833. An English traveler has called it 'The Home among the Flowers,' and Mr. Brace describes it as having no counterpart in the world. 'A "Home among the Flowers," where the vagrant—the child nourished amid filth and squalor in the dark cellars of a great city—should at length see something of God's beautiful world; where, among friends, in the midst of orchards and cornfields, he could grow up, invigorated by healthful labor, to manhood; all this would seem alone more like the dream of a philanthropic French novelist than the reality. But still farther, that this institution should have a system, almost Fourier-like, of groups and families, and yet be imbued with the simplest, truest spirit of the Christian religion; that it should send out, not only skilled apprentices, saved from the prison and the alms-house, but educated young men to teach others, and to spread abroad the self-denying, Christian principles of the place; and, most of all, that it should have existed seventeen years, and by its well-conducted industry have almost supported itself, may fairly constitute it one of the wonders in benevolent effort. The friend of man, searching anxiously for what man has done for his suffering fellows, may look far in both continents before he finds an institution so benevolent, so practical, and so truly Christian, as the *Hamburgh Rough House*.'

For many years *Hamburgh* has been celebrated for its benevolent institutions and the high morality of its inhabitants. 'Charitable institutions ought, indeed, to prosper in the city of *Hamburgh*,' says *Madame de Stäel*. 'There is so much honesty among its people that for a time they paid their taxes into a sort of trunk without any person seeing what they brought. These taxes were to be proportioned to the fortune of each individual, and when the calculation was made they were always found to be scrupulously paid. Might we not believe that we were relating a circumstance belonging to the

golden age, if in that golden age there had been private riches and public taxes? We cannot sufficiently admire how easy all things relating to instruction as well as administration are rendered by honesty and integrity. We ought to grant them all the honors which dexterity usually obtains; for, in the end, they succeed better even in the affairs of this world.<sup>1</sup> It is said that the honesty of the inhabitants of Leipsic was such that a proprietor, who had planted an apple tree on the borders of a public walk, and placed upon it a notice desiring that the fruit should not be touched, declared that for ten years not an apple had been stolen.

The German language is itself a great auxiliary to the preservation of the honesty and truth of the nation. It is not flexible like the French, and always means what it says; so that if a German should feel inclined to prevaricate or deceive, his mother-tongue rises up like a steady, unwavering conscience, and forms a barrier before which falsehood shrinks away. Göethe, in *Wilhelm Meister*, makes a German woman discover the perfidy of her lover because he writes to her in French. The consequence of this national truthfulness is, that although the people may not have the '*esprit de société*,' which distinguishes their French neighbors, there is more *naturalness* in their home-life. Their manners are often stiff and phlegmatic in society, but in the domestic circle all restraint is thrown aside, and 'love is without dissimulation.' Indeed, this candor would seem excessive in American eyes, when exhibited, as is often the case, in demonstrations of affection between betrothed couples. There is no reserve then even before strangers; they are happy, and delight in letting the world know it. The lover is chosen by the parents of the girl, who usually submits to her fate with a good grace, and yields unconditional obedience to the caprices of her lord from the day of her betrothal.

In that charming picture of German life, *The Initials*, we have several vivid touches which illustrate this custom. 'But tell me,' asks Hamilton of Crescenz, 'why did you not refuse Major Stultz, if you did not like him?'

<sup>1</sup> Germany. By Madame de Stael, p. 184.



‘He did not ask me; he spoke to mamma, and wrote to papa, and, when all was arranged, I had not courage to refuse; and he is forty six years old, and I shall not be sixteen until next year.’ But such is the influence of custom that a few months later we read the following scene:

‘Major Stultz placed himself, as usual, beside Crescenz and her work-basket, and began a whispered conversation, which, however, in time perceptibly flagged; for Crescenz’s fingers moved more quickly than her tongue. The monotony of his own voice, on the otherwise unbroken stillness in the room, naturally produced drowsiness, with which the Major long and valiantly combated, but it was in vain; he endeavored to sit bolt upright in his chair, occasionally staring wildly around him. After having made a succession of sleepy obeisances of such profundity that Crescenz’s smile almost verged into laughter, his arms sank at length heavily on his outspread legs; his head sought support on the uncomfortable low back of his chair; his jaw fell, and the long-drawn breathing degenerated into snores both long and loud. . . . Crescenz seemed embarrassed, but there was not a particle of either dislike or impatience in the look which she bestowed on the sleeper. She bent toward her sister, and said in a whisper, “If I could manage to put a sofa-cushion on the back of the chair!” . . . . Crescenz began to insinuate it between his head and the chair; her movements were so gentle that she succeeded without awakening him; his mouth closed with a slight jerk, while uttering a grunt of sleepy satisfaction as his chin dropped on his breast. Nothing could be less attractive than Major Stultz’s face at this moment, with his puffed-out, crimson cheeks and wrinkled, double chin, but Crescenz saw him not; with a good-humored smile she tried to arrange still better the supporting cushion, and then stood behind him with all the immovable serenity of a Caryatide.’<sup>1</sup>

There are no better wives and mothers in the world than in Germany, for even though they may have followed Mrs. Malaprop’s advice, and begun their married life with a little

<sup>1</sup> The Initials. By Baroness Tautphoens. p. 248.

aversion, they are sure to end by regarding their husbands with the greatest reverence and admiration. One of the most charming features of *Home-Life in Germany* is the mingled affection, respect, and obedience shown by children to their parents. Deference for parental influence, and obedience to parental authority, are peculiarly striking to the American traveller, because he is not often startled by their exhibition at home. The children are the same as our children; they have the same human nature certainly, but their training is different. We are criminally indulgent to our children, encouraging them in their precocious ignorance, which we dignify by the misnomer, manliness. Thus 'Young America' is proverbially rude and supercilious, ill-mannered and unscrupulous. In Germany children are taught to be industrious, child like, and obedient. Reverence and respect for their parents is their first duty. The love of the family circle for one another is cemented by frequent simple festivals, when the old and the young join in the same sports, and with the same freshness and *abandon*, as if care and sorrow were unknown.

In respect of facilities for education Germany takes a high rank. It is not only filled with the most learned universities in Europe, but there is not a village without its school, where learning may be obtained by all, from the highest to the lowest; there are beside, industrial schools, established by the government, where drawing, mechanics, mathematics, physics, and chemistry are taught. 'The schools throughout Germany,' says Browne, 'are excellent — in some respects the best in the world. They are conducted with great care, and under strict municipal regulations. The teachers are generally persons of superior ability and thorough education. The business of teaching is a profession in itself. A great feature in these schools is the amount of oral exercise through which the children are required to pass. No mere learning by rote is permitted. Every study must be thoroughly understood; and however little a pupil may acquire he at least comprehends it as far as he goes. Superficial show is altogether disregarded. Until a boy is duly qualified in a primary class he cannot enter a higher one. Great attention is bestowed upon those

studies most likely to be of use to the pupil in future life, as, for example, the modern languages, mathematics, civil engineering, geography, drawing, book-keeping, natural philosophy, geology, etc. Due regard is also paid to the health of the pupil. He is required to exercise at frequent intervals: to bathe, sing, walk, and hold himself in an erect position. . . . At schools for boys all are considered boys, big and little. Precocious young gentlemen of sixteen are regarded with special disfavor. Neatness and cleanliness in dress and person are imperatively required. These remarks will apply, in general terms, to schools for girls.'<sup>1</sup>

The relation existing between the teacher and pupil is friendly and affectionate. The vacations are usually spent together in pedestrian excursions, which are often extended into the mountains of Switzerland and Bavaria. As they journey along they sing glees, make sketches, or gather specimens of minerals and insects, which are secured in little tin boxes prepared for the purpose. 'They are the happiest set of beings in existence.' Browne goes on to say, 'Knowing no troubles, overflowing with health, and in the full enjoyment of liberty, they present a picture of pure and perfect happiness, if such a thing can exist upon earth. Will any one pretend to say that such a life as this, innocent and refining in all its tendencies, is not infinitely better than the holiday life of our American children? Here there is no dissipation, no encouragement to idle and profligate habits, no morbid and unwholesome excitements. A love of nature in its most attractive aspects is encouraged. Not a stick, or stone, or flower on the way-side but has its meaning. The beautiful legends of the country are the subjects of song and story. Health, earned by exercise, brings with it an increased capacity for study. The mind and body are refreshed, and when the holidays are over, the teachers and pupils return to their duties with clear heads and strong nerves. In this way the Germans acquire those robust constitutions which are the admiration of the world; and among our Teutonic citizens we find the best civil engi-

<sup>1</sup> An American family in Germany. By J. Ross Browne. pp. 62-68.

neers, draughtsmen, chemists, botanists and geologists, to develop the resources of our country.'<sup>1</sup>

The University students in Germany form a distinct class, with peculiar privileges, which even the police dare not invade. They wear a student-costume, and may be known by their high jackboots, little red or yellow caps, and velveteen coats. No student ever salutes another with 'Guten Abend!' (good evening), but always 'Guten Morgen!' (good morning), because they say 'that with them it is always morning.' The German student has three friends, which are indispensable—his dog, his pipe, and his song. The dog is often taught to carry his master's stick and portfolio to the College door, and then return quietly home. An anecdote is told of one who always sat quietly by his master's side during the lecture, looking solemnly into his note-book all the time. One day, when the dog was absent, the Professor, who was extremely short-sighted, said: 'Gentlemen, it would be well if you all wore coats of one color; and were they dark ones, they would not be so much observed by me, but it struck me immediately that the gentleman in the white coat was absent to-day.' The dogs are often employed in frolics and fun. It is related of the students of Leipsic, that they named their dogs after the ladies of the city, and then very ungallantly shouted their names aloud in the streets, to the dismay of the fair *fräuleins*. The dog continues his student-life to the end of his existence; his master finishes his University course, and hands him over to his successor, and so he serves each in turn, and so he would go on till doomsday, did not death step in, and behold! the dog too gets his diploma, and leaves the scene of action.

The pipe is another auxiliary, which becomes to the student a necessity; his beer would be 'flat, stale, and unprofitable,' without it. Pipes, in every variety of form, decorate the walls of his room; the bowl is often handsomely ornamented with portraits, armorial bearings, etc.; the tubes vary in length from a few inches to several yards. The sight of this 'armory of delight' naturally suggests the mug of beer and the song,

<sup>1</sup> An American Family in Germany. By J. Ross Browne, pp. 65, 66.

which always form prominent features in the student's evening parties.

Hood gives a correct idea of the use of the pipe in Germany. In his '*Up the Rhine*,' he condenses the truth in three words. Here he says: '*wir alle rauchen,*' *we all smoke!* Smoking is so universal among old and young, gentle and simple, that a celebrated German writer says, 'it has created an entire revolution in the diseases of the inhabitants, and, through it, the duration of life has been considerably abridged.'

The Germans have a marvelous love for harmony and song.

'What is the German's Fatherland?  
So name me finally that land!  
"Far as the German's free tongue springs,  
And hymns to God in Heaven sings."  
That shall it be while sun doth shine,  
That land, brave German, call it thine.'

The folk-songs of Germany are varied and numerous. Every feeling, 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe,' meets a response in melody. The German goes to his work singing; indeed, he can understand neither pleasure nor labor without this accompaniment. There is nothing which operates so quickly upon the German mind as music. 'Take from Germany,' says Howitt, 'its wine, its songs, and we might name yet a third particular of a less noble character, and it will become quite another Germany.'

This habit of singing at all times and seasons, is often annoying to the weary traveler. The watchman begins his rounds at ten o'clock; sometimes he introduces his call of the hour by means of a rattle; again, a blast from a horn rouses you to the pleasing consciousness that he is awake and performing his duty. Besides this, he sings the following rhymes, each verse suiting the passing hour:

'Hear, my masters, what I tell!  
*Ten* has struck now by the bell;  
Ten are the Commandments given,  
By the Lord our God from Heaven.  
Human watch no good can yield us;  
God will watch, and God will shield us.  
May He, through his Heavenly might,  
Give us all a happy night.

'Hear, my masters, what I tell !  
 'T has struck *eleven* by the bell.  
 Eleven were the Apostles sound,  
 Who did teach the whole world round.  
 Human watch, etc.

'Hear, my masters, what I tell !  
*Twelve* has struck now by the bell.  
 Twelve did follow Jesus' name —  
 Suffered with Him all His shame.  
 Human watch, etc.

'Hear, my masters, what I tell !  
*One* has struck now by the bell.  
 One is God, and one alone,  
 Who doth hear us when we groan.  
 Human watch, etc.

'Hear, my masters, what I tell !  
*Two* has struck now by the bell.  
 Two paths before our steps divide ;  
 Man beware, and well decide.  
 Human watch, etc.

'Hear, my masters, what I tell !  
*Three* has struck now by the bell.  
 Threefold is what's hallowed most—  
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
 Human watch, etc.

'Hear, my masters, what I tell !  
*Four* has struck now by the bell.  
 Four times our lands we plough and dress ;  
 Thy heart, O man, till'st thou that less ?  
 Human watch, etc.

An Italian once said of Göethe, 'He thinks his feelings.'  
 It may be said of the Germans, that they sing their thoughts.  
 More than this; Germany has lifted music out of the plane  
 of mere amusements, into the dignity of a high art. She not  
 only gives us music which expresses our emotions, but that  
 which likewise disciplines them; thus, at the same time sooth-  
 ing and ennobling the mind. 'The Italian music,' says Haweis,  
 'makes us sentimentalize; the German makes us feel. The  
 one is stagey — smells of the oil and the rouge-pot; the other  
 is real, earnest, natural, and reproduces with irresistible force

the deepest experiences of our lives.' As Germany gives us her poet Gōethe to be an incarnation of modern analytical genius, so does she also present us with names which are pre-eminently the embodiment of music. Gluck, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, claim the same Fatherland. The German invests his art, whatever it may be, with all the reverence and devotion of a religion. He concentrates his energies upon it, and says, like St. Paul, 'This one thing I do,' and the result is a complete work of art. Haydn considered his art a part of his religion, and wrote at the beginning of all his works, 'In nomine Domine,' or 'Soli Deo gloria;' and at the end, 'Laus Deo.' Handel was so identified and absorbed in his work, that after he composed that triumphant shout of praise, 'The Hallelujah Chorus,' he said, 'I did think I did see all Heaven before me, and the great God Himself.'

It is no exaggeration to say that the most important element to success in any work, is to possess a good physical constitution. It is said that the Duke of Wellington, when once looking on at the boys engaged in their sports in the playground at Eton, made the remark: 'It was there that the battle of Waterloo was won.' The effects of physical training may be seen in the nations of antiquity, with whom it formed an important part of school education. The discipline of mind and muscle were made to harmonize, and this was the secret of the intellectual power which distinguished the sages of old. We are told that Cicero was at one time in his life a victim to dyspepsia, and instead of consulting physicians, he went to Greece and submitted himself to the systematic exercise of the gymnasium for two years, after which he returned to his duties with renewed vigor of mind and body.

We have spoken at length of the care and attention which the Germans bestow upon the mind, and of their immense capacity for work. We come now to another distinctive characteristic—their care of the body, and their capacity for enjoyment. Relaxation is quite as important to them as work, and is entered into not as a duty, but as an enjoyment. They take their pleasures gayly—not in an indifferent, sad way, as

we do ; not in crowded ball-rooms, but in open-air games and sports, which old and young alike enjoy. The Germans are genuine lovers of nature, and their education increases the feeling into a positive poetic passion. This enhances the delight which they have in their holidays, as they are always spent in the open air. It is the same in every village. The whole population assemble in great family groups, with troops of children, and you may find them in public gardens, under trees, in vineyards, the men smoking or drinking, the women knitting, the children playing in the sunlight, or listening to the music, without a shade of care upon their faces, just as happy as if in Paradise. There is no ruin or picturesque spot that is not furnished with seats, where you are sure to find an exquisite view. The Royal Gardens, too, are free for high and low alike, and the peasant may pass the Prince with no other salutation or token of reverence, than the ordinary one of lifting the hat.

From the mountains on the south to the sea on the north, from the Rhine to the Danube, the country is at once picturesque and poetic. The careful observer may gain, from the landscape alone, certain hints concerning the character of the people, before he receives a word of welcome from them. Fruit-trees are planted by the high-roads for the refreshment of the traveller. There are no fences throughout the land ; one large domain is spread out before you without the perpetual reminder of *meum* and *tuum*. We feel that only a gentle, honest, and kindly people could accomplish such results. The gardens are beautiful ; the owners often neglecting their dwellings to bestow taste and care upon this luxury. Æolian harps are sometimes concealed in arbors of flowers so that music and perfume are wafted together.

Attached to some of the cities are gardens exclusively devoted to children, called '*children's gardens.*' These are always filled with pleasant, smiling groups. A large pole, garlanded with flowers, is erected in the centre, around which a merry little band receive their dancing-lessons from some master selected for the purpose. Others may be seen swinging, trundling hoops, or engaged in graceful calisthenic exercises under



the trees. The mothers unite and engage three or four nurses to take charge of about forty children, each mother paying a small sum, thus securing proper care for her children, and, at the same time, saving the expense of a separate nurse.

In the large towns out-of-door enjoyment is carried to its highest perfection. Artists and musicians join in making these fêtes delicious and enchanting. 'Extensive gardens stretch on all hands, where crescents and colonnades extend themselves; groves and bowery walks, with numberless seats, offer their friendly shade; fountains splash and sparkle with a graceful and soothing witchcraft; orchestras, in the shape of open-pillared temples, stand aloft for the accommodation of musical bands; and throngs of the gayest people of the place make all lively, varied, and unceasingly attractive. In these beautiful resorts Strauss and Lanner, and other leaders, are perpetually performing with their bands during summer evenings to eager thousands, bearing testimony to the universality of this joyous and social out-of-door existence. The lover of pleasure can nowhere find himself so surrounded by so many enticing enjoyments and bewitching spectacles as in Germany. They enjoy themselves as those who have earned the right. Operas, soirees, plays, talking, smoking—a constant succession of pleasures await you, and throng about your steps.' No wonder that the German is no traveller; his Fatherland has sufficient attractions for him; he is ever meeting men of all nations, and he may enjoy at home the rarest painting and statuary, the most ravishing music, and the most entrancing scenic effects.

There are in Munich one thousand artists who have organized costume-balls, to be given at intervals of three years, and a May-feast in the spring. These balls are not like our masked balls, where the assumed character is left to the fancy of the wearer, but a certain era is chosen, sketches are drawn, and each guest must adopt one of these pictured costumes, and follow it rigorously. 'A very celebrated ball, some years ago, represented Rubens. This time the subject taken was a historical panorama of a fairy tale. Half the artistic world was engaged for months preparing sketches, or dresses, or decora-

tions for the ball, and, from an artistic point of view, the success of the pageant was complete. The hall of Odeon was beautifully decorated, the dresses were all in keeping with each other, and were highly to be praised; each train was well organized, and swept past with splendor that seemed too real to be mimic.'

The May-feast is entirely different, requiring the necessary rural surroundings. The ticket for the feast is artistically drawn, showing a procession of children crowned with lilies of the valley, preceded by a May-bug as the musician. The site chosen is always picturesque, and all the artistic talent of Germany is brought into requisition so as to render the panorama effective and delightful.

The vintage is the crowning harvest of the year. It begins on the 12th of October, and is ushered in by the firing of cannon, and the ascent of rockets, mingled with the shouts of the peasantry. The grapes are gathered amid laughter and song; then the leaves are raked up and secured, after which comes a holiday, when the young people dance, and the old smoke, and talk, and knit, or all join in those simple German games, such as 'The Black Man,' 'The Blind Cow,' etc.; care is thrown to the winds, and all are children together. Such holidays are often spent in the pasture-lands on the lower hills which the people call the Alps. Every farmer of consequence has an Alp where he sends his cattle in summer, and there the butter and cheese are made for the winter. These Alps are either inherited or bought. Little wooden houses are erected there, and the view is generally very extensive and fine. Although they are often enlivened by pleasure-parties, the lives of some of these peasants are very isolated. But they are never unhappy; they sing over their work, and call their herds together with a song. The musician, Weber, passed much of his time on these Alps, listening to the singers and zitter players. We may find in 'Der Freischutz' something very true to nature.

The waltz is the 'dear delight' of Germany; it was invented by the Germans, and is the universal, almost the only dance of the people. Although it is condemned by other nations on

account of its freedom, the German girl who spins around all night with a young man, would be seriously offended, if, on the next day, he offered her his arm in a promenade. From the highest saloon to the village green the waltz forms a constant amusement.

The severe German winters are enlivened by sledging parties, and often gentlemen engage ladies for this amusement three months before the snow begins. The parties consist of thirty or forty sledges; there is a troop of outriders, with white breeches, and blue or red jackets, and caps to correspond; these form the advance-guard, smacking their whips and hurrahing; then comes the train of sledges, each one containing two persons, a lady and gentleman. It is a merry and gay winter spectacle. On entering the sledge, the lady thanks the gentleman for the pleasure he gives her, and he expresses his obligation for the honor she has done him. They usually go to an inn at a distance of seven or eight miles, where they have refreshments, and amuse themselves with various games. If a city is within reasonable distance they never fail to enter it, and drive from one end to the other, and back again, so that the citizens may see and admire.

The luxury of sledging was carried to such an extent one winter that the students often drove from six to eight in hand, so that the academical senate was obliged to stop the extravagance by forbidding the use of so many horses. The next day, in order to caricature the prohibition, an old, worn-out horse was harnessed to a wretched-looking sledge, in which were packed a dozen students huddled together. The poor horse was hardly able to put one foot before the other, but he was urged forward by a hunch-backed, lame hostler, who walked in front, holding a bunch of hay before his nose. When they arrived at the inn, they called for a choppin of beer, and had it divided into twelve parts, thus allowing about a spoonful to each man. About this time the beadle, or 'poodle' as they called him, appeared, and commanded them to withdraw such a satire on the decree of the senate.

One of the favorite out-of-door amusements in winter is skating. 'I went down one day,' says Browne, 'to look at

the skaters, and certainly it was a very lively and amusing scene. Boys and girls, big and little, young men and old men, were flying over the crystal element in full glee. Smart, buckish gentlemen were pushing before them ponderous old ladies who were seated in sledges or sliding-chairs. Pretty, blooming damsels of vigorous form were flying hither and thither, laughing and joking with amazing zest. Whole schools of students were turned out to enjoy the exercise, with their teachers leading the way. The fathers of families were disporting themselves before their admiring fraus, while their little responsibilities were clapping their hands and laughing merrily at the sport. Old apple-women were selling apples, cakes and nuts; old men were sweeping the ice or shovelling off the snow; grand officers in the military line of life were standing on the quays, looking on with remarkable condescension; policemen were watching about generally to preserve order, which nobody had the least idea of breaking; a buffoon, dressed in an absurd costume, was navigating a whirling ship that flew around in a circle, while he called aloud upon all classes to take passage in the same for the regions of joy; strangers in motley groups were smoking their two-cent cigars or blowing their fingers to keep themselves warm; and, in short, everybody was doing something very amusing to an American.

As the ice itself forms an occasion for amusement, so likewise does its disappearance. The breaking-up of the ice, being the first manifestation of spring, gives another opportunity for rejoicing. It takes place suddenly, with a tremendous crash and rush, and nearly always at twelve o'clock at night. In each village or town men are stationed to give the alarm, and at the first sign of the breaking up, they cry, 'The ice goes! the ice goes!' The cry is soon taken up by a gay throng which swarm on the banks, guns are fired, the greatest excitement prevails, and the people are as light-hearted and happy as if they had nothing to do but to enjoy themselves.

The chief domestic festival of Germany is Christmas. It is a season exclusively for family reunions, and is specially de-

voted to children, although old and young join together, and the festival is celebrated with enthusiasm by the whole population. All trouble and anxiety are thrown aside, and there are no families so poor as not to have their tree and pfefferkuchen (the Christmas cake) on Christmas Day. It is called '*Der Gluckliche Abend*,' 'The Happy Evening.' About a fortnight before Christmas, the children are visited by Pelznickel, who is generally a servant of the family, dressed in a hideous costume, with chains clanking around him. Around his waist is a belt, from which hang the bags filled with nuts, apples, and cakes, and in his hand is a huge bunch of rods. He is supposed to be the servant of the Christ-child, who comes to prepare the children for his appearance on Christmas Eve. The children are in a state of dread and hope, for he knows, and does not hesitate to declare their faults, and administer his reproof. He announces, in a loud voice, that the Christ-child has bidden him come, and he questions each one separately about his behavior at home, and his attention to study at school. The little ones try to gain his favor by repeating the following lines :

' Christ-kindschen komm ;  
 Mach mich fromm ;  
 Dass ich zu dir in Himmel komm.'

Which means, ' Christ-child, come ; make me good, that I may come to thee in heaven !' Howitt says : ' The aspect of a little child standing in awe and faith before Pelznickel, and in the soft, innocent tones of its voice, making this simple petition in the truth of its heart, as I have seen it, is one of the most beautiful and affecting things in the world.' The Christmas-tree in all well-to-do families is superb. It is generally a spruce-fir, adorned with bright-looking figures of men and animals, brilliant fruits and flowers of gold and silver, angels with golden wings, all glittering in the starry light of hundreds of little tapers, which sparkle like gems against the dark-green branches of the fir. The legendary stag, with golden horns, is always one of the decorations, as there is a tradition that he was the first creature to perceive the angels

who startled the shepherds of Bethlehem, and that he immediately knelt in reverence of the heavenly vision.

New Year is another great holiday. Early in the morning the glee-wine is brought in on a waiter, and with it an accompanying New Year's greeting from different members of the family or friends; these are generally in rhyme, written on ornamental paper, and often without signature, so as to cause much guessing and merriment.

The concerts in Germany are greatly enjoyed by Americans. They are held in the coffee-gardens out of the city, and no band in America can equal the music given here for an entrance-fee of six or eight cents.

In the Catholic parts of Germany, the public processions form a distinctive and picturesque feature of out-door life. Each religious season has its appropriate festival. The mystery-plays at Ober Ammegau are peculiar to the place, and were instituted in the year 1623 when the village was visited by a plague, and the monks induced the parish to make a vow as follows: 'That in thankful devotion, and for edifying contemplation, they would, every ten years, publicly represent the Passion of Jesus, the Savior of the world.' Whereupon the parish was immediately freed from the pestilence. At the recurrence of these plays the village is crowded with visitors, but it has often been remarked that the inhabitants take no advantage of the occasion to obtain profit; they only allow themselves to be remunerated for any actual outlay, and no more, always giving up their time and their houses gladly to strangers and visitors. The person chosen to represent our Lord in the play is always one who is particularly adapted in appearance, and whose life has been blameless.

There is a very graphic description of the effect produced by the play in *Quits*, by Baroness Tautphoens, which we will transcribe: 'So completely did the person and manner of the artist-performer satisfy her high-wrought expectations, that dissatisfaction or disappointment was certainly not among them. She perceived instantly that what was then before her would take the place of all the pictures and statues she had ever seen, and remain indelibly impressed on her mind for-

ever. It was, therefore, this one deeply-interesting figure, with the pale face, finely chiselled features, and parted waving hair, which has become typical, that she followed with breathless interest and anxiety throughout, and never did the eminence of the character of Christ strike her so forcibly, or the worthlessness of mankind, and the ignoble motives that are the springs of their actions, become so glaringly apparent as on this occasion. The monologues of the principal actors, showing the current of their thoughts without reserve, made each, as it were, a psychological study, yet so simple and forcible as to be within the comprehension of the most illiterate among the audience. The sending of our Lord from one tribunal to another, the wish of those who knew his innocence to avoid the responsibility of his martyrdom, yet determination that he should suffer, his being forsaken by every friend at the moment of danger; in short, all that habit enables us to hear and read almost unmoved, and as a matter of history, was brought before Nora with a force so perfectly irresistible that, various and eloquent as had often been the sermons she had heard, excellent and celebrated as were the pictures she had seen, never had she been moved as on the present occasion.'

We have attempted to give some idea of the amusements which form so large a share in the domestic life of the Germans. Yet we have recorded only a few of the many festivals which are ever recurring throughout the year. More unreservedly and entirely than any other nation do the Germans throw the entire force of their nature both into their work and their play. They feel that the body has rights to be regarded as well as the mind. The result is the union of a strong body and a strong head; an alliance, and the only one, which may enable a man to work out all that is in him. It is this truth which we would emphasize.

In drawing this sketch of German Home-Life, we cannot fail to be impressed by several wholesome truths. The heads of the household, both the man and woman, consider it their highest duty and delight to contribute to its maintenance, comfort, and happiness. The German home may be poor,

but it is happy; its quiet light sheds a sweet radiance, which not only cheers the inmates, but guards them from evil. They work industriously and faithfully, and they enjoy themselves quite as conscientiously. Old and young enter into the most juvenile sports, as if they were all boys and girls together.

In America there are two extremes. Life is either all holiday or all work. But, usually, the men of mark, in our country, take little or no relaxation; they care nothing for games and sports; and, indeed, even our children become indifferent to play long before they are men and women. The heart of the American is in his money-bags, present or prospective. A foreigner once said: 'Every American I meet looks as if his eyes were glaring into the far-west and the far-future.' We are aiming to realize Milton's sentiment:

'To scorn delights and live laborious days.'

And for what? To get rich! This is the goal of American ambition; it is for this that men rise early and sit up late; it is for this that the brain is overtaxed. Day and night they toil in the court of Mammon, in the service of that 'great busy-body, Sabbathless Satan,' as Charles Lamb calls him. Even the few public holidays which are forced upon the nation become 'uneasy joys.' Honesty, prudence, the hearthstone of home, are all thrown into the fierce struggle for money. The everlasting hurry and excitement plant sadness in the heart and furrows on the brow, and in discontent and weariness, we begin to doubt, at last, 'if the play be worth the candle.' It cannot be surprising, after all this wear and tear, that the American often finds himself, like poor Swift, 'dying a-top,' without the power left to reckon up the thousands or millions he may have amassed.



ART. VI.—*The Spirit of Laws.* By BARON DE MONTESQUIEU.  
London: J. Collingwood.

It was Polybius, we believe, who enunciated and illustrated the proposition, though very likely he drew the germ of the idea from Aristotle, that the several forms of government naturally succeed each other in a certain regular order of progression, but moving in a circle so as finally to come back to the starting-point. First, the absolutism of the patriarch or autocrat; then, 'the war of the many with one,' until a number of the best men—the *Ἀριστοί*—come to be sharers in the supreme power, and aristocracy supersedes autocracy. The same process, carried a step further, leads to the rule of the *ἄστος*—popular supremacy—and aristocracy is supplanted by democracy. When the latter reaches its ultimate stage—the supremacy of mere numbers without regard to qualifications—then comes agrarianism; then the *communes*; then anarchy, from which the natural result is a reaction toward despotism and autocracy again; the strongest hand and most resolute will seizes absolute power, and men suffering the evils of anarchy welcome the yoke of a despot who can give them assurance of order. Such, in brief, was the idea of the ancient writer, and history has corroborated it by a multitude of examples. In fact, it is, under certain limitations, an epitome of the internal history of every people. Few nations have lived long enough, undisturbed or unconquered by foreign powers, to complete the circle; but while they have lived all have moved onward in that circle. Old Rome maintained her independence sufficiently long to pass through all the gradations and make an entire revolution. She began with absolute kings, was afterward under the rule of the patricians, then of the plebeians, fell subsequently into general disorder, civil discord and anarchy, received the yoke of the Cæsars, and was too much corrupted and decayed in spirit to throw it off before she became the prey of the barbarian invader.

To come down to the history of our own Saxon-Norman race, few monarchs were ever more arbitrary in temperament, more resolute of will, or more absolute in prerogative, than the Norman and early Plantagenet kings of England. The decrees of William, Henry, or Richard, were the supreme laws of the realm. Fortuitously and fortunately John was a prince of his race exceptionally weak, and this gave the aristocratic barons the opportunity which they so well improved at Runymede by exacting from the crown the concessions and guarantees of *Magna Charta*, the foundation-stone of British and American liberty.

It was a grand victory which the barons achieved that day. It made England a limited instead of an absolute monarchy; a land of parliamentary legislation instead of monarchical decrees; but a long and bitter contest, extending through several centuries, was maintained between royal prerogative on the one side, and the rights of the people on the other; the tyranny of the Tudors and Stuarts had to be encountered, regicide committed, and a dynasty deposed, before genuine popular liberty, regulated by law, was secured, and the excellent system of parliamentary government which England has enjoyed nearly two centuries was perfected and crystallized—a system in which the respective powers of king, lords, and commons were so admirably adjusted and skillfully balanced.

We have thus alluded briefly to the several stages by which the British Constitution was gradually built up, because that is really a part of our own political history. It was at the last and most perfect stage of development of the British system that ours was derived from it, as a scion from a vigorous and flourishing tree, and engrafted upon a new stock in a virgin soil. It may jar upon our American *amour propre* to say it, but it is none the less true, that the fabric of our political institutions in the United States was not a new creation; it was but a modified reproduction. Circumstances dictated many alterations in the details, but in the essence and fibre it was but the perpetuation of the British system. We may very properly lay aside some of our self-gratulations upon our exceptional success in maintaining our government for nearly

a century without any essential change, at least in form ; and we may cease from invidious comparisons of our political wisdom with that of the French and the South Americans, who have so signally failed in their efforts to model their institutions after ours. Our system has sometimes been styled an experiment. It never was strictly such. Is it remarkable that a branch taken from an oak a thousand years old should remain green for a while ? Is it singular that a stream of political ideas and instincts, which had its head-springs far away back even beyond the days of Alfred, and has flowed on ever since in its old English channel, should have continued to flow on thus long in this new American channel into which we have diverted a portion of its waters ?

A political system is a living organism. It cannot be made to order ; it must grow. Ours has grown by the degrees which I have specified. We are entitled to less credit for the form and spirit of our institutions than we sometimes imagine ; and if we must boast at all, our boasting should reach back and embrace those working, struggling ancestors, centuries ago, by whose labors and on whose bones our admirable political structure was reared ; just as the stems of living, flowering coral which crop out above the surface of the ocean stand upon the remains of myriads of little toilers, who labored age after age far down in the deep, and in succession left their carcasses as a foundation for their progeny to build upon.

The great obstacle to the success of the French and the South Americans in their efforts to establish political systems like ours, is one which we might have found formidable, if our situation had been similar. It is, indeed, a new creation which they have to accomplish, and creation is the work of Omnipotence. They are trying to make a tree grow, not by planting and rearing from the acorn, but by transplanting an old tree ; for republican or democratic institutions are an advanced stage of human progress only to be reached by gradual steps from absolutism, through limited monarchy, aristocracy, to final popular supremacy, during which process a people becomes trained in the difficult lesson of preserving order with liberty, or liberty regulated by law. We went through this

course of training, and it required many centuries to complete it. To advance at once from absolutism to the republic is impracticable, because the necessary intermediate training is not allowed, and the sudden removal of restraint results, not in liberty, but in wild license, from which reaction is inevitable. France, probably, will not in our day succeed in a permanent consolidation of the republic. To return to the empire would be simply to retrograde, and such a backward oscillation cannot be long-lived, if it should occur. To adopt the monarchy hedged in by constitutional restrictions—this would be real progress, and this seems to us her only path to true liberty.

But a nation which has passed through the necessary preparatory stages, finds it comparatively easy to establish free institutions. That which was not very difficult for us, but which seems impossible to France, could, no doubt, be readily accomplished by the British-American provinces north of us, or by Australia, or by any other people having like tuition and traditions.

If we advert closely to the subject, we shall be struck with the vastness of what we have derived from our ancestral country in laws, traditions, tastes, spirit, style, social habits, and even political forms. King, Lords, and Commons find their counterpart in President, Senate, and House. Even our idea of a Union with adjusted representation among the several States, though perhaps natural and obvious in any event, was already exemplified in the relations established between England and Scotland, and subsequently Ireland. The machinery of the courts, the system of common law, the principal features of local and county administration, with the various kinds of officials needed therefor, all these were ours by inheritance. They grew up with us, and were a part of our national life, before we became an independent nation. When we threw off the yoke of Britain we had only to take up the threads of internal administration, where she had dropped them, and all moved harmoniously on. We set up some new figure-heads in place of those we had cast down. Instead of a king we created a president, because the only

man among us fit to be king was too unselfishly patriotic to assume the crown. Our colonies had governors appointed by the king. Our States still kept their governors, only changing the method of their appointment. While the Englishman said, 'God save the king!' we simply modified it into 'God save the State!' A thousand other illustrations might be given to show how thoroughly British we were, and are yet indeed, and how the establishment of our American political system was no infant birth, but the leaping forth of Minerva fully armed from the head of Jove. Our social system was no less mature. George Washington, and his contemporary planters, had more in their composition of the British nobleman than of the plain democratic citizen of our day. Mount Vernon, and hundreds of other family-seats in Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas, with their ample grounds, their quaint but lordly architecture, their state dining-rooms, their wine-vaults, their porters' lodges, and their dusky tenantry, bore then, and still bear about them more the air of old English baronial castles than of the simple dwelling-places of republican freemen. We have mentioned these things to enforce the truth, that while we are historically a new nation, we are organically a very old one. In the grand principles which underly our system, in many of our methods of administration, in our judicial, and even many of our political forms, we date back to an equal antiquity with our kinsmen who yet remain in the ancestral land. With the same origin and traditions, and, down to a century ago, the same fortunes, we have now separated only as a great river sometimes divides into two or more streams which flow on afterward in nearly parallel courses. We were severed from the mother-country at the time when her constitution had attained perhaps its most perfect stage of development. It was the very excellence of English liberty which made us revolt against the first beginnings of oppression, and caused the separation. The system which we established was designed to perpetuate those great principles of personal and public freedom under which we had been reared; and after our independence, the two great English-speaking peoples still remained more alike in

the essential spirit of their institutions and in national character than any two nations in all history.

Let us briefly glance at the subsequent political history of these two nations, and see if there are not in each of them manifest signs of that inevitable turning of the wheel—that inherent tendency of all governments toward revolution—of which we have spoken. In Britain, under the name of reform, there has been more than once during the present century an extension of the right of suffrage to large classes of the people from whom it had before been withheld. This was resisted by the aristocratic and privileged classes as long as it was safe to do so, and at last only conceded to appease the dangerous clamors of the populace. Every such concession only proves the growing power of the people, and hastens the growth of that power. Time was when parliament was but a body of nobility, which the king assembled at his option for consultation merely. The Commons were unknown. They afterward grew in importance, and while the Lords circumscribed the power of the King, the Commons encroached upon them; until at length, under the Prince of Orange, the system of parliamentary government was perfected, and these three estates of the realm shared supreme authority in such a manner that neither seemed capable of invading the prerogatives of the others. But by imperceptible degrees the popular branch has outgrown the other two in importance. The queen now is but the symbol of power where no power exists. Only the conservative temperament of the English, and their proverbial reverence for old institutions, together with the amiable character of the excellent lady who wears the crown, could prevent that bauble from being at once set aside with other antiquated rubbish. Among a more mercurial and less sober-minded people the queen would not reign a year longer. It is doubtful whether she will have any successor. She is said to rule by her ministers; but no ministry can retain power unless sustained by a majority of the Commons, a body that is becoming more and more the exponent of the will of the masses. The House of Lords has lost its prestige also. From being the sole parliament, it has fallen to a subordinate posi-

tion, and in more than one instance has recently exhibited its want of nerve and will to contend successfully with the fierce aggressive spirit of the Commons. Such is a brief *résumé* of the political situation in old England, a country above all others most averse to novelties, and instinctively attached to whatever is ancient and customary. Even there we perceive the gradual breaking down of every barrier against the final complete ascendancy of the people. British phlegm makes the wheel turn slowly; but, as Galileo said of the earth, so we may say of the seat of power in the British political system, *è pur si muove*. How long it will be before Britain will cease to be a monarchy, and become a democracy, in *form*, as she now is in *substance*, it is needless to conjecture. It suffices for our purpose to note the tendency, and to assure ourselves that such a transformation is only a question of time. When it takes place, that country will only have entered more completely upon a political career which we have been for three-fourths of a century pursuing. We come, then, to consider our own situation and tendencies, social and political, and the outlook for the future which presents itself to us.

No man, who studies our political history, can fail to perceive that there has been since 1789 a well-marked progression in our institutions toward democracy pure and simple. We use that term in its true sense, as expressing the rule of the popular masses in the most direct manner. In a country where the people are sovereign and govern themselves, there may still be a great variety in the methods of exercising that sovereignty, and in carrying on the government. It may be by intermediate agencies, more or less numerous, interposed between the people and the objects to be accomplished, or it may be by the direct action of the people themselves. There may or may not be restrictions upon the power of mere numbers, by educational or property qualifications, and the like, being required to entitle a man to exercise all the rights of a citizen. In our system, as inaugurated by the fathers of the Republic, and inherited from our British ancestors, there remained many aristocratic elements, many special privileges, many prescriptive rights, and traditional usages, which served

as so many barriers to the absolute and direct sway of numbers simply. Suffrage was not universal. While the people were, more or less remotely, the source of all power, many officers were appointed or chosen by other means than by the direct vote of the people. In the State of North Carolina, for instance, a citizen could not vote for a State Senator without being the owner of a freehold of fifty acres of land, and a Senator himself was required to own three hundred acres. All freemen twenty-one years old could vote for a Commoner, but he must own one hundred acres of land. In this way it was sought to make one branch of the General Assembly represent property, while the other represented persons only; though eligibility to either branch was restricted to men of substance. It is needless to say that all such qualifications and restrictions have been swept away, most of them before the late civil war; and this was done in obedience to an impulse toward a more complete popularization of the State Government, an idea very naturally cherished by the majority, and, in fact, sustained by such overwhelming numbers that men of conservative tendencies found opposition to it fruitless. Similar changes have occurred in other States; but we need not specify nor enlarge upon them further than to say that they have all tended in one direction, that is, the removal of all checks upon popular power.

The election of Judges by popular vote was, we believe, a thing unknown in our early history. In most, if not all the States they were appointed by the Executive or the Legislature, and for long terms, often during life or good behavior. Now, all that is changed, and the election of Judges by the people, and for short terms, is the general rule.

In the election of President the Constitution interposes the electoral college between the people and the officer to be chosen. It is proposed now to elect him by direct popular vote, and an amendment providing for this in substance will probably be soon adopted.

The election of United States Senators by the Legislatures of the several States is also inveighed against by the champions of popular suffrage, and it is not unlikely that in a short



time they will be chosen by the vote of the people of the respective States.

Thus, in whatever direction we turn our eyes, we see the great wave of popular power advancing, surging over all obstacles, sweeping away every barrier, laughing all opposition to scorn. The *Δεμος* rules. And it no longer deigns to rule through intermediaries. It rules in person, and absolutely.

While everything is being subjected to the test of direct popular suffrage, the privilege of voting is being indefinitely extended. It was once restricted by property qualifications, and other limitations. These are being rapidly obliterated. It was once confined to the white race. Color counts for nothing now. Every man, rich or poor, wise or foolish, white or black, votes in virtue of his so-called 'manhood.' Will it stop there? Pretty clearly not. In some of the political divisions of the country the suffrage is already extended to women. In the State of Michigan the question of female suffrage is to be submitted to the people at the next election. Meanwhile, agitation on this subject is kept up throughout a large part of the Union, and in this country it seems that agitation persevered in means final success. We may, therefore, accept as a probability the general prevalence of womanhood suffrage at an early day. After letting the negro in, it is hard to find a good excuse for keeping *anybody* else out.

What is to be the end of all this? It was the opinion of Macaulay, expressed in his correspondence with an American friend, that our political institutions would not be subjected to a supreme test until the vast unoccupied domain in the West, which offers so obvious an outlet to the restless elements of the population in the older States, should be filled up by thickly-peopled communities. Then would begin the fierce encounter between rich and poor, the moneyed classes and the struggling millions. Then would culminate the grand conflict, always and everywhere going on, between capital and labor; and the dangerous and explosive ingredients among our population, deprived of the safety-valve of emigration westward, thrown back upon themselves and pent up, would inaugurate a series of social and political convulsions propor-

tioned in magnitude to the grandeur of the stage whereon they would be enacted. Such, in substance, were the prognostications of the great historian. God grant they may prove untrue! But is there not much reason to fear they will be realized. In comparison with other nations, we have been remarkable for the equal distribution of property among the people. The means of living in tolerable comfort have been within the reach of almost every individual, and until recently few had succeeded in amassing overgrown fortunes. Those startling contrasts of squalid poverty and princely magnificence, which in the old countries of Europe strike the eye everywhere, were not to be seen here. The mob has had no temptation to violence, because it had work to do and was well fed; nor has there been any lofty pride and gilded splendor to invite hatred and plunder. If any one in a dense community found himself outrun in the race of life, and want threatened himself and his little ones, there has always remained the great West with its boundless expanse of virgin soil open to all. Thither we could fly as to a sure refuge, and where bountiful nature would not fail to bless our toil with an abundant subsistence.

Great changes are occurring in many of these particulars. Immense corporations and moneyed monopolies are growing up in the country, and amassing fortunes the like of which we have not before seen on this Continent. The banking system, with its monopoly of money, and its blood-sucking usury, is making the rich richer and the poor poorer. The influx of the Chinese, soon to be among us by millions, will greatly reduce the wages of the laborer. By a venal and unstatesmanlike policy, a large part of the most valuable public lands of the West have been bestowed upon grasping corporations and wealthy speculators, so that the territory available for poor settlers is being rapidly reduced in extent.

The operation of these influences is already beginning to be felt. The struggle between capital and labor grows fiercer. The exactions of the lordly capitalist are met by the violent outbreaks of 'strikers' and the organized resistance of 'trades-unions'; and we know how frequently the peace of communi-

ties in various sections of the country is imperilled by these contests between laborers and their employers. The effort being made to reduce the hours of a day's work is another indication of the rebellion which is brewing among the poorer and humbler classes against the capitalist and the monopolist.

We perceive that many steps are continually being taken toward the centralization of all political power in the Federal Government. Paradoxical as it may seem, this is but another form of aggrandizing and adding to the power of the universal mob; and the money-kings, who are blindly aiding so largely in perfecting this centralization, would do well to take timely heed as to the real object they are about to effect. It is, indeed, the popular masses, now masters of the situation through unqualified suffrage, who are thus seeking, instinctively rather than by definite design, to subject everything in every part of the country to their unobstructed control. The machinery of the Federal Government affords the only channel for the gratification of this blind thirst in the populace for general intermeddling and unchecked dominion. The independence and autonomy of the States serve as an obstruction to the interference of the whole people of the Union in the local affairs of each State; and therefore State sovereignty is denied, and State lines threatened with obliteration. In view of these plain tendencies, we can see how truly conservative is the doctrine of States Rights, and how unfortunate it is for our country that it should have become fashionable to decry that doctrine.

If we discern rightly the signs of the times, all checks and restraints are being removed, which stand in the way of the absolute domination of mere numbers in all our affairs and throughout the Republic; and, unless history teaches falsely, the next step which, more or less remotely, awaits us is mob-rule, agrarianism, insecurity to property, and general disorder.

This is a gloomy picture which we have been painting, and the soul of the patriot instinctively shudders at its contemplation, and asks if there is no ray of light to illumine the darkness and cheer our hopes.

Undoubtedly there is. The general diffusion of intelligence among the masses of the people, is an incalculable advantage which we possess over every other nation, which has ever occupied a political position parallel to ours at present. It is difficult to measure what we know must be the *great* influence of widely-disseminated popular education in fostering conservative ideas in the minds of the people, and retarding the operation of the vicious tendencies which exist in our political and social system.

Moreover, the grand fact stands out above all question, that we have, and shall continue to have, on this Continent, a great people full of energy and vitality, and endowed also with a large fund of *common sense*, with a teaspoonful of which, Sidney Smith said, the whole world might be ruled better. There is nothing effete here. There is the fierce conflict of contending ideas and forces, but there is no decay. Whatever of convulsion—whatever of discord—awaits us as a nation; despite all the volcanic throes that may shake our political fabric or even destroy some of its parts, we may still hope that enough of virtue, wisdom, and practical vigor will be left in the souls of the people to eradicate the evil which may temporarily prevail, and to reestablish the good, for awhile overthrown.

Another thing, and the best of all, is the powerful influence of the Bible and the Christian religion. To these the patriot, trembling for the safety and welfare of his country, must turn as to the surest safeguards against the outburst of the reckless and depraved elements of society, and the general spirit of lawlessness and disorder, which must prevail before the country will be ripe for mob-rule and agrarianism. So long as the Bible is generally read and its sacred lessons imprinted on the minds of the young, so long as an uncontaminated pulpit inculcates the fear of God and charity among men, our country surely cannot be wholly ruined. From among a people thus trained, the God who presides over the destiny of nations will certainly raise up great and good men able to guide the ship of state wisely and save her from a total wreck. Great innovations may take place in our institutions. Our ideas of government may crystallize into new forms. But so

noble a race of men, with so pure and noble a religious faith, cannot fail to achieve a splendid destiny, and exercise a dominant influence over the world's future.

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ART. VII.—*The Lost Prince: Facts tending to prove the identity of Louis the Seventeenth, of France, and the Rev. Eleazer Williams, Missionary among the Indians of North America.* By JOHN H. HANSON. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.

Strange as is this union of titles, it has its application in the life, romantic without a parallel, of Louis XVII, the orphan Dauphin of France, Charles Louis.

At the time of the execution of his unfortunate parents, in 1792, he was seven years of age. There was much said of his early promise of beauty and vigor, and many anecdotes related of the fine qualities of his mind and heart at that early period.

After the sad catastrophe, the jealous policy of the chiefs of the republic consigned him to an apartment of the tower of the 'Temple,' where he was guarded with unnecessary and cruel strictness. He was committed to a coarse, brutal keeper named Simon, apparently with the design of destroying him, both in soul and body. Forty years afterward, when the portrait of Simon was presented to him without explanation, the painful impression it made upon him, which yet he could not explain, was remarkable. Simon's famous interrogatories to the Committee of Safety were: 'What is to be done to this young wolf? Carry him away?' 'No.' 'Kill him?' 'No.' 'Poison him?' 'No.' 'What then?' 'Get rid of him.' And this he failed to do, only through lack of time, and the baffling strength of the victim's constitution. At first he only taunted him. Afterward, upon his refusal one day to sing the *Marseillaise*, he gave him his first blow. In answer to his remonstrance, he exclaimed, 'Animal! I am here to command you, and to do what I please.' The scar of another blow, near

the eye, gave a lasting testimony to the discipline of Simon. Incidents such as these in the captivity of the lad we owe to the researches of Duchesne, to whom we may refer more particularly hereafter. It were a narrative both tedious and revolting to detail, as he has done, the course of violent and ignominious treatment by which the constitution of the child was gradually broken and his mind destroyed. The fearful progress of his demoralization and imbecility cannot be better shown than by the hideous accusations against his mother, whom he had loved so much, that he was made to sign. Simon could at any moment have put him to death; but his commissio<sup>r</sup> did not extend beyond the slower process, by which murder can ape the appearance of natural decay. But Simon's tyranny was to come to an end. He accepted a more lucrative employment, and he left his unfinished task in the Temple with regret.

After Simon had left him (Jan., 1794), he was removed to a very small apartment, with one window, where he remained for six months in perfect solitude, so that he did not see the person that delivered his food. And it is not strange that he sank into such a state, where all consciousness would cease, and mechanical, vegetable life, devoid of memory, and destitute of hope, would alone remain. In this wretched state he was found after the fall of Robespierre; and such was his condition, when found by his new keeper, covered with filth and vermin, unable to speak, and his last meal untasted, that it appeared that a few hours would have ended his career.

Under the party that became dominant, succeeding that of Robespierre, although the condition of the prince was alleviated, yet the policy regarding the confinement of his person was not changed. There were fears still entertained of attempts to seat him upon the throne. But the party had awakened at last to a sense of decency, and they shrank from the responsibility of extreme measures.

Laurent, the next guardian of the children of Louis XVI, was a respectable man. He was permitted to visit the captive only at stated times. But in the boy's vegetable condition of life, solitude was no longer a hardship. He could play with

a toy or a flower, but he felt no want of companionship, and though he was slowly recovering strength of body, his mind continued prostrate and unobservant.

Hopeless as the cause of order seemed at this time, still the spirit of loyalty must here and there make itself felt. The name of Louis XVII was the rallying point of tens of thousands in France. The perplexity of the Convention increased. Intrigues of influential men, really loyal in heart, but assuming the guise of republicans, aimed at the rescue of the prince. And, what was still more important, the Count de Provence, afterward Louis XVIII, brother of the martyred king, shrewdly framed his plans, the result of which was to be the removal of the prince, leaving for him a way to the throne. By judicious management of some of the republican leaders, a few became virtually his agents, and through them he at last succeeded in bringing about the appointment of one Gomin as an associate of Laurent in the custody of the captive in the Temple. The rest followed without much difficulty. A royalist (Debièrne) obtained the appointment of commissary, and he effected a ready communication with Gomin respecting the escape of the prince. The event was brought about by substituting a boy of about the age of Louis, in the last stage of disease, in his place. The escapade was accomplished about the 1st of June, 1795. The substitute died on the 8th of June, of which abundant testimony was published, and given to the public as the death of the prince, and was generally so received. But such was the information in possession of the authorities, that on the very day of the supposed death of the prince, an order is still on record in the archives of the police, which was issued to all the departments, 'to arrest on every high road in France any travellers bearing with them a child of eight years or thereabouts, as there had been an escape of royalists from the Temple.' But the scheme had been too well planned. *It was an escape.*

In the year 1795 a French family, calling themselves De Jardin, or De Jourdan, arrived in Albany, direct from France. Circumstances attracted unusual attention. The family consisted of a gentleman, lady, and two children, a

girl and a boy. Much mystery was observed concerning the children, who were never taken out. The boy was simply called Monsieur Louis. Madame had in her possession many articles which had belonged to the deceased King and Queen of France, and she stated that she had been maid of honor to Marie-Antoinette. Among the articles, she had some gold plate, on which was engraved the royal arms. Many interesting particulars in regard to this family and their visit were related by an elderly lady of great respectability of the name of Dudley, to the Rev. J. H. Hanson, and the Rev. Dr. Kip, now Bishop of California, and were committed by her to writing. The boy is said by her not to appear to notice any one, nor to join in the play of other children; but was seen at times to be balancing himself on a stick, or something of the sort. The lady often alluded to the French revolution, and always with deep and painful emotion. She once sat down at the piano-forte, and played the *Marsellaise*, with her eyes filled with tears. These strangers were called on by many of the citizens, especially by ladies who spoke French. After a few days, for what reason it was not known, their effects were sold, some articles of which were in that city a few years since; they then suddenly disappeared, no one knew whither. The mystery attending their visit caused them to be vividly remembered for a long period.

The scene changes again to Ticonderoga. It is attested by the affidavit of a very aged and respectable Canadian, named John O'Brien, that while at that place on a hunting excursion in 1795, two Frenchmen, one of them having the appearance of a Romish priest, came there, bringing a weak, sickly boy, in a state of mental imbecility, whom they left among the Indians. He conversed with them, and could only learn that the boy was born in France. He was adopted by an Iroquois chief of the name (in English) of Thomas Williams. O'Brien states that he saw him long afterward, bearing the name of Eleazer Williams.

The reader will probably recollect the painfully interesting story of the sacking of the town of Deerfield, Massachusetts, in the early part of the last century, by the French and Indians,



and the capture of the Rev. John Williams. He was carried to Canada, with those of his family who survived the massacre. There they remained for some time, but were all finally redeemed and returned home except one daughter, Eunice, who had adopted Indian life and habits, as well as the Romish faith, and married an Indian. Thomas was a descendant of Eunice, and the sickly French boy, Eleazer, passed as one of his children, notwithstanding the contrast in appearance between him and his reputed brothers.

Some time after the adoption of Eleazer by Williams, he either dove or fell into the water on the shore of Lake George, and was taken out with a deep gash on his head, cut by a rock beneath the surface. Physiologists may explain the strange result of this accident. He always insisted that it was only from the time of his recovery from this wound, at about twelve years of age, that he had a clear memory of past events. When striving to recall his early years, all beyond that point presented only faint, shadowy reminiscences of things mingled in confusion, such as Indians roasting chestnuts round a fire, splendid architecture, troops in a garden, a room with persons magnificently dressed, lying on a carpet with his head against a silk dress; all these came up indistinct and unconnected, like phantoms of the night. The first scene that he apprehended with distinctness, was the sight of the enchanting scenery around Lake George.

It was after this event that two strangers, who spoke French, visited the hut of Williams, and called for the French boy. There were two different interviews, in which deep affection and emotion were manifested on their part, which the boy at the time did not at all understand.

Among the connections of the descendants of the Rev. John Williams, was a gentleman of the name of Nathaniel Ely, who resided at Long Meadow. Being related by marriage to the family of Eunice, who, as before stated, had remained in Canada, he felt a deep interest in her descendants. He was a pious man, of a good understanding, but of little education. He found the means of opening a correspondence with Thomas Williams, the reputed father of Eleazer, and succeeded at last

in obtaining the consent of Thomas against the objections of his Indian wife, to let two of their sons go to Long Meadow to be educated. The lot fell upon Eleazer, with whom the Indian mother was naturally more willing to part, and another, in English called John. This was in January, 1800, when Eleazer was in his fifteenth year, as was supposed.

The appearance of the two boys in the village of Long Meadow, dressed in their Indian costumes, was a matter that naturally excited much curiosity and speculation. The difference, especially, in the appearance of the two, was a subject of remark, and was never overlooked by those who saw them. It is ascertained that the good Deacon Ely was to some extent apprized of the mystery of Eleazer's birth, for when a protest was made against the *brotherhood* of the boys, he said that 'there was something about it which he should possibly never reveal, but would say this much, that Eleazer Williams was born for a great man, and that he intended to give him an education to prepare him for the station.' It may also be stated here, that there was a report that for some time, and from time to time, money had been received at Albany by the late J. R. Bleeker, Esq., and devoted to the support of Eleazer.

His residence at Long Meadow was the crisis of his life. He was soon found to possess fine traits of character, 'amiable,' says one, 'kind, sensitive, frank, generous, and grateful for every overture of kindness.' His total unlikeness to his supposed brother John forbade at once the supposition of the same origin. While the latter had every personal feature of his race, Eleazer had brown hair, hazel eyes, light complexion, and European features. Nor were their tastes and amusements less unlike. He carried a mystery about him which could not be explained.

The rapid progress which Eleazer made in two or three years, while resident in the deacon's family, in reading, writing, and speaking English, was remarkable. His decidedly religious character seems to have commenced—unless, indeed, it was the revival of preëxistent impressions—in 1802. At that time there was a great awakening upon religious subjects at

Long Meadow, by which he was much affected. One of his schoolmates writes thus: 'Eleazer was a very studious boy; indeed, he seemed to do nothing but study; and I can remember his remarkable proficiency in writing, and that the second winter after his coming to Long Meadow, he would say to me, "Come, Cousin Mary, and hear my sermon"; when he would produce and read some paper on religious subjects.'

The practice of keeping a journal he maintained, with more or less regularity, during most of his life. Such had been his proficiency, that in 1803, three years after his arrival, he wrote a journal, apparently made from separate scraps of paper, which he dated back to 1800. He generally expresses himself clearly, though sometimes with amusing simplicity:

'I have written from time to time, and now collect in part from recollection. First, my coming to *England* in 1800. I, Eleazar Williams, aged 13 years, and John Williams, my brother; both of us came to Long Meadow, it being Wednesday, 23d of January, 1800, this being the day we began with Nathaniel Ely. After a long, tedious journey, we arrived at this place safely, through the kindness of Providence. Praised be God for our preservation! We received welcome from our friends here, and treated kindly by them. My brother and I was not able to converse with them, and went to school next day after our arrival. Mrs. Hale kept the school. I hope I shall remember her amiable disposition.

'Feb. 11, 1800. My father set out for home. It was great trial for me when he left us; more so on account that we could not speak the language. However, we soon learn the language; and the family were very agreeable and kind to us. The blessing of the Lord rest upon them.

'Oct. 3, 1800. Thanks be to God for his loving kindness toward us. We have been well since our father left us, etc. My brother's sickness was soon over—his home-sickness. Hoping the Lord will be with my father on his journey, and return him safely, etc. If I only consider the blessings which I have received from my common Father which is in heaven, oh! how I ought to give him praise which is due to him, etc. This being written by the recollection. The end, 1800.'

Extended extracts cannot be here given from these earlier journals. They are most remarkable productions, from the indications of intelligence and the elevated morals and piety which they exhibit. The child, taken from the midst of savage life, is in a year or two master of a new language, in a degree ordinarily attained only after a long and painful study, all tending to show that civilized life was natural to him. Education seems to have come to him as a *recovery*. On the contrary, in *John* the passion for savage life was irrepressible, and in a few years he returned to live and die a mere Indian.

From 1805 his journals evince great correctness, and often elegance. They show, too, the great attention which his so-called Indian youth everywhere attracted. In that year his health was very precarious, and on this account he took a journey to Boston.

'29th May—Boston. I was invited to dine at Mr. T.'s. I was at Roxbury last evening, and dined at Mr. D.'s; and this afternoon I went over to Charlestown, agreeably to the request of the Rev. Dr. Morse, and took tea with him. I was agreeably entertained, while I stayed, looking over his books.'

By the advice of the physician, in June he went to the North. In some places, especially at Montreal, he received from leading citizens such attentions as are usually bestowed only on persons of distinction, showing that, notwithstanding the supposed obscurity of his origin, he possessed a personal attractiveness that caused it to be forgotten.

In 1807 he met the distinguished President Dwight, of Yale College. His notice of this is as follows:

'Here I was introduced to President Dwight. The good president took me on one side, and said, that he had been wanting to see me this long time, and had pleasure to see me now. He gave me very affecting advice. "If you are to have happiness in this world," he said, "you must have religion. . . . It is my most earnest prayer to Almighty God that he will raise you up to be useful in the world, in the day of your generation. The blessing of the Lord be with you always." . . . My friend S— came to me, and said, "The president gave you good advice. I would give anything to

be so noticed and regarded by so many venerable men in New England." I answered, "This is my grief; I don't deserve any notice to be taken of me."

The president himself, in his *Travels*, says: 'One of her grandchildren' (Eunice Williams) 'has been educated at Long Meadow, in a respectable manner. I have seen this young man. He has a very good countenance, pleasing manners, a good understanding, and apparently an excellent disposition, with scarcely a trace of the Indian character. *He is destined to the employ of a missionary.*' He should have said great-grandchildren.

Educated, so to speak, in the Romish communion, and then for some years surrounded by the influences of New England orthodoxy, still the soundness and independence of his mind was at this time manifest, of which an instance is given in his journal:

'May 27, 1807. Dr. Williams and I had an agreeable conversation upon religious subjects, and we disagree in some particular points of Christian doctrine, such as total moral depravity, election, redemption through Christ, and the saints' perseverance. The Protestant divines, in my opinion, go too far in some particular points. I wish the doctrine of the great Captain of salvation would be preached in its purity.'

Whence could he obtain his early maturity of judgment? and how can we account for the absence of any leaning toward Romanism?

*In May, 1808*, a friend, Dr. Lyman, urged him to go as a missionary to the heathen.

'It is certainly an encouragement to me, to go as a missionary, when I hear that young nobles and others in England are promoting the cause of the Blessed Redeemer. I feel perfectly willing to go and suffer for the sake of advancing the glorious Gospel of Christ. God is doing wonders in the world. I pray God to make me an instrument for promoting his own cause.'

The lamented death of Mr. Ely, his first benefactor, brought to a close the first scene of his life in civilized society in America.

In 1809 he was put under the tuition of a clergyman, with whom he continued till 1812; though, during much of that time, he travelled to various places, and, among the rest, he was engaged, under the patronage of the Board of Missions, in a missionary visit to the St. Louis or Caughnawaga Indians, to ascertain what prospect there was of introducing Protestantism among them. It is impossible to peruse the earnest and simple outpouring of his feelings in his private journals without perceiving the entire devotion of his soul, mind and powers to the work of converting his Indian brethren. His residence among Europeans, his instinctive delight in the refinements of social intercourse, the attentions everywhere shown him, had not, for one moment, diverted his mind from the great purpose for which he conceived himself created—that of carrying the Gospel to the heathen. But his health continued very feeble, and severe pains in the head and chest rendered it difficult to pursue his studies uninterruptedly. In 1811 it was again thought expedient for him to travel, and he went to Canada to see his family, taking every occasion to converse with the Indians upon religious subjects. The Romish priests warned their people against him, but he was firm in the resolution to enter on what he designed should be the work of his life.

In 1812 Mr. Williams took another journey to Canada, as agent of the American Board of Missions. His motives were, to improve his health, and to perfect himself in the Indian language, and survey the scene of his future labors. He set to work zealously to accomplish his design, visiting the Indians all along the northern frontier, and preaching to them the saving truths of the Gospel. But such he found to be their demoralized condition, that he was for the time greatly disheartened, though he was somewhat consoled by finding that at least he had been able to gain their confidence and esteem. Indeed, such progress had he made that a message was sent him to meet the chiefs of the Iroquois, and on his presenting himself, in compliance with the summons, he was declared a *chief of the nation*. The name given him was Onwarenhüaki, or Tree Cutter. He made an affectionate speech to them,

which they greatly applauded, and he then took occasion to press upon them with tenderness the things belonging to their eternal peace. But he found it impossible to accomplish much at that time. A chief said to him: 'When you talk on political matters you talk like a wise Indian counsellor, but when you converse about religion you talk like a Frenchman.'

Mr. Williams had returned to Massachusetts when the war broke out between England and the United States. His reputation for ability, and for influence among the Indians, caused his early selection by the Government as the proper person to prevent his reputed countrymen from taking up arms against the United States. The St. Regis Indians, who occupied a border frontier, at the same time applied to him for advice. Thus he seemed compelled to abandon the quiet of the parsonage for the hot scenes of war. 'I am sent for,' he writes, July 27, 'to prevent the Indians from taking the hatchet against the United States. I tremble; my situation is very critical. Indeed, I hope God will direct me what to do.'

He accepted the situation. His reflections upon war in connection with this event are such that if they had emanated from a throne they would have been accounted a model of princely wisdom and liberality.

After a visit to the headquarters of the army, and conferring with General Dearborn and other officers, and mixing with the stirring scenes of the camp, he became so much affected, as he admits, with the war-spirit, as to be led to accept a very different position from that which led him thither. He was appointed Superintendent-General of the Northern Indian Department, having under his command the whole secret corps of rangers and scouts of the army. The men under his command were the most daring and reckless men of the army, and in his journal (which he still kept) he describes them as 'the terrible corps,' and he trembles at the responsibility of being at their head. His war-journal shows that he was admitted to the confidence of the highest officers in command; and he appears to have honorably and successfully performed the most arduous duties of his station, both in the important

object of preserving the neutrality of the Indian tribes, and in services of a purely military character.

Mr. Hanson, in his *Lost Prince*, copies nearly the whole of his war-journal. It is, for the most part, animated and graphic. The services which he rendered during this period, important as they were, were not of a kind to bring him prominently before the public, and there have been few who have known what degree of gratitude is due to his memory for them, from the country. In Sept., 1814, at the battle of Plattsburg, he received a wound, which confined him for several weeks.

War was not his element; and though, for a time, his mind was stirred by its excitement, and carried away by its brilliancy, he constantly reverted to his master-passion, the idea of becoming an Indian missionary. At every opportunity he retired to his quiet room for prayer, meditation, and study, having kindly thoughts even for his national enemies, 'supplicating God for peace, even on the field of blood.' 'As soon as it was practicable,' he says, in 1814, 'I closed my military concerns with the Government, and, like a monk, entered into my cell for meditation and reflection'; and he determined to consecrate his remaining days to preaching the Gospel.

After the close of the war, at about 30 years of age, Mr. Williams applied himself with new zeal to his preparation for the ministry. During the war he had had frequent interviews with the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the solemnity of whose ritual in the first place attracted his attention, and so deeply impressed his heart, that notwithstanding his earlier associations, and the kindness of his Congregational friends, through whom he had been rescued from barbarism, he attended the worship of the church on all convenient occasions. To this predilection was added the belief, that her ritual and discipline would be more serviceable to the Indians than the extemporaneous worship of other denominations; and, in 1815, he went to New York, to confer with, and receive the advice of, Bishop Hobart. 'I have read much,' he writes, 'upon the claims of this Church, and I now firmly believe she is the true and sound part of the Church militant,



or the Church of Christ. I pray God to enlighten me more on this important subject.'

'*May 44.* Presented my letters to Bishop Hobart. He received me with great cordiality, and appeared to be much gratified.

'*22d.* Took breakfast at Dr. Hosack's, etc.

'*29th.* Bishop Hobart has requested me to take my board with the Rev. Mr. Onderdonk,' etc.

Bishop Hobart entered heartily into the designs of Mr. Williams. It has been stated that the extreme doctrines of Calvinism were not in harmony with his views, but it was nearly impossible that he should have been unaffected by them.

'When I touched,' he says, 'upon some controverted points of theology, the Bishop abruptly observed, that I was straining too much on those points, which were considered, by some, to be in close alliance with the Calvinists. "Rt. Rev. Father," said I, "it is not my wish to know, on the present occasion, Calvin, Luther, Arminius, or Wesley, but Christ and him crucified. I have no desire to embrace the opinions of men, farther than they follow Christ. It is my wish always to appeal to the law and to the testimony; and if their religious opinions are not in accordance with the Holy Scriptures, I, of course, reject them." To which the Bishop, with a placid countenance, replied, "Right, my son." I continued: "You see, father, I am somewhat free and independent in my views in regard to the high doctrines of the Gospel. If I am to be a teacher in the Episcopal Church, I trust I shall not be compelled to receive, anything as an article of faith which I may view as repugnant to the word of God. I acknowledge the Thirty-nine Articles are such as to command the approbation of orthodox Christians, and contain a vast amount of important truth, yet they were composed by fallible men. I will cheerfully adhere to them, so far as they agree with the word of God." "This is all," said the Bishop, "we can ask of you." And then continued, in a solemn voice: "My son, holding the mystery of faith in a pure conscience, let no man despise thy

youth, but be thou an example to the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.”’

For the first time in his life, he received the communion in St. John's Church, May 21, 1815, from the hands of the Bishop and the Rev. B. T. Onderdonk.

It was determined by the Bishop to send him among the Indians as a catechist, lay reader, and schoolmaster; and in this humble capacity he continued many years, performing all the duties of the ministry, except the administration of the sacraments. But although his labors were crowned with the most ample success, and he enjoyed the full confidence of Bishop Hobart, he was not ordained until 1826. He was satisfied with the work assigned him. Personal display was not in his nature. Almost instinctively he attached himself everywhere to the highest and most gifted minds. But through all vicissitudes his affections reverted to the Indian huts on which his eyes had opened in boyhood, and to preach the glad tidings of salvation, in sounds to others barbarous, but to him most meaning and most musical, was the one absorbing idea of his heart.

He undertook to revise former translations of the Prayer-book in the Mohawk language, and also to establish a school at St. Regis. But in this last object he was foiled by the influence of the Romish priests, and by prejudices arising from the part he took in the war, from which the purest intentions, and the most self-denying conduct did not protect him.

He next turned to the Oneidas, one-half of whom, though professedly Christian, were in the most deplorable condition, and the rest given up to idolatry and every vice; and so wonderful was his success among them, that in 1817 all the principal chiefs of both parties united in signing an address to the Governor of New York, in which they professed their entire faith in the Christian religion. This most interesting document is in the archives of New York, and is copied by Mr. Hanson.

From time to time certain hints came to the hearing of Mr. Williams, implying doubts as to the reality of his origin and

family. But it was not until he was permitted by the priest at the Sault St. Louis to examine the parochial register, that he discovered that all the names of the children of Thomas Williams were registered *except his own*. This was the first time that serious doubts were awakened in his mind as to his belonging to that family, but having nothing to support them they gradually died away. While wholly absorbed in present interests, duties, and trials, he referred the whole subject to Providence and futurity, and he continued to act and feel in everything toward his reputed kinsmen, far and near, as he had always done.

In 1822, under circumstances which need not be here detailed, Mr. Williams removed with a portion of the Oneidas to Green Bay, on the Western border of Lake Michigan. Here he hoped to establish a colony that would be a perpetual seat and undisturbed haven of a down-trodden race. His dream, which he indulged in common with his Bishop and President Monroe, who had mainly encouraged the project of removal, was, that all the remains of the Indian race in the territories of the United States should be there gathered into one vast community, where the savage tribes might be won over to civilization and Christianity by intercourse with their already civilized brethren. With this unselfish hope he braved the hardships of the wilderness, poverty, and isolation, and patiently awaited the hour when he should be repaid by the sight of the prosperity of his people.

The limits of this sketch does not allow more than a bare mention of the subsequent events of the career of the humble, laborious missionary—the successful treaty for the grant of lands at Green Bay, by services poorly rewarded; his marriage with a lovely lady of French and Indian descent; his ordination at Oneida by Bishop Hobart; of aspersions triumphantly refuted; struggles against return of ill health; his reverses and pecuniary embarrassments; the friendly patronage of Lewis Cass; his visits at Washington in behalf of Indian rights; the relinquishment of his charge at Green Bay and return to St. Regis; of Romish persecution and detraction—these and other interesting events in the varied life of Mr.

Williams are related with circumstantial minuteness by Mr. Hanson. It is from the volume of Mr. Hanson, *The Lost Prince*, that the writer of this sketch has chiefly drawn his materials. The indefatigable journalist, an Episcopal clergyman of high respectability, then residing at Haddington, on the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, possessed peculiar advantages for investigating this subject, of which he has availed himself with rare zeal and exhaustive industry.

Thus far the endeavor has been, in this limited sketch, to present only the events of the biography, omitting topics of speculation and argument such as are freely presented in the extended work of Mr. Hanson, leaving the intelligent reader to frame his conclusions from those facts. He is aware that the conviction to which his own mind has been led, namely, that Mr. Williams was the son of the unfortunate King of France and the lovely Marie-Antoinette, may not have been generally received in this country, and certainly not in France; not from an evident improbability in the story itself, but because it is little known, or because the conclusion is thought to be too strange and romantic to be true. And he will now, in the fullest view of all that may involve this conclusion in doubt, proceed to the one incident in the narrative which, in his own estimation, places the conclusion above the limits of reasonable doubt.

In the summer of 1850, as Mr. Hanson relates, Mr. Williams met himself and the late Dr. Francis L. Hawks, the celebrated pulpit orator, in New York, by appointment. A prolonged interview ensued, of which the chief subject was the matter of a rumor that had already obtained some currency, relative to an interview said to have taken place some years previously between Mr. Williams and the Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe, then the reigning King of France. With the frankness and simplicity which were the remarkable characteristics of Mr. Williams, and mainly in answer to the questions put to him by these two gentlemen, he made full statements concerning that interview, which 'were treasured up,' as Mr. H. says, 'in a retentive memory,' and immediately afterward written out by him as nearly as possible in his own

words. The details occupy several pages of his book, but must here be abridged, to the loss of much of the animation and interest of this remarkable narrative.

Mr. Williams said that in October, 1841, he was at Mackinac, waiting the arrival of the steamer from Buffalo to Green Bay. Crowds of people had assembled to see the Prince de Joinville, who was expected in the Buffalo boat. The Prince in due time arrived with his retinue. While stopping for a short time, the captain (John Shook) came to him and told him that on the passage the Prince had made inquiries respecting a Rev. Mr. Williams, and he thought he must have referred to him. After the steamer had put to sea the Prince, through the captain, expressed a desire to have an interview with him. An introduction followed, and much conversation ensued, in which he found the Prince extremely intelligent and interesting, expressing himself in correct English. The subject related mainly to French history, and the relations of France to America, etc. This kind of conversation was continued the next day. There was an evident surprise on the part of others, on account of such special attentions of the Prince, a surprise in which he fully participated. On arriving at Green Bay the Prince requested that Mr. W. should stop with him at his hotel, as he had something of much importance to communicate. After a short visit to his family he returned at evening, and found the Prince in his chamber with one attendant, whom he dismissed. He then commenced by saying that though the communication he had to make was momentous, no other persons were interested in it, and therefore he desired a pledge that he would not reveal what he was going to say. He demurred at first, but on reflection he made a promise and signed it, 'on condition, however, that there was nothing in it that was prejudicial to any one.' The Prince then began by saying: 'You have been accustomed, sir, to consider yourself a native of this country, but you are not. You are of foreign descent; you were born in Europe, sir, and, incredible as it may appear to you, you are the son of a king. There ought to be much consolation to you to know this fact. You have suffered a great deal, and been brought very low, but you have not suf-

ferred more or been more degraded than my father, who was long in exile and poverty in this country; but there is this difference between him and you, that he was all along aware of his high birth, whereas you have been spared the knowledge of your origin.'

Mr. W. was overcome, as would be supposed, by this announcement. It seemed to him like a dream. He could not distinctly recall all that he said in his excitement, but he remembered that he was oppressed by two doubts; one was that of crediting the truth of the statements, and the other was that of a mistake as to the person. As to the point of identity, the Prince replied that he had in his possession ample proof that there was no mistake whatever. After some questions and solicitations, the Prince said that before he should make any fuller disclosure it was necessary, for the interest of all concerned, that a certain process should be gone through with. He went to his trunk and brought from it a parchment, with double parallel columns, elegantly written in French and English, and placed them on the table, and placed there a governmental seal of France, apparently of the old monarchy. This document he continued reading and considering for a long time, while the Prince was passing to and fro. The purport of the document was a solemn abdication of the Crown of France, in favor of Louis Philippe, by Charles Louis, the son of Louis XVI, who was styled Louis XVII, King of France and Navarre, with all the names and titles, etc., together with a minute specification of the conditions upon which the abdication was made. These were, a princely establishment, to be secured either in France or in this country, and that Louis Philippe would pledge himself to the restoration of all the private property of the royal family confiscated during the Revolution rightfully belonging to the Dauphin. After a long and deliberate reflection, he rose and told the Prince that he could not be the instrument of bartering away with his own hand the rights pertaining to him by birth, and he could only give him the answer which De Provence gave at Warsaw to the ambassador of Napoleon, 'Though I am in poverty and exile I will not sacrifice my honor.'

The next day they parted amicably, the Prince promising to write to him from New York, and the other gentlemen presenting their cards.

At this stage the cautious inquirer, positive as the above narrative is, will observe that it is only evidence made by the party himself, and he will ask, What proof is there in support of it? It is answered, there is proof most convincing to the mind, and such as would be admitted to go to a jury in a court of justice, and such as should satisfy a jury of common intelligence.

In this interview it occurred to Mr. Hanson that Mr. Williams was in the habit of keeping a journal, and he asked him if he had preserved any contemporaneous record of these interviews? He replied that he believed that he had, but it was a long time since he had examined his old papers, and a great portion of them were at Green Bay, and some of them even at Hogsburg. In his characteristic simplicity he seemed not to have thought that any evidence coming from himself would be entitled to any weight. The next time, however, that he went to the North he brought portions of his journals for 1841 and 1848. From that of 1841 Mr. Hanson gives copious extracts, including the period of the visit of the Prince de Joinville, and also those which were before and after it. Some of them were of the dates following, upon various subjects:

'Oct. 4—*Syracuse* (fourteen days before the Prince's visit).

'*Detroit*, Oct. 11; *Monday*, Oct. 14; *Oct. 15*.

'*Mackinac*, Oct. 16; *Oct. 17*. Sunday of services at the church. Two soldiers called and asked for Prayer-books. I was only able to give them one which was accompanied by some tracts. My son now is much better; still complains of pain in the head. May God give him grace to be submissive to the Divine will.'

Next comes the entry—

'*On Lake Michigan*, Oct. 18—*Monday*. Arrival of steamer from Green Bay.' Mentions the Prince de Joinville and suite; Captain Shook informing him of the Prince's desire to see him, and his reply, 'It cannot be, as I have no acquaint-

ance with the Prince.' Then mentions the captain's leaving him and bringing and introducing the Prince, and the Prince's manner; grasping his hand with both his, and his eyes intently fixed on him; then the Prince's conversation on historical subjects, etc.

'*October 19—Tuesday.* Conversation of Prince on French Revolution; the obligations of the United States to France,' etc. Afternoon, the Prince expressed a wish to take his son to France to be educated; then the narration at night, much more briefly given than that before recited. His feelings 'greatly excited; was filled with grief and sorrow. Is it so; that I am among the number thus destined to such degradation? From a mighty power to a helpless prisoner of state—from a palace to a prison and dungeon—to be exiled from one of the finest empires in Europe, and to be a wanderer in the wilds of America! . . . . O! my God, am I thus destined! Thy will be done. To be informed that I had rights in Europe, and one of these was to be the first over a mighty kingdom; and this right is demanded of me to surrender for an ample and splendid establishment. . . . It was overwhelming. . . . The Prince saw my agitation and left the room, with an excuse, for ten or fifteen minutes.' Then follows, 'the splendid parchment placed before him for signature'; 'respectfully refused,' the statement whereof is, as before stated, very brief. Then follows: 'Gracious God! what scene I am passing through this night! Is it in reality, or a dream? My refusal of the demand made of me I am sure can be no earthly good to me, but I save my honor, and it may be for the benefit of generations yet unborn. It is the will of Heaven. I am in a state of obscurity. So shall I remain while in this pilgrimage state. I will endeavor, with all humility, to serve the King of Heaven, and advance his holy cause among the ignorant and benighted people, which has been my delight.' In the same connection he speaks of 'the unexpected intelligence as a matter of grief and affliction. To the God of my salvation I fly in this hour of distress. Let Christ be all in all. Savior of the world, have mercy upon thy unworthy servant, and for the glory of thy name turn from him all those evils that he



most justly has deserved ; and grant that in all his troubles he may put his whole trust and confidence in thy mercy, and evermore serve thee in holiness and pureness of living to thy honor and glory. For with God nothing is impossible. All that I have heard I will lay up in my breast with the greatest secrecy.'

'*Oct. 21—Thursday.* The Prince and suite left Green Bay yesterday at 12 o'clock, and lodged,' etc.

'The adieux between the Prince and myself were affectionate. He promised to write to me on his arrival in New York. The gentlemen officers presented me with their cards ; were urgent to give them a call should I ever visit France. May the best blessing of Heaven rest upon the whole party.

'*Oct. 23—Saturday.* I have commenced to collect materials for letter to be sent to the Prince de Joinville, in compliance with his request. My mind has been agitated since his departure, in consequence of the intelligence he communicated to me, which is startling in its nature. May God support me in these trying scenes, and keep my mind in a proper frame.

'*Little Kakalin, Oct. 31.* . . . . Heard that he and his party had lodged at Cato's (a black man).

'*Oct. 31—Sunday evening.* This has been a solemn day with me on several accounts. My reflections have been upon my shortcomings to the great duties enjoined upon me by that holy religion which I profess. Why is it I am so much troubled with my spiritual state ? As to my foreign birth, it is not only new to me, but it is awful. This has changed my feelings materially. I am an unhappy man ; and in my sorrow and mournful state I would often, with a sigh, cry out, O ! my father. O ! my mother. It is done ; it is past ; and O ! my God, I would humbly submit to thy holy will in that which thou hast done toward us. Thou hast dealt toward us as thou didst toward Nebuchadnezzar in the days of old. We are afflicted and in a situation of degradation and poverty. Shall we remain thus till we know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will ? Holy Father ! remember not our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers, neither take thou vengeance of our sins.

Spare us, good Lord, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood, and be not angry with us forever. O! grant me grace to consecrate myself entirely to thy service, and whatever painful trials I may be called upon to sustain, wilt thou support me under them, and at length deliver me from them, for Christ's sake.'

*Nov. 18.* Makes mention of a threat of 'a suit,' perhaps in relation to the lands at Green Bay.

'*Nov. 30.* From some circumstances which have transpired within two days past, connected with the intelligence I have received from the Prince de Joinville, my mind has been, and is now, greatly exercised. Why should I think on this subject, which is so unpleasant, or rather so afflictive? Yet it obtrudes itself, as it were, into my mind in spite of my resistance. O! the fate of my dearest friends! My soul is troubled within me at times on account of them. I seek comfort and rest, but I find none. The awful intelligence has made me wretched, to which no language, no conception can be true. Hours have I spent in the solitary wilderness mourning over my fate and the fate of my family. Why was it permitted that I should know this? But to God, the judge of all, I leave it.

'*Dec. 16.* Although I have had it in my head that I would read the history of the French Revolution, I have been afraid to read anything of the kind; but at length I have been induced to read a certain author, but my mind has been too much excited by the work, so that I have returned it to the owner.'

Other entries relative to unimportant matters, dated in the same month, are omitted here.

It might seem superfluous to ask the candid reader to observe the weight of the foregoing journal, considered as testimony. Strange as the narrative is, the habit of keeping such a record nearly all his life, and the important entry concerning the Prince occurring in the very midst of the yearly chronicle, and fortified, both as to character and authenticity, by all that precedes and all that follows, leaves, it would appear to a reasonable mind, no ground of question. To suppose

these entries to be a forgery, is to suppose a noble and true mind guilty of a degree of fraud without a parallel, and the too, without any object; for they had evidently been written nearly ten years before, and but for Mr. Hanson's investigations, would never have seen the light at all.

In what manner was the publication of the statement met by the Prince? It was in the number of *Putnam's Magazine* for February, 1853, that publication was made of this strange history. Copies were immediately sent to the Prince, who made reply by his secretary, directed to the London agent of Putnam. In his reply he calls the whole story a 'mass of fables,' except the fact that he did meet at Mackinac a gentleman who turns out to be Mr. Williams, whose name had entirely escaped his memory. He represents the meeting to be accidental, and that finding this passenger to be well informed in matters pertaining to American history, he had much conversation with him on these subjects during the passage, and on no others. The want of truth of the Prince's reply is evidenced by stubborn testimony; by his line of travel, Green Bay not lying on a route that a man engaged in his historical researches would take; by the statement of Captain Shook that the whole account of the introduction, as given by Mr. Williams, is true; by Mr. G. S. Raymond, editor of the *Northern Light*, who travelled with the Joinville party from New York, and who states that during several conversations with the Prince he expressed a most particular anxiety to find out this Mr. Williams and have an interview with him; by Mr. Brayman, of the *Buffalo Courier*, that he travelled with that party, and heard him make inquiries respecting Mr. W., especially of his *personal bearing*, etc., asking various questions concerning him; by a letter of the Prince to him (by his secretary) from New York a month afterward, thanking him for a letter received from him, containing this invitation, 'If ever you come to visit France, please to remember that his royal highness will see you again with pleasure'; by another letter from the Prince (by his secretary) in October, 1843, expressing 'hearty thanks' for a letter from him, and saying, 'according to your desire the

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met at Brest one of the officers who accom-  
rince to Green Bay, and, in the cabin of his ves-  
oking cautiously round before he spoke, he said to Mr.  
Sumner that *there was something very singular in the Ameri-  
can trip of the Prince, who went out of his way to meet an  
old man among the Indians, who had very much of a Bour-  
bon aspect, and who was spoken of as the son of Louis XVI.*

The remainder of the remarkable history of Mr. Williams does not afford materials for an extended record. He continued to move on in the long-accustomed path of his chosen duty. For nearly ten years longer he still performed the part of the Indian missionary, without any political aspirations. A member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, his only wish was to labor in her field and worship at her altars. Once or twice he again visited Washington, on business connected with the Indian interests. On one of these occasions, about the year 1855, the writer had a special occasion to call on him, and he remembers his portly, manly form, his simple courtesy, and his accurate memory of things that might well have faded from his mind. The weather was warm, and he had on a loose dressing-gown and velvet cap. It so happened that a lady, who was making a visit of curiosity, addressed him in relation to his early life, and asked, 'If he believed that Louis XVII died in prison, as stated in the histories?' 'No, I do not.' She then followed with the home-question, asking, *sotto voce*, 'Do you think, sir, that you are that individual?' 'That is not for me to say,' was the prompt and obvious answer. His age was then about seventy.

The chief earthly hope of Mr. Williams during his latter

years was to rear among the Indians a temple in the name of Almighty God," which in future years should be at once the means of recalling them from ignorance and vice, and a monument of his love and sacrifices for them. This object he did not live to accomplish. What have been the real fruits of his years of labors of love can be fully known only on that day when kings and people shall hold an equal rank, and right and wrong will be separated, and every man will be judged according to his works. He died about 1858, at Hogansburg, and was buried by the people and on the soil where his lot had been so strangely cast.

The present sketch may close with a brief reference to the question that naturally arises: If Mr. Williams refused to relinquish his rights in the manner he relates, why did he not seek to enforce them? The answer is, the want of power, and the want of inclination. The impracticability of such a movement will be admitted when it is considered that, if there were still remaining in France any of the Legitimists who knew his secret, no effort had been made by them in his favor, showing that they preferred not to disturb the present order of things. This obstinate fact would itself tend to check any inclination or wish on the part of Mr. Williams to take active measures. And this would fall in with the whole character of the man, his training, the absorption of his faculties and interest in the one main pursuit of his life, and his consciousness of his utter want of fitness for the duties and strifes of political station. If at any time within the seven years that remained of the reign of Louis Philippe, before the reestablishment of the Republic (1848), he could have harbored any such aspirations, surely these constituted very natural reasons and cogent grounds for their abandonment.

*By Mary Estlin Smith*  
 AET. VIII.—*What the Swallow Sang.* By FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN. Translated from the German by M. S. 'Leisure Hour Series.' New York: Holt & Williams. 1873.

What the swallow sang? Not a bit of it. We take issue with you, Herr Spielhagen; the swallow never sang it. How

could you think he did? Surely it was not for this that your Creator endowed you with such a keen sense of the beautiful in nature, that you should misinterpret the clear voice of so tiny and simple a creature. Surely, he did not give you so eloquent a tongue, that you should throw the blame of its revolutionary utterances upon a cheery little bird, that, from day to day, unquestionably fills its destined sphere with song, and melody, and mirth. To put such an earthly, sensual song in the mouth of a poor, innocent little swallow! Fie! fie! upon the thought.

It is not given to all to read aright the book of Nature. The heart must be pure ere the ears be unstopped to hear the music of the universe, and the eyes of the mind be opened to see clearly the connecting-links that bind in one harmonious whole the beauties of animate and inanimate creation.

If there is one earthly sight more sad than another, it is to see a man of high natural endowments pervert these gifts to his own hurt, and the hurt of all those who are drawn within the range of his influence. Such a man we regretfully pronounce Spielhagen to be. His sympathy with poetry and art, his happy faculty of picturing life-like scenes, his unaffected love of nature, all render him extremely attractive upon first acquaintance. It is to the imagination that he addresses himself preëminently.

The taste being fascinated, how easy is it to touch the heart, then blind the judgment. We read that the announcement of a new novel by Spielhagen forms an era in German literary circles. The promptness with which his works are translated, and the avidity with which those translations are received, would seem to prove him popular with the American public. In deference, then, to the power which such a writer exerts, we should bring proportionate care to the consideration of his work, especially his latest work.

In our day the novel seems to be not infrequently used as a powerful engine for enforcing some doctrine, or propounding some theory which the author desires to establish. His *dramatis personæ* are but puppets worked in such a manner that however varied the complications of plot, or develop-

ments of character, all are made to do their part in summing up evidence to prove the justness of the argument advanced.

If there is unity of purpose discernible in the mind that penned these volumes, we understand it to be, the doing away with the institution of marriage as it exists among all civilized people.

According to Spielhagen, what the swallow sang is the cry of an agrarian leveller. Dissatisfaction with the existing order of things is the key-note resounding through the whole strain. But if we ask, as practical people will do, whereto the end? You show us the evil? give us a remedy? There is no satisfactory response. For anything that we can see, it is recommended to cast away the rudder of law and established order; to leave the bark of human destiny to be driven at pleasure before the uncertain gales of reckless passion. Goethe's elective affinities are again held up to admiration, and, forsooth, to imitation! Suppose that after marriage, one's wife or husband be not of sympathetic nature, that difference of temperament and habit exist, reason and religion imperatively call for the exercise of mutual forbearance and self-restraint, a course which, if persisted in, will bring forth harmony out of the most discordant elements.

Instead of this, men and women are encouraged to fancy themselves aggrieved and injured if a partner differ from them in, perhaps, some unimportant particular; or, more urgently still, if caprice or fancy attract elsewhere, the unwilling captive in the toils of matrimony not only *may*, but *ought* to, yield to such caprice, regarding it as an index of the soul's true need—*ought* to listen to the allurements of such fancy. He is counselled to free himself from the galling shackles which law imposes, and, heeding the monsters of selfish desire within, to find freedom in licence, and greatness of soul in the consciousness of having trampled under foot the convictions and prejudices of common mortals.

Could any precept be less timely, any doctrine more subversive of morality? The evil tendencies of such teachings are so obvious, their pandering to vice so patent, that one would think they could gain no hearing in a Christian com-

munity did we not know that now, in large cities, deemed the very centres of American civilization, the tongue of woman even may be heard advocating like views to crowded audiences. And now, when the voice of infidelity re-echoes the insane cry from Luther's fatherland, and the pen of one of Germany's most popular writers has enlisted in the same bad cause, it would indeed seem time that the advocates of implicit obedience to the reasonable requirements of Scriptural law, should with united strength, oppose this tide of innovation, and unmask the hideousness of this mock angel of reform that with bold front has reared its brazen crest in the land. Let their trumpet give forth no uncertain sound who advance to do battle against the strong, who would with unholy step enter the penetralia of domestic privacy, and one by one put out the lights of virtue, trampling under foot those principles of lealty, constancy, and peaceful trust, that make a veritable Christian home an assured sanctuary, and render the family circle, even amid the imperfections of earth, a prototype of that glorious state to which we are now reaching forward when the whole family of heaven and earth shall be gathered in blissful communion around the throne of God. If the doctrines of these modern agitators of society—the so-called strong-minded and liberal thinkers—*should* take deeper root, and, with the rankness of their weed-like growth, further flourish among the people of the United States, shall we not of all nations be most miserable?

Beholding, however, the signs of the times, can it be premature to sound the alarm-cry—to call once more upon the watchmen of Zion to look well to her defences—to examine her bulwarks that they be strong, fitted to repel assault from within as well as from without, since, alas! her foes are oft-times they of her own household, who have been called by her name, and make their deadliest thrusts from beneath the abused covert of her sacred walls. Let the Church of God see to it, that, in our day and generation, even as though for the first time St. Paul's spirit-stirring appeal were sounding through the world, that the apostolic injunction be heeded, and the name of believer be a synonym for ' whatsoever things



are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.'

To ascertain the moral status of a book it is not enough to inquire whether the scenes depicted are coarse, or the characters low, but whether vice is dressed up in so attractive a manner as to present charms for the allurements of the young and impressible. Often in giving a true picture of life an author may portray revolting scenes of crime, yet, in the true interests of virtue, so represent them that they serve as felt warnings, instead of beckoning the reader to a committal of the same errors or crimes, by casting around them an unreal halo such as genius so well knows how to create.

*Griffith Gaunt*, for example, has been held to be a very immoral work, yet could a sane mind follow that hero's career with any degree of complacency—nay, with any modicum of patience? Jealousy, as seen in that book, is hideous in the extreme. The reader feels no more like tarrying in such company than did Minerva at the house of Envy, as she stood before its gates on errand not her own, loathing its hateful inmates and scorning their contact.

The above, however, is not a suitable test to apply to the work at present under review. It was evidently written with the intent of presenting vice under attractive garb, but the attempt signally fails.

*What the Swallow Sang* opens beautifully. The scene is the hallowed sanctuary of a village-church. A stranger—an artist of interesting mien—comes within its portals. And as he stands in the darkening shadows of twilight, his soul swept by touching memories of a motherless childhood, his heart opened to the whisperings of hope by the mere twittering of a birdling's voice; and, moreover, as in taking his departure from the sacred enclosure where rest his mother's remains, accidentally his eye falls upon the head-stones of two infants' graves, and the depths of manly tenderness within well forth. We are invited to contemplate, and in Gotthold Weber admire, the impersonation of all that is noble, susceptible, and magnanimous in human nature. For if the children, whose

untimely fate so strongly thrills him, were the offspring of Cecilia, his early love, were they not equally akin to Brandow, his rival—his foe—who had left upon his cheek an indelible mark of hatred in a deep, disfiguring scar ?

Who can withhold sympathy from one of such manly tenderness of nature ? The sensibilities of this model man are further displayed by condescending and gracious recognition of a former humble playfellow, Jock Prebrow, the silent coachman, who as a stranger has been bearing him company a whole day, and through whom he now gains an insight into the present unhappy relations of the loved Cecilia with her gambling, horse-racing, dissipated husband.

We observe, *en passant*, that our hero is a systematic Sabbath-breaker. Every important step he takes is appointed for that day. Is this intentional or accidental ?

We are not yet fully awakened from our dream of sentiment and enjoyment of word-painting. We are only fairly startled into suspicions as to the true character of the mar., during a conversation held with his business-friend, Herr Hollnow, a Jew, who thus explains his transfer from Judaism into the pale of the Christian communion :

‘ Out of love for my wife, who declared she had suffered enough from Judaism, and also from business motives, I have taken the step—a very easy one for me—from one positive religion, which was indifferent to me, to another that was not less so.’

Hollnow, as one might expect from this account of himself, takes no exalted ground in his argument for the strict observance of the legal requirements of marriage ; more exalted, however, than the noble Gotthold, who, after the discussion has gone on *pro* and *con.* as to the trials and inconveniences of the matrimonial relation, puts in this plea :

‘ But why should not earnest, honorable human beings, when they become conscious of their mistakes, seek to cast out the errors that have crept into the score of their lives while there is time ?’

‘ In what way ?’ naturally asks Herr Hollnow.

‘ By restoring each other’s freedom,’ boldly replies Gotthold.

To end the scene, he is left regretfully pondering the fact, that his own dead mother had not forsaken 'the father who could not make her happy for joy in the arms of another!'

But the crowning immorality of the book consists in holding up to veneration the character of 'Cousin Boslaf.' A hoary-headed old villain, he had not only in youth betrayed the confidence and outraged the hospitality of his near kinsman, and more than brother, by means too shocking to repeat, but in old age he glories in the same, and is held up to admiration for this very shamelessness.

It would be too sickening and aside from our purpose to go into the minutiae of the annals of connubial treachery detailed within the compass of this, fortunately, rather brief novel. We shall only indicate some points in which we believe that Spielhagen, with all his genius, falls below the level of ordinary mankind; some reasons why we believe that his productions should be ostracized as perversions of truth.

If baseness on the part of a husband furnishes excuse for unfaithfulness in the wife, Brandow was base enough. Knowing Gotthold's avowed interest in Cecilia, he invites him to his house, and deliberately uses her as the instrument for extracting money from her lover, for the purpose of paying his own debts. She is mean enough to become such a tool—by force, it is urged. But could a woman of her predicated nobility of nature ever sink so low?

On more than one occasion, this type of virtuous womanhood rushes so naturally into Gotthold's arms that she is hardly conscious of the fact; this, too, after a separation of ten years, not even having the excuse of a previous attachment for him. In the days of her girlhood, Cecilia had deliberately preferred Brandow as a suitor, because he was rich and owned a magnificent old mansion, whose possession she coveted. Gotthold, at that time poor, received no token of her favor, nor does Spielhagen hint that she then felt any predilection for him. She is, nevertheless, held up as a pattern of feminine delicacy and refined feeling!

If Spielhagen would undermine our faith in womanly virtue, according to presently received ideas, he must try again.

Cecilia is a failure. Weak must be the female mind which would find in her character aught to admire; and corrupt the heart whose sympathies could be stirred by the mongrel emotions emanating from so nondescript a source. An awkwardly contrived attempt, on the part of Brandow, to murder the rival whose pocket he was so persistently picking, by means of such an original device, fails. Gotthold escapes uninjured. Brandow, by an accident as fortunate as improbable, is put out of the way, dying sweetly upon his virtuous friend's bosom. 'Cousin Boslaf' ends his career in an equally imposing and satisfactory manner. Prince Prora enters upon the scene in time to give royal benediction to the happy, united pair. 'Cecilia's head sinks upon Gotthold's breast; the prince, who during the whole scene has discreetly remained at a distance, turns away, and gazes steadily at the golden sunset.'

Again the poor, maligned little swallows visit the village, and Gotthold (why not Gottlos?) professes to know 'what the swallow sang.'

And now, kind reader, having followed us through this roughly outlined sketch of some of the contents of Spielhagen's last novel, do you not agree with us, that it is hard to put such a rigmarole of wicked nonsense into the mouth of an irresponsible little creature, that winging its way, as it does, 'twixt earth and heaven, should surely speak a purer language, and beckon upward rather than downward? We know, however, that Satan can, upon occasion, transform himself into an angel of light. Why, then, should we think it strange that foul-mouthed blasphemy gives forth its utterances from a source whence the unsuspecting look for naught but innocence and lack of guile? Fortunate is it for the unwary, when the veil is so transparent, and the falsehood hid beneath is so plainly discernible as in the work at present under review.

Having thus considered *What the Swallow Sang*, as presented to us in the original German text, it is time to turn to the translation, the vehicle through which Spielhagen will be best known to the majority of his American readers.

There is a prejudice against translations, and, like all prejudices, there is some foundation laid for it in truth. From the

author's point of view, it is at best but a setting forth of ideas at second-hand, and therefore not calculated to lure the ambitious. If one has ideas, it is so much easier to express them spontaneously, than laboriously and with painstaking to have first to catch the exact force and meaning of somebody else's language, and then convey them to others. The public say, contemptuously, of a writer, 'Nothing but a translator;' and yet no department of literature numbers so many aspirants to favor. Despite the discouragements cast in their teeth, the name of translators is legion. Translations come, and come, and still they come. Every tyro in the art of composition feels competent to the task; every school-girl *knows* she can translate!

But, amid such multitudes of workmen and workwomen, is the work well done? Is the demand for good translations satisfactorily supplied? We fear not. The theologian complains that he cannot trust the translator's rendering of theological works. Much as a faithful version of some standard old father's writings would expedite his task, he *must* refer to the original, or feel insecure of having caught the true sense of the authority referred to. The medical man says, 'I must read French and German for myself; these translators—the best accredited among them—make such wretched blunders.' From men of other sciences comes the same cry. An accomplished professor of applied chemistry states, that the best text-book he can procure for his class is full of ludicrous blunders. And so it goes.

The task of the translator of novels is by no means so grave. All we require of him is to understand what his author means, and to express his meaning in easy, flowing English; that while it preserves the identity of the original, it shall be filled up with coloring and shading of its own.

*What the Swallow Sang* appears as one of the 'Leisure Hour Series,' published by Holt and Williams, condensed into one volume, printed in fair type, neatly bound, and of portable size. The translator is a lady, who only gives us her initials, M. S., her real name having never yet been given to the public. She is one of the most indefatigable of her class,

and her mere unflagging energy and perseverance would command our respect if she evinced no further fitness for her task. The writer's sex and industry disarm criticism. She has discharged her office well—fully as well as it deserved to be discharged. We regret that her labor was no better bestowed than in this instance, and trust her facile pen may hereafter do service in behalf of some writer of pure morality, whose productions shall appeal to the higher, more noble sympathies of our nature. Let woman, at least, withhold her aid from promulgating infidelity, however indirectly. In so doing, does she not turn aside from her true mission? Many an infidel man steps back horror-stricken before the reflection of his own sentiments as re-echoed from woman's lips.

Spielhagen is not easy of translation. With that passion for saying things in a striking, original manner, which is the bane of modern literature, leading authors into various extravagances of diction, he indulges himself in the dangerous prerogative of coining words. The German language is notoriously flexible in this respect, but the difficulty thus thrown in a translator's way will be at once apprehended. The opening paragraph of the novel presents a difficulty of this description. Spielhagen speaks of a door to the 'beiseite' of a church. Although the component parts of the word are so simple, the meaning, taken as a whole, is not quite clear in this place. A scholarly architect being referred to, explained it as meaning the transept. But the word was in no dictionary. We still had doubts, and applied, with some eagerness, to the translator for a solution of the difficulty. How do you think the translator had solved it? Why, by simply skipping the whole passage! Again the word was used, and again its translation avoided. The opening sentence is not happy, even after this clever escapade from trouble. 'I won't' is not English, nor a needful contraction even in familiar speech.

In a work of fiction such an evasion may be smiled at and excused; there is no harm done; but, unfortunately, in works of graver character the same liberty is taken by translators, when it must be severely reprehended. The mischief that results may be incalculable. It would be unfair, though, to

set up this particular translation as a target whereat to shoot sharp arrows of criticism. It is more than commonly free from error, and those faults that might be pointed out are, for the most part, trivial. Occasionally there are awkward expressions. Why speak of paradises? One is generally supposed to be enough.

Those best versed in the science of language, appreciate most highly the difficulties that lie in the way of the translator. How hard to transfer perfectly the ideas of another person into a tongue other than that originally used. Idioms are so different; the arrangement of thought so variously ordered; the construction of sentences so diverse: proverbs are sometimes not interchangeable; expletives and other adjuncts of speech so subtle in essence, so stubborn and unmanageable from their very littleness. The best judges pronounce translation to be an admirable school of discipline for one who would perfect himself in the art of composition, provided always that the student works faithfully at his task. Let him dive, as it were, into the very depths of that mind whose thoughts he endeavors to express accurately, for the comprehension of a foreign public. To perform a task perfunctorily, to slur over work carelessly, can never be productive of good results.

To be properly equipped, a translator should have a thorough knowledge of the grammar, and the capabilities of both languages that he handles; and, besides all this, as in many another department of human effort, a peculiar gift seems to be required to insure complete success. The fusion of thought and expression, as it flows from mind to mind, from tongue to tongue, must be so thorough that the residuum is at once recognizable as an entity; the component parts being no longer discernible, save as an indivisible whole. A translation, to be enjoyable, must never remind us that it is a translation, but produce the effect of emanating from one source.

To learn that George Elliott served an apprenticeship as a translator, before attempting to embody original conceptions of her own, is no small encouragement for those who would arrive at excellence in writing to essay the task; at least, if

we are to suppose that such labor bore its part in forming her vigorous, nervous style of diction.

Translation seems peculiarly adapted to the feminine mind, hence we find the majority of translators to be women. It is humble work. The translator must consent to be second to his author—an interpreter merely. It is accounted a defect if he obtrude himself upon the notice of the reader, or direct attention from his original. Not, however, that an interpreter may not legitimately improve a transmitted message, in minor particulars affecting form rather than spirit.

Women seem naturally to absorb more readily extraneous impressions, and hence present their impressions in more lively manner than would be possible for a genuinely constituted masculine mind. Imagination, tact, and intuition are all faculties advantageously called into play in the composition of a successful translator—all faculties which the higher style of women are believed to possess in an eminent degree.

So touching an instance of filial devotion, as well as feminine aptitude for excellence in this branch of literature, was recently furnished by a daughter of the English writer, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, that we cannot forbear allusion to her achievement here.

This gifted young lady, eighteen years of age, heard her father express a desire to have some Spanish works translated. Utterly unacquainted with that language, she set to work, mastered it sufficiently, and in six months laid the MSS. before her father. Sad to say, in six months more she lay a corpse, another victim to over-exertion and unselfish devotion.

But whether work suited for man or woman, it is yet work for which there seems to be a demand. He or she will be most apt to excel, and do good service in the craft, who comes up to the work with truest, because most high, appreciation of the responsibilities incurred, the difficulty of the office assumed.

This is said to be an age of good translations. Modern life is so full, so crowded with occupation, that while a more comprehensive knowledge is daily required to constitute a person well educated, time does not lengthen itself out to meet such



added requirements. Hence short-cuts to knowledge, if safe and reliable, are not to be despised. Translation furnishes a highly commendable medium for the more rapid commingling of international ideas. However desirable it may be for him who is athirst for knowledge to drink at the fountain sources of information, when lack of time and multitude of affairs deny him the privilege, it is well to have the pure waters conveyed to him by aqueduct, or handed him by trusty hand in vessels sealed and safe.

Let the translator then be encouraged to work, by knowing that the circle is daily widening of those who appreciate the value of his labors, and that to those who really excel in his art, there is not wanting the stimulus of good pay as well as the meed of intelligent praise.

As we were about to cast aside, in disgust and disappointment, this book of inviting, suggestive title, and coarse, unsatisfying contents, we paused and reflected. How many young, sensitive minds will be attracted to the perusal of this novel by its pretty name! Will not some also be tempted to read this review of it from the like piquing of curiosity; shall even this occasion go unimproved? Was not poor, infidel Spielhagen partly right? Should he not share our pity with our blame? Did not the swallows bear this message in very truth, which he heard, but only did not understand? To the humble Christian alone is given the clue for unravelling the windings of nature's labyrinth, the key being sympathy with the great heart of Him who fashioneth man and beast; whose breath alone gives spirit and animation to all that live and move.

Who has not felt delight, on a calm summer evening, in watching the graceful movements of these airy, winged little beings, as, in Spielhagen's words: 'The swallows had free course. Up and down they winged their arrowy flight, now grazing the ground, now rising in graceful curves, moving first straight-forward, next zigzag; chirping, twittering; their long wings unweariedly astir.' And as one had seen the more aspiring of the busy throng mount higher and higher until failing vision refuses to follow, who has not felt David's longing well-up

strongly within him, and sighed forth: 'Oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest.' Is not the mind insensibly lifted to wondering thoughts of the mysteries veiled behind those crimson, curtaining clouds, where, unconscious of exaltation, such humble, tiny things can float and soar at ease, while lordly man, with his unbounded aspirations, must still be chained to earth, weighted with clogs of flesh, which, though they chafe, must still be worn, and can ascend heavenward only upon the wings of inspired imagination. Oh! to taste of the glories hidden there! And if the Christian's hope be warm within, how the heart leaps up in joyful anticipation of that day and hour when we shall know even as we are known.

Again, what sweeter message than that sent us by our Savior, as he bids us: 'Behold the fowls of the air who sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.'

Let every discontented murmurer against the dispensations of Providence obey the behest, and but *behold*. Surely, in spite of himself the voice of sweet content will make itself heard in his soul, taking the form of some such promise as this: 'Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and *verily thou shalt be fed*.'

How heartily, too, do we all assent, as David exclaims in loftiest strain of inspiration: 'The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork; day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.' And have you never thought how important a part in Nature's chorus of praise is performed by the song of birds? Just fancy the dreary silence of a spring landscape without the enlivening strains of the multitudinous songsters, who people grove, and hill, and dale, seeming to give audible expression to sweet feelings of the soul that would otherwise die voicelessly away, unuttered, unrevealed.

Rise early in the morning, Christian, and emulate the birds in offering up incense of songful praise to God. Once more mark David's words: 'Yea, the sparrow hath found a house and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her

young, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God.' Judah's sceptred king disdains not to learn a lesson from the contemplation of the lowliest of created things.

Remember, however, that 'with the heart man believeth unto righteousness,' and 'that God hath hidden these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes.'

And now, reader, we leave you to follow up for yourself these few hints, derived from Revelation, of whose unfailing waters all are invited freely to partake, whence also may be gathered that manna whose peculiar attribute it is to satisfy yet never sate.

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ART. IX.—*Life of Chopin.* By F. LISZT. New York: Leopoldt & Holt. 1866.

What a flood of melody the name evokes! Chopin and Poland! The fatherland is ever present in his music, and in the gladdest strains there comes anon a pensive refrain like the sigh of an exile. He chose the national *Polonaises*, *Mazourkas*, and *Cracoviennes* because he found in them the expressions which fitted naturally to his thought. The musical language of Poland was especially suited to express the musical conception of the Pole; he and they were the children of one land, and imbued with the same national spirit.

What delicious pictures of Polish life he unrolls before us! Chopin is a magician, who waves his slight hand, and lo! melody and color blend together in harmonious union. We see the gay assemblage—the lovely Polish maidens—the glitter of lights—all is gladness and joy; and then, suddenly the brightness dies out, and the picture is covered with a breathless haze which sleeps above it. The dances are little love poems, which Chopin translates into enchanting melody.

In the sketch of Chopin, written by his friend Liszt, there is a very elaborate description of the national dances of Poland—of the *Polonaise* and *Mazourka* especially. 'The *Ma-*

*zourka*, whose every cadence,' he says, 'vibrates in the ear of the Polish lady as the echo of a vanished passion, or the whisper of a tender declaration.' But Liszt chafes impotently at the limitations of language when he seeks a voice for the more delicate shades of feeling; the fingers which had been so well used to evolving strains of intense and passionate sound, as an expression of feeling, do not readily content themselves with the pen. He asserts that in order to understand the peculiar meaning, dignity, and grace of these dances 'it is necessary that one should have known personally the women of Poland;' and he dilates upon them through fifty pages. It is certainly necessary that one should have inhaled a musical atmosphere in order to a comprehension of musical rhapsody. Those who have been denied by Providence both these privileges must rest content to look upon a large part of Liszt's monograph as an unknown tongue. Every language, whether it be the rich and noble Sanskrit, or the thin and meagre Zulu, sounds equally like a barbarous jargon to the uninitiated ear. But there is a language, equally characteristic of Liszt's sketch, which all can understand. It is the full and tender appreciation of Chopin while living, and the generous care for his fame since his death, which breathes in every page. This is a tongue easily comprehended by every true heart.

Liszt, at the time when Chopin came to Paris, was the 'bright, particular star' of the musical world, and yet it was from Liszt that he received the most generous and ardent sympathy. Such praise from one who, with a meaner spirit, would have been his rival, comes with peculiar force.

Frederic Chopin was born in 1810, at Zelazowa-Wola, near Warsaw. He gave no hint, in his early childhood, of the magical power which has made his name immortal. His health was very frail. 'The little creature,' says Liszt, 'was seen suffering indeed, but always trying to smile; patient and apparently happy; and his friends were so glad that he did not become moody or morose, that they were satisfied to cherish his good qualities, believing that he opened his heart to them without reserve, and gave them all his secret thoughts.' Curiously enough, he could never remember his own age. The

date of his birth was fixed in his memory only by an inscription engraved in a watch which was given him by Catalini in 1820. 'Madame Catalini to Frederic Chopin, aged ten years.' It is not known whether the gift was inspired by a prophetic sense of the boy's genius, which was not patent to other eyes, or whether she was only charmed by the unvarying sweetness of his disposition.

He began the study of music at nine years of age, and his musical education was shortly afterward confided to Zirona, a disciple and passionate admirer of Sebastian Bach. The boy was fortunate in having such a character for his earliest guide. Zirona was his only master on the piano, and conducted his musical training, upon the most severe classical models, for seven years. The style which marked his early execution, as well as his maturer compositions, was characterized by an exquisite grace, and was probably due, in part, to the extreme delicacy of his constitution. His physical organization was so sensitive that anything coarse, or even very forcible, caused him to shrink.

Something of his peculiar power must have manifested itself early, for Prince Antonio Radziwill—himself a remarkable composer, as well as a discriminating critic and liberal patron of the arts—recognized the genius of the boy, and assumed the expenses of his education. Madame Dudevant—George Sand—gives the following graphic sketch of his boyish appearance and character: 'Gentle, sensitive, and very lovely, he united the charms of adolescence with the gravity of a more mature age. He was delicate both in body and mind. Through the want of masculine development he retained a peculiar beauty, an exceptional physiognomy, which had, if we may venture so to speak, no age, and no sex. It was not the bold, masculine air of a descendant of a race of magnates, who knew nothing but drinking, hunting, and making war; neither was it the effeminate loveliness of a cherub *colour de rose*. It was more like the ideal creations with which the poetry of the middle ages adorned the Christian temples.'

In 1830, while Chopin was making a visit to Vienna, the Polish revolution broke out, and he was forced by circum-

stances to remain in the city longer than he had intended. It was at this time that he made his *début* in a concert of Mademoiselle Veltheim. The Viennese, generally so appreciative of the delicate subtleties of art, did not give him the warm reception which his talent merited, and his public appearances were few. During his whole musical career he became more and more convinced of his own unfitness for public exhibition. He said, long after this time: 'I am not suited for concert-giving; the public intimidate me; their looks, only stimulated by curiosity, paralyze me; their strange faces oppress me; their breath stifles me.'

His peculiarly sensitive temperament could only blossom out in the genial air of sympathy; he flagged and drooped unless he felt an answering thrill in his audience. It was only in those rare meetings, composed of a few thoroughly appreciative friends, who could follow the intricate delicacy of his conception with quick, responsive sympathy, that his wonderful powers ever had full play. In moments like this, the white keys responded to the touch of his slight fingers in entrancing melody. On one afternoon, there were only three persons present, and Chopin had been playing for some time, when one of the most distinguished women in Paris declared that the emotions produced in her soul were 'such as might be awakened in presence of the grave-stones strewing those grounds in Turkey, whose shady recesses and bright beds of flowers promise only a gay garden to the startled traveller.' She begged Chopin to tell her why her heart should be subdued by such sadness when the music seemed only to present sweet and graceful subjects. He replied, 'that her heart had not deceived her in the gloom she felt stealing upon her, for whatever might have been his transitory pleasures, he had never been free from a feeling which might almost be said to form the soil of his heart, and for which he could find no appropriate expression except in his own language, no other possessing a term equivalent to the Polish word, "*Zal*.'" This word expresses the emotions of regret, sorrow, hatred, and repentance.

In Madame George Sand's *Impressions and Souvenirs*, she

gives a very interesting account of an interview between Delacroix, Chopin, and herself. She represents Delacroix and Chopin as being tenderly devoted to one another. We quote the scene as she describes it: 'Chopin accepts his friend's adoration and is touched by it; but when he looks at one of his friend's pictures he suffers, and is unable to utter a word. He is a musician, and nothing but a musician. His thoughts can be expressed only in music. He has much wit, tact, and *malice*, but he understands nothing of pictures and statuary. Michael Angelo frightens him. Rubens horrifies him. Everything that appears eccentric scandalizes him. He limits himself, by a singular anomaly, to the rigidest conventionality. His genius is the most original and individual that exists, but he dislikes to have any one tell him so.'

Delacroix, during Chopin's performance on the piano, talks in a low tone to Madame Sand. 'Chopin does not listen any longer; he is improvising carelessly. He stops. "Well, well," cries Delacroix, "that is not all!" "It's not begun. Nothing occurs to me. Nothing but shades, shadows, reliefs, which are all vague. I am trying to fix the color, but I can't even make sure of the drawing." "You won't get one without the other," said Delacroix, "and you will find them both." "But if I only find moonlight?" "You will have the shade of a shade," answered Eugene.

'That idea pleases the divine artist. He goes on, without seeming to begin again, so vague and uncertain is his theme. Before our eyes float the soft tints which respond to the gentle modulations which we hear.

'The bell rings. Chopin shivers and stops playing. I tell the servant I am not at home for any one. "But," said Chopin, "you are for *him*." "Who can it be?" "Mickiewicz." "Oh, yes, to be sure. But how do you know it is he?" "I don't know, but I am sure it is he; I was thinking about him." It is he, in fact. He shakes hands with us all kindly, and takes a seat in the corner, begging Chopin to go on. Chopin continues; he is inspired; he is sublime.

'But the servant bursts into the room in terror. The house is on fire! We rush out, and find my chamber on fire! but

we are in time to save it. We put it out at once. Still, it keeps us busy for an hour, and we then ask: "Where can Mickiewicz be?" We call for him—he does not answer; we return to the parlor—he is not there. Ah! there he is in the little corner where we left him. The lamp had gone out, but he did not notice it. We made a great deal of noise two paces off, but he did not hear anything. He did not even ask why we left him alone; he did not know he had been alone. He had been listening to Chopin, and he was still hearing him.'

The inspiration of the artist's solitary moments, in which he is alone with his own high thoughts, when the beauty of the outer world surges in upon him and floods his soul in exquisite delight, will not come to him in the presence of a multitude. He must look for another inspiration; the vibration must then act and re-act between the musician and his listeners, till it rouses in him the echo of his moments of solitary exaltation. He must control his audience and sway them by the power of his magic, or he must forever fail of being a successful executive musician. Chopin's delicate spirit felt the first chill of non-appreciation, and thus lost the power of establishing a *rapport* with his audience.

It was no lack of courage which made him succumb so readily to circumstances, but he possessed the feminine courage to endure, rather than the masculine courage to dare. He felt keenly not so much the want of appreciation, as the partial appreciation, and *mis*-appreciation of his hearers. A word of eulogy would sometimes make him shrink with pain, either because it was partial and he thirsted for a full recognition, or because it showed a want of the discrimination and responsive feeling which he needed. That indiscriminating praise 'which misses every valid quality,' is a severer sting to the artistic soul which is thirsty for sympathy, not greedy for praise, than is the total obliviousness of the public.

After he went to Paris he found the sympathy and friendship he needed. In the *Nocturnes*, which he wrote after ten years' sojourn in the midst of the refinements of Parisian society, we find that his native accent is neither lost nor im-



paired. The spirit of the north breathes through them all. Among the admiring friends who surrounded him, the one with whom his future was most closely connected was the celebrated French novelist, Madame Sand.

This woman possessed one of those imperious natures which absorbed all who came near her with herself. She saw in Chopin what she needed for her further self-development. The usual conditions were reversed, perhaps, because her mind was of so strong and masculine a cast, and his was so delicately feminine. She gives an account of their friendship in *Lucrezia Floriani*. She loved Chopin with a tender, protecting love, but he abandoned himself to an absorbing passion for her, which resembled more the self-devoted love of a woman than the ordinary love of a man.

The pulmonary complaint, which had filled his childhood with suffering, now manifested itself again. He was ordered to go South, and he repaired, with Madame Sand, to the island of Majorca. She nursed him with the tenderest solicitude through his illness, and by her unwearied care brought him back to life. Her philosophy taught her to believe marriage 'a snare to a man, and a delusion to a woman.' She refused to sacrifice her philosophy upon the altar of her affections. Chopin opposed himself violently to her philosophical creed, and from the hour when she announced her decision as final, he was seized with a miserable jealousy, for which there was no real ground. The *Floriani* confesses that she, at last, 'grew tired of his endless reproaches, and the knell of their separation was at length sounded.'

This love, which was but an insignificant episode in the life of Madame Sand, which barely touched her exuberant being, undermined the health and broke the heart of Chopin. 'All the cords which bind me to life,' he would say, 'are broken.' He seemed entirely indifferent in regard to his health. 'Why should I care? I have no one to live for,' he said; 'no second friend.'

On the 15th of October, 1849, his attacks of suffocation and distress became more violent and of greater duration. During an interval of comparative ease, he looked up and saw the

Countess Potocka standing, clothed in flowing white, at the foot of his bed. He did not seem to recognize her, but apparently thought it was an apparition. He eagerly asked her to sing. The piano was rolled to the door of the chamber, and with her exquisite voice, made tender with stifled sobs, the Countess sang the famous Canticle to the Virgin, which, it is said, once saved the life of Stradella. 'How beautiful it is,' he murmured. 'My God, how very beautiful! Again—again!' With the tears streaming down her face, his countrywoman complied, and sang a hymn from Marcello. Involuntarily all who were present fell upon their knees. The sacred silence was only broken by the voice of the Countess floating, like a melody from heaven, above the sighs and sobs which formed its heavy, mournful earth-accompaniment. It was the haunted hour of twilight; a dying light lent its mysterious shadows to this sad scene; the sister of Chopin, prostrated near his bed, wept and prayed, and never quitted this attitude of supplication while the life of the brother she had so cherished lasted.

It was said by the ancients that 'the soul consisted first of harmony and rhythm, and, ere it gave itself to the body, had listened to the divine harmony.' The soul of Chopin was wafted, by pearly notes of melody, into the presence of that heavenly music which he had never quite forgotten.

The very last act of his life was not without a touch of pathos. He bent over to kiss the hand of M. Gutman, who supported his head, and, while giving this tender token of love, he expired.

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ART. X.—*Fragments of Science for Unscientific People: A Series of detached Essays, Lectures and Reviews.* By JOHN TYNDALL, LL. D., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

'The sciences,' says Pascal, 'have two extremities which touch each other. The one is that pure natural ignorance in

which we are born; the other is that point to which great minds attain, who, having gone the whole round of possible human knowledge, find that they know nothing, and that they end in the same ignorance in which they began. But it is an intelligent ignorance which knows itself. Those who have come forth from their native ignorance, and yet have not reached this other extreme, are tinged with scientific conceit, and claim to be learned and intelligent. Those are the men who trouble the world.'

Perhaps one of the most striking illustrations of the closing sentences of this extract, is the work which forms the head of this article. The name of those illustrations just about this time in the scientific world, especially in its lowest department, that of inorganic matter, is legion, and one could hardly go amiss in finding single cases. There are some, however, which are specially noteworthy. Among these is the author of this work.

This writer, well-known for his attainments in other departments of science, has, in various forms, come before the public with his views in regard to that of Theology. The most noted, perhaps, of his utterances in this direction, is that in respect to the subject of prayer: the effort to prove that prayer has no control in the domain of physical nature. The religious public were more especially startled and shocked by a proposed experiment upon this point some two years ago. But the readers of Professor Tyndall were aware that the substance of what was involved in the proposal of that experiment had already been given to the world. We may, therefore, go back in our examination to some of these earlier publications. It will be seen that they touch not only the subject of prayer in the control of physical nature, but prayer of all kinds—the supernatural in all its possibilities, whether of revelation, of miracle, or even of the truth of the Divine existence as a personality. Of course, the special significance of this writer's opinions is not the fact of their proceeding from him as an individual, but as those of the representative of a class. They are of interest, moreover, as simultaneous with similar movements, by which Christianity, and indeed all revealed

religion, is placed in such a relation to the facts of nature, that their claims are depreciated and their truth called into question. It is, indeed, in reality only another instance of 'the science falsely so-called,' the sciolism of scientific men, exercising itself in giving decisions in departments of knowledge with which they are but imperfectly acquainted. But, in the present state of the public mind with reference to physical science, it is well calculated to do mischief, and may therefore properly become a subject of critical examination.

Confining attention to this writer, we find that one of the earliest of his publications, afterward collected in his *Fragments of Science*, was elicited by a discussion going on in regard to the propriety of the use of the prayer in the service of the Church of England for rain or fair weather, as deemed by the worshippers to be needed. In this discussion clergymen took sides, and, so far as the affirmative or negative is concerned, either one might have been held and advocated by real believers. The extraordinary thing is not so much the conclusion, as the arguments and principles adduced in its support. 'No act of humiliation, individual or national, finding expression in prayer, can call one shower from Heaven or deflect toward us one beam of the sun, without a disturbance of the order of nature, which disturbance constitutes a miracle.' That God *can* answer such prayer is substantially admitted; or rather it is admitted that *science, at its present point, is unable to prove that he cannot*. But that he *does* not is the proposition asserted, and the ground of this assertion is, that he cannot without a miracle, without the disturbance of the established order or laws of nature.

Now, the simple statement of this proposition involves, if not its own refutation, at least the hopelessness of any effort on the part of a finite creature to establish it. How can it be known that any prayer or its effect, physical, intellectual, or moral, does not constitute a portion of this established order? Any complete system of the universe must take into account the movements of spirit, of mind, and will, as well as those of matter. Will controls matter in actual life, in the domain of

ordinary experience, without jostle or supernatural disturbance.<sup>1</sup>

Who can undertake to assert or to show that the relation of Infinite Will to a finite physical universe is such that like control, without deviation from physical law, cannot be exerted? Nothing less than a perfect knowledge of this established system of the Universe, of its laws, of its forces, material, intellectual, and moral, of the resources of its Author and his exact relations to it, can justify the assertion which we are examining. That assertion, therefore, is without sufficient proof. It is not self-evident. It is not in accordance with ordinary conviction. It is opposed to the special conviction and firm belief of nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of those who really pray, in other words, have made the matter one of experiment. On all these accounts, therefore, it is worthless and to be rejected.

1 If Professor Espy, by burning a certain area of forest, could have produced a cloud and its accompanying shower, or if Professor Tyndall, by his use of an ordinary lens, can deflect the rays of light from the sun; if such results follow the exercise of finite will without disturbance, why may not the infinite will and power be competent to the same achievement? So far as we can get at this writer's definition of a miracle, it would seem to mean any and every exertion of Divine Personality upon the universe. The next step in logic, as in faith, is the denial of Divine Personality, leaving us the God of Pantheism, the God over nature who is Himself a part of nature. 'These evolution notions,' says he elsewhere, 'that emotion, intellect, will, and all their phenomena, were once latent in a fiery cloud,' that 'all our philosophy, all our poetry, all our science, and all our art; Plato, Shakespeare, Newton, and Raphael, are potential in the rays of the sun,' these 'notions are absurd, monstrous, and fit for the intellectual gibbet — in themselves? Not so; but only *in relation to the ideas concerning matter which were drilled into us when young.*' If we give up these ideas, then, of the essential distinction of mind and matter, these absurdities as they now seem would not be absurd; 'our repugnance to the idea of the primeval union between spirit and matter might be considerably abated.' Perhaps it might. But what would be the result? If 'primeval' mean eternal, we, of course, have the eternal union of spirit and matter, and no Creator, spirit and matter, nature and God, are eternally one. There is a theory of evolution which is perfectly consistent with this distinction of mind and matter, and which only pushes back the origin of the world in the will of its Author to a more remote past. But is that the theory of the present evolutionists? Does the Author himself, here, or anywhere else, distinctly recognize nature as originating in the mind and act of God?

But the argument is not left upon this, its professedly scientific basis. There is a further appeal to Scripture. Judging from the way in which this writer treats the claims of Scripture elsewhere, his quotations here would seem to be only an *argumentum ad hominem*, an unctious way of talking to commend his views to pious opponents. As, however, he goes to Scripture we must follow him. 'He causeth His sun to rise upon the evil and upon the good; and He sendeth His rain upon the just and the unjust.' Which we all believe, but which has no connection with the subject under discussion. What there is in the truth, that God sends certain blessings to all classes alike, to forbid or discourage special prayer for the relief of any one or all of these classes in a time of need and suffering, would exceed the logic of Professor Tyndall to prove. If praying people were in the habit of praying and expecting sunshine for themselves, and that there should be none for their prayerless neighbors, as seems to be the notion of the proposed hospital experiment, this passage might have been quoted to some purpose. As it is, it has no bearing upon the point at issue; and the use made of it is shown to be an improper one by its comparison with other passages, in which prayer for all kinds of Divine gifts is urged, and the assurance given that it will be heard and answered. Professor Tyndall's Scriptural argument is as baseless as his scientific one. The one rests upon an unproved and unprovable assumption; the other upon an irrelevant and misapplied quotation.

So much for the argument. There are many subordinate assumptions, however, introducing and accompanying this argument of no little significance in their connection. There is just now a good deal of quackery among really scientific men—that is, of men thoroughly informed in one department of human investigation, but only slightly or moderately so in others. More than once it has been a matter of observation, that an individual who takes up with one system of delusion goes the round of a certain circle. Let him touch that charmed circle at any one point—say of phrenology, of homœopathy, of hydropathy, of Swedenborgianism—for there is a religious seg-

ment—and he is in for most of the others. So with a certain scientific circle. They know of only one set of authorities, and these authorities, each one in his own department, are infallible. If it is a question in metaphysics or political economy, John Stuart Mill has said thus and so. If it be one in biology, it is settled by Huxley; if in social life, by Herbert Spencer; and if in the doctrine of species or races, by Sir John Lubbock or Charles Darwin. This writer, as we have said, represents a class, and, as we shall see, he argues, more than once, upon the assumptions of a class which are quietly assumed as indisputable, as not to be questioned—are often of more importance to be understood than the main line of argumentative propositions. To some of these we may give a brief examination.

One of these is the assumption of the Positivist, that as the world grows enlightened there is a decrease of the spirit of devotion; or that the number of objects included in prayer is diminished. 'Our faith and feelings,' says this writer, 'are dear to us, and we look with suspicion and dislike on any philosophy the tendency of which is to dry up the soul. Probably every change from our ancient savagery to our present enlightenment excited, in a greater or less degree, a fear of this kind.' Now the question may well be asked, are not the dislikes and suspicions excited by 'a philosophy which dries up the soul' reasonable and well-founded. Such a result constitutes a demonstration that the philosophy is defective, if not positively bad. Truth never dries up the soul, but falsehood always does. Such a result was not produced in the philosophizing of Francis Bacon, of Isaac Newton, of David Brewster, of Michael Faraday. Putting this aside, however, where is the evidence, scriptural, historical, or rational, that man started in this condition of religious savagery; and that every advance and elevation has been accompanied with pious alarm lest the existing devotional spirit should be diminished? What pious people Sir John Lubbock's stone men must have been! Of course, if this be the correlation of things, the most savage tribes extant—say the Australians, the Fuegians, the Fijians thirty years ago, or the Africans encountered by Sir Samuel Baker near the sources of the Nile—are the most

devotional of extant races; whereas they do not seem to know anything about devotion. Their savagery, so far from heightening their devotional spirit, seems to have done what Professor Tyndall says his philosophy threatens to do, 'to have dried it up.'

By the way, one of these communities, the Fijians, within the last quarter of a century, has come under the influences of Christian civilization. What has been the result? If a wrecked ship-load of infidel scientists should be thrown on their shores, they would soon recognize to their comfort!

What proof, again, is there of the other assumption in this statement, that man's original condition was that of debased savagery? The earliest historical documents, those of the Hebrews, of the Egyptians, and of the Assyrians, give no countenance to such a notion. No instance can be adduced of a people in such a state elevating itself to one of enlightenment and civilization. Such elevation comes only through contact with nations already civilized. If the race had started savage, it would have remained savage; or rather, as savages usually do when left to themselves, they would have become more savage. This notion, borrowed from Auguste Comte, is in opposition alike to past history and present experience. There is probably more prayer offered at this time than at any other period of our world's history; more in the most enlightened countries than in any others. Men, in every way Professor Tyndall's equals in physical science or in everything else, find no such effect produced as that of which he speaks; find in science itself a source of heightened devotion, of filial confidence in the love and in the infinite resources of the Author of nature, and extending to all the provinces of his dominion. The ignorance of the savage is the mother, not of devotion, but of superstition. The effect of this argument, which we are examining, is to treat these two things as identical. Whether so or not, that argument, in both of its assumptions, is without good foundation. There is, first, no satisfactory proof that the original man was a savage. There is still less proof that savages are specially devotional.

No less unfounded is another assumption of which much is



made in the course of this argument; that is, that prayer which in its answer anticipates physical results is offered only with reference to a sphere of agencies beyond and above the comprehension of the petitioner. The author tells us that he encountered in the Alps a Tyrolese priest who, according to custom, had come to bless the mountains, pronouncing upon them a benediction, seeking desirable weather for the coming season. Upon being asked why he did not seek that the Rhone should be diverted from its course, or its bed deepened, his reply was that he did not seek or expect miracles. The effort, then, is to show that there is no real difference in the two cases; and that there is no real difference between these and the prayers, say, of the Prayer-book, for rain and good weather.

The basis of that argument is the assumption just noted. The priest in his ignorance blessed the mountains, because the blessing rose into a region above that of his knowledge of physical agencies. The more intelligent Protestant, knowing more of the operation of these agencies, asks less; rises in his petition above the sphere of his higher knowledge into a region of the unknown still higher. The man of science, understanding the principles upon which all possible agencies operate, leaves them to themselves. To ask would be to demand a miracle.

To this the reply is twofold. The facts asserted are not facts. The conclusions do not follow from them even if they were. It is not, first of all, a fact that knowledge of the grounds of physical agencies includes faith, or the prayer of faith. It is not a fact, that intelligent believers, the most thoroughly scientific, say such men as Haller, or Euler, or Whewell, or Chalmers, make petitions only with reference to physical agencies, the operations of which they do not understand. They believe that the intelligent Author of nature is constantly operating by his providence upon the most intelligible of his agencies; that he can do this in answer to prayer without departure from, or violation of, any of the laws and principles of his established administration. Of course, a cast-iron god cannot do this. But that is not the God to whom

prayer is offered. 'The prayer of faith heals the sick.' How? With that the petitioner need not necessarily trouble himself. It may be by setting in train a series of providential operations, which bring into play the skill of a human physician, the assiduities of a faithful nurse, or the remedial efficiency of an unusual prescription. Is the prayer any the less efficacious, or the answer any the less an answer on that account? Not at all. Finite mind producing change in the material world does not involve a miracle. Why the Infinite? It is not God working in nature which constitutes a miracle. It is God so working, so manifestly working, in nature as to afford, not to all, but to the honest and truthful, an indubitable sign of his presence and power. The Tyrolese priest might have been, in other respects, a very stupid fellow; but he manifestly had a truer view of the limits of human knowledge, and the relation of the natural to the supernatural, than his scientific questioner. He was willing to seek for certain physical benefits, leaving alike the fact and manner of bestowing them at the Divine disposal. But he was unwilling to ask God unconditionally to turn a river out of its course, or to deepen its bed; in other words, to give such a sign of his presence and power as would exhibit miraculous interposition. The concealed premise, however, in this whole argument is that any operation of divine power, any exertion of divine will, in and upon physical nature, is a miracle; whereas, in reality, God's providence is a constant operation of that will and power without any such element. 'Beyond the boundaries of the knowledge of this priest,' says the author, 'lay a region where rain was generated, he knew not how.' Was he not in this respect, after all, very much like his scientific opponent? The known region of this latter may have been a little higher and broader. But, above the highest and beyond the broadest, there is one infinitely higher and broader, in which the faith of a sound heart and a healthy intellect will ever find scope for exercise and expansion. How very, very small the difference between the most ignorant and the most enlightened human intellect as compared with that between the most enlightened and the Infinite. May not faith properly enter

where knowledge may not go, especially if that faith rest upon a well authenticated Divine Word. Where, moreover, science cannot go, would it not be well for scientific men to recognize and confess their ignorance ?

But Professor Tyndall thinks that there is a principle justifying the assertions of science as to many of these matters beyond its knowledge. Mechanicians, he tells us, sought perpetual motion by looking in nature for new forces ; whereas science informs us that we have all the forces that are—that in the doctrine of the conservation of forces we have the principle of commutability, but no new creation. Very well. Suppose it be so. We are just as ignorant of the ultimate resources of convertibility as we are of those of new creation ; as bearing, moreover, upon the question of the efficacy of prayer, there is no relevance in this doctrine of the conservation of forces, except upon the assumption that there are no forces in nature but those that are physical. The lurking sophism in the word nature needs to be kept in view. Mind is a natural force, so are affections and will. These are natural agencies, not coming under the category of convertibility. And so as to this principle even in the physical world. These, we are told, is no creation, but an infinite conversion. These conversions are the expressions, ‘ not of spontaneity, but of physical necessity.’ But these conversions—when, and where, and how did they begin ? Had they any beginning ? If so, whether through their own energy, or through the will of God, there was something new. The material, moreover, subject to convertibility distinct from, and prior to, the first specific conversion, how did that come ? If it created itself, it was something new ; if God created it, it was no less new. Physical necessities, if the words have any intelligible meaning, do not reside in original and eternal properties of material objects and forces. They are physical conformities to the will and law of Infinite Intelligence, an intelligence distinct from nature, above nature, and exercising over it supreme control. This principle of conservation can only hold in things created. It cannot include the infinity of the Creator. The prayer may only seek ; the miracle, in the

fullest sense of that word, may only be a new conversion, or an old one adapted to existing emergencies. The argument, to be of any value for the object this writer has in view, must show that there can be, even under divine power, no such conversion.

'I can never,' said Pascal, 'forgive Descartes; he would willingly in all his philosophy have done without God, if he could, but he could not do without letting him give the world a fillip to set it a-going; after that he has nothing more to do with him.' Physical necessity and infinite conversion seem disposed to try to dispense even with this first fillip which sets things in motion.

We have thus, to some degree, been led to anticipate the argument of the second publication of this writer, having more especial reference to the subject of miracles. The basis of the argument in both, however, is substantially the same. The paper on prayer, for instance, is professedly based upon the assumption that the age of miracles is passed. The one following undertakes to show that there never was such an age; that the immutability of the order of nature excludes the possibility, at any and all times, of their occurrence. But this latter conclusion is really contained in the principles through which the former is sought to be established. The only difference in the two cases is, that in the latter, the expression of unbelief in the supernatural, in all its forms, is more openly given. Sometimes, in the course of the discussion, quotations are made of the language of Scripture, it is more particularly, however, as having authority with the writer's opponents. He himself elsewhere distinctly repudiates that authority as Divine, and, of course, ultimate. His object, indeed, is to prove miracles, revelation, inspiration, which are forms of the miraculous, all supernatural influences upon men's minds and hearts, and through these upon their physical powers, and the physical world around—his object is to prove that everything of this kind is impossible. His position, as thus defined, is that of a rejector of revealed religion; believing, perhaps, in a religion of nature, but not very clear in his statements

always as to whether he does not include nature and its Author under the same appellation.

As our object is to exhibit the views of Professor Tyndall and his class, we do not enter upon an examination of that which he criticizes, the argument of Prof. Mozley. This latter is abundantly able to take care of himself, as he has proved in his reply to this criticism. Our object is to criticize this criticism. That brings the issue to the single point of miracle within the scope of the order of nature. 'This order,' it is asserted, 'flowing ever onward in the uninterrupted rhythm of cause and effect, is disturbed by the miraculous deviation, by the introduction of the element of human, or even of divine, volition.' The proposition, then, is simply this: Will, in physical nature, is a disturbing force, so in the miracle, so in the special providence. As a disturbance, therefore, of the order of Him who ordered nature, or, as Professor Tyndall perhaps prefers, as a disturbance of the physical necessities of the world, it is impossible.

Of this there is no proof offered. It is urged as self-evident; and, perhaps, under one of the various meanings of the word nature, it might not be questioned. But, as meaning only physical or material nature, to which the argument is limited, it does require that it shall be proved. Is it true that will in physical nature, working in and upon it, is always necessarily a disturbing force—disturbing in the sense of lawless, 'capricious,' as constituting an interruption of cause and effect? Disorderly wills make disturbances; but wills accordant with the divine will do not. The divine will ordering all things and all times, and, according to that very order, in special times and manners making itself conspicuously manifest, the very thought of disturbance connected with such exercise of will is excluded, is as absurd as it is profane. Professor Tyndall's argument, as urged, is open to this alternative. If will, in physical nature, be necessarily disturbance, then nature is full of disturbance. If it be not disturbance, then miracle is an orderly thing, an extraordinary physical result, brought about by an orderly and order-conserving moral agency. There is an order of nature much broader, and

deeper, and higher than that of material forces, which includes life, and mind, and will, as well as inorganic matter; each working according to its own laws; each with each, and each with all, and all with the comprehensive order of Infinite Intelligence. The physical deviation from its ordinary course, in such case, and however extraordinary, is in accordance with divinely established order.

But the question may be asked, have we not, even while asserting the miracle to be a deviation from the order of nature, asserted it to be a part of that order? Undoubtedly we have, and for a special purpose. In so doing, we are enabled to point out the fundamental defect of such arguments as this of Professor Tyndall, of Baden Powell, and many others, in the use of this expression, *the order of nature*. It is one which swarms with sophistries, and can scarcely ever be used with safety except in company with its defining adjective. Had Professor Tyndall affixed that adjective, *physical*, or more properly, *material*, to that expression, *the order of nature*, wherever used, as the limitations of his argument require that he should, what a manifest halt there would have been to his conclusion. By way of testing that argument, we may throw it into the form of the syllogism:

Deviations from the order of nature, that is, from the comprehensive plan of all the divine agencies of the universe (physical, intellectual, and moral), are impossible.

Miracles are deviations from the order of nature, that is, from the ordinary course of only one of these agencies, physical sequences.

*Ergo*, miracles are impossible, and the paltry sophism which has been doing service ever since the days of David Hume, to prove that the Author of physical nature has no control, through his human instruments, over its ordinary movements, to make manifest his own presence, and which has been refuted *ad nauseam* in every one of its particulars,<sup>1</sup> is here gravely presented as something original. It would be well for those who

<sup>1</sup> If the reader has any curiosity to see the sophisms of this celebrated argument of Hume pulverized in detail, we would refer him to Hetherington's discussion in his *Apologetics*.

write against prevalent religious beliefs to read up a little on their own side as well as on that of their opponents. To speak of miracle as the act of the human will, or in the gratuitously offensive expression of this writer, as 'the trigger which, by its free action, liberates the Divine power,' is simply to caricature, not to describe, the conviction of intelligent Christians. Inspired men are sometimes loosely spoken of as working miracles. But did Professor Tyndall, or any one else, ever imagine that such expression meant that they were wrought by mere human will and power, and without divine indications preceding of a divinely operative agency ?

Miracles, like prayer, do not plant themselves in the atmosphere of human capacity or human volition. They have their foundations alike in the divine—in the divine power, or in the divine word, making themselves present and intelligible. When Professor Tyndall can show that Infinite Perfection can not thus manifest himself to his finite creatures, he will be arguing to some purpose. 'If he will undertake to assert that he has not thus manifested himself, he touches on a problem in the domain of historical evidence, and he may amuse himself in doing what his unbelieving brethren have not even attempted to do, in demolishing Lardner and Paley.

So, again, as to the doctrine of a special providence, we are told of the recorded experiences of certain individuals as to immediate interpositions: of the votive offerings in the Tyrol to the Virgin for similar special deliverances; and the assertion is gravely made that this is essentially the view of intelligent Christian believers as to the doctrine of Divine Providence. Of course, all these classes, and all theists, agree in one point—that of divine control in the affairs of this world. The mode of that control, in regard to which there is so much difference, is the real question. This is entirely ignored. Does not Professor Tyndall himself admit such control? Consistent or inconsistent, he tells us, in an article on prayer, that it is beyond the present power of science to demonstrate its impossibility. He talks about a God—not always in a very consistent manner, but still as superior over all things. The question, then, in common with him, the

intelligent Christian, the Tyrolese Romanist, and the ignorant Methodist, is simply this, *How* is such power of control exercised? His reply is, only through physical force or law in the physical world. Their reply is various; in some instances no such reply is ventured. But that of intelligent Christians is not difficult to find. Providential control, in the physical world, as everywhere else, is only through the action of will, of spiritual force upon and through natural agencies. The same power which called the physical universe into existence, from moment to moment continues and controls that existence. The error of ignorance and superstition is, that it does not recognize natural law at all; that it makes miracle and special providence part of nature's ordinary course. The error of the skeptical scientist is that of refusing to see the constant exercise and presence of divine will and power in this ordinary course of nature, and, therefore, pronouncing them impossible in miracle and special providence. Intelligent Christians repudiate both of these absurdities. They recognize, with the scientist, an order of nature, but something more than mere material agencies — a living God in nature. They recognize, with the ignorant and superstitious, the control of this living God over all natural agencies; but the manner, and form, and time of such control they leave in prayers and experiences of deepest need to the exercise of his own infinite love and wisdom. The real difficulty with this writer, as already pointed out, is that he does not really accept and recognize the truth of Divine Providence in any form, either ordinary or special. He talks about God as he talks about nature. But his god is either entirely outside of, or beyond, nature, or included in nature, and his nature is not under the control of God. In such a theory of the relations of God and nature the miracle and special providence have no place. But it may also be said, that in such theory God himself, in any intelligible sense of the word, has no place.

The belief, against which this writer is arguing, that is, of will in nature, and controlling, for great moral purposes, the ordinary course of nature, he asserts could not maintain itself a decade if it depended upon the physical benefits derived



from it. Perhaps not; but this involves another misapprehension of the real issue. Men do not pray for divine interposition mainly, or merely with reference to physical benefit. Such results, by themselves, are rarely, if ever, distinctly contemplated in prayer. They are connected with numberless others. The feelings and convictions which dictate such prayer as Professor Tyndall distinctly recognizes and admits have their origin in the primal forces of human nature. But these primal forces are only elevated or purified, or made to work healthfully, upon the assumption that the prayer can be answered. What does this admission, as to the connection of these convictions and feelings with the primal forces of human nature, involve? If Christian, Jew, Pagan, and Mahometan—human nature in all these varied forms, and in its most sacred instincts—combine to accept and act upon a certain conviction, spontaneously give utterance to such conviction, what does this indicate as to the design of the truthful Author of nature from whom these instincts are derived? Is human nature constructed to act habitually, and in its purest and best moments, upon the assumption of a falsehood? There are those who welcome attacks like this upon prevalent belief as damaging Christianity. Let it be distinctly recognized, that when Christianity is struck in a point which it holds in common with all other religions, these are struck also. 'Who is the Almighty that we should serve him, or what profit is there if we pray unto him?' This is the language, not of the votary of one religion against another, but of ungodliness—of that spirit which would disprove and get rid of all religion.

Perhaps, however, the most remarkable portion of this argument is that which has reference to the subject of experience. Whether Professor Tyndall means *personal* experience, or *general* experience, or universal experience, he does not say. Like one of his teachers, already mentioned, he leaves this essential point undecided. As illustrative of the looseness of such mode of argumentation, we may take one of his statements elsewhere. As reported by the daily press at the time, he opened one of his lectures in this country with the affirmation, that the only real source of human knowledge is experi-

ence. Now, this proposition is disputable in any sense of the word. But, in one sense, it was, under the circumstances, full of absurdity. Certain persons having been called together, and paid their admission fee to learn the substance of a lecture, through the *testimony* of a lecturer are told that they are capable of knowing nothing except through personal experience. This also they are expected to receive upon his testimony! But to return to the argument. The assertion of the religionist, as put by Professor Mozley in regard to this matter, is that the Positivist himself, even in his physical researches, has, like the Christian believer in his religious life, to walk, not by demonstration, but by faith; that there must be such faith, not only in the trustworthiness of the tools with which he works, his own senses, but also in the reports of phenomena noted, and experiments verified in other times and places, by other persons; that there must be also like faith in the continuance, through the present and in the future, of a natural order of things, which experience and testimony combined make known as having gone on in the past. Consequently, that no demonstration can be made at any time that miraculous changes in the future may not take place. How does Professor Tyndall meet this? By the citation of cases which are really illustrations of his opponent's proposition. He tells of discoveries by Pascal, Torricelli, and Newton, in view of the reliance of these philosophers upon the continuance of the order of nature; in view of their confidence, or faith, as Professor Mozley would say, that the natural future would be like the natural past; or as Professor Tyndall prefers stating it, without, however, essentially changing its meaning, 'in their *assurance* of permanence of force of the necessary connection of phenomena with adequate producing force.' But who ever denied this statement in any of its forms? Who is it that asserts that such confidence, or assurance, or faith, is not profoundly rational? Certainly not the theologian, but the Positivist. This latter, to be consistent, would stop the experimentalist, as he begins with his faith in the continuance of the order of nature, or 'of the permanence of force,' until he demonstrates its certainty; in other words, would stop all

investigation. Let such demonstration be afforded, and then these instances of philosophical discovery will have been urged to some purpose. Where does Professor Tyndall get his demonstration, or his experience, that the permanent force of the past will be either permanent or variable, or even existent in the future? He is assured of it. So are religionists, but neither he nor they can demonstrate it. It is to be remembered in all this discussion that the object of the religionist is not to get rid of, to deny, or distrust experience; but it is that of the Positivist to get rid of and underrate testimony. These can no more be separated in science than they can be in religion. The scientific knowledge, moreover, of any man which is confined to his personal experimental verification will not be very extensive. To begin his experiments, too, he must depend very largely upon the testimony of his scientific predecessors. It is just here in science as it is in religion. Testimony gives truth in both alike. Faith, accepting this truth, sometimes does, and sometimes does not, subject it to the forces of experiment. But whether so or not, the truth is the same, and there are many truths, and many facts, which have to be received, and are rationally received and acted upon, where there is no opportunity of subjecting them to the test of experiment. As to the further effort of Professor Tyndall to turn the argument of the religionist, versus himself, by attempting to show that if experience demonstrates nothing beyond the present moment, the possibility of future miracles can not be disproved, the reply may be very simply given. No theologian cares to prove that miracles can not take place in the future. What can or can not take place is a question with which Professor Tyndall and his friends may occupy themselves. What has taken place, what is the proof of it, is the theological question. Of course, if what were miracles in the past should be brought about by natural means in the future, they will, under those circumstances, cease to be miracles.

But one other issue of special interest remains to be examined—the relation of the miraculous to moral goodness, as also to the progress of truth. Like a great many others, this

writer finds in Christ moral goodness, but nothing of the miraculous, and opposes, therefore, to the evidence of the miracle that of moral excellence. There is, we need not say, no necessary or natural opposition of these two forms of proof. The religious argument insists upon both; and the difference between this writer and his theological opponents is, that while he has quoted only one class of passages upon this point, they have quoted both. The argument of moral goodness is valid so far as it goes. But, as a natural force, it cannot take us beyond the domain of the natural. It needs the supplement of the supernatural, either in its own supernatural character of moral goodness, or by outward sign, to enable us to reach the supernatural conclusion. Moral goodness proves Jesus to be a good man. But it does not prove his omniscience, his omnipotence, or even his divine commission. When a man asserts a peculiar connection with the supernatural, it is the highest dictate of reason to demand the supernatural attestation—as saving the man himself, as saving others from the possibility of error and mistake. Miracles do not by themselves prove goodness, nor does goodness by itself prove power and wisdom. But the two combined prove both. There is a species of fallacy, often resorted to in our courts of law, in cases where a moral demonstration is involved in the combined effect of many particulars: the attempt to prove that each one of these particulars, by itself, fails to establish the general conclusion; *ergo*, they do not prove it in their combination. We have an instance of this sort of argument in Professor Tyndall's effort to quantify the miraculous element in some of the recorded facts of the New Testament. The single particular in such case, the physical change in certain miracles, is selected and made the basis of the quantification, while the preceding, accompanying, and following circumstances, which give special character to each case, are ignored, or assumed to be entirely similar. When we quantify facts, we must include all the particulars. The miracle in every case has a great many more facts than that of the physical operation and result. Some of the most preëminently miraculous occurrences described in the Old and New Testaments consist

almost entirely in a combination of phenomena, any one of which is only natural. 'Elias prayed, and it obtained not for three years and six months; and he prayed again and the heavens gave rain.' There is nothing here in Elias' act of prayer that is supernatural; although, according to Professor Tyndall and Dr. Thompson, it was very useless and foolish. There is nothing supernatural either in a drought, or in a rain at the end of it, or in the announcements of Elias that the rain would be withheld or granted at certain times. The particulars, each one in itself, are all natural. But are they so in their collocation? Would the elimination of the supernatural from these particulars singly, get rid of it in their combination? <sup>1</sup>

When, again, Professor Tyndall infers that because Mahometanism succeeded without miracles, therefore, a miracle is not necessary to explain the success of Christianity, he ignores the peculiar nature of the facts upon which his inference is dependent. There is nothing remarkable in a religion succeeding by force. There is nothing, again, very remarkable in a religion succeeding by moral suasion. The religious history of the world is full of such cases. But there is something remarkable, perfectly unique, in a religion succeeding upon its assertion of miracle—upon its assertion of the miraculous character of its author and his works; and in getting these assertions behind and acted upon by those whose observations and experience enabled them to know whether or not they were true. This is the peculiarity of Christianity, and all these natural explanations of its success, break down because they ignore the peculiar aspect under which it comes before the world and the peculiar agency through which it sought and achieved success. Here we come to a question of

<sup>1</sup> Some years ago a person of eminent ability in his own department, but who was ambitious of displaying his powers on matters which he had not studied, was declaiming on the destruction of Senacherib's army, which he said was doubtless the effect of the simoon—the pestilential blast from the desert, which has often proved fatal to travellers. There was, therefore, he said, nothing miraculous in the event; nothing that could not be accounted for by natural causes. 'And what difference does that make,' said a youth who was in the company, 'if it was prophesied?'

fact and evidence, and there is but one way of meeting it, that of fairly examining the evidence, the particular evidence in the case, and showing it to be worthless or insufficient. What, let us examine, is Professor Tyndall's way?

Just here, as in the argument already adduced in the order of nature, with a sophism of Hume, which Archbishop Whately has already exposed.

'We have only to open our eyes to see what honest and even intellectual men and women are capable of in the way of evidence in this nineteenth century, and in latitude fifty-two degrees north. The experience thus gained ought, I imagine, to influence our opinion of the testimony of people inhabiting a sunnier clime, with a richer imagination,' etc., which may be thus stated :

Some testimony is likely to be false ;  
The evidence for miracles is testimony ;  
Ergo, this evidence is likely to be false.

Let Professor Tyndall distribute his middle term ; in other words, prove not that *some*, but that *all*, testimony is likely to be false, and then he may infer his conclusion as to the particular evidence for miracles.

So, too, as to his special effort to show that the reception of this evidence by the intelligent and cultivated, in the past and present, is really little or nothing in its favor. 'Jurists, statesmen, and church dignitaries know nothing of physics. Versed in the literature of Greece, Rome, and Judea, like nine-tenths of the clergy of the present day, they were, in their ignorance of nature, 'that is, physics,' only noble savages, and their belief in miracles of no evidential value. Did it occur to Professor Tyndall, that the mere physicist, ignorant of the literature of Greece, Rome, and Judea, and of the sciences of his own mind and spirit, is a savage also, one whose tendencies and influences are all ignoble and materializing? If we must choose between the two forms of savagism, whether for general capacity or reliability, we should not long hesitate. Just as mind, and spirit, and life, are higher elements of nature than dead matter, so, if they are to be separated, will the

higher style of man, in the cultivation of the former, be developed.

Of course, there is no need of any such separation, nor has it ever, to any great degree, been made. The educated believers of the past had the physical culture, such as it was, of their day, as is the case with educated believers at the present time. It is no doubt true that many of the clergy are ignorant of physical science. So are many lawyers and merchants. So will they ever be in the press of attention to their proper duties. But it is not so with all. As a matter of fact, the number of scientific clergymen is, perhaps, larger than from any other single class. Need we mention such cases as that of the author of the *History of the Inductive Sciences*, or of the *Bridgewater Geology*. The insinuations thus contained in the language quoted above as to the want of information in physical science of Christian believers, either of the past or present, is as gratuitous as it is offensive. Jurists, and statesmen, and clergymen, in Sir Matthew Hale's time, made great practical mistakes. So did the physical philosophers, as Professor Tyndall lets it out in his quotations from Lecky. He may tell us that the physical science of that day was very imperfect. So he may be told that the theology and law of that day were imperfect also. But they were far ahead of the then physical science in their ameliorating influences upon human welfare, as they are now, and as they will ever be. Human knowledge in all these departments has advanced, and we are persuaded that the same order of advance will ever hold; and that physical science will, for its real progress and elevation, depend more upon a pure Christianity than a pure Christianity depends upon physical science. Nothing could be more absurd than the language of this writer, and those of his kind, in reference to the physical science of the past. He speaks, for instance, of 'the belief in witchcraft, and magic, and miracles, and special providences, and the distinctive reason of man,' having had the world to themselves for thousands of years. Now, it is quite a curious and amusing fact, so far as his argument is concerned, that while they had the world to themselves, they were separated into the two departments

of theology and physical science. 'Miracles, special providences, and the distinctive reason of man,' pertained to the domain of theology. 'Witchcraft, magic, astrology, alchemy, and the like, belonged to that of physical science. That the latter was a humbug no one now doubts. So their theological contemporaries then affirmed; following up this affirmation sometimes by a persecution. But so it was, and, out of the tentative efforts thus originating, has physical science, as it has come under the quickening influences of general culture and Christian enlightenment, grown to its present condition. What sort of physical science is found outside of this circle of Christian culture? It is just here as it is in every department of human knowledge. Men have observed, and investigated, and speculated, upon the phenomena of the material world from the beginning, as they have upon the world of mind and spirit. In both it was the work of ages, the result of numerous trials, and mistakes, and blunders, to accumulate material for the inductions of those who should come after. The physicist, like the psychologist, or the historian, or the physiologist, or the theologian, knows more—has a better method—than his predecessors, because they have preceded him; because the stock with which he starts is that of their accumulation. The only difference in the two cases seems to be an unwillingness with this class to acknowledge their obligations, and a disposition to assume that they are the philosophers, and that science was born with them. Whether a great deal of what they claim to be science will not die before them is another question.

As to Professor Tyndall's remark about 'logic and imagination, apart from observation and experience,' it may be said, that when he finds any one who makes or advocates such separation, it will be time to urge his objection. That he should object to imagination does seem a little inconsistent. His antipathy to logic, judging from some of the specimens which we have examined, is not at all surprising. 'You say,' was the remark of one controversialist to another, 'that you do not make any pretensions to logic. I do not know that any man is under a moral obligation to understand the art of



reasoning, or to be versed in the common and well-defined rules of discussion; but, perhaps, it may not be amiss to suggest that in such an instance it would be expedient for the individual, whoever he may be, not to thrust himself into positions where the observance of these rules is fairly imposed upon him.' Logic creates no material in any department of human investigation, but it is a test of the rational value of material in all.

With an examination of one or two points in the *Fragment*, intended to sustain some of the ideas already noticed, we will pass on to the point of interest with most readers—the prayer-gauge intended to test its efficacy. This *Fragment* opens with a statement explanatory of the case of belief among the ancients, in miracles, and of the difficulty among the moderns. 'The concerns of the universe were vastly more commensurate with man and his concerns than the universe which science now reveals.' Here we have a fact and its proposed explanation. Let us see what they are worth. The fact asserted is, that there is great difficulty in miracles under the light of modern science. Is this true? This or that scientific man, this or that scientific clique, may find or make it difficult to believe in miracles. But such is not the case with all. There is no such difficulty with the earnestly-religious portion of modern society. The scientific and theological literature, in the way of reply to this writer, and those of his kind, clearly disposes of this assumption. There may, through the efforts of such men, be an evolution of outspoken disbelief, where previously, among the irreligious and unthinking, there was outspoken unbelief. Such epidemics of open infidelity, through such means, are by no means uncommon. But Christianity is but very little damaged, infidelity but very little advanced, by such evolution. As to the number of real believers, and the real capacity of belief, they are not slightly, if at all, affected. It is a noticeable fact, that when the epidemic of rationalistic unbelief prevailed some eighty years ago among the theologians of Germany, and they found, like Professor Tyndall, so much difficulty in the way of their belief in miracles, men of science, like Euler and Haller, recognized no such difficulty, and wrote

in defence of the faith against these theological unbelievers. This fact of Professor Tyndall is a pure assumption. Making the largest allowance for the success of every such effort as this of his, which we are now examining, there are probably as many intelligent believers, scientific as well as unscientific, in the supernatural, the miraculous, as there has ever been.

So, too, as to the explanation of this fact. There was no commensuration of the universe to human capacity even as it was known by the ancients. Conceptions of the universe, like our conceptions of the Infinite, may seem to be heightened by forms of expression, by verbal description, or enumeration. We think, now, of our system or planet as small compared with others, or with the whole of which it is a part. But it is as much a delusion to think of ours as small as it is to imagine we conceive the other. If there be any difference in this respect between the ancient and modern it is rather in favor of the supernatural, that is, the hyperphysical, or hypermaterial. For any and every enlargement of mere quantity in the universe to the conception of the modern is more than offsetted by the additional evidences of law, of purpose, of an intelligent Creator; in other words, of a supernatural power, sustaining and controlling all natural agencies.

Perhaps it is hardly worth while, after having seen the baselessness of this asserted fact, as the insufficiency of its explanation, to remind the reader that skepticism is not confined to the moderns. It was quite as abundant, and quite as materialistic, among the ancients as it is at the present moment. If any one has doubts upon this point, he may easily remove them. The evidence produced by Oudworth as to the abundance and variety of such skepticism going to the last extreme of materialistic atheism is overwhelming.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Physicians,' says this old writer, 'speak of a certain disease or madness, the symptoms of those who have been bitten by a mad dog, which makes them have a monstrous antipathy for water. So all atheists are possessed of a certain kind of madness that may be called "Pneumataphobia," that makes them have an irrational abhorrence for spirits as incorporeal substances, they being infected also with an Hylomania whereby they madly dote upon matter, and worship that as the only power.' The pathology of the disease thus described has very little changed.

And this brings us to some of the illustrations of this asserted difference between the ancients and the moderns. Two miracles of the Old Testament, coolly assumed to be absurd and incredible, are selected for the purposes of such illustration: The miracle by which the victory of Joshua over the Amorites was rendered complete, and that of the appearance of Jehovah to Moses in Horeb. 'The average Jew of that day,' says Professor Tyndall, 'would have more easily believed in these than the average Englishman in our day.' We may say that the belief in either case, if of any intellectual or moral value, would have depended upon something else — that is, the evidence. Rational belief does not depend upon our capacity of solving the rationale of phenomena, but upon the evidence that they have here exhibited. A reasonable Jew of that day, average or extraordinary, like a reasonable Englishman of the present, scientific or unscientific, would have first settled the question of the actual fact before attempting to explain it, or to show that it could not take place. As to the asserted disproportion of expenditure to result, six trillions of horse power to the destruction of a few Amorites (suppose it had been six times six) it would not have diminished the resources of Almighty power; nor would it have been wasted had its ultimate end been attained—not that of killing a few Amorites, but of impressing upon the Israelites, and the men of all future time, the great truth against which Professor Tyndall is arguing, that of Supreme Intelligence and Will in the world of nature, and controlling all its agencies. The miracle in this, as in most other cases, is not exhausted in its first and immediate effect. So, too, as to the gratuitously offensive allusion to the Divine manifestation to Moses in Horeb. That the Infinite should be contracted within the compass of a burning bush would probably have been as shocking to an intelligent Israelite as to a modern scientist. But that he should manifest himself in any way suitable to his purpose, that of giving rise to a recognition of his presence, need not shock either of these classes. Suppose the bush had been a mountain, would that have helped the matter? There are those who looked for the Infinite only in the exercise of the six-trillion horse-power,

‘in the strong mind, the earthquake, or the fire.’ And then again there are others who recognize and find Him ‘in the still, small voice.’

But, it is admitted, that if the Infinite power chose to exert itself thus and so, its power thus to do cannot be contradicted. Let us see how such admission is neutralized. ‘I neither agree with you, nor differ from you, for it is a subject of which I know nothing.’ ‘The question is not, has Omnipotence done so and so? or is it in the least likely that the Omnipotence should do thus and so, but, is *my imagination competent to picture a Being able and willing to do so and so.*’ How imagination can picture the elements of will and ability in any being, supposing it to have pictured the Spiritual Being in whom they reside, would transcend the power even of a modern scientist to explain? The truth is, the imagination has very little to do with the facts of such a case, and the scientific imagination in the presence of Omnipotence and Infinite Perfection is as helpless as is the unscientific. The blunder of all such arguments is, that they are directed not against a fact, but against the attempted construction of the mode of that fact by some effort of the imagination. When, as a matter of fact, we know nothing, why, through incapacity of imagination, assert a negative? It is rather unreasonable that Professor Tyndall in a previous portion of his argument should object to the exercise of the imagination of his opponents, and that here he should limit the exhibition of Infinite power to the capacities of his own.

But it is not true that we know nothing. The sophistry in this assertion of ignorance is in the double sense of the word ‘know.’ Of course, Professor Tyndall does not know of miracles by his personal experience. But he does, or may, through the experience of others. He has the same evidence of such experience, as he has for numberless other things which he professes to know, and which he makes use of in his scientific researches. He professes to know that a certain eclipse of the sun, or an occultation of a planet, or a scientific discovery, took place at a certain time, upon historical testimony, the recorded and proved experience of others. But he knows

nothing, upon tenfold, upon an hundredfold, of the same kind of testimony, when that testimony proclaims the presence or the almighty power of God; when it has to do with the highest elements of man's moral and spiritual being. Is this reason or caprice? Professor Tyndall, if on a jury, would give a verdict involving the property, the liberty, or the life of the accused, upon a tithe of the evidence which establishes the miracles of the New Testament. Upon what principle of reason, then, or inconsistency, rests this assertion, in the presence of such testimony, that he knows nothing?

Thus far we have not specifically touched the issue which has given this writer his special importance to Christian readers and thinkers—his test of the efficacy of prayer. The subject has already been discussed in this *Review*, and may, therefore, for the present be deferred. In a future number it is proposed to take it up in detail, and in somewhat different aspect from that already presented. We trust, in due time, to be able to show that the author's lucubrations here have as little value as those already examined.

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#### ART. X.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

1. THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE: AN EPISODE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. By George Zabinakie Gray. New York: Hurd and Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1870. Pp. 238.

After reading this little volume with no ordinary interest, we feel that we can give no better idea of the scope and design of the work than that contained in the very graceful preface of the accomplished author. The preface is, moreover, valuable for the information it contains. It is in the following words:

There are some minor episodes of history that have not received the attention which they seem to merit. Historians have been too much occupied with events of greater importance to stop and explore these by-ways as they passed them. The same reason led the chroniclers of the times to preserve

no more than scanty details concerning them, and consequently these worthies often dismiss with a few words incidents that have more interest than others to which they give many a dreary page.

This has been the case with the transaction to which this volume is devoted. Although pertaining to a sphere so interesting as the child-life of other and remote days, yet it has been almost forgotten. Many are not aware of its occurrence; some have regarded it as a myth.

It is generally referred to, with varying fullness, in works that treat of the Crusades, but not always with accuracy of statement. The most copious accounts are given in *Kaumer's Geschichte der Hohenstaufen*, *Herter's Innocent III*, *Menzel's Deutschland*, *Wilken's Kreuzzüge*, *Haken's Gemälde der Kreuzzüge*, *Sporschild's Kreuzzüge*, *L'Esprit des Croisades*, by *Mailly*, *Histoire des Croisades*, by *Michaud*, *Influence des Croisades*, by *Choiseul d'Aillecourt*, *Mill's History of the Crusades*, and *Hecker's Child-Pilgrimages*. Many authors, in whose writings we would expect some reference to the subject, are entirely silent concerning it.

But, otherwise than with the brevity necessary to a casual mention in the course of historical narratives, this theme has never been treated. As far as I can ascertain, it has never been the subject of a volume, nor have the original materials been thoroughly explored and exhausted. A small Sunday-school book was published several years ago called *The Crusade of the Children*, but it was merely a brief fiction based upon the event.

It is, therefore, because the field was untrodden, and because I thought that the story told in its completeness would possess interest, that I have written this book.

As regards the chronicles that refer to the event, a list is given of all that have yet been found by others and by myself. For their trustworthiness, it is sufficient for me that such writers as Wilken, Herter, and Michaud, rely fully upon their statements. In the notes I have not thought it necessary to give the particular source of each fact in the course of the

narrative, but have only done so in the case of those of prominence, or of those that are peculiar.

Hecker regards it and treats it as one of the 'Epidemics of the Middle Ages' of which he writes. They who wish to view it in that light can consult his pages. It may seem to some, that to regard it as such, and to call it by such a name, is to open the door for the admission into the list of diseases of many transactions that the world has been wont to view, not in that way, but rather as the manifestations of the universal 'epidemics' of human ignorance and folly.

I have sought to write in sympathy with the little ones whose futures are followed in this strange movement. It has been difficult to restrain feelings produced by a vivid realization of their chequered experiences. While I pored, during several months, over the story, in quaint and dusty chronicles, where even monkish Latin warms with its theme, it seemed as if the children's songs were in the air, and their banners in the breeze.

I hope that the attractiveness which the theme has had in my eyes may not have caused me to overestimate too much the interest it may have for others, and that they who read it may find in its perusal some of the pleasure which accompanied its composition.

2. A SHORT MEDITATION ON THE MORAL GLORY OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. By J. G. B. Fourth Edition. London: W. H. Brown. 1870. Pp. 79.

This little work, or *Short Meditation on the Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus*, we have read with unspeakable pleasure. The subject of which it treats—'the moral glory of the Lord Jesus'—is not exhausted—is, in fact, inexhaustible. It is, indeed, a theme for the tongues of men and of angels, and shall inspire them with their gladdest hallelujahs, not only for time, but also for eternity. If we may venture to speak for others, judging from our own experience, the more we meditate on the moral glory of the Lord Jesus, the more overpowering we find a sense of his inexhaustible sweetness and

infinite beauty. We are constrained, at times, to exclaim with Spenser :

O blessed Well of Love! O House of Grace!  
 O glowing Morning Star! O Lamp of Light!  
 Most lively image of thy Father's face,  
 Eternal King of Glorie, Lord of Might,  
 Meek Lamb of God, in boundless splendors bright,  
 Thy Beauty draws us to thy breast above,  
 With sweetest ties of faith, and hope, and love.<sup>1</sup>

But more frequently feeling that, in the utmost efforts of the imagination, we can catch but a few feeble glimpses of that glory, of that 'wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,' we fall back upon the lines :

'I faine would tell the things that I behold,  
 'But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.'

'Cease then, my tongue! and lend unto my mind  
 'Leave to bethinks *how great that Beattie is,*  
 'Whose utmost parts so beautiful I find ;  
 'How much more those essential parts of His,  
 'His truth, His love, His wisdom, and His bliss,  
 'His grace, His doome, His mercy, and His might,  
 'By which He lends us of himself a sight.'

But our author is never, like Spenser, 'rapt with the rage of his own ravisht thought.' He writes in a far more calm, dispassionate, and less poetical mood. He simply follows the life of the Lord Jesus in his daily walk and conversation among men, and shows how every circumstance and every incident in that life brings out some new beauty in his character. The effect of these minute details is *cumulative*; and is, on the whole, more impressive than any more general description by poet or philosopher. The total impression may be summed up in two conclusions. First, the Lord Jesus was, in his moral glory, more than man. He is never taken by surprise, and never makes a mistake in thought, word, or deed. His wisdom is equal to every emergency, however varied or trying, and always shows itself worthy of the God-man. In his career, indeed, we see how God himself has, in a human form,

<sup>1</sup> The last three lines are different from Spenser's.



acted and spoken on the theatre of human life. He stands alone—absolutely alone—in solitary and unapproachable grandeur and beauty among the children of men. Secondly, his character was not conceived by men, much less by a set of illiterate fishermen. As J. J. Rousseau long ago said, to suppose that such a character was the conception of the Evangelists, is to believe a greater miracle than any recorded by them. The pen which delineated the simple, but sublime, life of the Lord Jesus, in all the grand outlines, as well as in all the minute details, of its moral glory, was moved by the Spirit of infinite wisdom, goodness, mercy, and justice. Even infidels, such as Rousseau and Renan, have, in spite of their theological notions, been smitten with the transcendent sweetness, and beauty, and loveliness of the life of Jesus. No wonder, then, that it transports the believer into ‘the very seventh heaven of delight.’ The rhapsodies of a Rousseau, or a Renan, is the tribute which genius pays to a beauty, whose origin it does not comprehend, but whose power it must needs feel and acknowledge.

In delineating the moral glory of the Lord Jesus, or in gathering up its scattered rays as they appear in the narratives of the Evangelists, and setting them before us in his little book, the author has shown great sensitiveness of moral taste, and great delicacy of moral perception, such as would have been impossible, indeed, but for the teachings and the example of the Lord Jesus himself. And the reader will, no doubt, find his work a charming one, just in proportion as he possesses these admirable traits of the writer, or of the great Master himself.

8. SCIENCE AND RELIGION: FULL TEXT OF PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S ADDRESS BEFORE THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION. New York: *Tribune-Science Monthly*.

This long address is the last proclamation of Professor Tyndall on the subject of ‘Science and Religion.’ It should have been styled, however, *all* science and *no* religion, or the truths of science *versus* the traditions of religion, for such is, in fact, the character of the production. It professes to give ‘a philosophical history of science: Ecclesiastical modes of

thought interfering with progress; imaginary discussion between Lucretius and Bishop Butler; Tyndall's estimate of Darwin and Spencer; the present position of science.' Here, again, we find a gross misnomer; for, instead of philosophy writing a 'history of science,' we have science *attempting* a history of philosophy. But as it is the business, or office, of philosophy to explain the principles and methods of science, so the history of science should be written by a philosopher, and not by a mere scientist. It is the great mistake of Professor Tyndall, that he has attempted to write 'a philosophical history of science,' without having sufficiently studied for that purpose, either the principles of philosophy, or the facts of history. Hence his grand discourse is, from beginning to end, replete with strange blunders of fact, as well as with those half-truths in philosophy which are more fatal to its development and progress than whole errors. We might, if our time and space would permit, illustrate the truth of this remark by a dissection and examination of each and every one of the thirty-three heads of his Address. But, as it is, we shall confine our attention to the first three heads of the Address, which will be sufficient to illustrate Professor Tyndall's capacity, or want of capacity, for the task he has undertaken.

He gives us, in the first place, the origin of human belief in the existence of 'supernatural beings.' The 'web and woof of their theories [i. e. of our earliest ancestors] were drawn, not from the study of nature, but from what lay much closer to them—the observation of men. Their theories accordingly took an anthropomorphic form. To supersensual beings, which, however potent and visible, were nothing but species of human creatures, perhaps raised from among mankind, and retaining all human passions and appetites," were handed over the rule and governance of natural phenomena. Tested by observation and reflection, these early notions failed in the long run to satisfy the more penetrating intellects of our race. Far in the depths of history we find men of exceptional power differentiating themselves from the crowd, rejecting these anthropomorphic notions, and seeking to connect natural phenomena with their physical principles.'

The first thing which strikes us, in connection with this passage, is the easy and confident air with which Professor Tyndall—the great champion of science and despiser of authority, relies on the philosophism, the mere *ipse dixit* of David Hume, to establish the true origin of human belief in ‘superatural beings.’ One quotation from Hume’s *Natural History of Religion*, and the great fact is settled; just as if we were expected to bow down to the simple authority of the arch-skeptic whose miserable sophism has been a hundred times refuted! As Professor Tyndall has not condescended to notice any of these refutations, so we may well excuse ourselves from any further notice of his reassertion of Hume’s exploded sophism. Especially since, in the first article of the present number of our *Review*, we have shown how the idea of a God arose in the human mind, and how its existence was necessitated by the principles of inductive science itself.

‘The more penetrating intellects of our race,’ to whom Professor T. here refers, have never been reckoned among the greatest minds of the ancient world. They may be so received by him—they certainly belonged to the same class or type of mind as his own. But, as Cudworth has abundantly shown, there was another great class of penetrating intellects, who, in rejecting polytheism, did not fall back into the atheism of Leucippus, Democritus, and Epicurus, as our author has done. On the contrary, they rose above the scheme of polytheism, and beheld, above its mob of gods, one supreme and eternal Being, who is the Creator, Preserver, and Ruler of all things. ‘We shall now make it unquestionably evident,’ says Cudworth, ‘by a particular enumeration, that the generality of the Pagan philosophers, who were theists, however they acknowledged a multiplicity of gods, yet asserted one only self-existent Deity, or a universal Numen, by whom the world and all those other gods were made.’<sup>1</sup> In the proof of this proposition, that the generality of the Pagan philosophers were theists, or believers in one only self-existent God, and Maker of all things, he excepts Epicurus alone. ‘Indeed, Epicurus,’ says he, ‘is the

<sup>1</sup> Intellectual System of the Universe, Chap. iv. p. 20.

only person that we can find among the *reported* philosophers, who, though pretending to acknowledge gods, yet professedly opposed monarchy (or one supreme God), and verbally asserted a multitude of eternal, unmade, self-existent deities.<sup>1</sup> Thales, Pythagoras, 'the most eminent of all the ancient philosophers,' Pherecydes, Syrius, Xenophanes, the Colophonian, the head of the Eclectic philosophers, Anaxagoras, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, were all devout believers in one supreme, self-existent God, by whom the world and all the inferior gods were made. Were not these philosophers among 'the more penetrating intellects of our race'? Not at all, perhaps Professor T. would reply, because they were not sufficiently penetrating to detect and expose the absurd belief in a God, or unmade Maker of all things. This grand discovery was, it must be admitted, beyond the reach of their feeble powers. It required 'the more penetrating intellects' of a Democritus, an Epicurus, or a Tyndall, to search all parts of the universe, as with the eye of omniscience, and come back with the amazing discovery that, in all the regions of infinite space, there is no God, no supreme, self-existent Mind.

Next comes 'the birth of science.' According to Professor T. it is right here, at the birth of science, that its war with religion began. But with what sort of religion? 'The state of things to be displaced (that is, the religion to be superseded by science,) may be gathered,' says Professor T., 'from a passage of Euripides quoted by Hume: "There is nothing in the world; no glory, no prosperity. The gods toss all into confusion, mix everything with its reverse, that all of us, from our ignorance and uncertainty, may pay them the more worship and reverence."' Now, as science demands the radical extirpation of caprice, and the absolute reliance upon law in nature, there grew, with the growth of scientific notions, a desire and determination to sweep from the field of theory this mob of gods and demons, and to place natural phenomena on a basis more congruent with themselves.' But here the question arises, how did it happen that science went to the poetry

<sup>1</sup> Ibid.

of Euripides in order to get a description of the true nature of religion? 'It is well known,' says Oudworth, 'that the poets . . . . were the grand depravers and adulterators of the Pagan theology.' (Chap. iv, 19.) First, by 'attributing to the gods, in their *fables* concerning them, all manner of human imperfections, passions, and vices.' (Ibid.) 'Secondly, the poets were further guilty of depraving the religion and theology of the Pagans, by their so frequently personating and deifying all the things of nature and parts of the world, and calling them by the name of gods.' (Ibid.) Who cares, then, how soon the religion of the Pagans, thus depraved and disgraced by the monstrous fables of the poets, is devoured by science? Let them, we say, fight it out to the bitter end, as did the Kilkeny cats. But which, we ask, is the more wonderful—the blindness of the poets, who introduced such monstrous fables into the religion of the Pagans, or the blindness of the scientists, who mistook these monstrous fables for the real religion of the Pagans? It was for this reason—the false teachings of the poets on the subject of religion—that Plato, as is well known, proposed to banish them from his ideal Republic. Plato, the Prince of philosophers, would banish the poets from his republic, because they were, for the popular mind, the grand depravers and adulterators of religion; while Democritus, the prince of scientists and sophists, would banish religion itself from the world, because it had been depraved into all sorts of monstrous fables by the poets. Who was the wiser of the two, *the* philosopher or *the* scientist, the theist or the sophist? Mr. Tyndall, as he expressly avows in the Address before us, greatly prefers Democritus to Plato. That is *his* judgment. He is welcome to his choice.

Yet, as Oudworth has most abundantly shown, the poets, who thus depraved the Pagan theology in their popular exhibitions of it, 'did themselves notwithstanding acknowledge a monarchy, one Prince and Father of gods' (Chap. iv, 19.); thus agreeing with all the most illustrious of the philosophers. Their inferior deities were called 'gods'; but they were gods only in name, being regarded, both by poets and philosophers, as *creatures* of the one, supreme, self-existent, and eternal

God, by whom all things were created. Why, then, did not the scientist pay some little attention to this sublime view of religion, which was maintained by the great poets, as well as by the great philosophers, of antiquity? Because, we reply, it has been in all ages the miserable trick of atheizing scientists, first to adopt some frightful caricature of religion in its true portrait, and then wage war upon it as an abortion of night and chaos.

So did Leucippus, Democritus, Epicurus, and other scientists of the ancient world; and so does Tyndall, Darwin, Huxley, and other scientists of the present day. But so did *not* Sir Isaac Newton. Before the former, the walls of the universe must give way, and the throne of the Highest topple to its fall, to make elbow-room for science. But science, in the hands of Newton, banished the whole rabble of gods and demons, invented by the poets and poetizing philosophers, far more effectually than they were banished by Democritus and Epicurus; and yet, without detriment to itself, it left the great white throne of the Eternal more resplendent than ever. And did not science, in the hands of a Newton, have as free, as full, and as glorious a development as it has ever had in the hands of any other scientist, from the days of a Democritus down to the degenerate times of a Tyndall? Why cannot men think of this, instead of going about here and there, as they do, in the darkness of the world, and getting up cock-fights between a false religion and a false science, for the edification and amusement of all sorts of charlatans and fools.

There have been German philosophers, with whom Sir William Hamilton seems to sympathize,<sup>1</sup> who bemoaned the discoveries of Newton, because they 'rived the heavens of their manifold deities,' and thereby 'robbed a kneeling world of the objects of its adoration and worship.' But is it not to his praise and glory, that he only rived the heavens of the motley 'mob of gods and demons, which the imagination of man had created, while, at the same time, he restored the true worship of the one, supreme, self-existent, eternal, and immutable God, by

. 1 See paper on the 'Study of Mathematics.'

whom all things in heaven and earth were created, and are still sustained and governed by his infinite power, wisdom, and goodness? The German philosophers may weep with Herodotus, and the English scientists may laugh with their patron saint, Democritus; but, as for ourselves, we simply say, 'The Lord God omnipotent reigneth; let the whole earth rejoice.'

But among the strange and unaccountable utterances of Professor Tyndall there are none more wonderful or astounding than those which he has put forth respecting which he is pleased to call, 'The Philosophy of Democritus.' Why, he would have us to believe, that Democritus, the atheizing scientist whom he delights to honor, was the real founder of 'the atomic physiology,' of 'the pregnant doctrine of atoms and molecules, the latest developments of which were set forth with such power and clearness at the last meeting of the British Association.' 'Thought, no doubt,' he continues, 'long hovered about this doctrine before it attained the precision and completeness which it assumed in the mind of Democritus.'

Strange it is, indeed, that such a blunder, in the history of his own science, should have been perpetrated by the foremost man in the British Association. The truth is, as Cudworth has shown by a wealth of learning and illustration which is absolutely overwhelming, that 'this doctrine' is much older than the age of Democritus. He has shown, beyond the possibility of a doubt, 'That neither Democritus, nor Leucippus, nor Protagoras, nor any atheists, were the first inventors of this philosophy' [i. e., the atomical physiology]; and also, 'the necessity of being thoroughly acquainted with it' *in order to the confutation of Atheism.*' (Chap. i. 8.) He also gives, in two several sections, 'The antiquity of this physiology, and the account which is given of it by Aristotle,' and 'A clear and full record of the same physiology in Plato, that hath not been taken notice of.' (Chap. i., 6 and 7.)

After producing his historical proofs, Cudworth concludes with these very pregnant words: 'Before Leucippus and Democritus, the doctrine of Atoms was not made a whole philosophy by itself, but looked upon only as a part or member of

the whole philosophic system, and that the meanest and lowest part, too; it being only used to explain that which was purely corporeal in the world; besides which, they acknowledged something else, which was not mere bulk and mechanism, but life and activity, that is, *immaterial or incorporeal substance*; the head and summit whereof is the *Deity, distinct from the world*. So that there have been two sorts of atomists in the world, the one atheistical, the other religious. *The first and most ancient atomists holding incorporeal substance, used that physiology in a way of subordination to theology and metaphysics*. The other, allowing no other substance but body, made senseless atoms and figures, without any mind or understanding (i. e., without any God) to be the original of all things; which latter is that that was vulgarly known by the name of *atomical philosophy, of which Democritus and Leucippus were the source.* (Chap. i., 18.)

This, then, is the great thing which Democritus did for the atomic philosophy of the older physiologists, who were Theists; he corrupted it, and debased it, just as Professor Tyndall now does, into the mad dream of a besotted atheism. He made mind, as well as matter, to consist of atoms; and he tells us, moreover, with wonderful 'precision,' the kind of atoms which constitute the essence of mind. With him also, as with Professor Tyndall, thought, feeling, volition—in one word, all the manifestations of mind—are merely modes of motion among his atoms or molecules. Such was 'the completeness which the doctrine of atoms assumed in the mind of Democritus.' All mind, in any true sense of the word, including God himself, is cashiered from the universality of things, and only blind matter and local motion are left to build the fabric of the universe, as best they may, with all its wonderful manifestations of might, majesty, wisdom, goodness, and glory.

The great work of Cudworth was written to refute, especially, this form of atheism, which has now become so popular with a certain class of scientists. We recommend his immortal labors as the best remedy for this most deadly poison of atheism. His second chapter, which contains all the grounds of reason for the atheistical hypothesis, opens with the following sec-



tions: 1. 'That the Democritic philosophy, which is made up of these two principles, Corporealism and Atomism complicated together, is essentially atheistical. 2. Though Epicurus, who was an atomical corporealist, pretended to assert a democracy of gods, yet he was, for all that, an absolute atheist; and that atheists commonly equivocate and disguise themselves. 3. That the Democritical philosophy is nothing else but a system of atheology, or atheism swaggering under the glorious appearance of philosophy.' The third section begins thus: 'Wherefore, this mongrel philosophy, which Leucippus, Democritus, and Protagoras were the founders of, and which was entertained afterward by Epicurus, that makes (as Leartius writes) ἀρχάς τῶν δλων ἀτόμους, senseless atoms to be first principles—not only of all bodies (for that was a thing admitted before by Empedocles and other atomists that were Theists), but also all things whatsoever in the whole universe, and therefore of soul and mind, too; this, I say, was really nothing else but a philosophical form of atheology, a gigantic and titanical attempt to dethrone the Deity, not only by solving all the phenomena of the world without a God, but also by laying down such principles from whence it must needs follow that there could be neither an incorporeal nor corporeal Deity. It was atheism openly swaggering under the glorious appearance of wisdom and philosophy.' Such was 'the philosophy of Democritus,' which Professor Tyndall has taken so much pains to glorify. He is, in fact, no less than was his master Hume, a legitimate successor of Democritus, whose doctrine of 'Fate founded on the atomical physiology,' or 'atheistical hypothesis,' is so terribly riddled by the shafts of Oudworth. Indeed, 'the philosophy of Democritus,' as it is called, is so completely riddled, and torn to shreds, by the irresistible learning and logic of Oudworth, that we can account for its reproduction and glorification by Professor Tyndall only on the supposition that he is profoundly ignorant of the immortal labors of the author of *The Intellectual System of the Universe*.

Professor Tyndall, however, evidently thinks that he has the authority of Bacon for his high estimate of Democritus. 'Lange,' says he, 'speaks of Bacon's high appreciation of De-

Democritus, for ample illustration of which I am indebted to my excellent friend, Mr. Spedding, the learned editor and biographer of Bacon.' Strange, indeed, it seems, that Professor Tyndall should have to acknowledge his indebtedness to another for his extracts from Bacon—extracts which are perfectly familiar to every student of philosophy. But if he will only weigh and consider these extracts a little, instead of receiving them from his excellent and learned friend, Mr. Spedding, he will find that they relate to his estimate of Democritus, as compared with Aristotle and Plato, solely and exclusively as students of natural philosophy or physical science.

No one doubts that, in this department of investigation, Democritus possessed greater insight and knowledge than did Plato or Aristotle. It does not follow from this, however, that he is their superior. It only follows that Democritus, who devoted his genius to the study of the philosophy of matter—'the meanest and lowest part' of 'the whole philosophic system'—excelled those therein who devoted their immortal powers almost exclusively to the highest and most glorious part of philosophy. It was only when Democritus, like Professor Tyndall, became intoxicated with his success in the study of atoms, that he reeled out into the higher regions of philosophy, and mistook his dreams for realities. Lord Bacon has well described the character of his mind, as well as that of Professor Tyndall's. 'Democritus,' says Bacon, in a passage with which Mr. Spedding does not seem to have supplied his grateful friend, '*excelled only as an analyzer of the world: in dealing with its aggregates and totality, he was inferior even to ordinary philosophers.*' (Vol. iii., p. 576.) He was, in other words, a minute philosopher, far better qualified to deal with atoms, and the modes of their motion, than with views of the universe. It was, in fact, in relation to 'his theory of the universe,' that Bacon declared he '*excelled only as an analyzer of the world.*' So poorly did he succeed in his attempt to reconstruct the universe. His was a microscopic mind; and hence, as Bacon elsewhere says,<sup>1</sup> he was 'a most

<sup>1</sup> Bacon's Works, vol. ii.; p. 579.

acute' observer, or scientist. But when he attempted, as he did on occasion, to take a grand view of the totality of things, his intellectual exploit is thus described by Bacon: 'This meditation was *very shallow*.'<sup>1</sup>

Bacon not only appreciated the natural philosophy of the atheistical atomists, but he has truly assigned the reason why they excelled in their own special department. The misplaced study of 'final causes,' which belongs to theology, has, says Bacon, 'brought this to pass, that the search of the physical causes hath been neglected, and passed in silence. And, therefore, the *natural* philosophy of Democritus and some others (who did not suppose a mind or reason in the frame of things, but attributed the form thereof, able to maintain itself, to infinite essays or proofs of nature, which they term fortune) *seemeth to me*, as far as I can judge by the recital and fragments which remain to us, *in the particularities of physical causes*, more real and better inquired than that of Aristotle and Plato.'<sup>2</sup>

But if we would learn Bacon's estimate of the *whole* 'philosophy of Democritus,' not merely of 'its meanest and lowest' member, we must recall his opinion of atheism. We must consider, in other words, Bacon's estimate of his excluding all 'mind or reason from the frame of things.' Bacon's celebrated utterance, 'I had rather believe all the fables of the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind; and, therefore, God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince,' is alone sufficient to show his opinion of the unspeakable absurdity of the highest member, of the very head and front, of the Democritical philosophy. It was not lame in the feet; it was only addled in the brain. In dealing with matter and modes of motion, it was more acute and accurate than the speculations of Aristotle and Plato, who devoted their immortal powers to far higher subjects of meditation; but when it uttered its oracles on the most sublime of all themes, it came under the censure of the Psalmist, which

1 Bacon's Works, vol. ii., p. 299.

2 Ibid. vol. i., p. 198.

Bacon repeatedly quotes as a ray of eternal truth, 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.'

Again, says 'the master of wisdom,' 'they that deny a God destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beast by his body; and, if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity, and the raising of human nature; for take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God, or "melior natura;" which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favor, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain; therefore, as atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this, that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty.' His philosophy of atoms was admirable, for the age in which it appeared; but, for all ages, his philosophy of man and God was execrable. Both in origin and in destiny, it degraded man to a level with the beast, and shut out from his spirit all those high aspirations which constitute the dignity, the grandeur, and the glory of his immortal nature.

Hence it follows, as Bacon elsewhere says, 'Amongst statesmen and politics, those who have been of the greatest depth and compass, and of largest and most universal understanding, have not only in cunning made their profit in seeming religious to the people, but in truth have been touched with an inward sense of the knowledge of Deity, as they which you shall evermore note have attributed much to fortune and providence.'

'Contrariwise, those who ascribed all things to their own cunning and practices, and to the immediate and apparent causes, and as the prophet saith, "Hath sacrificed to their nets," have been always but petty, counterfeit statesmen, and not capable of the greatest actions.'

From these premises, founded in reason and in experience, Bacon draws the conclusion: 'Wherefore atheism every way seems to be combined with folly and ignorance, seeing nothing

can be more justly allotted to be the saying of fools than this, "There is no God."

Alas! how dark, how dreary, how low, how mean, how desolate must be the condition of the man whose soul has never been touched with any sense of the knowledge of Deity! Whence? and what? and whither? The offspring of atoms, which, in the ceaseless whirl of infinite space and of the eternity that is past, have given birth to all things alike—to worlds and worms, to suns and seeds, to men and mice, to 'cabbage and frogs'—yea, to the very gods themselves—if, in all nature, there be any such things as gods. And whether there be or not, these very gods are, like men, *creatures* of the dust; the workmanship of chance, or fate, and the food of worms. Such was the creed of the old heathen Democritus, which, in this Year of Grace 1874, has been reproduced, and unblushingly proclaimed, before the assembled wisdom and folly, science and stupidity, of the British Association, by one of 'the most advanced' scientists of the age! It may produce an acute observer, a diligent student, and a brilliant scientist, in the realm of physical nature, but by no miracle of genius can it ever produce a philosopher. It may produce a Democritus, a Darwin, a Tyndall, or a Huxley, but never a Plato, a Pascal, a Bacon, or a Newton. All great minds of the first order have, indeed, not only been touched, but stirred, by the sense of a supernatural Deity, and, by its inspiration, raised above themselves into the sublime character of great statesmen, poets, philosophers, heroes, or martyrs. All minds, on the other hand, who have never been touched with this elevating sense of the supernatural, have been dwarfed and degraded into 'petty, counterfeit statesmen,' incapable of 'the greatest actions,' or into 'petty, counterfeit' poets and philosophers, as incapable of the greatest thoughts and meditations. 'There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding.' (Job xxxii., 8.)

4. LECTURES ON THE NEW TESTAMENT DOCTRINE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. By W. Kelly. London: W. H. Brown, Paternoster Row. 1868. 8vo, pp. 350.

This volume is a course of lectures delivered in London in 1867, and printed, after revision, from a short-hand writer's

report. The lectures are ten in number, and are, in a large measure, close expositions of Scripture.

They treat of: (1) The Holy Spirit as the author of the New Birth conferring everlasting life; (2) as the indwelling Spirit, so taking the things of Christ and manifesting them to the soul as to satisfy its wants, and prepare it, thus satisfied, to worship the Father in spirit and in truth; (3) as the sole power for service and for testimony toward others of the body of Christ, and toward the world without, represented in the Scriptures under the figure of 'rivers of living water;' (4) as the *Paraclete* or 'Comforter;' (5) the gift of the Spirit, the common blessing of believers in this dispensation, in contrast with (6) the gifts of the Spirit, or the special powers and graces conferred by Him on believers as 'members of the body of Christ,' and 'members one of another;' 'the manifestation of the Spirit given to every man to profit withal;' (7) the place of privilege and power in regard to the sin that dwelleth in us, expressed by the Scripture statement, that 'we are not in the flesh but in the Spirit;' (8) the one body which believers constitute, because 'baptized by one Spirit into one body'; (9) the Church as 'an habitation of God through the Spirit; and (10) the Spirit in the Apocalypse as compared with the Epistles.'

It will be thus seen that the subjects presented in these lectures are of the profoundest importance to the individual believer, and to the Church as a body. And yet they are subjects about which very great confusion of thought or gross ignorance prevails among professing Christians.

The style of the book is plain, perspicuous, and earnest. The author is profoundly impressed with the importance of his subject, and the need of the Church for instruction in regard to it. He is evidently a thorough student of the Scriptures, with the deepest reverence for God's word, and the most conscientious care in interpreting it to others. However much one may differ from him in some of his views, it is with a feeling of respect for the earnest, frank, and decided manner in which he maintains what he holds to be the truth.

As has been already said, the book is in large part made up

of expositions of Scripture, and is the more valuable for that reason. The first lecture on 'The New Birth and Eternal Life' is mainly an exposition of our Lord's discourse with Nicodemus in John III. The Holy Spirit, it is here held, is the source of spiritual life in every age and dispensation. The explanation of what it is to be 'born of water and of the Spirit' seems profoundly clear and satisfactory — rescuing John iii. 5 from the misleading interpretations of immersionists and others, and showing that there is not the remotest reference to baptism in the passage. The water is the symbol of the word of God, which is spoken of in connection with the new birth in James i. 18, and in 1 Peter i. 22, and the link between these passages and John iii. 5, is clearly supplied by Ephesians v. 26.

The life received at the new birth is eternal life; not a repairing of the old, but a 'new nature,' as taught by our Lord in the words, 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.' On this point the author is clear and decided, and the truth, as he presents it, is of the utmost importance to be apprehended by believers, but largely obsolete in the Church. Not only is there a new nature, namely, as communicated by God's word through the operation of his Spirit, indispensable always, as we see, for man's entrance (into the kingdom of God); but, besides that, as the nature of man can never be etherialized, so to speak; never can be so improved or modified as to rise up into any acquaintance with the things of God; never can be changed into divine nature by any spiritual process whatsoever; so, on the other hand, the new nature cannot deteriorate — cannot be reduced into 'the flesh, or the nature of man as he is.'

'God is only known in Christ, and for this reason I cannot know God, just because I am not God. Unless I am a partaker of the divine nature, I cannot know him. Hence the necessity for the new birth. 'It is not faith merely, though, of course, there is faith, and faith is the only possible way of being brought into the possession of this nature. Again, it is not only by the word, but by the Holy Ghost's application of the word; of course, by the Holy Ghost so far as we are con-

cerned. Nevertheless it is really the partaking of a new nature by virtue of which we know God.'

The second lecture, being an exposition, in the main, of John iv., presents to us the Spirit under the figura of the 'well of water springing up into everlasting life.' The Spirit, in this new manifestation peculiar to the Christian dispensation, is the power of all true Christian worship. Since the Son has come and redeemed them that were under the law, we receive the adoption of sons, and are therefore no more servants, but sons. In the light of this new revelation must all that professed to be worship be tested. The soul that thus owns the Father in taking the place of a son shall never hunger nor thirst. 'This is not said simply of one born afresh, nor even where we hear of eternal life alone; nor was it true in fact when sons were born again and no more; for up to the time of God's giving in Christ, and by Christ, the Holy Spirit of grace, there was a craving after the things of the world; and God did himself not wholly condemn this in a certain sense, but allowed it — it might be for the hardness of their heart.

. . . . Believers were not then treated as absolutely dead to flesh and world. . . . *Now*, if the heart is not satisfied with Christ, how is it? It is because the Holy Ghost is not given to us; it is because I have him not filling my heart to overflowing with the grace of Jesus; it is because, though divinely attracted to Christ, I have no rest in him — am still occupied with myself, grovelling in the mud of my nature, instead of being taken up by the power of the Spirit with that Christ who is my life. . . . There is no thirsting again when in the Spirit we enjoy Christ, but there is hope still; but then he whom I hope for is the very same that I possess. The Christ I long for is the Christ I actually have, and I shall never find in that blessed one a whit of difference. I shall know him better, and praise him more, for I shall be in a condition where my infirmities are gone, and my very body will be incorrupt and glorious, and nothing shall annoy, distract, or obscure; but I shall find him the same Christ who loves me perfectly now.'

True worship and service, as the necessary outgoings toward



God, and the Father of the heart thus set at rest, is next spoken of. Most solemn and searching are the views presented. Much that is called worship is cut up by the root, and tossed aside as utterly worthless and offensive to God.

‘None but a possessor of eternal life is competent to worship — one who, having the Son, has life; one who has the Holy Ghost as the spring of joy within, and owns the Father. There is no other worship that is now acceptable. The Father seeks none other; he does seek these.’ ‘Men, as such, are not competent to worship, but they are, beyond doubt, responsible to feel that they are not true worshippers.’ ‘In our Christian assemblies it ought to be our heart’s joy, when assembled for worship, to rise up into worship, and not to content ourselves with mere speaking about it. Sometimes there seems too much of this when we come to worship the Lord. It is rather something said or prayed about worship than actually adoring him. I may talk about worship in my prayer, or from the word of God, perhaps even in the very hymn. If we are there to worship, let us be found engaged in the thing, adoring him who should be before every soul to praise, and magnify, and delight in. Christian worship is the outflow to God of hearts that have seen and found their joy and satisfaction by the Holy Ghost in the Son and in the Father. The heart which has not a want that is not satisfied in the Christ we have found (given of God now in the midst of such a world as this), desires to praise, and cannot but praise, in fellowship with all that are thus blessed.’

Again: ‘It is a low character of worship to be merely occupied about ourselves and one another, and ever singing about our own privileges. Even edification, however precious, is not worship; it has the saints for its object, not the Father and the Son. It is all admirable in its way, of course; and I do not deny that, if we are really occupied with the Father of our Lord Jesus in adoration, there will be refreshment and edification; but it remains ever true, that the proper aim of worship is our common praise going up to God; of ministry, is the grace and truth of Christ coming down and so building up the saints. Even thanksgiving, though a real part, seems to me the lowest

form of Christian worship; and for this reason, that it is not so much the expression of our joy in God as in what he gives to us.'

Thus the author proceeds, evidently inspired by the Holy Spirit of whom he writes, through all the remaining portions of his admirable work. The piety of the writer, which breathes on every page, is his leading characteristic; and it is 'the inspiration of the Almighty' that hath given 'him understanding.' Hence the freshness, the beauty, the suggestiveness, and the force of his thoughts. The work is admirably adapted to assist those who wish to understand 'the New Testament Doctrine of the Holy Spirit,' or to comprehend, with all saints, 'the riches of the glory of this mystery,' . . . . . 'which is Christ in [us] the hope of glory.'

5. A TEXT-BOOK OF ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY, Theoretical and Inorganic. By George F. Barker, M. D., Professor of Physiological Chemistry in Yale College. Twelfth Edition. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co. 1874.

The vast strides made by Physical Science during the last century is nowhere more strikingly illustrated than in the growth and development of chemical theory. The qualities which preëminently characterize modern investigation find their most congenial field here; nowhere else does the multiplication of experiments, the searching scrutiny into theoretical truth, by the ever-growing light of ascertained phenomena, find greater scope than in the wide fields of organic and inorganic chemistry.

For ages this science, under the name of Alchemy, and, it would almost seem, under the spell of a malignant fate, worked toilsomely by a false method toward a mistaken end. The ground was eagerly turned up by the seekers after the 'philosopher's stone,' and the 'elixir of life.' Though the treasure so eagerly sought was never found, a better treasure sprung up in its place; for the harvest of physical truth ripening under our eyes, we owe, in part, to the unwearied toil of the old 'philosophers.' The story of so much misdirected energy, of so many dead and dying hopes, is full of pathos; but to us, who can see inscribed above it all the legend which reveals its

meaning, it is not so hopelessly sad as it was to the curious, eager, watching eyes which were too deeply absorbed in bending over furnace and crucible to discern any lesson but that of the utter disappointment, which was, each day, driven closer home to the heart-sick worker.

As astrology was the parent of astronomy, so was alchemy of chemistry. The vague longing to discern the secrets of the universe (but always in their bearing upon the life or fortunes of the seeker) was gradually narrowed down to the legitimate channel for physical research. The experience gained, in the search after the unattainable, proved invaluable when the true end of scientific investigation was determined, and the correct method reached. Facts which had been gathered in the chimerical efforts of the alchemist, and which lay a mass of useless rubbish, became valuable material when organized under the true chemical theory. Each one of these old 'philosophers,' as they delighted to call themselves, though he was working selfishly and blindly, was still contributing his quota toward the building of that mighty temple which rears itself no less grandly toward heaven because the hand which laid stone upon stone was often ignorant of the work it was really doing. Like many another workman in the world of mind, as well as in the world of matter, 'He builded better than he knew.'

Whether the atomic physiology can be traced back to the Phœnician philosopher, Moschus, who has more than once been suspected to be the lawgiver of Israel, is an extremely doubtful question, but it was undoubtedly a dream of the ancient poet, and found distinct enunciation in the writings of more than one of the ancient philosophers. In one form or another it is to be found in the teachings of most of the theistical and atheistical sages of Greece.

In the dark eclipse which truth endured during the middle ages, the physical sciences suffered no less than did the metaphysical. Minds which were occupied with the lofty problem of determining how many disembodied souls could dance at once upon the point of a cambric needle, could hardly stoop to anything so commonplace and vulgar as the observation of mere

facts. It is scarcely surprising that the nearest approach to modern science, which we find in mediæval times is that wild mixture of fact and fancy that called itself *alchemy*. But with the dawn which brought day to the darkened earth, all truth awoke and expanded itself to the light. With freedom of religious thought, with new views of personal and national liberty, arose new methods of scientific research. The same age which produced a Luther, produced also a Bacon, and with a recognition of the uses of the inductive method, science became possible. The first and noblest application of induction was to the motions of the heavenly bodies. The facts there lay all ready to the hand of the philosopher, and there the most wonderful generalizations were made. It was not till a century after Newton had raised the mighty dome upon the magnificent structure of physical astronomy, which had been growing up under the hands of Copernicus, Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler, that chemistry was born.

Just a hundred years ago the discovery, which gave birth to the chemical theory, was made. The unwieldy, though ingenious, theory of 'phlogiston,' suggested by Beecher and developed by Stahl, finally yielded before the exhaustive experiments of Lavoisier.

In 1774 Dr. Priestly made known the existence and properties of oxygen. The suggestion offered by this discovery was enough for the fertile intellect of Lavoisier. By a careful analysis of the atmosphere, which he himself minutely describes, he proved that oxygen was one of its elements, and that it performed the function of supporting combustion, both vital and chemical. He also proved by this same experiment that combustion is not destruction, but merely a re-arrangement, with no loss, of material already existing. From his discoveries arose his theory of combustion and life, which displaced that of Stahl.

With the destruction of a belief in the transmutability of metals, upon which alchemy founded itself, chemistry arose. The ancient science perished, but not till the new-born heir lay in its arms—the heir upon whom all its garnered wisdom was

to descend, while its follies, and blunders, and mistaken aims were to be buried out of sight and forgotten.

The theory of chemistry rapidly matured. The old dream of the atoms received a scientific enunciation from Dalton, and became the foundation of chemical science. Dalton also discovered and gave expression to the 'law of multiple proportions.' 'Berzelius,' says Wurtz, 'the great successor of Lavoisier, completed his theory of dualistic chemistry. He gave to the atomic theory [of Dalton], on the one hand, a solid foundation, by the determination of atomic weights, as exact as they were numerous, and on the other, a new expression by the use of formulæ adapted to the idea of dualism. Moreover, he attempted to explain dualism itself by the electro-chemical hypothesis.'

'Within the past ten years,' says Prof. Barker, in his Preface, 'chemical science has undergone a remarkable revolution. The changes which have so entirely altered the aspect of the science, however, are not, as some seem to suppose, changes merely in the names and formulæ of chemical compounds, for in this the science is but returning to principles long ago established by Berzelius. They are changes which have had their origin in the discovery, first, that each element has a fixed and definite combining power of equivalence; and, second, that in a chemical compound the arrangement of the atoms is of quite as much importance as their kind or number. The division of the elements into groups, according to the law of equivalence, necessitated a revision, and, in some cases, an alteration of their atomic weights; while in obedience to the second law, molecular formulæ were reconstructed so as to express this atomic arrangement. The importance of these laws cannot be over-estimated. By the former all the compounds formed by any element may be with certainty predicted; by the latter, all the modes of atomic grouping may be foreseen, and the possible isomers of any substance be pre-determined. Instead, therefore, of being a heterogeneous collection of facts, chemistry has now become a true science, based upon a sound philosophy.'

It is matter for rejoicing that the old method of simplifying

and popularizing science is gone out of date. The grand discovery has been made, that science may be simplified without being falsified. The 'middle men' in letters were much more given to adulteration than is the case now. In fact, to a certain extent, the system of 'middle men' has been abolished, and we find men, foremost in discovery, willing to provide instruction for the people, which is accurate, full, and yet not technical in its form. This is happily true, not only in regard to books intended for general reading, but also for those prepared for use in schools and colleges. The text-book under consideration is what it claims to be, 'a fair representation of the present state of chemical science.' It possesses, moreover, the advantage—which is of incalculable value in the mathematics and the physical sciences—of clear and philosophical definitions.

As to its scope and aim, we will quote the concluding paragraph of Prof. Barker's Preface: 'In conclusion,' says he, 'this text-book is offered as a contribution toward making science disciplinary as well as instructive. If it be true that chemistry already excels in training the powers of perception and of memory, it is unquestionably true that this science is capable of developing the reasoning faculties also. The present attempt to make it available for this purpose, therefore, may fairly ask to be judged, not in the light of its shortcomings alone, but also by the desirability of the end at which it aims.'

6. *OUR CHURCH IN SANDBURG*. By S. W. Moore, D. D., of the Memphis Conference. With an Introduction by Thomas O. Summers, D. D. Nashville: S. M. Publishing House. 1874. Pp. 278.

We have read this book, 'from end to end,' which is a wonderful feat for us, who have long since ceased to read works of fiction. But then *Our Church in Sandburg* is so life-like, so very *real*, that we forget it is not a historical sketch. Indeed, if the work is a fiction at all, it may be said that Dr. Moore 'had a dream which was not all a dream.' 'Is it a work of fiction?' asks Dr. Summers; and replies truly, 'Yes—no.'

It is as much Utopian as *Post-Oak Circuit*; but the reader

who is acquainted with the history of Methodism for the past thirty years, especially in the Southwest, will not be at a loss to locate 'Sandburg,' and to identify every minister and member of Our Church at that place. The characters are drawn to the life. Snell, Ticknor, Grumbles, Peters, Trigg, Standby, Hardwill, old Sister Phipps, and Aunt Berthie, and many others, of both sexes, saints and sinners, preachers and teachers, stewards and singers—surely, we have them all in the flesh, and the reader will know them at sight. All this, as well as the other portions of the Introduction, is truthfully and well said; but not more so than is every part of the work itself.

It does one good to read such a book. Amid the wastes and desolation of the world, the trials and vexations of life, *Our Church in Sandburg* grows, and buds, and blossoms, and bears fruit—an oasis in the desert. What more comforting and cheering to the way-worn traveller!

At the conclusion of his labors, our author says: 'We have seen a living Church—planted, nurtured, trained by a living ministry—grow up "in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, holding forth the word of life," and commanding even the unwilling admiration of the wicked. The manifest presence of the Master wrung, at times, from scoffers and infidels, an acknowledgment of its divine original and super-human constitution.'

The important lesson which he deduces from the whole narrative is thus set forth in the last two paragraphs in the work: 'During all these years our Church entered upon no field so fertile, pursued no enterprise so fascinating, performed no labor so remunerative as the Sunday School. From the date of its reorganization, after Sandburg became a station, there was never an *interregnum*. Some years were more marked by prosperity than others, but the institution was as constant a part of our religious duty as public worship. When first undertaken, the fruitfulness of the work was not adequately understood, and some who doubted its utility, but yet devoted themselves to it, lived to see rich returns accrue from their exertions. A well-managed Sunday School is to a Church

what a nursery is to an orchard, a stream to a reservoir, a recruiting officer to an army; it continually supplies the waste that death and other causes make in numbers, filling the places with intelligent and devoted members.

‘I have seen, many times, the altar crowded with penitents who were all Sunday School scholars; and from these very children of the Church, thus brought to Christ, I have seen, in after years, nearly, if not quite, every office known to local Methodism supplied with mature, wise, and devoted workers, while some of the same trained soldiers went forth as chosen captains to lead the hosts of Israel; and my experience compels the conclusion, that in no way can the churchship of a denomination be more fully vindicated than by this reproductive fruitfulness by which its faith and usages are perpetuated in vital and unbroken succession from generation to generation.’

7. **CHILDREN AND THE CHURCH; OR, THE SPIRITUAL CONDITION, MORAL CAPABILITIES, AND CHURCH RELATIONS OF BAPTIZED INFANTS.** By Samuel Regester, D. D., of the Baltimore Conference, M. E. Church, South. Nashville: S. M. Publishing House. 1874. Pp. 193.

This little book we note as admirable literature for the Church. Sound to the core in doctrine, clear and luminous in exposition, and attractive in style, it is in every way worthy of the all-important theme of which it treats.

One feature of the book we hail with especial pleasure, namely, the vast improvement in the doctrine of ‘original sin,’ which our Methodism made in passing over from the Church of England into the wilderness of the New World. Our doctrine of ‘original sin,’ or ‘innate depravity,’ is, if we mistake not, a vast improvement on that held by all the Churches born of the grand movement of the sixteenth century. It is at once more scriptural and more rational than the same doctrine as it came forth distorted from the whirlwinds of the great Reformation, and is still embodied in the creeds and confessions of so many Protestant denominations. The root of the old doctrine, that infants deserve ‘God’s wrath and damnation’ on account of inherited depravity, which is still embodied in the ninth article of the Church of England and of the Protestant Epis-