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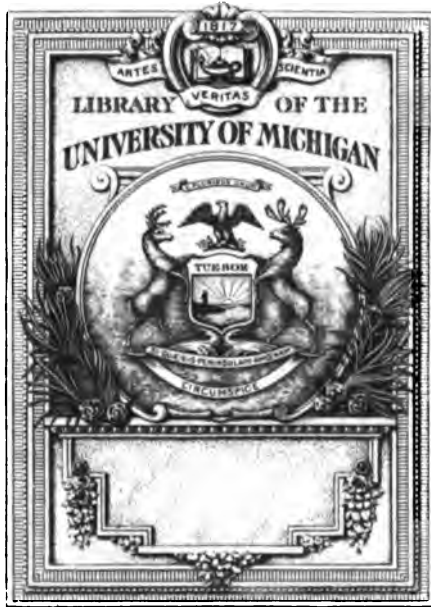
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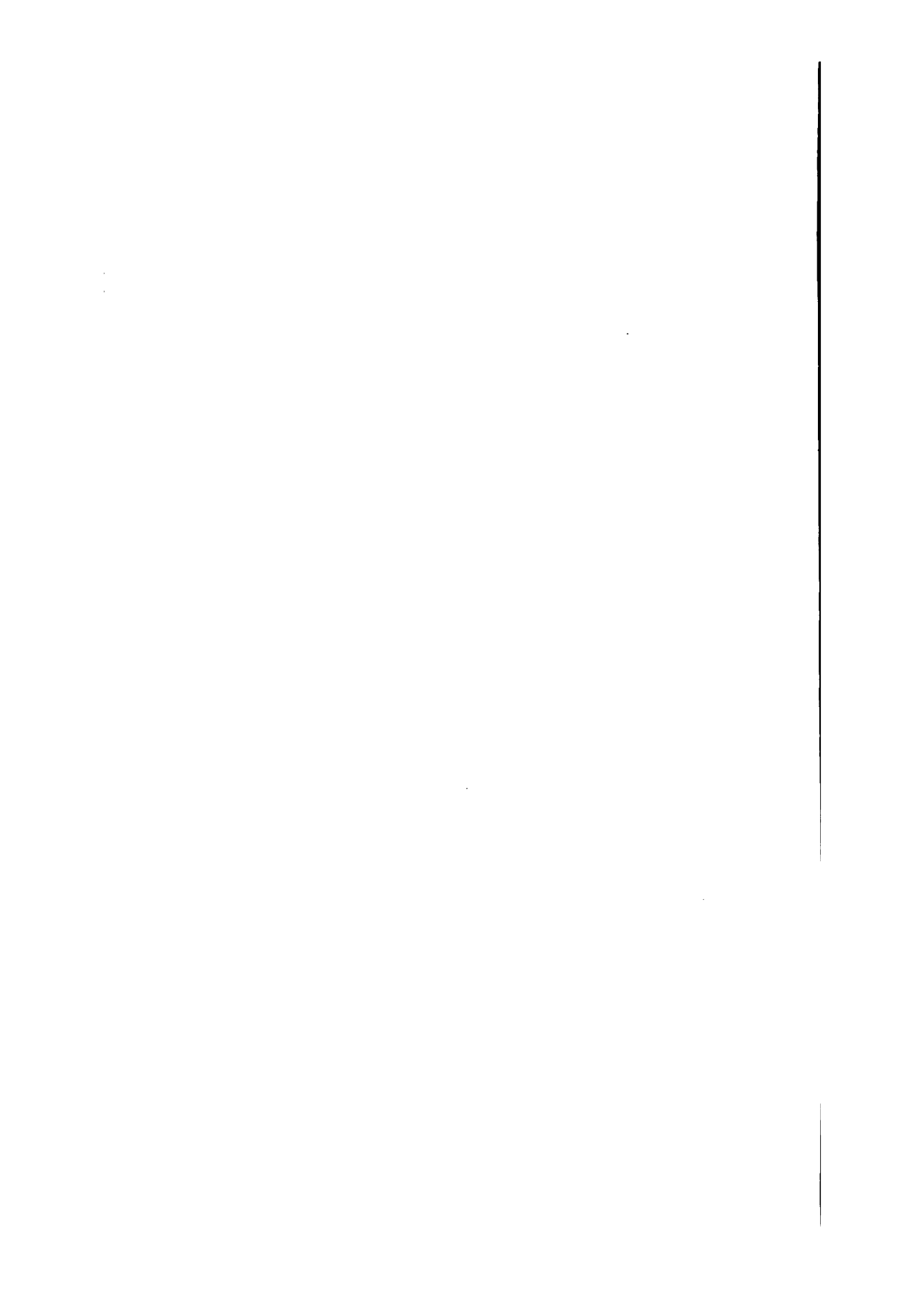
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VOL. XI.—No. 23.

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

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JULY, 1872.

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*Πάντα δοκιμάζετε, τὸ καλὸν κατέχετε.*

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# THE SOUTHERN REVIEW.

No. XXIII.

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JULY, 1872.

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ART. I.—*The Ecclesiastical Polity of the New Testament.*  
A Study for the Present Crisis in the Church of England.  
By the Rev. G. A. Jacob, D. D., late Head-Master of  
Christ's Hospital. London: Strahan & Co. 1871. Pp.  
421.

This work is, indeed, 'a study' for the present crisis, not only in the Church of England, but also in the universal Church of Christ upon earth. The great question which it discusses is one of universal and permanent interest. It is, moreover, one which the agitations, upheavings, and profound anxieties of the present crisis in the Christian world have brought into prominent notice, and forced on the attention of all earnest Christian minds. It may be, and indeed has been, called 'the great religious question of the day.' Hence, as never fails in such cases, the reading public has been flooded with books, and pamphlets, and reviews on this great question. We might easily have placed at the head of this article the titles of twenty books, all treating of the same subject; but we have selected that of Dr. Jacob alone, because it seems to be the best, as well as the last, of all those which discuss the 'Ecclesiastical Polity of the New Testament.'

'The words,' says our author, 'which M. de Pressensé wrote a few years ago, in the preface to his *Church History*, have



lost none of their force and truth at the present time. "There is not a single religious party which does not experience the need either to reaffirm or to transform itself. The Churches born of the grand movement of the sixteenth century are all involved in a serious crisis." Whether this crisis shall, in our case, issue in good or in evil, is almost identical with the question whether the English Church has sufficient wisdom to see what ought to be done, and sufficient courage to do it.<sup>1</sup>

This language is true, at least in no small measure, with respect to the American Churches, as well as with respect to those of England, and France, and Germany; and these two great *desiderata* are everywhere the same—wisdom and courage. Our author appears to possess, in an eminent degree, these high qualities of character, his calm, quiet courage beautifully combining with a deep, clear-seeing, and spiritual wisdom. His book is one of the most satisfactory discussions we have ever seen of any great question. We rejoice to learn that it will, ere long, be republished in this country, if, indeed, it has not already made its appearance from the American press.<sup>2</sup>

It is not our intention to go over the precise ground occupied by Dr. Jacob. We shall, on the contrary, confine our attention exclusively to the subject of the 'Apostolical Succession.' But what is meant by the words *Apostolical Succession*? This is a very ambiguous phrase. Hence, if we would not lose ourselves in a fog of words, in a worse than idle logomachy, we must, first of all, define the precise dogma or proposition which we intend to discuss.

There is, then, in this country a religious party which insists that three distinct orders of ministry—bishops, priests, and deacons—are essential to the very being or existence of a Christian Church. The watch-word of this party is, 'No bishop, no church.' They will not commune with Christians of other Protestants denominations, nor admit them to their commun-

1 Preface.

<sup>2</sup> Since the above was written we have received 'D. Appleton & Co.'s Monthly Bulletin of New Publications,' and find the work of Dr. Jacob therein advertised for sale, at the very moderate price of \$2.00.

ion, because, in their opinion, they are not members of any Christian Church. Whether Lutherans, or Presbyterians, or Baptists, or Methodists, they bid them all alike to stand aside from 'the altars' which they have erected for the communion of the saints. This is the opinion which we intend to combat, because it appears to us utterly inconsistent with the teachings of the New Testament, as well as with the most precious catholic principles of our common Christianity.

Consider, for a moment, the consequences of the issue which is thus boldly presented to the Protestant world. There are in this country about 200,000 Protestant Episcopalians, 800,000 Presbyterians, 1,500,000 Baptists, and about 2,000,000 Methodists; and yet we are told, by some of themselves, that the smallest of all these denominations is *the* Church, and the only Church, in this country, except the Roman Catholics. We are told this, not by the Protestant Episcopal Church itself, nor by any of her standards, but by the leaders of a sect in that Church, who claim for themselves and for their Church a monopoly of divine grace, leaving all the millions of other Protestant denominations, together with Jews, and Turks, and the heathen world, to the uncovenanted mercies of God.

This doctrine and its consequences are thus stated by Dr. Jacob: 'The doctrine of the Apostolic Succession of the ministry, according to those who hold it, "means that all men who have a right to be considered duly appointed ministers of Christ, have received from him a commission to minister in his name, conveyed in an outward and visible manner in a direct line from the holy Apostles." That is to say, that Christ gave his Apostles a certain spiritual authority and power, which they by his direction transferred to their successors, and these again to others after them, and so on in a perpetual line of successive transmissions. The authority and power which have been thus transmitted are specially those of ordaining priests, and giving them the power of duly administering the sacraments, bestowing the grace of absolution, or doing other priestly acts. And the successors, to and through whom alone this authority and power have been transmitted, are bishops. According to this theory, the whole virtue, force, and efficacy

of the Christian ministry, from the Apostles to the present time, have been in and by this succession. Those who have been ordained by bishops, descended in an unbroken line of this succession from the Apostles, are alone lawful Christian ministers; since any break in the links of this ecclesiastical chain invalidates the whole standing of an individual functionary, or of a Church, by cutting off, as it were, the flow of essential energy and divine power, by the uninterrupted communication of which the true ministerial life is enabled to act and move. So that there can be no true Christian ministry, no true Church, and no validity in the sacraments, except where there are ministers duly ordained by bishops who have received their episcopal authority and power by this uninterrupted transmission from the Apostles. All others, therefore, who minister in any congregation are regarded as usurpers, schismatics, or heretics — intruding into an office which is not theirs — the Korah, Dathan, and Abiram of modern days — without lawful authority, powerless of all good, and constituting, with their people, a band of revolvers from Christ, instead of a branch of his Church.' (p. 417.) This, according to our author, 'is the "Apostolical Succession," which deals with Episcopacy, not as a desirable mode of government, but as a *necessary channel of divine grace.*' (p. 421.)

We now hold, just exactly as we have always held, Episcopacy as a desirable mode of church government. But when it is set forth as a divine institution, and vaunted as the one and only 'channel of divine grace,' we reject it utterly, as at war with the glory of Christ and his Gospel. We have never, for one moment, had the least sympathy with a scheme which appears to us so high, so narrow, so exclusive, so arrogant, and so bigoted in its view of the Christian world. According to this view, the Episcopalians alone, the smallest of all the denominations of orthodox Protestants in this country, constitute *the* Church, while the millions of professing Christians, on all sides around them, are 'without a church, without a ministry, and without the sacraments'! How dark and dreadful the prospect! Who can, without the clear warrant of Scripture,

embrace so gloomy and so cheerless a view of the Christian world?

In the above statement of the issue we have set forth only the conclusion at which the High Church party arrives. In order to make this conclusion good it is necessary to establish several distinct and separate propositions, every one of which is indispensable to their portentous scheme of the 'Apostolical Succession.'

1. It is necessary, in the first place, to show from the pages of the New Testament, that in the Church, as constituted by the Apostles, there were three orders of ministry — bishops, priests, and deacons.

2. In the second place, it is necessary to show that this form of ecclesiastical polity was not merely a *fact*, but also a *law*, intended by its founders for the government of the Church in all times and circumstances. Or, in other words, that this one form of polity was designed by the Apostles for the Church in all ages and nations, and, *as such*, is binding on every Christian community to the end of the world.

3. In the third place, it is necessary to prove that this external form, or organization, is not only obligatory on all churches, but is so essential to the very being and character of the Church, that without it no religious community can be said to exist as a Christian church.

4. In the fourth and last place, it must be shown that the Episcopal Churches of the present day, which claim to constitute *the* Church of Christ, have, by the laying on of hands, derived the powers and authority of their bishops through an uninterrupted succession from the Apostles themselves.

Let these four points be established, and then, without further opposition, we shall admit the grand conclusion, or climax, of High Church Episcopacy, that 'Where there is no bishop there is no church.' Then shall we admit 'the divine right,' the exclusive power and authority, of bishops. Nay, then shall we embrace, as divinely true, the words which have been so often quoted from St. Ignatius, and printed in imposing capitals, that 'WITHOUT THESE [three orders] THERE IS NO CHURCH.' Then shall we concede that, as we have not these

three words — bishops, priests, and deacons — all proceeding in unbroken, tactual succession from the fingers of the Apostles, so we are ‘without a church or a ministry,’ and humbly acknowledge ourselves mistaken schismatics. But we cannot see without the light of evidence. Hence, until these four several points be established, or at least some plausible reason be adduced in their favor, we can hardly, with a clear conscience, admit that the whole Protestant world, minus a fraction of the Episcopal Church, breathes the spirit and deserves the doom of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram.

We may be very greatly deceived, but it does seem to us that pretensions so high and exclusive have seldom, if ever, been founded on proofs so slender and shadowy. ‘The idea,’ says Dr. Jacob, ‘which forms the foundation of this dogma [of Apostolical Succession] *appeared in some slight form as early as the beginning of the third century*, when it supplied Tertullian with ‘one of his weapons against some heretical churches. But it was matured and put forth more distinctly in modern times.’ The truth is, as we shall hereafter see, it was first believed, and then proved. Indeed, as we expect to show, it requires a strong belief and lively imagination to give form and substance to the shadows on which this dogma is based. We intend to test it, first, by the teachings of the New Testament, and then by the doctrines of the very Articles and Confession of Faith which its advocates have taken a solemn vow to preach and maintain.

1. How is it shown, then (to begin with the first of the above points), ‘from the pages of the New Testament, that in the Church, as constituted by the Apostles, there were three orders of ministry — bishops, priests, and deacons’? In other words, *where*, and *how*, are these three orders of the ministry found in the pages of the New Testament? It is, indeed, confessedly so very difficult to find these ‘three orders,’ even as a *fact*, in the New Testament, that the most learned prelates and divines of the Church of England have been accustomed to call in the aid of tradition to illuminate its obscure pages, and help them in the painful search. In his celebrated work on *Church Government*, for example, the learned John Potter,

D. D., and Archbishop of Canterbury, will not, in his search after the 'three orders,' venture into the darkness of the New Testament without the lantern of tradition to guide his steps. Thus he says: 'The following treatise contains "An account of the constitution, government, and rights of the Christian Church, chiefly as they are described by the Scriptures, and *the Fathers of the three first centuries,*" whose sense I have represented, for the most part, in their own words, to avoid mistakes.'<sup>1</sup> This appeal to the Fathers of the first three centuries is, he thinks, 'the best method of discovering the genuine sense of Scripture.' True, we agree with him, if the 'three orders' are to be found in the New Testament, then the best method, nay, then the only method, to make this discovery, is to seek it, not in the divine record itself, but in the Fathers of the first three centuries. In the writings of these Fathers, indeed, we may easily find the three orders of the ministry — 'bishops, priests, and deacons' — clearly set forth in a blaze of light. Nothing seems to flow more easily, or clearly, or conspicuously, or in a more orderly array, from their pens. But where, in the whole New Testament, will you find them, even once, set forth at all, much less in the unequivocal manner of the Fathers? If in the New Testament they were only *once* set forth in this manner — 'bishops, priests, and deacons' — as they are everywhere set forth by the Fathers, how much obscure toil would have been spared the High Church school! How triumphantly would they have appealed to this *one* passage, and give the Fathers some little rest! But, as it is, they seem utterly unable to get along without 'the Fathers of the first three centuries,' and, consequently, they are always summoning them as witnesses to 'the genuine sense of Scripture,' just as if the Scripture had no genuine sense of its own.

'If any one of them,' says our author, on the very next page, 'should be thought to speak with *less caution*, or carry their expressions *higher than could be wished*, as the best men in the *heat of disputation*, or at other times through *too much zeal*, often do, all candid and impartial readers will easily be persuaded to make a just allowance for it.' Most assuredly

<sup>1</sup> Preface, p. 1.

we can make not only a just, but even a generous, allowance for all these things in the early 'Fathers of the Church.' But then we cannot allow their fanciful analogies, their loose and inaccurate views of Scripture, their glowing zeal and hyperbolic expressions, to mislead us as to the pure, simple, and exact truth of God's word.

Even Ignatius, in his 'too great zeal' for the dignity and glory of the Episcopate, shall not thus mislead us, or blind us by the memory of his martyrdom. He did not know, what history has since so very clearly revealed, that he was thus sowing the seeds of Popery. Hence, after every possible allowance, we shall follow the rule laid down by Ignatius himself, namely: 'Stop your ears, as often as any one shall speak contrary to Jesus Christ.'<sup>1</sup> The Fathers contradict one another. Indeed, each Father contradicts himself, as well as the other Fathers. We need a more steady, certain, and consistent guide than the Fathers to show us 'the sense of Scripture,' and this guide we have in the Scriptures themselves. 'The Fathers of the first three centuries' are, indeed, as Dr. Jacob clearly shows, sure and certain guides, not to 'the genuine sense of Scripture,' but to the errors and superstitions of the Church of Rome.<sup>2</sup> Hence, as Protestants, the New Testament is our guide.

We have followed, with great care, every step of Archbishop Potter's search in the New Testament after 'the three orders' of the ministry. Now what, after all his learned diligence in this search, has he found? We have only to examine the third chapter of his work, entitled 'The Government of the Church in the Time of the Apostles,' in order to see *what he has found*. In the Epistle to the Ephesians (iv. 11) he finds that Christ gave five distinct classes of persons—'apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers.' If to these we add 'bishops, presbyters, and deacons,' elsewhere mentioned in Scripture, we shall have eight names, or classes of persons, among whom the Archbishop seeks his 'three orders' of the ministry, or the constitution of the Episcopacy. But which three does he select? He does not seem at all particular. He

<sup>1</sup> Epistle to the Thracians, § IX.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix A, pp. 371—399.

first selects one three, and then another, only he makes way for a third, and so on to the end of the chapter.

He seems sadly perplexed. He finds the words *bishops*, *presbyters*, and *deacons* in the New Testament, but he never finds them arranged in this order. He finds 'bishops and deacons,' 'presbyters and deacons,' but he never once finds in the New Testament 'bishops, presbyters, and deacons.' Nay, he never once finds 'bishops and presbyters' joined together in the New Testament, as if they were distinct orders of ministry. If this formula—'bishops, presbyters, and deacons,' or even 'bishops and presbyters'—so important in the eyes of High Church Episcopalians, could only *once* be found in the New Testament, what a world of trouble it would have saved them! What perplexity of head, and what distraction of heart, would it have banished from their labors! Aye, and what a divine illumination it would have given to the New Testament itself! Is it any wonder, then, that, in their search after 'the three holy orders,' they should so eagerly fly from the obscure pages of the New Testament to the highly-illuminated writings of St. Ignatius? Is it any wonder that, instead of wasting their time and wearing out their souls over the dark pages of the Apostles, they should seek the all-cheering light of truth in the writings of the Apostolic Fathers? Is it any wonder that, in their thirst for knowledge, they should quit the arid waste, the desolate wilderness, of the New Testament and slake their appetite in the green pastures of 'the three first centuries'? 'Order is Heaven's first law.' Hence, as there can be no order in 'the kingdom of heaven' upon earth without 'bishops, priests, and deacons,' how strange—how passing strange—that this divine order is not more clearly revealed by Christ and his Apostles! How strange, how wonderful, that this divine order, this heavenly hierarchy, should be so explicitly revealed in each and every one of the Epistles of St. Ignatius, and yet not *once* in any one of the writings of the New Testament!

Some attempt has been made toward a solution of this mystery. It has been suggested, by more writers than one, that St. Ignatius must have had a private revelation from St. John,



whose disciple he was, on the all-important subject of 'the three orders.' The good Father himself, however, has nowhere thrown out the least hint of any such private revelation from St. John, as, no doubt, in his great zeal he would have done if such had been the fact. Dr. Chapin,<sup>1</sup> Bishop Kip,<sup>2</sup> and others of the same school, think that Ignatius must have known all about the sublime secret of the three divinely appointed orders, because he was the disciple of St. John, and personally known to him. 'He must have known whether it was so,' says the former, 'as he was the disciple and pupil of St. John.' The latter says: 'St. Ignatius, who personally knew the Apostles, after mentioning the three orders of the ministry, declares, "WITHOUT THESE THERE IS NO CHURCH." And he was one contemporary with the immediate disciples of our Lord. But who — we appeal to your reason — who was most likely to know what was necessary to the constitution of the Church — Ignatius, who had been a disciple of St. John, and gathered instruction from his holy lips, or those who, in the nineteenth century, having separated from the Church (of Rome?), hesitate not to pronounce its Apostolic ministry "a cunningly devised fable"?' But Ignatius himself pretends to no such esoteric knowledge as derived from St. John, or from the other Apostles. We solemnly protest, then, against the monstrous injustice of trying and condemning the Protestant world on the charge of heresy and schism, because they know nothing of any such private revelation from St. John to Ignatius. If St. John held the dogma of 'the three orders,' and considered it essential to the very being of a church, why — we appeal to the reason of mankind — is there not some little hint of it in some of his writings? Why, for the enlightenment of the universal Church, did he merely whisper this all-important and soul-saving secret in the ear of Ignatius, and say not one syllable about it either in his Gospel, or in his Epistles, or in the Apocalypse? We appeal from all such surmises, or conjectures of High Church prelates and divines, to the infallible word of God.

Nor does Ignatius pretend that he derives his doctrine of

<sup>1</sup> The Primitive Church, p. 209.

<sup>2</sup> Double Witness, p. 71.

'the three orders' from the Scriptures. In none of his *Epistles* is there a single reference to any passage or text of Scripture which is supposed to countenance the scheme of his 'three orders.' This scheme, if we may judge from his writings, was derived neither from St. John, nor from the word of God. Where, then, did he find his three orders of 'bishops, priests, and deacons'? If he derived them secretly from St. John, the seed certainly fell upon good ground, and speedily brought forth more than a hundredfold. But he derived them, as we shall presently see, from his notions of 'the heavenly hierarchy,' in the image of which he supposed the earthly hierarchy to have been constructed. All this is very wonderful; and when we come to examine in detail the fanciful notions of Ignatius, it will appear that his scheme (if scheme it may be called) is utterly inconsistent with the views of those who appeal with the greatest confidence to his authority. The same thing is true of the fanciful speculations of Clement of Alexandria (A. D. 175). He says: 'The Terrestrial Church is the image of the Celestial.' 'And in another place he says: "I *imagine* the progressions of the Church, of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, to be *imitations* of the angelic glory."<sup>1</sup> But the question is, not what St. Ignatius, or St. Clement, was pleased to *imagine*, but what St. Paul, or St. John, was pleased to *teach* respecting the constitution of the Church. The question is, not what the 'Apostolic Fathers,' as they are called, dreamed or fancied, but what the Apostles themselves taught respecting 'Bishops, Priests, and Deacons.' We know, indeed, that the good, childlike Fathers were full of 'the angelic glory' of these orders, but we are now engaged, not with the fond hallucinations of men, but with the inspired teachings of the New Testament. We shall hereafter confront the advocates of High Church Episcopacy with their own witnesses, especially with Ignatius, who is deemed by them the most important of all; for, in fact, they have merely looked into their writings, and run away with the three words, *bishops, priests,* and *deacons*, without stopping to consider that their views are diametrically opposed to those advocated by themselves. In

1 Chapin's Primitive Church, p. 84.

the meantime, although we can easily make not only a just but a generous allowance for all the fancies of the Fathers, however glowing and gaudy, we cannot agree that their *imaginations* shall be erected into standards for the trial, the condemnation, and the unchurching of the Protestant world of the nineteenth century. We are disciples, not of St. Ignatius, nor of St. Clement, but of Christ and his Apostles.

Let us, then, return to Archbishop Potter, and to *the New Testament*. He finds, as we have already said, the words *bishops*, *presbyters*, and *deacons* in the New Testament. But he never finds them there in this order, nor altogether in any other order. He finds in one place *bishops* and *deacons*, and in another *presbyters* and *deacons*, but nowhere *bishops* and *presbyters*, much less *bishops*, *presbyters*, and *deacons*. If any High Church Episcopalian could only find this simple collocation of words, *bishops* and *presbyters*, in the New Testament, then a new light would break upon his scheme. But there is no such light in the New Testament. How do we know, then, but that these two words, *bishops* and *presbyters*, as used in the New Testament, are only different names for precisely one and the same office or order? This question could not have escaped the attention of Archbishop Potter.

Hence he says: 'I will not take upon me to decide this controversy (that is, whether the bishops and presbyters of the New Testament are one and the same order or not), which has exercised the pens of many wise and learned men, but only suggest a few things, which I shall leave to the judgment of the impartial reader.' (p. 102.) He then proceeds to give his reasons for the opinion that the bishops and presbyters spoken of in the New Testament are different orders of ministry, and not one and the same with different names only. But, with all due respect to the learned Archbishop, we venture to affirm that this question does not admit of debate. Let 'the impartial reader,' to whom he appeals, hear and decide.

One of the most unequivocal proof-texts in the Scriptures, in relation to the point before us, is found in Acts xx. 17, compared with verse 28. Paul, on his journey to Jerusalem, sent from Miletus and called the presbyters, *πρεσβυτέρους* of

Ephesus. And to the same presbyters, when they had come together, he says: 'Take heed to yourselves, and to all the flock over whom the Holy Ghost hath made you bishops, *ἐπισκόπους*, to feed the church of God which he hath purchased with his blood.' Thus, both these words, *presbyters* and *bishops*, are used by St. Paul, in one and the same place, to denote precisely the same men or ministers of the Church. The fact is, that *bishops* was the Greek and *presbyters* the Jewish name for one and the same order in the ministry of the Primitive Church.

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1 Chapin on the Primitive Church. Chap. XIV, p. 147.

the meantime, although we can easily make not only a just but a generous allowance for all the fancies of the Fathers, however glowing and gaudy, we cannot agree that their *imaginations* shall be erected into standards for the trial, the condemnation, and the unchurching of the Protestant world of the nineteenth century. We are disciples, not of St. Ignatius, nor of St. Clement, but of Christ and his Apostles.

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Hence he says: 'I will not take upon me to decide this controversy (that is, whether the bishops and presbyters of the New Testament are one and the same order or not), which has exercised the pens of many wise and learned men, but only suggest a few things, which I shall leave to the judgment of the impartial reader.' (p. 102.) He then proceeds to give his reasons for the opinion that the bishops and presbyters spoken of in the New Testament are different orders of ministry, and not one and the same with different names only. But, with all due respect to the learned Archbishop, we venture to affirm that this question does not admit of debate. Let 'the impartial reader,' to whom he appeals, hear and decide.

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full, even to overflowing, of the distinction and difference between bishops and presbyters; but we are now concerned with the teachings of Christ and his Apostles.

The Rev. Arthur W. Haddan, the latest English advocate of High Church Episcopacy, also admits the identity of the bishops and presbyters spoken of in the New Testament. 'The one thing,' says he, 'chiefly needful to make the truth clear, is simply the straightforward acceptance of what is manifestly the plain usage of the New Testament, viz.: the employment of *ἐπίσκοπος* and *πρεσβύτερος* as equivalent terms, one of office and the other of age, as the Fathers repeatedly tell us; or it may be (as has been conjectured), the former the Gentile, the latter the Jewish name. And the chief cause of the apparent difficulty appears to rise from *the forced glosses that have been needlessly and mischievously devised in old times to escape admitting their equivalence.*'<sup>1</sup>

A pretty severe sentence this, it must be conceded, on all such advocates of Episcopacy as Archbishop Potter. Nay, on all 'the wise and learned men' who so long 'exercised their pens' and racked their ingenuity to escape the dire necessity of 'admitting the equivalence' of New Testament 'bishops and presbyters.' The same admission is made by all the advocates of High Church Episcopacy who have recently appeared in the field of controversy. They have sounded a retreat from the old position, and fallen back upon a new one. They have, one and all, incontinently 'changed their base' and opened a new fire. But, unless we are greatly mistaken, they have fully equalled, if not surpassed, 'the wise and learned men' of old, in 'the forced glosses' which they have 'needlessly and mischievously devised,' in order to cover their new position. Ere we come to this point, however, let us notice one or two features in this memorable retreat of archbishops, High Church prelates, learned divines, and all 'the wise men' who have racked their ingenuity to find their idea of a bishop in the New Testament—more memorable than 'The Retreat of the Ten Thousand'!

1. They desert Christ and his Apostles to camp with Igna-

<sup>1</sup> Haddan on Apostolical Succession. Chap. IV, p. 75.

tius. After having perplexed themselves and others, for more than a century, with a 'needless and mischievous' dispute about words, they turn right around and say to their adversaries, What do we care about words? Names are nothing with us who claim to be simple, sincere, and enlightened inquirers after truth. You may have the name, but, as for our part, we will still hold fast to the thing. In other terms, after having 'darkened counsel by words without knowledge,' for a century and more, they attempt to cover a disastrous and disgraceful retreat by affecting a most profound contempt for all disputes about mere words! Thus says Mr. Haddan, just after having admitted 'the equivalence' of New Testament 'bishops and presbyters,' 'once take the clear usage of Scripture for granted, and rise of course, also, *above the childishness which cannot distinguish words from things.*' The clear usage of Scripture! But who made this usage clear? All those writers, we answer with pride and pleasure, who so long resisted 'the forced glosses' and other 'mischievous' attempts devised by High Church Episcopalians to darken and confound the clear meaning of Scripture. We are glad, however, that their eyes have been opened at last, and we here note, with joy, this hard-earned victory as one of the good fruits of controversy.

Mr. Chapin, no less than Haddan and others, now deprecates a dispute 'about mere words.' Yet, in spite of this, he has a learned distinction between 'Presbyter-Bishops' and 'Apostolic Bishops' (pp. 161—167). By 'Presbyter-Bishops,' he means the bishops of the New Testament, who, as he admits, were merely presbyters. Why, then, not call them simply *presbyters*? Does he wish the word to bud, and blossom, and bear fruit, like Aaron's rod? If otherwise, why does he not confine himself to 'the form of sound words,' to the simple purity of gospel speech? And by 'Apostolic Bishops,' he means those bishops whom, as he contends, the Apostles ordained and set to rule over mere presbyters. But, as we have already seen, this jargon is wholly unknown to the Scriptures. The New Testament speaks of the *one order*, which it sometimes calls *presbyters*, and sometimes *bishops*. Why, then, this far-fetched jargon about 'Presbyter-Bishops' and

'Apostolic Bishops'? The Apostles themselves, if we may judge from their writings, knew nothing of these two sorts of bishops; and how can we, who dare not resort to 'forced glosses,' or 'mischievous' conceits, judge of their meaning otherwise than from their writings? We know, as the philosopher of Malmesbury has well said, that 'words are the counters of wise men, but the money of fools.' But who are wise? Are they the disputers of this world? Are they the successors of the men who, for a century, darkened and perplexed one of the very clearest portions of Scripture *by a mere dispute about words*? The truth is, that in spite of his admission in the chapter entitled 'Presbyters or Bishops' (using both words as denoting the same thing), and in spite of his vast superiority to mere words, we shall soon detect him in the attempt to pass off his 'counters' for current coin. For, although routed, 'horse, foot, and dragoon,' as to the scriptural use of the term *bishop*, the champions of Apostolical Succession still return to the encounter, and endeavor to catch simple souls with this very word *bishop*, which means so very differently in our day from what it did in the time of the Apostles.

Archbishop Potter, feeling the darkness around him, speaks with a very commendable modesty. He is evidently inclined to the opinion, that 'bishops, presbyters, and deacons,' may be found in the New Testament; but, not venturing to decide the question whether 'bishops and presbyters' are not the same thing under different names, he wanders elsewhere in search of his three Episcopal orders. Accordingly, on page 98, he finds them in 'an apostle, a prophet, and an evangelist.' Again, on page 106, he says: 'Hence it plainly appears, that in this age there were three distinct orders of ministers in the Church, namely, that of deacons, another of presbyters, and over them a superior order, in which were not only apostles, but also Timothy and Titus, who governed the churches in which they resided, when the above-mentioned epistles were written to them.' Who, then, was Timothy? Here we find him in the same order with the Apostles, but on page 98 he is 'a deacon.' 'Timotheus,' says he, 'was an evangelist, and preached the gospel to the Corinthians, as St. Paul affirms;

but he did (*διακονειν*) minister as a deacon to St. Paul. So that there were in this company an apostle, a prophet, and an evangelist, or deacon.' Thus, Timothy is so very accommodating that he enters the order of 'the apostles,' or of 'the deacons,' just as it may happen to suit the purpose of the learned Archbishop! Finally, on page 102, we have 'bishops, presbyters, and deacons'; but then this is taken, not from the Scriptures, but from the Fathers. Alas, how dark and doubtful seems to be the search! If, out of the eight classes mentioned in the Scriptures—apostles, bishops, presbyters, deacons, evangelists, prophets, pastors, teachers—the good archbishop can only catch any three names together, he seems to be moderately satisfied with the result! Is it any wonder, then, that he should have regarded the aid of the Fathers as 'the best method of discovering the genuine sense of the Scriptures' on this very dark subject? *No one, indeed, is ever so much in need of such foreign aid as when he seeks in the Scriptures what does not exist in them.*

The first grand search after 'the three orders'—'bishops, priests, and deacons'—is now at an end, is now universally abandoned. During that search it was contended, as we have seen, that the 'bishops, priests, and deacons' of the present day occupy the place of the bishops, priests, and deacons of the New Testament. But now even Bishop Onderdonk, the redoubtable champion of High Church Episcopacy, acknowledges the fallacy of this once hotly advocated hypothesis. 'As the readers of this essay,' says he, 'may not be familiar with the controversy [of the past], it is proper to advert to the fact that the name "bishops," which *now* designates the highest grade of the ministry, is not appropriated to that office in Scripture. That name is given to the middle order, or *presbyters*; and all that we read in the New Testament concerning "bishops" (including, of course, the words "overseers" and "oversight," which have the same derivation), is regarded as pertaining to that middle grade.'<sup>1</sup> Bishops and presbyters are, then, according to the American bishop, identically one and the same in the Scriptures, a point which is, at present,

<sup>1</sup> Bishop Onderdonk's *Episcopacy Tested by Scripture.*

universally conceded by the advocates of High Church Episcopacy.

We shall, with two reflections, take leave of Archbishop Potter. In the first place, when he looked for his 'three orders' among the classes of persons mentioned in the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, he was seeking the living among the dead. For these classes—apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers—were distinguished, as is now universally admitted, not into the 'ministry of orders,' but into the 'ministry of gifts,' which were bestowed for the planting and training of the Church, and not for its permanent government and discipline. Hence they have long since passed away. Archbishop Potter ought to have known this, and borne it in mind, for, more than a century before his time, it was clearly shown by the illustrious Hooker, in his *Ecclesiastical Polity*. 'I beseech them,' says Hooker, 'which have hitherto troubled the Church with questions about degrees and ecclesiastical calling, because they principally ground themselves upon two places (1 Cor. xii. 25 . . . and *Eph.* iv. 11), that all partiality being laid aside, they would sincerely weigh and examine whether they have not misinterpreted both places, and by surmising *incompatible offices*, when nothing is meant but *merely graces, gifts, and abilities which Christ bestowed.*'<sup>1</sup> Yet was it more than a century, after this truth was proclaimed, before the advocates of High Church Episcopacy could so far lay aside their 'partiality' as to see and admit that Ephesians iv. 11 refers to the 'ministry of gifts,' and not to the 'ministry of orders.' Thanks to their adversaries, however, they see it now, and have, consequently, ceased to seek 'the living among the dead,' or their 'three orders' in the passage of Scripture so long and so vainly belabored by them!

In the second place, the attempt of Archbishop Potter to find his 'three orders' in the bishops, presbyters, and deacons of the New Testament was also a signal failure. After a contest of more than a century this point was also gained by the champions of the truth; and it is now, as we have seen,

<sup>1</sup> *Ecc. Pol.*, 13 v., c. 87. 5. 8.

universally conceded, that the bishops mentioned in the New Testament are merely presbyters, or elders, with a Greek name — nothing more.

We are not surprised, that the modesty of bishops should, at first, have shrunk from putting themselves in the place of the Apostles. The only wonder is, that, after their former signal defeats, they should so boldly lay claim to the high place and unique grandeur of the Apostles, but also to some of their most sublime prerogatives. No longer willing to occupy the place of the bishops of the New Testament, who have been shown, as they themselves admit, to be only presbyters under a different name, they now strike boldly for the very place and office of the Apostles themselves. This is their new programme — this the new base upon which they now fall back and entrench themselves for a final conflict of arms. Let us examine this new position, then, let us try their new fortifications, and see whether, after all, they are any better than 'forced glosses' and 'mischievous perversions' of the Holy Scriptures.

We wish our exact position, however, to be clearly understood and distinctly borne in mind. We do not object to 'bishops, presbyters, and deacons,' as three orders of the Christian ministry, for we believe, no less than our adversaries, that these three orders are necessary to the most perfect constitution of the Church as an organized society. We only insist with Jerome, and Hooker, and other illustrious champions of Episcopacy, that they are *human*, and not of *divine* origin, so that they do not enter into the very essence of the Church as constituted by Christ and his Apostles. We only oppose those High Church Episcopalians, who, not satisfied to accept Episcopacy as the best form of government for the Church, insist that it is a divinely-appointed institution, without which no religious community can exist as a Church of Christ. On the contrary, not claiming a monopoly of all the wisdom in the world, we freely acknowledge the right of other Christian communities to adopt that form of government which to them seems best adapted to their wants, circumstances, and mission to mankind. We acknowledge them to be true churches of

Christ, just as freely and fully as if they had adopted, instead of rejecting, that form of government which to us seems the wisest and the best for ourselves. This is the exact point in dispute. Hence, let our adversaries show, if they can, that the three orders of the ministry, 'bishops, priests, and deacons,' are set forth in the New Testament, and made obligatory on all Christian communities as essential to their character as churches of Christ.

It is a suspicious circumstance, it seems to us, that, in the discussion of their new programme or scheme, our opponents still stand so much in need of the assistance of 'the Fathers of the first three centuries.' The Fathers, after all, are their great stronghold, or at least their great outwork, on which they place their chief reliance. They may infer, if they please, that because 'bishops, priests, and deacons,' as three distinct orders, may be so easily found in the Fathers they must have their counterparts in the New Testament. But this, to say the least, is merely a *human inference*, and not a *divine law*. If 'the three orders,' or their equivalents, *must* or do exist in the New Testament, we wish them to show us *where* and *how* they may be found therein. We demand a 'thus saith the Lord,' or an unanswerable inference from such an injunction, ere we can proceed to unchurch Christian denominations as good as, if not better than, ourselves.

Our opponents tell us that all legitimate or Christian bishops stand in the place of the Apostles. But where is the scriptural proof of this assertion? We demand scriptural proof, because it is our right and our duty to do so, and not because we suppose or admit for a moment that they prove, even from the Fathers, that their bishops stand in the place of the Apostles. Hence, before we come to their pretended proofs from the Scripture, let us examine the testimony which they have so abundantly alleged out of the Fathers. Do the Fathers, then, show, or even assert, that 'bishops stand in the place of the Apostles'?

St. Ignatius is, as every one knows, the first and the greatest of their authorities. What, then, saith Ignatius? We do not object to the testimony of this good Father, but, then, we in-

tend to examine it and see what *it is*. We have never ceased to wonder that the impugners of High Church Episcopacy, or the Apostolical Succession, should have deemed it necessary and taken so much trouble to deny the genuineness of the *Epistles of Ignatius*, as if they gave the least countenance or support to that portentous heresy. For our part we are perfectly willing to admit the genuineness of these *Epistles*, one and all, just as they are set forth by Archbishop Wake, the immediate predecessor of Archbishop Potter in the See of Canterbury. But, then, having admitted the witness and the genuineness of his *Epistles*, we intend to examine them, and not allow our adversaries to snatch up the *mere words* 'bishops, priests, and deacons,' and run away with shouts of victory. 'Words are merely the counters of wise men.' Let us, then, examine the words of Ignatius, and see if they put 'bishops in the place of the Apostles.'

'Let all,' says he, 'reverence the Deacons, as Jesus Christ; and the Bishop, as the Father; *the Presbyters*, as the Sanhedrim of God *and the College of the Apostles.*'<sup>1</sup> Again he says, 'See that ye all follow your Bishop, as Jesus Christ the Father; and *the Presbyters*, as the Apostles.'<sup>2</sup> Once more he says, 'I exhort you, that ye study to do all things in a divine concord: your Bishops presiding in the place of God; *your Presbyters in the place of the Apostles*; and your Deacons, most dear to me, being intrusted with the ministry of Jesus Christ, who was with the Father before all ages, and appeared to us in the end.'<sup>3</sup>

Now, in these passages, as well as throughout all the *Epistles of Ignatius*, the bishops are represented as standing in 'the place of God,' *and the presbyters as in 'the place of the Apostles.'* In no one instance, indeed, is there the slightest intimation that the bishops are in the place of the Apostles, or that they are the successors of the Apostles. The presbyters, and the presbyters alone, are everywhere and always represented by Ignatius as standing in the place of the Apostles. Is it not strange, then, passing strange, that these very passages should be so often quoted, as they are, by High

1 Epistle to the Trallians.

2 Epistle to the Smyrneans.

3 Ibid.



Church Episcopalians, to prove that bishops are the successors of the Apostles?

If they prove anything they prove that the presbyters, and not the bishops, are the successors of the Apostles. The bishop, according to Ignatius, occupies a much higher place in the hierarchy of the Church than did the Apostles themselves; *he stands in the place of God*. Now, this authority, if it be good for anything, is good only for the 'Man of Sin' (whoever he may be) that 'sitteth in the temple of God, and showeth himself as God.' Is it not strange, then — is it not truly wonderful — that these very words should be quoted and relied on, not by Ultramontane Romanists, but by High Church Episcopalians, to support their heresy? They are welcome to all such testimony.

It is very remarkable that in the first passage above quoted, as well as in others of the Ignatian Epistles, the deacon is put in the place of Jesus Christ, while the presbyters are put no higher than the place of the Apostles. Now, how did this utter subversion of 'the three orders,' as held in modern times, happen in the hands of St. Ignatius? It must be exceedingly painful, one would imagine, to our High Church bishops, who only claim the place of the Apostles, to see the deacon thus elevated over their heads into the place of Jesus Christ himself. Hence we shall endeavor to explain the enigma to their entire satisfaction. Dr. Jacob, unless we are greatly deceived, has furnished the clue to this distressing enigma, or mystery, though he does not attempt its solution.

'At the present time,' says he, 'the services of a deacon differ in nothing from those of a presbyter, except that he does not consecrate the elements at the celebration of the Lord's Supper, or read "the Absolution" in the Liturgy. He now but seldom retains the office for more than one year, regarding it as a mere stepping stone to the higher order. And thus the diaconate is stripped of its distinctive character, and rendered almost useless in our Church. It was very different in the Church of ancient times. Not only were the deacon's functions quite distinct from those of the presbyter, but he continued in his office for a much longer period, or it might be

even for life. Indeed, deacons, from their immediate contact with their bishops, and from many matters of order and discipline being entrusted to them, together with other incidental circumstances in particular churches, sometimes became persons of great importance, and *looked down upon presbyters as beneath them*. That this was not so very uncommon an occurrence may be inferred from the Council of Nice (and other Councils) against it, as well as from Jerome's sharp remonstrance, half a century later, against certain deacons at Rome. And, although such conduct was an abuse of their privileges, it shows plainly that it was by no means the custom then for deacons to regard their office as a mere temporary step to a higher ministry. And the same thing is further indicated by the circumstance, also mentioned by Jerome, that deacons chose one of their number and made him an archdeacon, an office then, as well as now, considered superior to an ordinary presbyter.<sup>1</sup>

Thus we see the reason why the good Ignatius placed 'the deacon, *so dear to him,*' above the presbyter. This was, of course, not according to the divine order and concord of the New Testament, but arose out of the circumstances of the time and the force of custom. Hence, one of the most illustrious of the Latin Fathers, St. Jerome, rebuked this violent innovation on the order of the Scriptures. In relation to one of Jerome's *Epistles*, Bishop Stillingfleet says: 'The scope and drift of his epistle, is to chastise the arrogance of one *who made deacons superior to presbyters*. "I hear that a certain *one hath broken out into such folly*, that he ranks deacons before presbyters, that is, before bishops;" and so [Jerome] spends a great part of his epistle to *prove that a bishop and presbyter are the same.*'<sup>2</sup> Now, why do not our modern High Church bishops, like St. Jerome, 'chastise the arrogance' of their own witness, St. Ignatius, who 'broke out into such folly' as to 'rank deacons before presbyters, that is, before bishops'? Is it because that, while he ranks the deacon above presbyters

1 Ecclesiastical Polity of the New Testament. Lecture II, p. 61.

2 Stillingfleet's Irenicum. Part II, Chap. VI, p. 292.

and the Apostles, he at the same time ranked the bishop above both Christ and his Apostles?

The way in which St. Ignatius, the good Bishop of Antioch, happened to break 'out into such folly,' as St. Jerome calls it, may be easily explained. He did not, as we have already said, pretend to derive his view of 'the three orders' from the Bible. On the contrary, he derived it from the supposed resemblance or analogy between the earthly and the heavenly hierarchy. As in the heavenly there are the Father, the Son, and the holy Apostles, so in the earthly there are the 'Bishop, the Deacon, and the Presbyters.' The poor presbyters are allowed to stand, not even in the place of the angels, but in the place of the Apostles, while the deacon is exalted into the place of Jesus Christ, from which he 'looks down upon the presbyters as beneath him'! Now, we fearlessly ask any unbiassed reader, if it is not truly wonderful that any set of men, and much more that learned prelates, should quote the Epistles of Ignatius to show, not that presbyters, but that bishops, are 'the successors of the Apostles'? And is it not still more wonderful, if possible, that they should quote, in favor of their theory, the very words of Ignatius, in which he ranks the deacons above presbyters and the Apostles themselves, and exalts them into the place of Jesus Christ?

However strange it may seem, this is done by Dr. Chapin, consequently by Bishop Kip, and by a host of other writers. Thus, in the *Double Witness*, Bishop Kip quotes the words of Ignatius: 'Let all reverence the Deacon, as Jesus Christ; and the Bishop, as the Father; and the Presbyters, as the Sanhedrim of God, as the College of the Apostles.' (p. 71.) Dr. Chapin is more circumspect; he omits the last and most conclusive words—'and the Presbyters, as the College of the Apostles.' Thus, having quoted the first part of the sentence—'reverence the Deacons as Jesus Christ, and the Bishops as the Father, and the Presbyters as the Council of God'—he then stops, omitting the last clause, 'and the Presbyters . . . as the College of the Apostles.' In like manner, he says of Ignatius: 'So also he speaks of the Bishops as presiding in the place of God'; taking care, again, to omit, from the same

sentence, the words, 'and *your Presbyters in the place of the Council of the Apostles*'! But why should a learned divine quote the whole of a sentence, when one half it of will serve his purpose far better than the whole? As he wished to show that bishops occupy the place of the Apostles, so he was very careful to omit the words in which that place is assigned to 'the Presbyters.' This was, surely, very prudently done. We can certainly commend the caution, if not the conscience, of Dr. Chapin. We like the free, open, blundering boldness of Bishop Kip; it gives us such a hearty leave to laugh. He undertook to prove, out of Ignatius, that 'bishops occupy the place of the Apostles,' and yet he openly and boldly quotes the very words in which that Father assigns this place to 'the Presbyters.'

St. Ignatius has not one word to say, nor one hint to utter, respecting the 'Apostolical Succession' of bishops. This notion was the birth of a later era in the history of the Church. As Dr. Jacob truly says: 'The idea which forms the foundation of this dogma (of Apostolical Succession) *in some slight form appeared as early as the beginning of the third century*, when it supplied Tertullian with one of his weapons against some heretical Churches.' (p. 416.) Before that time there is no trace, not even the slightest, of the idea of an Apostolical Succession of bishops; and when this idea first rose above the horizon, no two Fathers agreed as to the order in which the bishops had followed one another. Hence no two lists of this order are found to coincide, except in those cases in which some were copied from others. Yet, without giving the least notice of this discrepancy, Dr. Chapin sets before his readers one of these lists only, just as if this were the only one, and as if, without contradiction or controversy, this was historically true! His statement admits no cross lights whatever, and seems to be the light of truth itself, only because it shuts out all other lights entitled to equal credit, or to equal discredit, with itself! Is it by such means, we ask, that the Apostolical Succession, considered merely as a fact, is to be palmed off and imposed on the credulity of mankind? Is it by such means that those who deny the Apostolical Succession are to be con-

victed of rebellion against the authority of the Most High, and denounced as guilty of heresy and schism?

Thus, in regard to the See of Rome, Dr. Chapin agrees with Irenæus as far as his list comes down — that is, to his own time. This list includes the first twelve bishops of Rome. Bishop McIlvaine, in one of his sermons, also adopts the list of Irenæus, either from that Father himself, from Dr. Chapin, or from some other copyist, and he seems to rely on the accuracy of this list with the most implicit confidence. ‘Irenæus,’ says he, ‘was a disciple of Polycarp, who was the Angel and Bishop of the Church of Smyrna, and a personal disciple of St. John. *Thus was Irenæus too near the Apostles to be mistaken as to their successors.* “We can enumerate (he says) those who were appointed by the Apostles bishops in the Churches, and to be their *successors* even unto us — leaving them the same power and authority which they had.”’ Then, in a foot note, he sets forth in due order the first twelve bishops of Rome, as given in the list of Irenæus. How clear, how conclusive, how unanswerable, all this seems! From these roots the whole tree of the ‘Apostolical Succession’ grows up so regularly, and apparently so free from all doubt, that young Episcopalians cannot but be delighted with the spectacle. We have, indeed, seen this very tree in the hands of a bishop, which he carried about with him as a sort of travelling companion, for the instruction and edification of unfledged Episcopalians. As the vast scroll on which this tree was mapped out was unrolled before our eyes, we beheld all the bishops of the present day dangling from its branches, just as if they had grown there — Smith, Greene, McCoskry, Hawks, Cobb, Onderdonk, Ives, and a host of others — all unquestionably the *successors* of the Apostles. But now let us, not merely as Episcopalians, but as students of history, look at the roots of this great tree, whose ‘leaves are for the healing of the nations.’

‘If any one Church,’ says our learned Episcopalian author, ‘had possessed an authentic and trustworthy catalogue of this nature, we might justly expect to find it in so important a Church as that of Rome. But the catalogue of the earliest Roman bishops exhibits *so many variations and contradictions,*

as it is recorded by different authors, *that it is evidently of no authority whatever.* Indeed, the only authentic accounts of successive bishops, which anywhere existed, were those which were recorded by their contemporaries in the Church books, called Diptychs, and kept for such purposes. *But there is no mention of such books before the fourth century, and the Archives of the Churches, supposed to have been kept from the very beginning, were nothing but oral traditions, most doubtful when most confidently affirmed.*<sup>1</sup> The catalogue of Irenæus embodies *one* of these oral traditions, and this is given by Chapin, McIlvaine, and others, just as if there were no other, and as if this one were an infallible guide. But, even in regard to the first four bishops of Rome, different authors give very different catalogues.

Thus, says Dr. Jacob, the following are lists of the first bishops of Rome, given by Irenæus, Tertullian, and Augustine:

IRENÆUS.	TERTULLIAN.	AUGUSTINE.
1. Peter.	1. Peter.	1. Peter.
2. Linus.	2. Clemens.	2. Linus.
3. Anacletus.	3. Linus.	3. Clemens.
4. Clemens.	4. Anacletus.	4. Anacletus.

‘Eusebins gives the same list as Irenæus, and, living much later than he, when the traditions had gathered accretions by time, and the ignorance of those who handled them was greater, he undertakes to give the exact dates of their episcopates thus:

1. Peter,	- - - - -	to 68 A. D.
2. Linus,	- - - - -	from 68 to 80 “
3. Anacletus,	- - - - -	“ 80 to 92 “
4. Clemens,	- - - - -	“ 92 to 101 “

‘Thus, to say nothing of Peter at the head of the list, even so well known a name as Clemens is placed in three different positions in different accounts, appearing as second, third, and fourth. Bingham remarks upon this discrepancy, that “it is easily reconciled by learned men, who make it appear that

<sup>1</sup> Ecclesiastical Polity of the New Testament, p. 69.

Linus and Anacletus died, while St. Peter lived, and that Clemens was ordained their successor by St. Peter also." (ii. I. 4.) It is a very easy expedient in a story to kill off personages who are in the way, but in this case the explanation is worthless, besides its being a mere conjecture of modern date; for the list must still be due to varying and erroneous traditions, and the date of Clemens in Eusebius is quite irreconcilable with it. Was St. Peter living in A. D. 92?' (p. 71, note.)

It is quite necessary, indeed, that Peter should have been living in A. D. 92, for otherwise how could he then have ordained Clemens, and thereby solve the difficulty for High Church Episcopalians and Romanists? But, then, if Peter was living in 92, how did it happen that he had two successors in the See of Rome before he died, and who actually died while he was still living? According to Eusebius, the father of Church history, Peter died in 68; but, according to 'the easy explanation of learned men,' set forth by Bingham, he lived till after 92, and then ordained Clemens his successor in the Church of Rome! How did it happen that not he, but Clemens, was bishop of Rome at his death, that is, from 92 to 101? Do not our 'learned men,' indeed, with Bingham at their head, create for us more difficulties than they solve? But what better could be expected, even of learned men, who, instead of seeking the simple light of truth, plunge into a dark abyss of conflicting traditions in pursuit of a favorite dogma?

'Was St. Peter living at Rome in A. D. 92?' Indeed, was St. Peter ever at Rome at all? This question is carefully discussed by Neander, in his *Planting and Training of the Church*; and, after candidly weighing the evidence on both sides, he evidently inclines to disbelieve the tradition respecting St. Peter's visit to Rome, and still more his residence there as bishop. But, unless we are greatly mistaken, there are several forcible, if not irresistible, considerations which are overlooked by Neander, and which negative the idea that St. Peter was ever bishop of Rome.

Be this as it may, it is evident that the catalogues on which

so much is founded are well described by Dr. Jacob. 'These lists,' says he, 'possess little or no historical value, and cannot be relied on for the earliest names, which *alone are of any importance.*' (p. 69.) If any one, in imitation of Dr. Chapin, or Bishop McIlvaine, has a mind to erect the stupendous scheme of Apostolical Succession upon one of these lists alone, as upon a certain and solid foundation, he may easily deceive persons of slender information. But if he will take all such lists, and examine them closely, he will soon find himself in a chaos of contradictions from which, if he really desires the light of truth, he will be glad to escape into the clear and harmonious teachings of the New Testament.

But it is said that Irenæus lived so very near the time of the Apostles that he could not be mistaken. Alas! how little must those who can boldly advance such a proposition have studied the real character of the patristic literature or theology! Tertullian and Augustine lived much nearer to the Apostles, and to Irenæus, than did Bishop McIlvaine, and yet they, as we have seen, did not look upon his tradition as the true one. Eusebius, it is true, adopts the list of Irenæus; but then he does so, if we may judge from his own words, with far less confidence (if confidence it may be called) than do the modern asserters of the Apostolical Succession. On the contrary, 'When *Eusebius* gives formal catalogues of bishops in succession, from the Apostles' times till his own, *he himself warns us against laying too much stress on his information*, frankly confessing, "that he was obliged to rely much on *tradition*, and that he could trace no footsteps of other historians going before him only in a few narratives." This confession of *Eusebius* I shall present in the words of the great Milton: "*Eusebius*, the ancientest writer of Church history extant, confesses in the 4th chapter of his 3d book, *that it is no easy matter to tell who were those that were left bishops of the Churches by the Apostles, more than what a man might gather from the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles of St. Paul*, in which number he reckons *Timothy* for bishop of *Ephesus*. So as may plainly appear, that this tradition of bishoping *Timothy* over *Ephesus* was but taken from that



place out of St. Paul, which was only an entreating him to tarry at Ephesus to do something left him in charge. Now, if *Eusebius*, a famous writer, thought it so difficult to tell who were appointed bishops by the Apostles, much more may we think it difficult for *Leontius*, an obscure bishop, speaking beyond his diocese; and certainly much more hard was it for either of them to determine what *kind* of bishops these were; and much less reason have we to stand by their definitive sentence, seeing they have been so rash as to raise up such lofty bishops and bishoprics out of places of Scripture merely misunderstood. Thus, while we leave the Bible to gad after these traditions of the ancients, we hear the ancients themselves confessing that what knowledge they have on this point was such as they gathered from the Bible.”<sup>1</sup>

Now, how has all this happened? The ancients were doubtful, and yet the moderns, who rely on their authority, are certain! Bishop McIlvaine is confident that Irenæus must have known, because he lived so near the time of the Apostles. But the truth is, that Bishop McIlvaine lives so far from the time of Irenæus, and knows so little about his writings, that he entirely mistakes his meaning. Thus, for example, when Irenæus speaks of ‘bishops as successors of the Apostles,’ Bishop McIlvaine takes it for granted that he means bishops in the modern sense of the term, that is, diocesan bishops, whose lofty bishoprics and authority extend over a multitude of *presbyters*. He might just as well have taken it for granted, that when an ancient writer speaks of ships, he means great steamships, or magnificent men of war, instead of small vessels propelled by oars or sails. For, in fact, Irenæus uses the terms *bishops* and *presbyters* interchangeably, as denoting one and the same order of ministry. Our very eloquent Bishop quotes only one or two passages from Irenæus, and then laments that he has not had time to quote more. But if he had only had time to quote more, this might have entirely spoiled the effect of the very little he has quoted. As that ‘very little’ now stands, separated from all else in the writings of Irenæus, it seems to teach that bishops, in the modern sense of the word,

<sup>1</sup> Letters of Samuel Miller, D. D., p. 129—80.

were 'the successors of the Apostles.' Whereas, if we quote a little more, it will appear that he speaks of bishops, or *presbyters*, as 'the successors of the Apostles.' The good Father, indeed, did not live so far from the time of the Apostles, nor from the sense of the Scriptures, as to forget entirely the New Testament usage in regard to the identity of *bishops* and *presbyters*. Let us look, then, into the writings of Irenæus for ourselves, and see if Bishop McIlvaine has not most egregiously misunderstood him.

From his *Book Against Heresies* (lib. iii, cap. 3), Bishop McIlvaine quotes the following words: 'The Apostolic tradition is in every church. We can enumerate those who were constituted bishops by the Apostles in the Church, and *their successors even to us*, who taught no such thing. By showing the tradition and declared faith of the greatest and most ancient Church of Rome, which she received from the Apostles, and which is come to us *through the succession of the bishops*, we confound all who conclude otherwise than they ought.' Or, he quotes a part, if not the whole, of this passage. But Irenæus, the good Father, lived too near the time of the Apostles, and too near to the genuine sense of Scripture, to mean anything by this passage more than 'the succession of *presbyters*.' Hence, if we look into the preceding chapter of his *Book Against Heresies*, we shall find these words: 'When we challenge them (the heretics) to that Apostolical tradition which is preserved in the churches *through the succession of the presbyters*, they oppose the tradition, pretending that they are wiser, not only than the *presbyters*, but also than the Apostles.'

The twelve bishops of Rome, who appear in the list of Irenæus, and to whom High Church Episcopalians so confidently point as successors of St. Peter, are as follows: 'Linus, Anacletus, Clemens, Evaristus, Alexander, Sixtus, Telesphorus, Hugynus, Pius, Anicetus, Soter, and Eleutherius.' Yet, in his *Epistle to Victor*, then Bishop of Rome, he calls these very bishops, *presbyters*. 'Those *presbyters*,' says he, 'before Soter, who governed the church which thou, Victor, now governest, I mean *Anicetus, Pius, Hugynus, Telesphorus, and Sixtus*, did

not observe it (the day insisted on by Victor for keeping *Easter*), and those *presbyters who preceded you*, though they did not observe it themselves, yet sent the Eucharist to those of other churches who did observe it. And when Polycarp, in the days of *Anicetus*, came to Rome, he did much to persuade *Anicetus* to observe it, as he (*Anicetus*) declared that the custom of *the presbyters, who were his predecessors*, should be retained.' Now, here, in this passage, no less than five of the twelve bishops of Rome, and 'successors of the Apostles,' are expressly called *presbyters*, in perfect conformity with the usage of the New Testament.

Again, in his *Epistle to Florinus*, Irenæus says; 'This doctrine, to speak cautiously and gently, is not sound. This doctrine disagreeeth with the Church, and bringeth such as listen to it into extreme impiety.' Then, having mentioned Polycarp, the martyr and *bishop* of Smyrna, he proceeds: 'I am able to testify before God, that if that holy and apostolical *presbyter* had heard any such thing, he would at once have exclaimed, as his manner was, "Good God! into what times hast thou reserved me!"'

In these passages, and in others which might be quoted, Irenæus not only applies the names *bishop* and *presbyter* to the same persons, but he expressly declares that *presbyters* received the succession of the *Episcopate*, and were, at one and the same time, both *bishops* and *presbyters*. What language could possibly be more perfectly conclusive? What language could more clearly show that, in the opinion of this good Father, *bishops* and *presbyters* are the same in office, and different only in name.

After giving the above extract from Irenæus (lib. iii, cap. 2), Stillingfleet, in his *Irenicum*, adds: 'Here he attributes the keeping of the tradition of the apostolical doctrine to the *succession of presbyters*, which before he had done to *bishops*. And more fully afterward: "Therefore, it is incumbent on those who are in the Church to obey the *presbyters, who have their succession from the Apostles*, as we have shown, who, together with the succession of the *Episcopacy*, have received the unerring gift of truth, according to the will of the Father."

In this place he not only asserts *the succession of presbyters to the Apostles*, but likewise attributes the *successio episcopatus* to these very *presbyters*. What strange confusion must this raise in any one's mind that seeks for succession of episcopal power above presbyters from the Apostles, by the testimony of *Irenæus*, when he so plainly attributes *the succession to presbyters*, and *the episcopate, too*, which he speaks of? And in the next chapter adds: "Such *presbyters* the Church maintains, concerning whom even the prophet says, I will both give thy princes to be in peace, and thy *bishops* in righteousness;" (thus, in the same sentence, calling the same persons both *presbyters* and *bishops*.) Did *Irenæus* think that bishops in a superior order to presbyters were derived by immediate succession from the Apostles, and yet call the *presbyters* by the name of *bishops*? It is said, indeed, that in the Apostles' times the names *bishop* and *presbyter* were common, although the office was distinct; but that was only during the Apostles' life, say some, when after the name bishop was appropriated to that order that was in the Apostles (so called before); but, say others, it was only till *subject* presbyters were constituted, and then grew the difference between the names. But neither of these σοφα ψαρμυχα, "shrewd artifices," can draw forth the difficulty in these places of *Irenæus*; for now both the Apostles were dead, and *subject* presbyters certainly in some of these apostolical churches were then constituted; whence comes the community of names still, that those who are said to succeed the Apostles are called *bishops* in one place, but *presbyters* in another, and the very succession of episcopacy attributed to *presbyters*?<sup>1</sup> Thus is the 'shrewd artifice' of Chapin, Kip, and the whole tribe of High Church Episcopalians, blown to atoms by the unquestionable facts of history. Thus is the notion, that after the Apostles died their successors in office were called *bishops*, while the name of *presbyters* was confined to an inferior order of ministry, shown to be utterly false. The truth is, that even after the year 180, their own chosen witness, *Irenæus*, uses these two names interchangeably, just as they were used by the Apostles themselves.

1 Irenicum. Part II, Chap. vi, § 17.

'Can we possibly conceive,' continues Bishop Stillingfleet, 'that these testimonies of *Irenæus* can determine the point of succession, so as to make clear to us what that power was which those enjoyed whom he sometimes calls bishops, and sometimes presbyters. But it is not *Irenæus* alone who tells us that presbyters succeed the Apostles; even *Cyprian* (himself a bishop), who pleads so much for obedience to the bishops as they were then constituted in the Church, yet speaks often of his *compresbyters*, "fellow-presbyters."<sup>1</sup> Now, when, we ask, will we ever catch any modern High Church bishop calling himself a 'presbyter,' or his brother bishops 'co-presbyters'? Will it be, think you, before the heavens fall, and we shall 'catch larks'?

Bishop Stillingfleet expresses the belief, that 'upon the strictest inquiry *Medina's* judgment will prove true, that *Hierom, Austin, Ambrose, Sedelius, Primarius, Chrysostom, Theodoret, Theophylant*, were all of *Ærius'* judgment, as to the identity of both name and order of bishops and presbyters in the primitive Church.'<sup>2</sup> Now, in this list we have the names of the most illustrious of all the Fathers. Did they, then, testify to the equality of bishops and presbyters in the primitive Church? We cannot, of course, answer this question, in the present paper, in regard to all of the above-named Fathers of the Church. But, in regard to the greatest of them — *Hierom* and *Austin*, or, as they are frequently called, *Jerome* and *Augustine* — it is easy to establish the correctness of the above opinion of Bishop Stillingfleet.

The testimony of *Jerome* is clear, explicit, and unequivocal. This distinguished Father, who flourished about the year 380, was acknowledged, by the whole Christian world, to be one of the most pious and learned men of his day. The celebrated *Erasmus*, too, declared concerning him, that 'he was, without controversy, the most learned of all Christians, and that for eloquence he excelled *Cicero*.' In his *Commentary on Titus* he uses precisely those arguments from Scripture which we have already adduced in this article to prove that, originally, *bishops* and *presbyters* constituted one and the same order

1 Ep. 69, ed. Parnel, 5. 4.

2 Ibid., § 12.

of ministry, and differed only in name. In his *Epistle to Evagrius* he repeats the same unanswerable arguments. Hence we shall not repeat them here, especially as they are now universally conceded to be conclusive. How, then, did the bishops acquire the ascendancy over their 'co-presbyters,' so as to constitute a distinct and higher order of ministry in the Church? Did the Apostles, by casting their mantles on them, or by one syllable of express direction, create this difference between bishops and presbyters? No. Nothing of the kind is even pretended. Did some presbyters, then, step into the shoes of the Apostles, or claim by divine right to fill their places above their co-presbyters? No. This arrogant claim was reserved for a darker and more superstitious age, when men looked to their own glory more than to the glory of God. Whence, then, the rise of bishops in the Church as a supreme order of ministry?

Jerome expressly asserts, after having proved the assertion, that 'A *presbyter*, therefore, is the same as a *bishop*; and before there were, by the devil's instinct, parties in religion, and it was said among the people, *I am of Paul, I of Apollos, and I of Cephas*, the churches were governed by the common council of presbyters. But *afterward*, when every one thought that those whom he baptized were rather his than Christ's, it was determined, through the whole world, that one of the presbyters should be set above the rest, to whom all care of the Church should belong, that the seeds of schism might be taken away.'<sup>1</sup> . . . . 'These things I have written to show,' he adds, 'that among the ancients *presbyters and bishops* were the same. But, *by little and little*, that all the seeds of dissension might be plucked up, the whole care was devolved on one. As, therefore, the *presbyters* know, that *by the custom of the Church* they are subject to him who is their *president*, so let *bishops* know that they are above *presbyters* more by the *custom of the Church* than by the *true dispensation of Christ*.'<sup>2</sup>

The same view of the origin of Episcopacy was also entertained by St. Augustine, the Bishop of Hippo. Hence, in

<sup>1</sup> Commentary on Titus.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

writing to Jerome, who was a presbyter, he says: 'I entreat you to correct me faithfully when you see I need it; for although, according to the names of honor *which the custom of the Church has now brought into use*, the office of bishop is greater than that of presbyter, nevertheless, in many respects, *Augustine is inferior to Jerome.*' Bishop Jewell, in the *Defence for his Apology for the Church of England*, quotes this passage for the purpose of showing the original identity of bishops and presbyters, and translates it as follows: 'The office of bishop is above the office of priest, *not by authority of the Scriptures*, but after the names of honor which the custom of the Church hath *now obtained.*' (pp. 122, 123.)

Thus Augustine, as well as Jerome, represents the superiority of bishops to presbyters as resulting, not from divine appointment, but from the custom of the Church. This, as every student of history knows, was also the doctrine of all the reformers of the Church of England, and of all her great divines, until the year 1588, when Richard Bancroft, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, claimed a Scriptural origin for the supremacy of bishops, and taught tyrants to wield the divine right of Episcopacy as a rod of iron for the backs of dissenters. Thus, through the weakness and infirmity of man, the remedy for dissensions, which 'the custom of the Church' had wisely introduced, became worse than the disease, and created more schisms than it cured. As Mosheim truly declares, 'The weight of this controversy was not great so long as the English prelates founded their rank and authority upon the laws of the land and *human* constitution; but it became of vast moment from the year 1588, when Richard Bancroft first ventured publicly to affirm that bishops are an order superior to that of presbyters, not by human appointment, but by the will of God.'<sup>1</sup> It became, indeed, under the iron rule of Laud, of a weight so great, and of a moment so vast, that it sank the Church of England beneath the angry and devouring waves of dissent.

There is a natural propensity in every people, to attribute to its great men and heroes whatever it approves and admires

<sup>1</sup> Ecclesiastical History, Book IV, Cent. XVI, Sec. III, Part II, Chap. 11.

in the customs and institutions of its own time. Thus, as we learn from Wachsmuth,<sup>1</sup> and Herman,<sup>2</sup> the name of Solon represented the legislation of 'a thousand years.' The same thing happened to Lycurgus, although, for all we know, he was not even a historical personage. All those accumulated traditions, confirmed and supported, as they were, by the orators, the philosophers, and the poets of Greece, were accredited by the learned world to the first quarter of the present century, when, for the first time, the history of Greece was taken in hand by the great scholars of Germany, and stripped of its manifold accretions of credulity. The same thing has happened in the ecclesiastical history of past ages. The Fathers of the Church, for instance, attributed to the supreme objects of their veneration — Christ and his Apostles — a thousand customs and institutions which formed no part of their legislation or instructions. To select only one instance out of a great multitude, after the administration of the Lord's Supper to infants became the practice of the Church, St. Augustine himself, the greatest of all the Fathers, did not hesitate to pronounce it 'an apostolical institution,' and to ground the custom on the words of John vi. 53. This general custom, this tradition, this manifold corruption, certainly existed in the second century, and, in the third, Cyprian speaks of it, not as a new, but as an ordinary practice. Indeed, according to that common rule of Augustine: 'Things that were generally in use, and no certain author assigned of them, were attributed to the Apostles.' Now, why was this 'common rule' violated in the case of Episcopacy? Why was not this institution, like all other things, 'in general use,' without any certain author assigned to them, 'attributed to the Apostles'? Why, on the contrary, was it attributed by Jerome, Augustine, and a multitude of others, to a human origin, and not to divine appointment? Just because, as we believe, the strong tendency to attribute Episcopacy to the Apostles was checked and controlled by the overwhelming amount of evidence,

<sup>1</sup> Historical Antiquities of the Greeks. Oxford, 1837.

<sup>2</sup> Manual of the Political Antiquities of Greece. Oxford, 1836.



which showed that it had gradually grown up in the Church as a human custom.

The history of Greece was in its infancy in 1817, when the great German scholars appeared to sift the chaff of tradition from the golden grains of truth. In like manner, the history of the patristic literature and theology was in its infancy, when, in 1832, the great outburst of the Oxford movement recalled the attention of the Church to the strange traditions and superstitious dreams of its childhood, as exhibited 'in the Fathers of the first two or three centuries.' Since then the Fathers, as they are called, have been severely sifted and weighed in the balance of the sanctuary. Dr. Jacob has, in the work before us, made good use of these labors, of these siftings and weighings, of the last forty years. A new era has dawned on the Church. A flood of new light now streams on the great truth, that 'the Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants.' A thousand immortal workers are now helping forward the progress of revealed truth. Yet, in the midst of all this onward movement, and these mighty evolutions of the Christian world, there are those who, falling back on the dead bones of Tertullian, exclaim: 'Whatever is first, is true; whatever is more recent, is spurious.' But the dry bones of the Fathers cannot stop the wheels of God's living Word. We say, too, in our own sense, 'that which was first, is true.' But, then, were not Christ and his Apostles before the Fathers? Was not truth before tradition — the truth of God before the traditions of men?

Hence, leaving the traditions of the Fathers behind us, we shall, in our next paper on the Apostolical Succession, examine, in detail and *in extenso*, the arguments of its advocates drawn from Scripture. These arguments, if we are not greatly deceived, are like the dogma they are adduced to bolster up and support — the empty phantoms of a duped imagination. But let the reader wait, and see, and decide for himself.

ART. II.—*Southern Voices*: Poems by William H. Holcombe, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

We hail this volume as a beautiful presage of the future of the South in the department of poetry. In saying that it is worthy of the author, who, for several years past, has been a brilliant star in the literary firmament of the South, we give it the highest praise. Dr. Holcombe, in a succession of psychological works, connecting in golden links the noblest and most attractive features of two worlds, has carried English prose style to a high degree of perfection.

His mind is at once logical and creative; but, like all fine writers who have preceded him, he has evidently coned models upon models, and passed through stages of laborious training. All well-balanced minds familiarize themselves with the attainments of the past before they strike out new paths for themselves. In pursuing this course, Dr. Holcombe has only accommodated himself to those inevitable laws of mental and moral progress, the observance of which is sure to secure for the philosopher, the scholar, and the poet, the highest practicable triumphs.

Half a century ago the Englishman, with a curl of contempt upon his lips, and the shred of a laurel on his brow, asked, with an air of triumph that brooked no response, 'Who reads an American book?' A reply, however, was ready for him from the pen of the laborious and erudite Robert Walsh, who declared that America was a nation of thinkers, if not of writers, and that the day of her literary renown hastened on apace. He instanced Washington Irving, whose star of golden light had just appeared above the horizon, and which, when it reached the zenith, shone with the lustre and beauty of Addison's. The intellect of the American people was, at that time, chiefly represented by members of Congress, who, so long as the government was constitutionally administered,

performed dramas of the deepest interest on the theatre of public affairs, and became themselves the heroes of epics that have never yet been reduced to verse or rhyme. The Revolution itself constituted one of the greatest epics known to history. The judicial mind of Marshall and the critical grasp of Sparks were directed to this subject, to which they have done full justice. Their works, as well as the splendid histories of Ticknor and Prescott, have been read in England, and are not surpassed by the ponderous tomes of Hume, Gibbon, or Robertson.

It is certain that Northern scholars appeared first in the field and reaped the earliest laurels, and the Southern States of the United States were regarded as unproductive of men of genius. The most ridiculous reasons have been assigned for this imagined inferiority, and, among others, the institution of slavery, and the influence of climate. The last quarter of a century has evinced the utter fallacy of these charges. No historian, in splendor of description, and the artistic grouping of incidents, has surpassed the history of Philip II of Spain, by Hon. Charles Guyarrè, of New Orleans; no critic has equalled, in erudition and classical learning, the lamented Hugh L. Legare, of South Carolina; and no poet of the North has appeared upon the scene, who has displayed the originality of Edgar A. Poe, of Virginia; while, in statesmanship and eloquence, the Senators and Representatives of the South are admitted, on all hands, to have taken the precedence, from the very origin of the government, over those from the colder regions of the country. If the scholars and writers of all classes of the South have been less numerous than those of the North, it is because the South has had fewer universities, fewer and smaller cities, and a sparser population than the North, and, literally, no publishing houses, which are always apt to encourage, if not to create, a literature where they exist.

A temperate climate, like that of the South, is favorable to the production of artists and poets. Witness the *chef-d'œuvres* of the geniuses of Southern Europe — Dantè, Tasso, Ariosto, Alfieri, Calderon, Lopez de Vegas, Michael Angelo, Raphael,

Titian, Paul Veronese, the Carraccis, and Canova. Why, in a similar latitude, should not genius be equally creative and triumphant in the Southern States of North America, where, under the genial rays of Apollo, Diana sounds the tocsin to the chase, where the scenery of hill, dale, river, and forest, with rich and lustrous foliage, charms the eye and imagination of poet and painter; and sunsets, glowing with all the colors of the rainbow, kindle rapture in the breast of the beholder equally with those of Italy?

Great intellectual results spring out of popular convulsions. When society is agitated to its centre, a quickening impulse is imparted to the faculties, of which the results are seen in the new tone given to literature. The effects of the Conquest of William of Normandy were felt for centuries in the radical changes that took place in the English language. The feudal system gave birth to the beautiful poetry of the mediæval ages, and the wars in Palestine, for the recovery of the Holy Land, to *The Jerusalem Delivered* of Tasso, and gradually prepared the way for the moral and intellectual revival in Europe that succeeded.

We have scarcely begun to recover from the terrible shock of the political and military struggle through which we have recently passed in this country. It is doubtful, as yet, whether we shall be able to save our government and our free institutions. God only knows the future, and, from present appearances, we should tremble to lift the veil. Of the past and its memories, of the skill of our generals and the gallantry of our soldiers, displayed on many a battle-field, nothing can deprive us. The history of our old homesteads, of the patriarchal relations that once subsisted between the master and his dependants, of the hospitality that characterized the Southern planter all the year round, of the sports of the chase, and the merriment of the Christmas holidays—this history still remains to us. The South is covered all over with vestiges of romance, which even the tread of the warrior, with garments dyed in blood, cannot obliterate. While the storm-cloud darkens the political heavens, we may turn to the past for consolation, for agreeable and heroic reminiscences. If we

are mortified with the changes that have come over the face of American society; if we despair of reform, when the flood-tide of corruption is sweeping over the land with a continually accumulating force; if the present terrifies and alarms us with its prognostications and omens of worse times to come, we may still turn with pride and pleasure to the past. People who feel that they have been deeply wronged never remain stationary. They gather strength from their very afflictions. Their intellectual power is quickened by the passions that agitate and the griefs that assail them, and the mind, in its effort to extricate itself from impending difficulties, strains every nerve, and strikes out new paths to distinction. So the deepest darkness precedes the dawn, and the blackest cloud covers the sun that shines behind it. The simile is an old one, but it inculcates a great lesson. Genius never sleeps when it sheds tears, but plumes itself for some lofty flight.

*Voices of the South* is the offspring of the late war. Had our poets been silent on the occasion, the very stones would have cried out against them. The full soul is always eloquent. The voice pours itself forth in song when the heart remembers. The hand seizes hold of the harp to quiet the agitations of the spirit. A down-trodden people sometimes rises higher for its fall, and expresses itself in numbers. What though the verses of Dr. Holcombe, here and there, exhibit evidences of haste in composition? The man of impulse does not always measure his words with nice exactness. He does not write so much for the gratification of the mere critic as for the man of deep feeling, who ardently loves his country and sympathizes with her misfortunes. In the main, the poetry of our author bears evidence of artistic skill, and will pass successfully through the ordeal to which the most cynical reviewer may subject it. It comes from the heart, and speaks to the heart of the South, in truthful tones that linger pleasingly on the ear. We could wish, indeed, that some of his lines, and some of his stanzas, had been more elaborately wrought, but time waits for no man, least of all for the fastidious critic; and we may well pardon the venial errors of one who is at once a real poet and a busy physician,

whose time does not belong to himself but to an exacting public, and who has no leisure to reëxamine his own writings and adapt them to the varying caprices of judges, especially of those who never felt a single impulse of poetic inspiration, nor penned a single line of poetry. It should never be forgotten that gifted minds are allowed a certain license, and that the Muses themselves do not submit to arbitrary rules in all their eccentric flights. Even Byron and Scott, those undoubted sons of song, did not always do it. We shall, therefore, leave the spots on the sun of our rising poet unnoticed, leaving it to the carping critic to snarl over a halting foot in the rapid march of his muse, if he chance to find one. When the soul of the poet breathes through every line, we adopt the motto, *de minimis non est disputandum*. None can deny that *Southern Voices* are thoroughly Southern in feeling, while they are sufficiently natural and cosmopolitan. They are songs of brotherhood and peace, well adapted to soften the acerbities of a recently distracted country. The lyrics are connected by subtle threads of thought, representing almost every phase of Southern sentiment. Listen to the description of the South after the war :

‘PHANTASMAGORIA.

‘In a strange country has my spirit been,  
 Through day-dreams and the watches of the night;  
 Hither and thither, like a wandering storm;  
 Hither and thither, like the moaning sea,  
 That ever casteth up her pleading hands;  
 Through a strange country, dim and desolate,  
 Lurid with light of sunsets dipped in blood,  
 And full of shadowy mountains gray with mist,  
 And sheeted cataracts, and wailing woods,  
 And valleys dusky with the smoke of war;  
 Down-toppled cities, tracts of smouldering fire,  
 And golden palaces half sunk in sand;  
 All blown across by many howling winds,  
 And wildly kissed by ever-troubled seas,  
 And haunted by fierce whispers, and the sound  
 Of ghostly banners in the air, and tread  
 Of feet that were invisible, and the roll  
 Of muffled cannon echoing round the world,  
 And all the gunners dead beneath the wheels.’

What Southerner does not feel the old love and the old despair when listening to the following lines :

‘TRAMPLED TO DEATH.

‘A fair young body trampled to death —  
This beautiful, glorious Lady of ours!  
Bring spices and wine and all the spring’s breath,  
And bathe her with kisses and shroud her with flowers.

‘O breasts, whose twin lilies are purpled with blood!  
O face, whose twin roses with ashes are white!  
O dead golden hair, at whose far splendor stood  
Millions of true souls entranced with delight!

‘Wailing in silence, as brave men wail,  
An army of lovers around her stands,  
With fierce bitten lips and brows all pale,  
With broken swords and with manacled hands!’

We cannot forbear transcribing the 1st, 4th, 6th, and 7th verses from the requiem on General Lee :

‘The chieftains bewail their Chief,  
The wisest and best of them all;  
And his old brigades are pale with grief,  
While a nation weeps at the pall.

‘The sword has dropped from his hand;  
The prayer has died on his lips;  
A splendor has passed from all the land,  
And the States grow dark in eclipse.

‘He needs not the cannon’s boom,  
Nor the drum, nor the funeral bell;  
The world’s great heart is the hero’s tomb,  
And Fame is the sentinel!

‘He lived without stain or fear,  
And to death no prey is given.  
The sunset at which we are weeping here  
Is a *sunrise* — hailed in heaven!’

We quote the following stanzas from ‘The Future,’ a song of hope, worthy the pen of Longfellow :

‘All evil things will disappear,  
And every voice that echoes here  
Be sweet as children’s laughter;

For Christ shall tread all curses down,  
And bless'd Love shall take the crown,  
And rule the world thereafter.

'Then faint not, pause not, aching heart!  
But meekly, bravely do thy part,  
To speed the future coming.  
Our Christ-like yearnings are the powers  
Which sow the land with living flowers,  
And set the world a blooming.

'For Spirit is the final cause—  
Our spirits modify the laws  
Whereby the earth is moving;  
The tropic storms would cease to beat,  
The frozen poles would melt with heat,  
If all men's hearts were loving.

'Bright flowers will spring at every door,  
When sweet affections outward pour  
To cause their gentle springing;  
When we become as angels are,  
We shall commune with every star,  
And hear the angels singing.'

In our opinion, *Southern Voices* proper, notwithstanding the high, tender, and chivalrous spirit that pervades them, are not the best pieces in the book — not those that touch the universal heart of humanity. Of such is 'The Bereaved,' a series of lyrics on the death of children, a concentrated *In Memoriam*. We cite, for example, the first of them :

'I rose from the troubled dream of night  
To read at the morning hours  
What God had written in letters of light  
In the open Book of Flowers;

'But out of my soul, alas! there came  
A mist of sorrow and pain,  
That blurred the pages of golden flame,  
And I pondered the lines in vain!

'My heart — it failed like a trembling bird's,  
And I bitterly wept to see  
That God had either withdrawn his words,  
Or had hidden their meaning from me.'



Again, take the fourth lyric. How many skeptical, dissatisfied spirits, all the world over, have propounded, unanswered, the following sad and perplexing queries :

' Oh why does the sunshine warm the earth,  
And mock the green with a golden kiss?  
Why comes the spring with her childish mirth,  
And her fragrance, to such a world as this ?

' Where love is the prey of moth and rust,  
And death-worms feed on all that is fair ;  
Where the sweet face falls away to dust —  
And the roseate lips, and the golden hair ;

' Where the soul in secret sorrow keeps  
Its inner world to the world unknown —  
A realm of shadows, in which it weeps,  
And of echoes, echoing moan to moan.'

' Afflictions spring not from the dust.' They are the divine lot of humanity. ' Man is made to mourn.' The poet has solved the dark and knotty problem. Deeply wounded, and feeling profoundly himself, he grasps the hands of all sympathizers, and, leading them directly up to the portals of heaven, reveals the merciful designs of the great Creator :

' God schemes to lead aright —  
To redeem, reshape, and recall —  
Unfelt, perhaps, when helping the most,  
Unseen when nearest of all.

' We may ponder and ponder in vain,  
We may weep till our eyes grow dim :  
Oh, trust that God is Infinite Love,  
And leave the burden to Him !'

' The Dead Soul' (what a word ! as if the soul could ever die ! ) displays all our poet's power. He has taken a dead soul — dead to all the great aims of life ; he has found a dead man — dead to all the nobler impulses of humanity, and, with more than Promethean skill, breathes the spirit of immortal life into his bosom. No ! not *his* skill, but that of Him who converted water into wine at the marriage feast. We have not space — we wish we had — to insert the whole of this

grand poem ; but some extracts will suffice to unravel the mystery of a dead soul restored to life :

‘ O a painful thing it is to see  
 The smallest flower drop from the tree,  
 And think it never more shall be !  
 The saddest, sweetest watch we keep  
 Is o’er a babe from its mother riven.  
 The very angels who took it to heaven  
 Must return to its cradle and weep.  
 But exceeding all human grief  
 Is the death of a soul that has died of sin —  
 Of evil and wrong and unbelief —  
 The victim of passion and doubt,  
 Perhaps a marble of splendor without,  
 And a reeking charnel within —  
 A spirit bereft of heavenly breath,  
 A world in chaos, void of light,  
 Something which angels cannot see  
 From the lucid depths of their purity,  
 But shudder as they strain their sight,  
 Start back and call it nothing ! darkness ! Death.

‘ Alas ! alas !  
 And said I that the Soul was dead ?  
 That its vital spark had fled ?  
 That it could not live again ?  
 Oh, shallow, false, and vain !  
 How could I lose the spiritual light  
 That floods across my inner sight ?  
 Life is eternal ;  
 Love is supernal :  
 Love and life beat in the heart of decay.  
 Nothing that is can cease to be,  
 But change as it may from day to day,  
 It ever remains by God’s decree  
 A power, a form, a mystery.  
 In uttermost bitter there is sweet ;  
 In coldest crystals there is heat ;  
 In ebon blackness there is light,  
 And a day-germ in the sunless night.  
 In everything we feel or see,  
 From the mountain’s crown to the valley’s clod,  
 From man to beast,  
 From greatest to least,  
 In nerve and vessel and bone,  
 In water and iron and stone

There lurks some trace of elemental fire,  
Which will not let it quite expire,  
But gives it being and draws it higher,  
And binds it to the the Living God.'

The poet proceeds to give the solution of the great problem, how light may be eliminated from darkness — life from death. No human power is adequate to the performance of such a miracle :

' Who, then, can save  
Our souls from the grave?  
He — none but He — who created and gave!  
For this, in the shadowy ages gone,  
The God-Man clove the trembling spheres,  
Planted His awful brow with thorn,  
And watered his steps with tears;  
For this he prayed on the mountain height,  
And blazoned the temple with words of light;  
For this He strove, 'mid the desert's glooms,  
Till the powers of darkness fell;  
And He raised the dead men out of their tombs,  
And the lost ones out of their hell.'

We cannot refrain from citing the last stanza of 'The Dead Soul,' by our eloquent poet-preacher, which, in the music of its rhythm, and its exquisite but bold touches, reminds us of the finest creations of Shelley :

' Whatever may be in the land or the sea,  
Or the blue dome brooding above,  
What Nature reveals in her opening seals,  
Of beauty or glory or love;  
What Art unrolls on her flaming scrolls,  
Or bards in music rehearse —  
Are the shadows falling from our souls  
On the floors of the universe.'

This is poetry — such as the morning stars chanted at the dawn of creation. We need not despair of the fortunes of the South, gloomy as they are at present, when a poet is found in her midst who can tune his lyre to such strains as these! If she has not political freedom and civil rights, she still has Christianity, and the strong faith and lofty expectations and sublime poetry it awakens.

'Marie' is a poem of a different character. All the elements blended in it are of the human type. It is a story not of man, but of woman, rare in loveliness and beauty, fallen, through the wicked arts of man, the tempter—man the demon:

'Love, sorrow, and death! the old, sad story! —  
 Old as the tides, old as the march of the sun,  
 Old as our life, whose woes begun  
 Soon as the Maker's work was done  
 With its infinite beauty and glory.'

The poet proceeds to tell the tale, with a knowledge of frail, erring human nature, gathered not more from the bards of old than from the melancholy proofs furnished by every day observation in the nineteenth century:

'The tale of love so warmly plighted,  
 Of love and truth so fast united,  
 So dream-enraptured, heaven-befriended,  
 Flush with joys and visions splendid;  
 Then of love betrayed and blighted,  
 Truth perverted, slain and lost,  
 Souls adrift and passion-tossed,  
 And the fall from bliss supernal,  
 Down through deepening glooms to shame and death eternal.

'Therefore stood Marie on the bridge,  
 In the cold, dark night,  
 Clad all in white —  
 Standing on the topmost ridge,  
 That hides the future from the past,  
 Casting a look, forlorn, aghast,  
 On the town with its glimmering light;  
 Therefore she saw in the waves below,  
 In the cold, dark, dash of their wintry roll,  
 Some sweet, sweet solace for human woe,  
 Some sweet, sweet balm for a wounded soul.  
 Something sweeter than life or love,  
 That drew her down against her will!  
 And there passed a gleam in the air above,  
 And a plash beneath, and all was still!'

The whole account of her passion, her downfall, her ruin, and her death, is given with great force and tenderness. The

arts employed by her base betrayer are but too faithfully unfolded :

' Like the base bee that sucks the flower,  
And steals its sweets one sunny hour,  
Then spreads his wings and flies away  
To other loves and other prey,  
The spoiler drew her life and fled.'

The Minor Poems of our author are brief but comprehensive, and full of beauty. What a moral is conveyed — a moral full of consolation — by the 'Two Figures':

' I saw two figures in the light  
Stand out like statues, as I dreamed :  
A skeleton — oh, ghastly sight!  
And a sweet youth, who sleeping seemed.

" Ah! this is hateful Death!" I thought,  
" With cold, white bones and sockets deep;  
And this our Life, forever wrought  
Of dreams, of shadows, and of sleep."

" Your thought is wrong! your thought I've read!"  
Some spirit spoke; I held my breath.  
" This skeleton is Life," he said,  
" And this sweet, sleeping youth is Death!"

' Your life to us is cold and bare.  
We sigh and sorrow for your sake.  
Your death we welcome everywhere,  
That sweet, sweet sleep from which you wake.'

In his 'New Thanatopsis,' the closing and crowning poem of the work, the poet goes in pursuit of Death, searches for him everywhere, and finds him not. He boldly comes to the conclusion that there is no such thing — that Death, that annihilation, is a nonentity — that the famed King of Terrors is not only without a crown, but that he is a pure myth :

' Throughout the choral harmony of things,  
And all the vast economy of God,  
Death has no place or power. There is no Death!  
God, God alone, is Life; and all our life,  
And all the verging substance of the world,

From Him-derived, and vitalized by Him;  
 And every change, which we ascribe to Death,  
 Is but a change in form, or place, or state,  
 Of something which can never cease to live.'

The piece reminds us at once of Mr. Bryant's 'Thanatopsis,' and, in many respects, is equal if not superior to the Northern poet, to whom he unquestionably refers in the following lines:

'In gloom and darkness was the poet lost,  
 Who calls this earth the mighty tomb of man:  
 'Tis but his temporary habitation,  
 His cradle, and his school of discipline;  
 The dark, cold ground, in which the seed is sown,  
 That, struggling upward, slowly germinates  
 Until its bursts into the shining air.'

If by the term *death* our author means annihilation, we readily agree with him that it is 'a myth.' But if he uses the word in any one of its ordinary senses, then do we reject his sentiment as utterly false. For death, properly so-called, is no myth; but, on the contrary, he is the 'King of Terrors,' with a most real and awful throne. How could it be otherwise, indeed, under the dominion of a holy and just God? For where sin reigns, by the rebellion of the creature, is it not necessary that death should also reign by the justice of the Creator and Ruler of the world? We learn this from the word of God, to which we cling by faith, spurning the weak conclusions of sense as the spawn of sin and death. We believe, indeed, that the love of God beams from the eye of hell, no less than from the brow of heaven, being, in reality, no other than 'the wrath of the Lamb,' kindled by a regard for that eternal law on which depends the order, the happiness, and the glory of the universe. We seek not, therefore, to soften down the features of God's awful justice, to make them harmonize with the corrupt and sin-loving propensities of fallen man. We console ourselves, however, with the reflection, that the reign of death, so essential to the highest good of the universe, is partial and limited, while the dominion of life is boundless as creation and beautiful as the sovereignty of God. The following stanza expresses, in one word, the

conclusion of our philosophy on this subject — a philosophy which, however pleasing or fascinating to the imagination, we should instantly give to the winds if it did not accord with the teachings of Revelation :

‘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.’

We are greatly indebted to Dr. Holcombe for this beautiful addition to the American poetry of the nineteenth century. That it is a contribution from the South, by no means lessens its interest or diminishes its value in our eyes. We trust *Voices of the South* is but the precursor of its ‘Songs’ from the same poet. It is prophetic of the *renaissance* of our literature, and convinces us that ‘there is a glorious life in the old land yet.’

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- ART. III.—1. *Protestantism and Catholicity compared in their Effects on the Civilization of Europe.* By the Rev. J. Balme. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1851. Pp. 501.
2. *Symbolism; or, Exposition of the Doctrinal Differences between Catholics and Protestants, as evidenced by their Symbolical Writings.* By John Adam Moehler, D. D., Dean of Wurzburg, and late Professor of Theology at the University of Munich. New York: Edward Dunigan. 1844. Pp. 575.
3. *Righteousness by Faith; or, the Nature and Means of Justification before God; illustrated by a Comparison of the Doctrine of the Oxford Tracts with that of the Romish and Anglican Churches.* By Charles Pettit McIlvaine, D. D., D. C. L., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Ohio. Philadelphia: Protestant Episcopal Book Society. 1862. Pp. 450.

4. *History of Protestant Theology; Particularly in Germany, Viewed According to its Fundamental Movement, and in Connection with the Religious, Moral, and Intellectual Life.* By Dr. J. A. Dorner, Professor of Theology at Berlin. 1871. (In two volumes.) Pp. 444 and 511.

The above works are all large octavos, and are all written by distinguished men. Indeed, the names of Balmes, Moehler, McIlvaine, and Dorner, are well known to the Christian world as able and eloquent champions in the great controversy between Romanism and Protestantism. If all are not equally candid and impartial, the difference in these respects should, no doubt, be attributed to a difference of temperament, or of mental cultivation and habits, rather than to any unfairness of design or intention. If, indeed, after reading their works, we had for a moment believed any one of them capable of a design to mislead his readers, his work should not have appeared at the head of this article. All of them seem to us honest and sincere in their convictions of the truth and justice of the cause they advocate, as well as in the arguments used by them. Hence we honor them all, and shall endeavor to emulate them all, at least in the fearless courage and the lofty candor with which they advocate what they conceive to be truth. If we fail to imitate a Moehler, the great Catholic, or a Dorner, the great Protestant, this will be from a want of the depth and breadth of view by which their writings are characterized, and not from any deficiency of a desire to look fairly and squarely at both sides of the great controversy.

What, then, is the difference — the essential and characteristic difference — between Romanism and Protestantism? Or, in other words, what is Protestantism, and how, in all cases, may it be known and distinguished from Romanism, as well as from all other forms of religion? Most assuredly, if Protestantism deserves to exist, it has a positive character of its own, by which it may be universally recognized and known. We expect to show in this paper that, in spite of all the misrepresentations of its enemies, Protestantism has such a *positive* character, and that, too, so clearly marked and defined, that its most determined adversaries have been compelled to see



and to acknowledge its existence. Having thus shown what Protestantism is in general, we shall, in future papers, survey each one of the Protestant Churches in particular.

Those who wish to render Protestantism contemptible in the eyes of mankind, are accustomed to trace its origin and existence to some most insignificant or trifling cause. We have, indeed, been several times entertained, of late, with the old contemporary slander, that Protestantism was in its origin a squabble between two monks for the exalted privilege of selling indulgences to sin, or for the sublime traffic in the merits of Christ and his saints. We have been assured, by such dabblers in history, that the wrath of the monk Luther was kindled into a devouring flame, because the Pope and the court of Rome entrusted to Tetzel—a monk of a different order from his own—the sale of indulgences. If, indeed, such was the nature of the quarrel, or the difference between the two parties, then both deserved to perish. In our humble opinion, however, neither party was engaged in such a miserable squabble for the profits of such an unutterably contemptible traffic. We shall certainly not outrage the memory of Luther, nor insult the intelligence of our readers, by condescending to refute so base a calumny. That calumny, though so prevalent at one time, has already passed away, or else only lingers at present in the dark holes and corners of the Catholic world. We are solicitous, indeed, to acquit all enlightened and honest Catholics of the stupidity and folly of urging such an accusation against their great adversary, Martin Luther. This is easily done, and that, too, in the language of such writers as Balmes, and Moehler, and Bossuet, not to mention a host of others.

Thus says Balmes: 'It would be unreasonable to look for the causes of an event of this nature and importance in circumstances either trivial in themselves, or circumscribed by places and events of a limited kind. It is a mistake to suppose that vast results can be produced by trifling causes; and if it be true that great events sometimes have their commencement in little ones, it is no less certain that the commencing point is not the cause; and that to be the commencement of

a thing, and to be its real cause, are expressions of a widely different meaning. A spark produces a dreadful conflagration, but it is because it falls upon a heap of inflammable materials. *That which is general must have a general cause; and that which is lasting and deeply rooted must have lasting and profound causes.* . . . . It will appear from these principles, that I am not disposed to give great importance to the rivalry excited by the preaching of indulgences, or to the excesses which may have been committed by some inferiors in this matter; these things may have been an occasion, a pretext, a signal to commence the contest, but they were of too little importance in themselves to put the world in flames. There would be, perhaps, more apparent plausibility in seeking for the causes of Protestantism in the character and positions of the reformers; but this also would be unsatisfactory.’<sup>1</sup>

In like manner, Moehler says: ‘Pacific objects induced me to commit this work (*Symbolism*) to the press; and these objects I conceived I should be able to attain, *by giving the most precise and the most unreserved description of doctrinal differences.* I did not, indeed, dream of any peace between the Churches, deserving the name of a true union, as being about to be established in the present time.’<sup>2</sup> Yet, looking beyond this age as ‘too deeply degraded’ to admit of any solid peace between the Churches, he labored with an eye to the future, animated by the hope that, even ‘in the age in which we live,’ he ‘*might do something toward bringing about a religious peace, by revealing a true knowledge of the great dispute, in so far as by this knowledge men must perceive that that contest sprang out of the most earnest endeavors of both parties to uphold truth*—the pure and genuine Christianity in all its integrity.’<sup>3</sup> He makes it, therefore his ‘duty to define, with the utmost possible precision, the points of religious difference, and nowhere, and at no time, to cloak and disguise them. The opinion sometimes entertained, that differences are not of importance, and affect not the vitals of Christianity, can conduce only to mutual contempt; for opponents, who are con-

1 Chap. II, p. 28.

2 Preface to first edition of *Symbolism*.3 *Ibid.*

scious of not having adequate grounds for opposing each other, and yet do so, must despise one another.'<sup>1</sup> Then, having spoken in feeling terms of the senseless criminations and recriminations which Catholics and Protestants are accustomed to hurl at each other, our author adds: 'These charges, indeed, of pride, arrogance, and the rest, which parties bring against each other, cannot, alas! be entirely disputed. We know, moreover, from experience, that everywhere there are our very zealous men, who, in their conduct toward opposite communions, are not actuated by quite base motives, yet have immediately in view only the interests of a party, a faction, or a system, and not the cause of Divine truth, especially in its living manifestation in Christ Jesus, who should alone be the object of our love, and all else only in so far as it is nearly or remotely connected with that love. All this, indeed, is unquestionably true. *Yet it would betoken a great narrowness of mind, if the duration of the mighty religious contest were not sought for in deeper causes than those assigned.* Under these circumstances, I conceived it were no small gain if I should succeed in drawing back attention to the matter itself, *and in establishing the conviction that in the conflict between Catholicism and Protestantism moral interests are defended — a conviction which, as it implies in the adversaries earnestness and sincerity, must lead to more conciliatory results, and is alone calculated to advance the plan which, in the permission of so fearful a strife, Divine Providence had in view.*'

Thus, according to intelligent and enlightened Catholics, there is as to doctrine a real difference — nay, a deep, vital, and fundamental difference — between Romanism and Protestantism. The two communions are, indeed, as one respecting the doctrines of God, the Trinity, the Incarnation of the Son, and the Redemption of the world through the atoning sacrifice of Christ; but at this point they diverge and separate into diametrically opposite systems. The great fundamental difference which divides them, relates to the scheme or condition of man's justification before God. According to the Papal view, man is justified by works, or inherent righteousness;

<sup>1</sup> Preface to first edition of *Symbolism*.

according to the Pauline view, as understood by Protestants, he is 'justified by faith without the deeds of the law.'<sup>1</sup> These are the principles which, as every reader is aware, came into conflict in the sixteenth century, and rent in twain the Church of Rome from its pinnacle to its deepest foundations.

The whole scheme of Romanism, properly so-called, has its roots in, and grows up from, her doctrine of justification. This is clearly set forth in the precise, calm, dispassionate, and well-considered words of 'the judicious Hooker.' '*The grand question that hangeth in controversy between us and Rome,*' says he, '*is about the matter of justifying righteousness. We disagree about the nature and essence of the medicine whereby Christ cureth our disease; about the manner of applying it; about the number and power of the means which God requireth in us for the effectual applying thereof to our soul's comfort. When they are required to show what the righteousness is whereby a Christian man is justified, they answer that it is a divine, spiritual quality, which quality received into the soul doth first make it to be one of them who are born of God; and, secondly, endue it with power to bring forth such works as they do that are born of Him; even as the soul of man, being joined to his body, doth first make him to be of the number of reasonable creatures; and, secondly, enable him to perform the natural functions which are proper to his kind; that it maketh the soul amiable and gracious in the sight of God, in regard whereof it is termed Grace; that it purgeth, purifieth, and worketh out all the stains and pollutions of sins; that by it, through the merits of Christ, we are delivered, as from sin, so from eternal death and condemnation, the reward of sin. This Grace they will have to be applied by infusion, to the end that, as the body is warm by the heat which is in the body, so the soul might be made righteous by inherent Grace, which Grace they make capable of increase; as the body may be more warm, so the soul more and more justified, according as Grace should be augmented, the augmentation whereof is merited by good works, as good works are made meritorious by it. Whereof the first receipt of Grace, in their divinity, is*

1 Romans iii. 28.

the first Justification: the increase thereof the second Justification. As Grace may be increased by the merit of good works, so it may be diminished by the demerit of sins venial; it may be lost by mortal sin. Inasmuch, therefore, as it is needful, in the one case to repair, in the other to recover, the loss which is made, the infusion of Grace hath her sundry after-meals: for the which cause they make many ways to apply the infusion of Grace. It is applied to infants through baptism, without either faith or works; and, in them, really it taketh away original sin, and the punishment due unto it: it is applied to infidels and wicked men in the first Justification through baptism, without works, yet not without faith; and it taketh away sins both actual and original together, with all whatsoever punishment, eternal or temporal, thereby deserved. Unto such as have attained the first Justification, that is to say, the first receipt of Grace, it is applied farther by good works to the increase of former Grace, which is the second Justification. If they work more and more, Grace doth more increase, and they are more and more justified. To such as diminish it by venial sins, it is applied by holy water, Ave Marias, crossings, papal salutations, and such like, which serve for reparations of Grace decayed. To such as have lost it through mortal sin, it is applied by the sacrament (as they term it) of Penance, which sacrament hath force to confer Grace anew; yet in such sort, that being so conferred, it hath not altogether so much power as at the first. For it only cleanseth out the stain or guilt of sin committed, and changeth the punishment eternal into a temporal, satisfactory punishment here, if time do serve; if not, hereafter to be endured: except it be lightened by masses, works of charity, pilgrimages, fasts, and such like; or else shortened by pardon, for term, or by plenary pardon quite removed and taken away. This is *the mystery of the Man of Sin*. This maze the Church of Rome doth cause her followers to tread, when they ask her the way to Justification. Whether they speak of the first or second Justification, they make the essence of a divine quality inherent; they make it righteousness which is in us. If it be in us, then it is ours, as our souls are ours, though we have them from God,

and can hold them no longer than pleaseth him; for, if he withdraw the breath of our nostrils we fall to dust. But the righteousness wherein we must be found, if we will be justified, is not our own. Therefore we cannot be justified by any inherent quality. The Church of Rome, in teaching Justification by inherent Grace, doth *pervert the truth of Christ*: and, by the hands of the Apostles, we have received otherwise than she teacheth. Now, concerning the Righteousness of Sanctification, we deny it not to be inherent: we grant that, unless we work, we have it not: only we distinguish it as a thing different in nature from the Righteousness of *Justification*. By the one we are interested in the *right of inheriting*; by the other we are *brought to the actual possession* of eternal bliss. And so the end of both is everlasting life.<sup>1</sup>

Having quoted these words, Bishop McIlvaine adds: 'Now, here we have a regular pedigree of the most injurious corruptions of the Romish Church, and all traced to the *parent cause* in her doctrine of Justification. All together make up "*the mystery of the Man of Sin*"—"the maze which the Church of Rome doth lead her followers to tread, when they ask her the way of Justification;" all constitute that "building" of manifold error which Hooker believed must fall "in the presence of the building of God," "as Dagon [fell] before the Ark." But the *corner-stone* on which that building rests, the *clue* to that maze, the *secret* of that mystery, is the DOCTRINE OF JUSTIFICATION BY INHERENT RIGHTEOUSNESS—the answer given to a sinner inquiring what he must do to be saved, instead of that plain answer of St. Paul, "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.*" Embrace the answer of Rome, and you have *essential* Romanism; carry out the principle, and you have *developed* Romanism in the whole of its maze and mystery. Embrace the answer of St. Paul, and you strike Romanism to the heart, so that, whatever its ramifications, they must die and pass away.' Hence it was that Calvin said, 'If this one head were yielded safe and entire, it would not pay the cost to make any great quarrel about the matter

<sup>1</sup> Hooker's Discourse on Justification, §§ 5, 6, as quoted by Bishop McIlvaine.

in controversy with Rome.' Hence, also, the well-known saying of Luther, that justification by faith is 'the article of a standing or a falling Church.' In regard to this article, there was a perfect agreement among the Protestant Divines of England, as well as of the Continent. Embrace this doctrine, and stand; reject this doctrine, and fall, was the emphatic word of the universal Protestant Church. This word (whether true or false) is the power by which she was called into being; and this is the word which constitutes her life, her light, and her joy. Yea, the everlasting anthem of praise and thanksgiving which the great Apostle to the Gentiles has put into the hearts of all her true sons and daughters, is no other than this: that 'being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and *rejoice in the hope of the glory of God.*'

In addition to the above quotation from Luther, which is in every one's mouth, we find the following words in his preface to the *Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians*: 'In my heart this one article reigneth, even the faith of Christ. From whom, by whom, and unto whom, all my divine studies, day and night, have recourse to and fro continually.' . . . 'This we fear as the greatest and nearest danger, lest Satan take from us this doctrine of faith, *and bring into the Church again the doctrine of works* (that is, justification by works,) *and men's traditions.*' . . . 'If this doctrine (of justification by faith alone) be lost, then is also the doctrine of truth, life, and salvation, lost and gone. If this doctrine flourish, then all good things flourish: religion, the true service of God, the glory of God, the right knowledge of all things necessary for a Christian man to know.'<sup>1</sup>

The question here is, not whether this doctrine be true or false, but whether it is the belief and the hope of the true Protestant. In regard to this point there is not, and there cannot be, the shadow of a doubt. For believing, as he does, that 'by Him all that believe are *justified from all things,*' his conscience is disburdened, his heart is liberated and en-

<sup>1</sup> Preface to Luther's *Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians.*

larged, so that 'he runs the way of God's commandments with delight.' Feeling 'the perfect love that casteth out fear,' he pays no pounds, shillings, or pence to save his soul from purgatory. He needs no Church to show him the way of salvation, for he has found Him who is 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' He hears, moreover, ringing in his heart, the words of the Apostle of love, 'He that believeth on the Son of God hath *the witness in himself*'; and the sublime assurance, also, 'These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may *know* that ye have eternal life.'<sup>1</sup> Knowing and feeling this, with 'the full assurance of faith,' neither sin, nor death, nor hell, has any longer the dominion over him. Knowing that he *has* eternal life, he leaves indulgences, and penances, and invocation of saints, and all the like inventions of men, to those who feel their need of a sort of patched-up salvation. His is 'complete in Christ Jesus.' His deliverance and freedom are perfect; and it is the highest exercise and enjoyment of this, his glorious freedom, that he 'loves Him who first loved us,' and that he joyfully serves him in spirit and in truth. Such is the doctrine, the hope, 'the peace with God,' the freedom, the life, which constitute the heritage of the Protestant Church.

We are told, by Balmes and the other Catholic writers, that 'Protestantism, when viewed in a mass, appears only a shapeless collection of innumerable sects, all opposed to each other, and *agreeing only in one point, viz., in protesting against the authority of the Church.* We only find among them particular and *exclusive* names, commonly taken from the names of their founders; in vain have they made a thousand efforts to give themselves a general name *expressive of a positive idea*; they are still called, after the manner of philosophical sects, Lutherans, Calvinists, Zuinglians, Anglicans, Socinians, Arminians, Anabaptists. All these names, of which I could furnish an endless host, only serve to exhibit the narrow circle in which these sects are enclosed; and it is only necessary to pronounce them to show that they contain nothing universal, nothing great.'

1 I John v.



Now, all of these denominations, except the Socinians, agree in the doctrine of 'justification by faith alone,' or, as St. Paul expresses it, 'by faith without the deeds of the law,' and set it forth, clearly and explicitly, in their several Confessions of Faith. The Socinians alone depart from this great fundamental doctrine of Protestantism, as well as from the doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, and nearly all others held in common by Catholics and Protestants. Why, then, are not the innumerable sects of Deists ranked among Protestants, since they, too, like the Socinians, protest against both Romanism and Protestantism? The Pauline doctrine, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,' is certainly 'a positive' one; and this doctrine, so clearly and unequivocally positive, was, in all its simplicity, and grandeur, and power, embraced by all the Protestant Churches born of the great movement of the sixteenth century. If other sects, whether few or many, have since departed from this great fundamental tenet of Protestantism, she is certainly not responsible for their heresies, any more than the Church has been responsible for the heresies and schisms by which, in all ages, her unity has been impaired. The Catholic points the finger of scorn and derision at the divisions among Protestants, as he is pleased to call them, just as the infidel does at the innumerable divisions and subdivisions of the Christian world. Does he expect Protestantism to preserve, among all those bearing her name, a unity and a harmony which God himself has not secured among professing Christians? In other words, does he expect Protestantism to do for her doctrines what God himself has not done for his own? Let Catholics answer this question, or else cease to taunt Protestantism with its divisions.

They allege that Protestantism is a failure, because, 'when viewed in a mass,' it presents so great a diversity of sects, or divisions. For precisely the same reason the infidel declares Christianity itself to be a failure. If Balmes, or any other Catholic occupying the same position, will answer this argument or taunt of the infidel, he will refute his own. The truth is, that we all have 'this treasure in earthen vessels,'

and neither God himself, nor his Church, is responsible for the errors and variations of men. If the latter is responsible, then the Catholic Church has more sins to answer for than all others put together, for she claims to be the one Church, the divinely-appointed and only infallible guide of all men into the way of truth.

'Protestantism, when viewed in a mass,' may, it is true, present no 'positive idea' to those who look only for disorder and confusion. But when, instead of viewing it 'in a mass,' Catholics come to attack Protestantism in detail, they are then at no loss to discover its positive ideas, or the positive grounds on which it plants itself. One of these positive ideas, or grounds, is, that the Bible, and the Bible alone, is the Protestant rule of faith. Catholic writers themselves recognize this truth, and pour ridicule on this great fundamental principle of Protestantism, declaring that the Bible is a most insufficient and fallible guide. The Bible, it is true, is not sufficient to make all fallible men infallible; and we do not know, indeed, that this sublime achievement or transformation of the species is in the power of the Pope himself.

The doctrine of justification by faith is another '*positive idea*,' which the Protestant believes he has derived from the Bible. He has certainly not derived it from the Pope, or from Romanism. No Catholic, however, doubts that this is one of the positive dogmas of Protestantism. Thus Moehler, in his *Symbolism*, signalizes the Protestant doctrine of justification as one of their errors. 'Justification, *in the Protestant sense*,' says he, 'is a judicial act of God, whereby the believing sinner is delivered from the punishment of sin, but *not* from sin itself.'<sup>1</sup> This is the notion which, according to Moehler, 'the Protestants form of justification,' and which he regards and discusses as one of their positive errors. Whether this doctrine be true or false, is not the question now before us, as it is our design, at present, to show that Protestantism has some 'positive ideas' of its own, and is not merely a negation of Romanism. Though this is denied by Balme, when he views Protestantism 'in a mass,' and declaims against it in lofty and

<sup>1</sup> Book I, Part I, Chap. III, § xiv.

sweeping generalities, yet is it conceded by Moshler, as well as by all other Catholic writers, when they come to look at Protestantism more closely, so as to attack it in detail. Then can they see, indeed, that it is not destitute of the most 'positive ideas.' Nay, the Council of Trent itself denounces the Protestant doctrine of justification as a most pernicious and soul-destroying error. 'Whereas there is,' says the Council, 'at this time, not without the shipwreck of many souls, and grievous detriment to the unity of the Church, a certain erroneous doctrine disseminated touching justification,'<sup>1</sup> etc. The doctrine here referred to is, as is well known, the Protestant tenet of justification by faith. The work from which the above extract is taken is recommended by the highest Catholic authorities in the country, including bishops and archbishops; and it ascribes, very truly, the doctrine in question to Lutherans, Calvinists, Zuinglians, Anglicans, Methodists, and to other Protestant denominations. Here, then, our adversaries themselves being the judges, we have a unity and harmony of doctrine among Protestants which they cannot see at all when we are 'viewed in a mass,' and declaimed against at a distance. Then can they see in the Protestant world only *tohu* and *bohu*, chaos and confusion. In one word, when they wish to make us the authors of confusion, nothing can they see in our doctrine but endless discords and contradictions; yet, when they wish to convict us of heresy, they discover the most wonderful agreement and harmony in our views! *Now*, Protestants have nothing in common except the name, and are bound together only by a spirit of opposition to Rome—a mean, negative, denying spirit—which pulls down and destroys, but has no ability or genius to build or to construct anything; and *anon* they are found to possess one common neck and soul in the doctrine of justification, by the breaking of which the monster may be laid low, and its animating principle destroyed.

The author last quoted, the Rev. A. Nampon, S. J., alleges, as so many other writers have done, that the Protestant doc-

<sup>1</sup> Catholic Doctrine as Defined by the Council of Trent. By the Rev. A. Nampon, S. J.

trine of justification sprang, not from an inquiry after truth, but from a rebellious spirit of opposition to Rome. Under the head of 'errors and variations of Protestants on justification,' he begins with the words: 'Before we bring forward these canons (of the Council of Trent) let us briefly remind you of these Utopias which the so-called Reformers *opposed* to the Catholic doctrine of justification.' . . . . '*When men wish to emancipate themselves upon a system from all laws, human and divine, they may imagine many such systems.*'<sup>1</sup> Now, among the false systems, the wild Utopias, which a wicked world has invented merely out of a spirit of opposition to the Holy Catholic Church, the Protestant doctrine of justification, with its affiliated tenets, occupies a prominent place in the estimation of our author. As often as we have seen this assertion made (and full many a time have we seen it very confidently made), we have never failed to wonder that our adversaries should assume their position with so little caution. The position just noticed, as assumed by them, is certainly a most unfortunate one. Nothing is easier than to cut the ground from under their feet. For, although the same position has been so often assumed by Catholic writers, we feel bound to say, and abundantly able to prove, that there is not one particle of evidence in its favor. The testimony of history is all the other way. And this testimony is not obscure; it is clear, explicit, unequivocal, and overwhelming.

The facts are as follows: 1. When Luther, from a devout study of Scripture and anxious search after the way of life, was led to embrace 'the doctrine of justification by faith alone,' as the only point of support and peace to his troubled soul, he was a most submissive, not to say blind, devotee of the Church of Rome. No one at that time, nor until long after he had embraced and preached what he conceived to be the Pauline doctrine of justification, ever dreamed less than he of an opposition to the Romish Church. The bare notion of such a thing would have filled him with horror. How, then (if the fact can be established), was it possible that he should have embraced the doctrine in question, because he wished to

1 Catholic Doctrine, etc., p. 292.

oppose the authority of Rome, or 'to emancipate himself from laws human and divine'? 2. The Church of Rome had not, either by Pope, Council, or otherwise, defined the doctrine of justification until after Luther's views on the subject were formed and fixed in his mind; and then, for the first time in the history of the Church, did she define 'the Catholic doctrine of Justification,' as it is called, *in opposition to the well-known convictions of Luther*. 3. As, previous to the Council of Trent, the Church had never defined the doctrine of justification, so all her members were left free to form their own views on the subject. Accordingly, many of her most devout dignitaries and learned inquirers after truth embraced for themselves, independently, and without knowing the views held by Luther, the same interpretation of the Pauline 'doctrine of justification by faith.' 4. This doctrine prevailed to such an extent in the Conference of Ratisbon, convened just four years and eight months before the first Session of the Council of Trent, that the Protestants seemed in a fair way to secure the adoption of this great fundamental tenet by the Church of Rome herself — a prospect which, though so full of promise for the peace and happiness of the world, was blasted by political rather than by religious considerations. The whole history touching these four several points, relating to *the origin and the nature of Protestantism*, is profoundly interesting; and as some portions of it, especially the most deeply interesting, are not generally known, so we shall lay them before our readers.

1. 'When Luther, from a devout study of Scripture and anxious search after the way of life, was led to embrace "the doctrine of justification by faith alone," as the only point of support and peace to his troubled soul, he was a most submissive, not to say blind, devotee of the Church of Rome.' In regard to this point, the learned research of Dr. Dorner has been so thorough, accurate, and profound, that we prefer his eloquent historical sketch to any words of our own. We prefer it, moreover, to the method sometimes practiced, of translating an author's labors, without due acknowledgment, into one's own language, a method more showy and imposing than

honest. 'The typical significance,' says he, 'which belongs to Luther's Christian piety renders it necessary to recall to mind how, for a long period of his life, there was no appearance of his being animated by the thought of bettering others or the world, but all the aspirations of his spirit, all the longing and wrestling of his soul, had for their only aim, to be at peace and in harmony with himself. But while his whole concern was still about the salvation of his soul, he soon learned that inward content and harmony could only come to him by his becoming a partaker of peace with God, and of the forgiveness of sins.'

Such was the great object of his search — not to emancipate himself from the Church or her laws, but simply to emancipate his own soul from the curse and dominion of sin, and bring it into harmony with God and itself. For this purpose — the salvation of his soul — he first sought and tried all the rules or methods prescribed by the Church. 'Seeing that the Church,' continues Dr. Dorner, 'presented itself as the guide to God, he entered (not without violating his filial duties) upon the course to which the Church directed so quick a religious instinct as his, and amid the paths, of which its ethics offered him choice, he chose that which involved most self-sacrifice, and which should most surely conduct him to the goal and to the highest stage of perfection. He took the monastic vow. He not only undertook the most menial services, but he also imposed upon himself, in extremest measure, the mortifications and penances to which the Church ascribed special merit before God, and therefore power to secure his favor. "True it is," says he afterward of his monastic life, "I was a pious monk, and observed the discipline of my order more strictly than I can tell. If ever a monk came to heaven through a monkish life, I should have come thither; all my cloister companions who knew me will bear me this testimony." And again: "If ever there was one who, before the Gospel dawned, held in high esteem the precepts of the Fathers and the Pope, and was sincerely zealous concerning them, I was especially so with all my heart; with fastings, vigils, prayers, and other exercises, I have tortured and wearied my body far more than

all those who are now my most bitter enemies and persecutors. Our adversaries do not believe that we could so willingly subject ourselves to such murderous treatment, in order only to bring our hearts and consciences to rest and peace before God, and yet could never find this peace in such abominable darkness." Now, what was the cause of such unappeasable disquietude, which would neither suffer itself to be hushed by the accumulated merits of his ascetic practices, nor by such language as: God does not desire of us perfection, but limits his requirements to the measure of our weakness; nor, finally, by the grants from the Church of indulgences and such like? The cause lies, above all, in this, that it was not enough for him to stand before man as blameless and pious, or even to be at peace with the Church; *his innermost need had reference to God himself, and according to this he estimated with a tender conscience his worth and inner condition.* Before God he ever found himself, *no matter what works he extorted from himself, to be unclean and a sinner.* His need of communion with God was not that indefinite need felt by the mystics before him. From their attempts to merge themselves in God, and to become one spirit with God, he was delivered by the profound consciousness of the Divine holiness, and of his own sinfulness, which made an immediate union with God appear to him impossible, and to attempt it sacrilege.'

Ay, there lies 'the cause': he saw, in a holy God, only the stern avenger — a consuming fire — that visits sinners with the pains of hell. Such texts of Scripture as 'Deliver me in Thy righteousness,' filled him with terror, because he saw himself, before such a God, threatened with condemnation and death. His conception of God drove him to the brink of despair, and he saw hell yawning at his feet. 'His natural personality, with its contradictions and self-tortures, was consuming it away, was in process of dissolution, and had become a chaos, ere the creative breath of the pure Gospel, with its words of comfort and peace, brought the self-destructive conflict to a blessed issue.' His fastings, his prayers, his vigils, his penances, all his papal performances, only tortured and wearied his soul, and wasted his body, to no purpose. For, after all, he wrote

bemoaningly to Staupitz, 'O my sin, my sin, my sin!' The *comfort* this friend gave him, 'Thou wilt soon become sinless, and hast *now* no proper sin,' only seemed a mockery of his ruined and lost condition. What! no sin? 'O my sin, my sin, my sin!' was still the bitter cry of his soul. Staupitz had never sounded such depths, and knew nothing of the true remedy. Hence Luther, still crying unto God from the depths, at length received the true answer. Some father or monk, 'whose name is unknown, and to whom Luther bemoaned his distress of soul, pointed him to the gracious forgiveness of sins in the Apostolic Creed, and showed him that he must believe *in reference to himself* that the God of mercy has, through the sacrifice and blood of his obedient Son, procured for *him* (even as for the chief of sinners) the forgiveness of *all* his sins.' Then, for the first time, the Gospel began to dawn on his mind—till then a profound mystery to his unopened eyes—that 'to him that *worketh not*, but believeth on Him that justifieth the *ungodly*, his *faith* is counted to him for righteousness.' (Rom. iv.) And this 'light of the glorious Gospel' continued to dawn, and wax mighty in its organizing power, until, finally, it restored him to the perfect 'Freedom of a Christian Man,'<sup>1</sup> and caused him to 'rejoice in the hope of the glory of God.'

Thus, while engaged in the pursuit of life and salvation for his own soul, did the great reformation principle of justification by faith form itself in his mind, and secretly gather strength for the tremendous conflict which was afterward forced upon it by the Church of Rome. For Luther, be it forever remembered, 'did not thrust himself forward as a reformer,' or go abroad to seek a conflict with the corruptions of the Church. This conflict, on the contrary, came to him in the confessional, and there bade defiance to his conscience. 'It was,' says Dr. Dorner, 'in the course of his calling that Luther came into contact with Tetzl, the shameless trader in

<sup>1</sup> The title of one of Luther's works, and one of the most eloquent ever written by him, or by any other man. It is, indeed, from beginning to end, in a subdued but sublime strain of exultation over all the powers of darkness, with sin, and death, and hell, under his feet.



ndulgences, when, in the year 1517, several persons appeared at his confessional, confessing their sins, indeed, but gave him to understand that they would not abstain from the sins they had confessed. The Doctor would not absolve them? How, indeed, could he? How could such a man do such a thing? 'The penitents appealed to the Pope's letter and Tetzels indulgence.' But Luther, still refusing them absolution, answered, 'Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.' They gave information against Luther to Tetzels, who, in his indignation, reviled Luther from the pulpit, and wrote instructions to the priests for the purpose of recommending indulgences. Luther, in order that he might not be obliged to violate his conscience and desecrate the confessional, appealed 'to the higher ecclesiastical authorities, to four bishops, to put a stop to the disorder. The answers which came were contemptuously or evasively worded.' But Luther, instead of yielding, published a sermon on indulgences, and, 'on the 31st of October, nailed the Ninety-five Theses to the door of the Schloss-Kirche at Wittenburg.'<sup>1</sup>

Thus, and not otherwise, did the conflict between the conscience of a Christian man and the Church begin. We do not blame Luther. We glory, on the contrary, in the faith and courage which made him faithful over 'the few things' that God had committed to his trust. In 1512, on becoming a Doctor of Theology, Luther had taken the oath: 'I swear that I will defend evangelical truth according to my ability'; and he was not the man to swear and fail to perform. This solemn oath, he says, 'often confronted him in his hours of conflict.' He stood by his conscience and his oath, and hence 'the Ninety-five Theses' which he nailed to the door of the Schloss-Kirche.

'It was,' says Dorner, 'the language, nay, the cry, of an oppressed conscience which was perceptible in these Theses — of a conscience which sought nothing for the man himself, and was even ready and willing to endure every external hardship, but was resolved to maintain itself inviolate and unspotted, let the cost be what it might. Such language finds

<sup>1</sup> Dorner, Vol. I, p. 87.

echo in the hearts of men: "It was as if the angels ran as messengers" to carry these Theses through Europe. It was certain to make a deep impression, especially on the consciences of the German people, as it announced a resistance of an unusual kind—a power which was quiet and humble, *but at rest in itself, and indomitable; ay, and the firm point from which, as a centre, the Romish Church was to be shattered to its very foundations.*'<sup>1</sup>

But not even yet, nor until long after the publication of his Theses, did Luther dream of a contest with the Church itself. 'The struggle itself,' continues Dr. Dorner, 'which at its commencement bore throughout a purely defensive character, passed through *three stages*, by which the Reformation had to make room for itself. *At first* the struggle against indifferences was conducted by Luther upon the supposition (so blind was he still) that the highest dignitaries, *the Pope at least*, would condemn them.'<sup>2</sup> Luther still stood, in a defensive attitude, by his conscience, refusing to take a single step forward until forced by the course of events, feeling that God alone is Lord of the conscience, and that truth alone is the golden sceptre of his sovereign sway. What, then, is to be done with such a rebel? And what is such a man to do? To yield and violate his conscience, or to say, 'Let God be true,' though bishops, and popes, and councils should all be liars? Did not Luther—we appeal to the universe—do right?

Why, it has often been asked, did he not seek to reform the Church within the Church itself, and shun the awful crime of schism? Surely those who asked this question forgot the facts of history relating to his grand career. The very thing which Luther most desired, and which he most zealously labored to achieve, was to reform the Church within the Church itself, or at least not to have the corruptions of the Church forced into his confessional and his conscience. It was for this resistance that he was excommunicated, driven from the Church, and devoted to destruction. After describing, in words of simple eloquence and power, the 'three great stages' of Luther's struggle with the powers of the Church, Dr. Dorner

<sup>1</sup> Vol. I, p. 88.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

adds: 'The Pope found that now, after the election of Charles V, and the declaration of the universities of Paris, Cologne, and Lorraine against Luther's cause, *whilst only Erfurt was for him*, the matter was in such a shape as to enable him to give utterance on his part to the decisive word, the *ban of excommunication* of Luther, and of the truth he maintained. The bull *Exurge Domine* of the 15th June, 1520, rejects forty-one propositions of Luther as destructive, offensive, or heretical. Luther exalted faith in opposition to all sacraments and works — rejected the supposition that the sacraments of the New Testament justify *ex opere operato*.'

' True, Luther did exalt faith — the most sublime principle in the universe — above 'all sacraments and works,' because, without faith, all sacraments and works are dead, mechanical, and offensive to God. True, Luther did exalt faith — the principle of union, and order, and harmony, and love in the spiritual universe of God — above 'all sacraments and works,' because, without faith, all sacraments are merely magical rites, or heathenish incantations, and all works lack the living breath and inspiration of God's eternal Spirit. True, Luther did exalt faith above 'all sacraments and works,' because 'without faith it is impossible to please God,' though one should use all the sacraments and perform all the works which have been enjoined upon Jew or Gentile since the world began. This was the *heresy* of Luther. It was, on the other hand, the *orthodoxy* of Rome, that men for money might obtain the remission of their sins from Tetzels, the monk of immortal infamy! Ay, the remission of sins from which, at the same time, 'they would not abstain,' nor even promise to abstain!

It was for this *heresy* that the *orthodoxy* of Rome hurled 'the bull *Exurge Domine*' at the head of Luther, and drove him ignominiously from the Church; and then, in the face of this fact, the question is asked by the same *orthodoxy*, 'Why did he not remain in the Church?' 'In the bull of excommunication,' says Dr. Dorner, 'his books were proscribed and ordered to be burned, he himself was summoned to recant within sixty days, Lutheran teachers were sentenced to imprison-

onment and exile, and *upon the places where they might sojourn an interdict was imposed.*' No place of rest, on the whole earth, was to be left for the soles of their feet!

'Thus,' continues our author, 'was Luther, with his party, forcibly expelled from the Church over which the Pope had power. It was not that he separated himself from this Church, and instead of manifesting to it and in its internal need the fidelity which he had just recognized to be his duty, *but the Romish Church did then separate itself from the voice of Christian conscience, whose spokesman Luther had become for the German nation. It thrust out the man who would not forsake it; it would not, or could not, endure any longer the testimony of evangelical truth. . . .* Rome had now come into this position, *that it could neither refute nor would hear the truth. It sought its last resort in wantonness and force.*'<sup>1</sup>

Driven from the Church of Rome, under *ban of excommunication*, the noble exile 'faithfully warns every man, as much as is in his power, *to take care of himself.* "Let him forget me, let every man know that he can do me no service in despising the bull, and no injury in honoring it. *By God's grace I am free, and dare, and will, neither comfort nor distress myself with any of these things. I know well where my comfort and boast lies, which will stand sure to me before men and devils. I will do my part; each man will answer for himself at his dying day, or at the last judgment.*"' His courage was, however, as exalted as his humility was profound. Hence, on the 10th of December, 1520, he solemnly burned, in the face of the world, the Pope's bull of excommunication.

2. 'The Church of Rome had not, either by Pope, Council, or otherwise, defined the doctrine of justification until after Luther's views on the subject were formed and fixed in his mind; and then, for the first time in the history of the Church, did she define the "Catholic doctrine of justification," as it is called, in opposition to the well-known convictions of Luther.'

This point is easily established by a mere glance at the obvious facts of history. From the origin of the Romish Church

<sup>1</sup> Vol. I, p

down to the year 1520 (the date to which we have, in the preceding remarks, followed the career of Luther,) that Church had never defined the doctrine of justification. Nay, it was as late as the year 1547 that the Council of Trent, for the first time, defined this all-important article; and then, as every reader knows, her definition was directed against the Protestant doctrine of justification. Thus, in point of fact, the Church of Rome, in and by the Council of Trent, *protested* against the doctrine of justification as maintained by Luther, Calvin, Zwingle, Cranmer, and other great reformers of the sixteenth century.<sup>1</sup>

3. 'As, previous to the Council of Trent, the Church had never defined the doctrine of justification, so all her members were left free to form their own views on the subject. Accordingly, many of her most devout dignitaries, and earnest inquirers after truth, embraced for themselves, independently, and without knowing the views held by Luther, the same interpretation of the Pauline "doctrine of justification by faith."'

In one section of Ranke's *History of the Popes* there is

1 Men and children may, if they please, amuse themselves with words, and lose the lights of history amid clouds of logomachy, but we expect something better of philosophers and doctors of divinity. It is certainly a very sorry play upon words to conclude from the primitive or original use of the word *Protestantism* that it now stands for nothing *positive*, and is only *negative* in its present signification. How often, indeed, in the history of language, do words lose their original and acquire an entirely new sense or meaning! Nothing is more common. To select only one example out of thousands—the term *tragedy* is from the Greek *tragodos*, which means 'a goat.' Now, suppose one, from the assertion, that 'Shakspeare's tragedies are the finest in the world,' should conclude that he possessed a magnificent flock of goats, what would be thought of his intelligence? Yet it is precisely in this way that men make fools of themselves, who, instead of looking at things and seeing what they are, they draw conclusions as to their nature from the original signification of their names. This is the course pursued by Horne Tooke in the *Diversions of Purley*. Hence, as has been well said, 'While his etymology is excellent, his philosophy is execrable.' It is not more execrable, however, than the reasoning of those who, from the original sense of the term *Protestantism*, conclude that there is nothing *positive* in its nature or character. We might easily prove, in the same way, that truth is merely what one believes, as well as a thousand other absurdities, after the manner of Horne Tooke.

abundant evidence of the truth of this statement—in the section, namely, which treats of the ‘Opinions analogous to those of the Protestants entertained in Italy.’<sup>1</sup> The Italians who, according to all accounts, approached most nearly to the Protestant opinions, were men remarkable for their piety, wisdom, and greatness of soul. Such were, for example, some of the most illustrious members of the ‘Oratory of Divine Love,’ an association which, in the time of Leo X, had been founded by some distinguished men in Rome. ‘After some years,’ says Ranke, ‘we again meet with a certain portion of this Roman society in Venice.’ ‘In the circle of Peter Bembo of Padua, who kept open house, the point of discussion was more frequently mere letters, as Ciceronian Latin; but among the guests of Gregorio Corteri, the learned and sagacious abbot of San Gregorio in Venice, subjects of more profound interest were agitated. Bruccioli makes the bowers and groves of San Gregorio the scene of some of his dialogues. Near Treviso was the villa of Luigi Priuli, called Trevillo. He was one of those upright and accomplished Venetians, of whom we occasionally meet specimens in the present day, full of a calm susceptibility to true and noble sentiments, and formed for disinterested friendships. Here the inmates employed themselves chiefly in spiritual studies and conversation. Hither came the Benedictine, Marco of Padua, from whom it appears to be that Pole declares himself to have drawn his spiritual nurture. Here, also, was the eminent Venetian, Gaspar Contarini, who must be considered as the head of the assembly. Of him Pole (the celebrated Cardinal) says, that nothing which the human mind can discover by its own powers of investigation was unknown to him, and nothing wanting to him that the grace of God has imparted to the human soul. To this eminence of wisdom he further says, that Contarini added the crown of virtue.’

‘If we now inquire what were the leading convictions of these men, we find that foremost among them was the doctrine of justification, which, as taught by Luther, had originated the whole Protestant movement. Contarini wrote a

<sup>1</sup> Vol. I, Book IV, § 1.

special treatise concerning this, which Pole cannot find words strong enough to praise. "Thou," he exclaims to his friend, "hast brought forth that jewel which the Church was keeping half concealed." Pole himself finds that Scripture, in its more profound and intimate revelations, is entirely in accordance with this doctrine. He congratulates Contarini on having been the first to bring to light "that holy, fruitful, indispensable truth." To this circle of friends belonged M. A. Flaminio, who resided for some time with Pole, and whom Contarini desired to take with him to Germany (*i. e.*, when the Pope sent him on an embassy to the Emperor). Let us observe how distinctly he professes this doctrine. "The Gospel," says he, in one of his letters, "is no other than glad tidings, that the only begotten Son of God, clothed in our flesh, has satisfied *for us* the justice of the Eternal Father. Whoever believes this enters the kingdom of God; he enjoys the universal forgiveness; from a carnal creature he becomes spiritual; from a child of wrath he becomes spiritual, and lives in a sweet peace of conscience." *It would be difficult to announce the Lutheran doctrine in a language more orthodox.*'

This scene, so well described by Professor Ranke, was by no means a solitary one in the Italy of that day. In almost every city there were one or more men of eminence who exerted a powerful influence in favor of the new opinion. Even in pleasure-loving Naples, 'where nature rejoices in her splendor, and smiles at her own beauty,' the new doctrine was espoused by Juan Valdez, a man of whom it was said by his friends, that 'a part only of his soul sufficed to animate his slight and feeble frame, while the greater part—the clear, unclouded intellect—was ever uplifted in the contemplation of truth.' Valdez exercised an immense influence over the nobility and learned men of Naples. But his influence was, indirectly, extended over all Italy, by means of a little book written by one of his friends and disciples, San Severino, which appeared in the year 1540. This little work, *On the Benefits of Christ*, was afterward considered heretical by the Inquisition, because 'it treats,' as that tribunal expresses it, 'of justification in an

insidious manner, ascribing all to faith; and as this was the very point at which so many prelates and monks were stumbling, the book had been circulated to a great extent.'

'It had,' says Ranke, 'incredible success, and made the study of those doctrines of justification, for a time, popular in Italy'; that is to say, before the Council of Trent. Valdez, however, founded no sect. As the Church had, up to that time, never spoken on the subject of justification, so his book resulted from a study of Christian truth in the word of God. 'The house of Colonna generally,' says our author, 'was favorable to this religious movement, and more especially so were Vespasiano, Duke of Palliano, and his wife, Julia Gonzaga, the same who is reported to have been the most beautiful woman in Italy. Valdez dedicated one of his books to Julia.'

But the most impressive fact still remains to be noticed. The great reformation principle of 'justification by faith alone,' made active progress among the middle classes. The report of the Inquisition seems to exaggerate, when it reckons three thousand schoolmasters attached to this principle; but, allowing for the exaggeration, how wide must have been the effect produced on the minds of the people! The new doctrines were, according to Ranke, then 'prevalent in Italy.'

They were cordially received in Modena. The bishop himself, Morone, the intimate friend of Pole and Contarini, and the most influential statesman of his age and country, received them favorably; and it was at his express command that the work *On the Benefits of Christ* was printed and extensively circulated. 'Don Girolamo da Modena was president of a society in which the same principles prevailed.' How grandly, then, and how gloriously, did Christ, 'the Sun of Righteousness,' seem to be emerging from the clouds of the Church system of 'the Dark Ages'! All Italy enjoyed the transient illumination and glory.

Bernardino Ochino, who, according to his own confession, had been drawn into the Franciscan Order by his appetite for its ascetic austerities, came under the influence of the grand 'heresy.' So fervid, indeed, was his zeal in will-worship that



'he soon passed over to the severer discipline and penances of the Capuchins. Of this Order he was elected general in its third chapter, and again in its fourth, an office which he filled to the satisfaction of all.' But neither his high position nor his multiplied penances could bring rest and satisfaction to his soul. Nor did he find these until he became 'penetrated by the doctrine of justification by grace alone.' Earnestly, then, did he preach the glad gospel from the pulpit, and urge it in the confessional. In the words of Ranke, 'Cities poured forth their multitudes to his teachings; the churches were too small for his hearers; all were alike edified, old and young, men and women, the profound scholar and the untaught peasant.' *The poor had the Gospel preached to them.*

Why, then, we naturally ask, was there no permanent reformation in Italy? Even the Pope, infallible though he was, favored the doctrine of Contarini. Why, then, was its *renaissance* so transient? The seed fell upon good ground, but its fructifying soil seems to have lacked depth. Hence, although it sprung up rapidly, it as rapidly passed away. And, besides, it 'fell among thorns, and the thorns sprang up and choked' its growth. The superstitious rites and ceremonies of a thousand years, which had been wrought into the habits and customs of the people and the prelates, and, above all, the supremacy of the Pope and the infallibility of Councils, finally smothered the Gospel and extinguished its light in the beautiful land of Italy. All the powers of the Church were, as we shall presently see, brought to bear upon and to extinguish this light.

It was not so in Germany. There 'the least of all seed' struck its roots deep, and grew up into 'the greatest of all trees,' which neither storms could shatter, nor whirlwinds sweep away. In Italy the gospel of justification spread, as Ranke says, 'like a literary opinion'; in Germany it fell and ran like a fire from heaven. Hence, while its comparatively lambent flame failed to consume the errors of Italy, its sacred fire, received into the intense and burning consciences of Germany, made a way for itself, and triumphed. Even between a Contarini, with all his divine illumination, and wisdom, and

philosophy, and a Luther, with his rude strength, his gigantic will, and his unconquerable courage, the difference was not small. Between the best son of enthralled Italy and the grand type of German freedom, the difference is incalculable, and so is the mark which they left behind them on the earth. Luther, says Balme, created a great conflagration, not because he himself was great, but only because he threw a spark into the midst of such a prodigious mass of combustible material. But, we reply, it was just because there was such a frightful mass of combustible material in the Church, waiting to be burned up, that God sent into the world a spark, which all the powers of earth and hell combined could not extinguish. It is still burning, and consuming, even in Romanism itself.

When God calls for his servants — his Luthers, his John the Baptists, his Elijahs — to do his terrible work in the earth, they come from the wilderness, or the dark cloister, not from the abodes of luxury and ease, cultivation and refinement. Such men do not grow in the academic groves, nor in the delicious bowers, nor in the refined cities of Italy. They grow by the solitary seaside, in the wilderness, in the dark cloister, or in the obscure, awful struggle between the powers of light and the powers of darkness. There, and there alone, it is that his prophets are formed, and trained; and thence it is that they come forth as the avengers of his outraged patience. For worldly honors, and fame, and power, and pelf, such men care nothing — absolutely nothing. Woe to the world, then, when God turns such men loose on its corruptions! and woe to the Church also!

Contarini, it is true, made strenuous 'attempts at internal reform,' and even at 'a reconciliation with the Protestants.'<sup>1</sup> But these noble, though ineffectual, attempts belong to the next and last point of our discourse, to which, accordingly, we now proceed.

4. 'This doctrine (of justification by faith alone) prevailed to such an extent in the Conference of Ratisbon, convened just four years and eight months before the Council of Trent, that the Protestants seemed in a fair way to secure the adop-

1. Ranke, Vol. I, Book II, § 2.

tion of their great fundamental tenet by the Church of Rome herself—a prospect which, though so full of promise to the peace and happiness of the world, was blasted by political rather than by religious considerations.’

‘The most honorable act of Paul III,’ says Ranke, ‘and that by which he signalized his accession to the Papal throne, was the elevation of many distinguished men to the College of Cardinals *without any consideration but that of their personal merits*. The first of these was the Venetian, Contarini, *by whom the others were afterward proposed*. They were men of irreproachable character, in high repute for learning and piety, and well acquainted with the requirements of different countries. Caraffa, for example, who had long resided in Spain and the Netherlands; Sadolet, Bishop of Carpentras, in France; Pole, a refugee from England; Giberto, who, after having long taken active part in administering the affairs of the State, was then ruling his bishopric of Verona with exemplary wisdom; Federigo Fregoso, Archbishop of Salerno; *almost all, be it observed, members of the Oratory of Divine Love, and many of them holding opinions inclining to Protestantism.*’

The Pope himself held similar opinions. Hence the Venetian, Contarini, with whose doctrines and writings he was perfectly familiar, was placed by him first in ‘the College of Cardinals,’ and who was afterward allowed to propose all the others. But in this list of wise men and reformers there is one name of terrible import—the name of Caraffa. On the other hand, in this bright constellation, the one particular star which outshines all the others is Gaspar Contarini. Noble Venetian! Glorious son of the Church! We read, even now, thy glowing words with delight—nay, with tears of sympathetic admiration and joy! For thou didst worship, not the Pope, but truth, and justice, and mercy, and goodness, and freedom—or, all in one, ‘the Christ of God’!

‘The practice of compositions,’ says he, ‘*or the acceptance of money for spiritual favors, is simony.*’ It was taken very ill that he had presumed to censure the Popes. ‘How!’ he exclaims, ‘shall we concern ourselves about the fame of *three*

*or four Popes, and not amend what has been suffered to decay, and win a good reputation for ourselves? In good truth, it would be asking very much to require that we should defend all the acts of the Popes!* 'The law of Christ,' he declares, *'is a law of freedom, and forbids a servitude so object that the Lutherans were entirely right in comparing it with the Babylonian captivity. But, furthermore, can that be called a government of which the rule is the will of one man, by nature prone to evil, and liable to the influence of caprices and affections innumerable?'*

'A Pope should know,' he continues, 'that those over whom he exercises the rule *are free men*; not according to his own will and pleasure must he command, or forbid, or dispense, but in obedience to the rule of reason, of God's commands, and to the law of love, referring everything to God, and *doing all in consideration of the common good only*. . . . Be it the care of your holiness,' he exclaims to Paul III, 'never to depart from this rule; be not guided by the impotence of the will which makes choice of evil; submit not to the servitude which ministers to sin. Then wilt thou be mighty, *then wilt thou be free, then will the life of the Christian commonwealth be sustained in thee.*'

Thus did this great man, knowing that the Pope is a man of like passions with ourselves, and far from infallible, but prone to evil and liable to innumerable caprices, exhort Paul III to the fear of God and the love of man. No persecutor was Contarini. For, having felt the burden of his own sins, and having found, as did Luther, a deliverance from sin and death through faith in the unmerited mercies of Christ, he stood before the Pope and the world in the 'Freedom of a Christian Man,' and sought only that freedom and salvation for others which he found for himself, deeming it infinitely more precious than life. Such was the man whom Paul III sent as his legate to the Conference of Ratisbon; and there, as elsewhere, he showed that peace, not persecution; that freedom, not ferocity; that mercy, and not malice, were the animating principles, the life and the soul, of his religion.

The Conference of Ratisbon assembled. 'The discussions

were opened on the 5th of April, 1541, and a plan of proceeding, proposed by the Emperor, and admitted after some slight alterations by Contarini, was adopted; but even here, at the first step, the legate found it requisite to dissent in a certain measure from his instructions. The Pope had required, in the first place, a recognition of his supremacy, but Contarini perceived clearly that on this point, so well calculated to arouse the passions of the assembly, the whole affair might be wrecked at the very outset; he, therefore, permitted the question of papal supremacy to be placed last, rather than first, on the list for discussion. He thought it safer to begin with subjects on which his friends and himself approached the Protestant opinions, which were besides questions of the highest importance, and touching the very foundations of the faith. In the discussion concerning these he took himself most active part. His secretary assures us that nothing was determined by the Catholic divines until he had been previously consulted — not the slightest variation made without his consent. Morone, Bishop of Modena, Tomaso da Modena, Master of the Sacred Palace, both holding the same opinions with himself as to justification, assisted him with their advice. The principal difficulty proceeded from a German theologian, Doctor Eck, an old antagonist of Luther; but when forced to a close discussion, point by point, he also was at length brought to a satisfactory explanation. In effect, the parties did actually agree (who could have dared to hope so much) as to the four primary articles, of human nature, original sin, redemption, and even justification. Contarini assented to the principal point in the Lutherine doctrine, namely, that justification is obtained by faith alone, and without any merit on the part of man, adding only, that this faith must be living and active. Melancthon acknowledged that this was, in fact, a statement of the Protestant belief itself; and Bucer boldly declared that, in the articles mutually admitted, “everything requisite to a godly, righteous, and holy life before God, and in the sight of man, was comprehended.”

‘Equally satisfied were those of the opposite party. The Bishop of Aquila calls this Conference holy, and did not

doubt that the reconciliation of all Christendom would result from its labors. The friends of Contarini, those who shared his opinions and sympathized with his feelings, were delighted with the progress he was making. "When I perceived the unanimity of opinion," remarks Pole, in a letter of this period to Contarini, "I was sensible to such pleasure as no harmony of sounds could have afforded me, not only because I foresee the coming of peace and union, but because these articles are in very truth the foundations of the Christian faith. They seem, indeed, to treat of various matters—faith, works, and justification; upon this last, however, on justification, do all the rest repose. I wish thee joy, my friend, and I thank God that on this point the divines of both parties have agreed. He who hath so mercifully begun this work will complete it."

But God did not, at that time at least, complete that work of peace. The prospect, on the contrary, then so fair and promising, was soon overcast with clouds and darkness, and so ended in utter disappointment. Several causes contributed to this result. But the chief cause of all was the Pope's opposition to the peace and happiness of mankind. Not that he opposed 'the tenet of justification by faith alone'—the great point in controversy—and not that he opposed the peace of the world *as such*, but because the reconciliation, if established at that time and under the then existing circumstances, would tend to consolidate the power and fortify the dominion of his great rival, the Emperor of Germany. In the words of Ranke: 'A reconciliation, such as that contemplated, would have given an unaccustomed unity to all Germany, and would have greatly extended the power of the Emperor, who would have been at no loss to avail himself of this advantage. As chief of the moderate party, he would inevitably have obtained predominant influence throughout Europe, more especially in the event of a General Council. All the accustomed hostilities (on the part of the Pope) were necessarily awakened at the mere prospect of such a result.'

The Pope, who claims to be not only the infallible guide of the Church and the dictator of her religious dogmas, but also

the supreme ruler of the universal world, is not disposed to tolerate a rival. Hence the assumptions of the Emperor of Germany, and the prospective growth of his power, were not at all pleasing in his eyes. Accordingly, as Ranke well says, 'Other *scruples* besides those of a theological description before mentioned, had already arisen in Rome. It was remarked that the Emperor, on opening the Diet (of Ratisbon) and announcing a General Council, *did not add that the Pope alone had power to convene it: symptoms it was thought appeared of an inclination on his part to arrogate that right to himself.* It was even said that in the old articles agreed on with Clement VII, at Barcelona, there was a passage that might intimate such a purpose. Did not the Protestants continually declare *that it rested with the Emperor to summon a Council? And might not he be supposed to receive favorably an opinion so manifestly in harmony with his own interests?* Herein was involved the most imminent danger of further divisions.'

The Pope, alarmed by these indications and tendencies, resolved 'to divide and conquer.' Instead of reconciliation, he would leave the Emperor and the Protestants to fight it out, so that he might the better seize and possess all that he claimed as 'the vicegerent of God.' 'A powerful effect,' continues our author, 'was inevitably produced by these agitations on the different divines. Eck remained in Bavaria. "The enemies of the Emperor, whether in or out of Germany," says the secretary of Contarini, "*dreading the power he would obtain by the union of all Germany, began to sow the tares of discord among these divines. Carnal envy hath interrupted the Conference.*"' Thus, by the 'carnal envy' of the Pope and his adherents, was the fair prospect of peace blasted, and the nations of Europe were plunged into those long and bloody wars which disgraced the civilization of the sixteenth century. It was the 'carnal envy' of the Pope, infallible though he was, which, more than any other cause, produced all this incalculable mischief; so that the Protestants had to conquer a peace for themselves, as well as for the rest of mankind.

'After hopes so inspiring, after a commencement so propi-

tious, Contarini saw himself compelled to return without effecting any part of his purpose. He had wished to accompany the Emperor to the Netherlands, but neither was this permitted to him. Returning to Italy, it was his lot to endure all the slanders touching his conduct, and the concessions he was charged with making to Protestantism, that from Rome had been circulated over the whole country. This was sufficiently vexatious, but he had a loftiness of mind that rendered the failure of plans so comprehensive, and so replete with good for all, still more grievous and more painful to his mind.

‘How noble and impressive was the position that moderate Catholicism had assumed in his person! But having failed (through the passions of the Pope) in securing its benevolent and world-embracing designs, it now became a new question, whether it would even maintain its own existence. In every great tendency should reside the power of vindicating its own existence, of rendering itself effectual and respected; if it be not strong enough to secure this, if it cannot achieve the mastery, its doom is inevitable; it must sink into irremediable ruin.’

But so, at least, Protestantism did not sink, except in Italy. It had before sunk, yielding to the fires and ferocity of Rome, in the persons of Wickliffe, Jerome of Prague, and John Huss. But the time had now come when, if Rome cherished the hope of getting rid, as formerly, ‘of troublesome witnesses for the truth by imprisonment and death, for once fire and sword must renounce their power.’<sup>1</sup>

Having established, as we think, the four positions above laid down, we have only a few words to offer, in conclusion. No other prospect of peace or reconciliation between the two creeds has ever occurred since the Diet of Ratisbon. The Council of Trent, it is true, resumed the subject of justification, as the first great object of their labors; but then the Protestant doctrine was condemned. The manner in which this result was obtained is well worthy of remark, and of eternal remembrance.

Contarini was no more; but there was with Pole, in the

<sup>1</sup> Dorner.



Council, many others warmly attached to 'justification by faith alone.' 'Among the members of this Council,' says Ranke (Vol. I, p. 152), 'there were many who held opinions on this point entirely similar to those of Protestants. The Archbishop of Sienna, the Bishop of Della Cava, Giulio Contarini, Bishop of Belluno, and with them five theologians, ascribed justification to the merits of Christ and *to faith alone and wholly*; charity and hope they declared (just as Luther and Melancthon had done) to be the attendants, and works the proof, of faith, but nothing more—*the basis of justification must be faith alone.*' No Protestant has ever stated, more clearly or distinctly, the great principle of his belief and his life in Christ. How did it happen, then, that this doctrine failed in the Council of Trent? How did it happen that the Church of 1545 extinguished, for her own communion at least, this great light, then so auspiciously rising in the bosom of Catholicism itself? This question is easily answered.

In the first place, neither the commanding genius nor the courage of Contarini was in that assembly. Pole was there, and many other good men with him; but the unconquerable will of a Contarini, or a Luther, was not there.

In the second place, the first step taken by the Council, in order to arrive at the truth of God, was to silence his word. 'The Bishop Nachianti, of Chiozza, would hear of nothing but Scripture; he maintained that in the Gospel was written whatever was needful, but he had an overwhelming majority against him.'<sup>1</sup> 'The foundation of their work thus laid (and it was said with good reason that half the business was thereby accomplished), the speakers proceeded to the great and decisive article of justification and the doctrines connected with it. To this portion of the controversy the principal interest was attached.'<sup>2</sup> Thus, the Bible having been set aside as the rule of faith, or rendered subordinate to the will of man, the majority rejected the Protestant doctrine of justification.

In the third place, the majority were led to this determination and decree, not so much by the love of truth as by a

<sup>1</sup> Ranke, Vol. I, p. 152.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

hatred of the Protestants. They rejected, first, the Protestant rule of faith, and, then, the doctrine which the Protestants had deduced from the Scriptures; in both instances proceeding in the little negative spirit of hate, rather than in the great, wise, and positive spirit of love. 'But was it to be expected,' asked Professor Ranke, 'at a moment when Pope and Emperor were attacking the Protestants *with force of arms, that their primal doctrine — that on which the whole existence of their creed was founded — should be received as valid by a Council assembled under the auspices of these two powers.* It was in vain that Pole exhorted them not to reject an opinion simply because it was held by Luther; too much of bitter and personal animosity was connected with this tenet; the Bishop Della Cava and a Greek monk proceeded to actual violence against each other. It was seen that the Council could not even debate to any purpose on so unequivocal an expression of Protestant opinion.'<sup>1</sup> Melancholy spectacle! The word of God is veiled. Tradition is the infallible guide to truth. The passions of men, in the absence of God's word and his restraining Spirit, are aroused, and they actually come to blows! The great debate is at an end, and the decree is passed! Is this the way, O ye mighty rulers of the Church! that God's eternal truth and wisdom are reflected in thy Councils?

In the fourth and last place, we have to notice, in addition to the influence of the war then raging between the Pope and the Protestants, the presence of Caraffa and the Jesuits in the Council of Trent. Caraffa, 'turbulent, impetuous, and fiercely bigoted,' was the reigning spirit of the Council of Trent. In the Council of Trent he had at his command, moreover, two engines of terrific power. The first of these was the Inquisition, which Caraffa had revived and reestablished, in 1542, three years before the first sitting of the Council. 'Here we must look back,' says Ranke, 'to the time of the Ratisbon Conference. When it became obvious that no conclusion could be arrived at with the professors of the new tenets, and that even in Italy disputes had arisen concerning the sacra-

<sup>1</sup> Ranke, Vol. I, p. 152.

*ments, while doubts as regarded purgatory and other points of great moment in the Roman ritual existed among the people, the Pope one day inquired of Cardinal Caraffa, "What could be devised for these evils." The Cardinal replied, that a thoroughly searching inquisition was the only one sure to be efficient, and his opinion was supported by John Alvarez de Toledo, Bishop of Burgos.'*<sup>1</sup> . . . "As St. Peter," exclaimed Caraffa, "subdued the the first heresiarchs in no other place than Rome, so must the successors of Peter destroy all the heresies of the whole world in Rome."<sup>2</sup> It was thus, at the instigation of this Cardinal and the devil, that the Inquisition was reëstablished 21st July, 1542, by the bull of the Pope.

The second of these terrific engines was the Order of Jesuits. We call this order an engine, and not a society, because it professed to have no will of its own, and to move only in obedience to the Pope. 'They pleased themselves,' says Ranke (Vol. I, p. 146), 'with the thought of making war *as soldiers* against Satan, and, *in accordance with the old military propensities of Loyola* (their founder and captain-general), they assumed the name of the Company of Jesus, exactly as a company of soldiers takes the name of its captain.' The one great rule of this Order is, as every one knows, unquestioning obedience to the Pope, and unmeasured zeal in his service. In 1543 the 'Society of Jesus' was 'absolutely and unconditionally established' by the Sovereign Pontiff. 'The Jesuits account it among the glories of their Order, that their founder, Loyola, supported this proposition (Caraffa's proposition in favor of the Inquisition) by a special memorial.'<sup>3</sup>

Thus were these two tremendous engines — the Inquisition and the Order of Jesuits — created only two or three years before the first assembling of the Council of Trent, and after the Ratisbon Conference. They sprang from the same passions which had kindled the war between Catholics and Protestants, and were inflamed into fury by the influence of that war. In the Council of Trent, therefore, those who favored the Protestant doctrine of justification had to look the Inquisition in the face, and to argue the great cause in the presence of the

1 Vol. I, p. 157.

2 Ibid.

3 Ibid.

Jesuits. Nay, Caraffa himself was Inquisitor-General and universal, in matters of faith, on both sides of the Alps; and there stood at his back, both in and out of the Council, a host of fierce Jesuits and informers, as the instruments of his vengeance. What chance, then, had truth for a fair hearing, or even for decent treatment? And what wonder that, under such circumstances, Caraffa and the Jesuits, the Inquisition and the Pope, the war and its passions, prevailed over those Catholics who, unarmed and alone, stood up for the hated doctrine of the great reformer.

Such were the evil influences, the powers of darkness, to which the Roman decree against the gospel of justification by faith owes its existence. The precise time, too, at which this famous decree was brought forth, is most worthy of note. This took place—for Caraffa had triumphed in the Council—precisely when the Emperor was victorious in Germany. The Lutherans were submitting in almost every direction, and Rome was jubilant with the hope that they would soon be utterly crushed and exterminated. The hearts of men were, on the one side, failing them for fear, and, on the other, wild with the intoxication of success. Cardinal Pole and the Archbishop of Sienna had, under different pretexts, quitted the Council of Trent, and ‘accidental illness,’ it was said, prevented their return. It was in this hour of the darkness of Protestantism that the dire thunderbolt of victorious Rome was forged and winged with blazing *anathema* for her destruction.

But however dark and desperate the hour *seemed* for the fortunes of Protestantism, it was, as events have shown, still more so, *in reality*, for those of Rome. The same Caraffa, who prevailed in the Council of Trent, was the instrument chosen by Providence to humble the pride of Rome in the dust. To the amazement of all men, and especially of himself, he is elevated to the Papal throne. Now, what means this strange thing? Caraffa had certainly never dreamed of such elevation, and had never taken the least pains to conciliate the friendship of any one of the College of Cardinals by whom he was elected. How, then, did his election to the

Pontificate take place? Caraffa 'believed that his election had been determined, not by the Cardinals, but by God himself, who had chosen him for the accomplishment of his own purposes.' Hence, if we would understand the designs of the Almighty in the elevation of Caraffa, we must look at the results which *he actually accomplished as supreme Pontiff*. He certainly accomplished two grand results: he shattered the pride of the power of Rome, and secured for Protestantism, in spite of her fallen fortunes, a permanent place in the history of the world.

The spirit of God *seems* to have forsaken him, and left him, in his exalted position as supreme Pontiff, to the guidance of blind passions. Why, indeed, as Christians, should we doubt that such was *really the fact*? The Spirit of God, as he assures us himself, accompanies his word, especially his word of justification by faith. (Gal. iii. 2, 14.) Hence, when Caraffa persecuted this word—this sublime and all-cheering gospel of justification—is it strange that the Spirit of God should have abandoned him to himself? It is certain that his jealousy and hatred of the Emperor of Germany, and his equally maniacal animosity to Spain, involved the Catholic powers of Europe in a war which undermined their domination, and made room for Protestantism to establish itself in the face of all opposition. He did not, says Ranke, 'have to acquire the allegiance of England, he had merely to retain it.' But, incapable of moderation, he returned a repulsive and contemptuous reply to the ambassador of Elizabeth, and, by acts equally arbitrary and impolitic, compelled that proud monarch to adopt the cause of Protestantism. Thus, by the blind policy of Caraffa, was '*the triumph gained for Protestantism in Great Britain, and its ascendancy there secured forever,*'<sup>1</sup> as well as in Germany. Indeed, after reviewing 'the progress of Protestantism' under Caraffa, as Paul IV, the historian of the Popes concludes in these words: 'And now, if we survey the world from the heights of Rome, how enormous were the losses sustained by the Catholic faith! Scandinavia and Great Britain had wholly departed; Germany was almost entirely

<sup>1</sup> Ranke, Vol. I, p. 240.

Protestant; Poland and Hungary were in a fierce tumult of opinion; in Geneva was to be found as important a centre for the schismatics of the Latin nations of the West as was Wittenberg for those of the Germanic race and the East; while numbers are already gathering to the banners of Protestantism in France and the Netherlands.' Surely the Almighty 'causes the wrath of man to praise him.' Caraffa intended, by all the vast resources and power at his command, to uproot Protestantism utterly, not leaving a root, branch, or a vestige of it upon the face of the earth; and yet, in the hands of the Almighty, he was the chief instrument for the establishment of Protestantism. This, if we may judge from the events of history, is the purpose for which God raised him to the Papal throne; and most wonderfully did he fulfill his mission.

In conclusion, the Catholics themselves being judges, the great fundamental difference between Catholicism and Protestantism consists in their opposite views on the subject of justification. This is not only the great, distinguishing, and vital difference between the two communions, it is the *root* of all other essential differences between them. In regard to some other questions of no small moment, we agree with the Church of Rome far more nearly than we do with the mighty reformers of the sixteenth century; but in regard to this article of justification, and to its manifold consequences, we are as one mind, heart, and soul with the holy, catholic, and universal Protestant Church. And, unless we are most egregiously mistaken, the arguments of Moehler and other learned Catholics in defence of their complicated scheme of justification, may be triumphantly refuted, both by an appeal to the word of God and to the reason of man. But, if we live, the readers of this *Review* will, ere long, have an occasion to decide the question for themselves. In the meantime we shall proceed, from the stand-point indicated in this article, to complete our survey of the Protestant Churches, which were born of the grand movement of the sixteenth century, especially the Lutheran and the Reformed Churches of the Continent, the Church of England, and the Methodist Episcopal Church on both sides of the Atlantic.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Philosophical Works of David Hume*; including all his Essays, and exhibiting the more important alterations and corrections in the successive editions published by the author. Boston and Edinburgh. 1854. 4 vols. 8vo.
2. *Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II*—(The Philosopher, David Hume.) By Mrs. Oliphant. London. 1870.

So many years have elapsed since the publication of this full and serviceable edition of Hume's Philosophical Works noted in the rubric, that they might have been left unnoticed for an indefinite period longer, if the interest in the great skeptic had not been recently revived by Mrs. Oliphant's graphic delineation of the man, 'in habit and manner as he lived.'<sup>1</sup>

Hume's speculations aroused too much controversy, exercised too great and too extensive an influence, occupy too prominent a place in the history of metaphysics, and force themselves too frequently and too urgently upon the regards of metaphysical inquirers, ever to pass into oblivion. They have now a special claim to notice; for there is at this time a general revival of interest in all questions of recondite philosophy, in consequence of the recurrence of numerous speculative and practical difficulties, which admit of no adequate solution without the previous rectification of the premises and procedure of the customary reasoning, and the purification of the principles of habitual belief. We are driven back to the reëxamination of first principles—of Metaphysics, of the First Philosophy, as it is termed by Aristotle—because there are latent errors involved in our deductions, and revealed by the

<sup>1</sup> There is another reason which makes this criticism of Hume's philosophy especially opportune, and that is the fact that the speculations of Darwin, Huxley, Mill, and of nearly all of the infidel writers of the present day, grow out of the fundamental errors of this grand skeptic of the last century. Indeed, this is apparent from their own acknowledgment, as we see in the *Logic of Mill*, and in the writings of Huxley.

insufficiency and incoherence of our conclusions, which must be detected in their origin before they can be eradicated. They have sprung from incorrect metaphysics; they can be extirpated only by the establishment of sounder metaphysics: and the infallible instincts of humanity are looking anxiously in that direction for the anticipated relief.

In prosecuting any inquiry into the remoter provinces of abstract speculation, the paradoxical positions and the skeptical arguments of Hume necessarily attract renewed attention. Logically and chronologically, Hume stands at the head of the later division of modern metaphysics. Cartesianism culminated with dissimilar aspects in Spinoza and Malebranche; it indicated its purely skeptical tendencies in Bayle; it was transmuted by Leibnitz, and his expositor Christian Wolf, into a learned and elegant but fanciful eclecticism. Locke's rebellion against Des Cartes introduced a new era of speculation, and claimed for the Baconian philosophy, as then, and as still generally understood, the dominion over moral as well as over physical science. But Locke's specific function, whatever the effect of his speculations may have been, was like that of his contemporary and antagonist, Leibnitz, opposition to the infidel results of the Cartesian method. The complexion of the coming philosophy was not determined until Hume had united the acute idealism of Berkeley with the rude but practical sensationalism of Locke. The system of empiricism thence resulting presided over and regulated the subsequent developments of abstract inquiry; and doctrines the most repugnant to each other, and professedly the most divergent from the skepticism of Hume, consciously or unconsciously derived their impress from the impulse communicated by him.

Kant ascribes to Hume the credit of having instigated his own subtle investigations. This is illustrated partly by the similar spirit of the respective systems of these authors, so far as they generated a reaction against Locke's sensationalism; partly by the general correspondence of their respective conclusions; partly by the analogous principles which they both lay down and almost immediately abandon. Kant agrees with Hume in regarding the science of man as the introduc-



tion to all the sciences, and in recognizing experience and observation as the only solid foundations for the science of man. But these guides are incontinently deserted when the one invents his categories, and reasons about absolute and necessary truths; and when the other launches into universal skepticism, which, by his own confession, conflicts with the constant experience and daily observation of men.<sup>1</sup> Indeed, the method which Hume advocated and proposed to himself<sup>2</sup> is the reverse of that which he ordinarily pursued; for the principles with which he begins are neither clear nor self-evident; the steps of his advance are neither timorous nor sure; and, though he frequently reviews his conclusions, he neither examines all their principal consequences, nor appreciates accurately those which he does examine. The analogy between Hume and Kant is as marked in their deviation from their own principles as in the resemblance of the principles themselves; and, in the most important points, the relation between the two philosophers is singularly close.

The various schools of German Transcendentalists are notoriously offshoots from Kant, and derive their impulsion immediately from him. It is unnecessary to show how completely the Scotch or Common Sense School has been influenced by Hume, even in its controversy with him. The attitude of the French Eclectics is determined by the relation of Kant and Reid to Hume, for their scheme is little more than the combination of Scotch and German metaphysics, accompanied with a tender regard for Des Cartes, and a much more scrupulous reverence for Locke. Victor Cousin plays the same rôle in the nineteenth century which Leibnitz as brilliantly performed at the close of the seventeenth, and Plotinus in the third. Eclecticism, or Syncretism, constitutes the last act of the drama in the evolution of every philosophical period. The French Encyclopædists and their imitators were merely the abortions of Locke's sensationalism, and are not to be classed with the metaphysicians, even if they are acknowledged as philosophers. Of Sir William Hamilton we say nothing, since even in his fragmentary remains can be discovered nothing more than the

<sup>1</sup> *Phil. Works*, Vol. I, p. 8; Vol. IV, p. 235.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, Vol. IV, p. 171.

germs of a philosophical system which can scarcely be regarded as new. Ostensibly, he was the last teacher of the Scotch School; more probably he was the link of transition to a new creed yet to be developed. But it is not our purpose to transcend the limits of the period within which Hume's direct influence is for the present circumscribed.

Comte, who claimed to be the founder of both a religion and a philosophy, and who represented a large class of modern sophists, assigns to Hume an eminent place in the direct line of the progressive development of Positivism. Hume occupies this position, both by the necessary connection of every distinguished thinker with all subsequent inquiry in the same department, and still more by the fundamental tenets of his philosophy, which Comte adopts in their narrowest significance, and maintains with a fidelity much more rigid than is customary with their original propounder.

Notwithstanding the marked agreement between Hume, Kant, and Comte, the theories which they have respectively evolved from similar general principles are strongly contrasted. There is first Skepticism, then Transcendentalism, then Positivism — the empirical idealism of Hume reaching its zenith, and subordinating experience to intuition in the mysticism of Kant, and especially of his followers, and its empirical tendencies attaining to the opposite extreme in the phenomenalism of Comte. Each of these diverse schools is under the superintendence of a skeptical spirit. The negation of the immaterial, as well as of the material, is virtually implied by each system in different forms and under different aspects. In the ultimate analysis each will be found to recognize the human fantasy, the human apprehension, the individual capacity, as the legitimate measure of truth and existence. In each the actual is more or less rigidly narrowed down to the limits of the cognizable, and the unknown forgotten in the exclusive pursuit of the known. Because 'that which is wanting cannot be remembered,' it is implicitly and expressly denied in these systems. Is not this the case with all our modern philosophy? Is not the Scotch scheme of metaphysics skeptical in its tendencies notwithstanding its aims? and French Eclecticism

infidel in its fruits, despite of its professions? Is not 'the trail of the serpent'—the slime of Hume's slippery cavillings—over all subsequent speculations? Is it possible, without assuming faith in revelation as the basis of our creed, to erect any scheme of philosophy which shall not be obnoxious to the censure of mistaking fragmentary and imperfect knowledge for the undefined and undefinable sphere of the real?

What a singular diversity there is in the mode in which the same fundamental dogmas have been accepted and developed by the three philosophers to whom we have more particularly referred! How discrepant are their professed conclusions! Hume reposes on that soft pillow of academic unbelief so warmly commended by Montaigne. Kant imagines a stable foundation in the practical reason of man for all that his ratiocinations compel him to reject, and leaves speculation at the mercy of the conflicting autonomies—the Scylla and Charybdis of philosophy. Comte repudiates everything except the world of shadows. In his exclusive attachment to the material he embraces only the cloud: and he dreams a religion as a substitute for the reality which he cashiers. Still the title of Hume to be regarded as the parent of both the Critical and the Positive systems, and as the originator in a great measure of the other types of modern speculation, remains indubitable, notwithstanding the coöperating influences of Leibnitz, Locke, and Berkeley, and the special discoveries and imaginations of the multitudinous tribe of less distinguished philosophers. There is no need of ignoring or undervaluing the influences attributable to others; still less is it necessary to underrate the services of those who have resisted strenuously, but we think unsuccessfully, the infidel tendencies of Hume's philosophy, in order to be assured of the intimate dependence of later speculation upon its conclusions, and to demonstrate that it occupies the central point in the history of modern metaphysics.

If Hume is properly regarded as standing at the close of the Cartesian and at the commencement of a new era, it is manifest that every attempt to discover the recondite sources of modern error, and to correct the defects of modern speculation, must-

go back as far as to the writings of Hume, but is not necessarily compelled to ascend to an earlier period. Hence the Philosophical Works of Hume require reëxamination at this time; and, often as they have been analyzed and professedly refuted before, we propose to subject their principal chain of argument to a new and independent scrutiny, avoiding so far as possible the polemics of previous disputants, and pursuing our criticism with little heed to the views and positions of former philosophers. It seems expedient to test Hume's procedure and conclusions on their own merits, not by comparison with the more recent systems partially derived from them. These systems have proved insufficient to establish any valid doctrine, and they may have been equally inefficient in the discharge of their negative functions as a refutation of the errors of Hume. If either duty had been satisfactorily discharged, there would now be little need for the further examination of his dangerous sophisms, nor would they be still unsuspectingly corroding the framework of modern doctrine in philosophy, science, and practice.

We are fully aware of the difficulties of the task undertaken in venturing upon such an inquiry, and discarding at the same time the assistance of the acute investigations of others. These difficulties, however, may possibly be considered greater than they really are, in consequence of the estimation in which Hume's perverse ingenuity has been habitually held by those who are, consciously or unconsciously, following in his footsteps. Even his adversaries have yielded to his guidance, and have been endeavoring to cast out devils in the name of Beelzebub, the prince of the devils. We shall make the attempt proposed, on other principles, with due humility, but with a modest confidence of arriving at a satisfactory issue—*nec cum fiducia inveniendi, neque sine spe*. It may be a bold heresy to assert that Hume's analytical dexterity has been grossly exaggerated, but such is our conviction. We do not participate in the common estimate of either his perspicacity or his logical precision, but think that he usually bewilders himself and his readers by the confident employment of loose and undefined assumptions, by verbal fallacies, and by sophistries arising from the absence

of consistent and determinate ideas. There is a singular indecision of language whenever he attempts to communicate a characteristic or abstract idea. He resolves the wide schism between the sects of the skeptics and the dogmatists into verbal differences.<sup>1</sup> Pascal thought otherwise.<sup>2</sup> But Hume may have been the more readily inclined to this convenient opinion, as so many of his own cavils arise either from verbal legerdemain or equivocations. A striking example of this tendency is afforded by the remark that 'it is allowed on all hands, that there is no known connection between the sensible qualities and the secret powers of bodies.'<sup>3</sup> What is universally admitted is very different from this. It is not that 'there is no known connection,' but that the connection, or the character of the connection, is not known. As the proposition stands, the statement is untenable: correct the expression, and it will not sustain the inference drawn from it. Again, one of the arguments employed to degrade Justice into mere temporary expediency is that, if a man were placed alone on the earth Justice would have no existence, because without use.<sup>4</sup> Not for this reason would it be non-existent or dormant, but because Justice, being a relative term, and importing a relative idea, can be applied only to correlatives, and not to one in the absence of the other. One of the most potent instruments of Hume's sophistry is the confusion of the recognition of a power with the comprehension of its *modus operandi*.<sup>5</sup> Again, it is surprising to find an author, enjoying Hume's reputation for penetration and rigorous precision, confirming a paradox by asserting that it is impossible to think of a globe of white marble without thinking at the same time of its color.<sup>6</sup> The

1 Phil. Works, Vol. II, p. 529.

2 'Qui demêlera cet embrouillement? La nature confond les Pyrrhoniens et la raison confond les Dogmatistes. Qui deviendrez-vous donc, ô homme, qui cherchez votre véritable condition par votre raison naturelle? Vous ne pouvez fuir une de ces sectes, ni subsister dans aucune! Voilà ce qu'est l'homme à l'égard de la vérité!' Hume himself imitates and expands this contrast.

3 Phil. Works, Vol. IV, p. 39.

4 Ibid., p. 253.

5 Ibid., pp. 77, 79.

6 Ibid., Vol. I, p. 43.

epithet white, which is superfluous, is the sole occasion of the alleged impossibility. It is possible to think of a globe of marble without thinking of its color: not, indeed, to represent or present to the mind any particular globe of marble, but to consider spherical figure conjoined with marmoreal matter without reference to hue; or even to conceive a globe without regarding its substance.<sup>1</sup> The impossibility announced results simply from the form of the expression—from a premeditated incompatibility of terms—but it exists no longer when the language is rendered definite, and is restricted to the logical contents of the required proposition.<sup>2</sup> In studying Hume there is a constant necessity to remember the old maxim: *Solet error in vocabulis errorem parere in rebus.*<sup>3</sup> In this instance the verbal fallacy is employed to prove that all general ideas and abstract terms are in reality particular.<sup>4</sup> Besides its other defects, it involves a very gross *petitio principii*. The tenet sought to be established is erroneous; it is sustained in an illogical and unwarrantable manner, and it is itself the fiction of indistinct conception. Here is the true doctrine briefly expressed: *Sensus non agnoscit nisi singularia.*<sup>5</sup> Sensation takes cognizance only of particulars. The true position extends no further. The reason infers the abstract or general idea from the partial correspondence of the observations of particulars preserved by the memory. According to Hume, the reason possesses no such power, because it only entertains particular ideas, as is supposed to be proved by the example signalized above, and because the memory cannot vary the

1 Aristotle experienced no such impossibility as Hume asserted. ἔλη δ' ἡ μὲν αἰσθητή, ἡ δὲ νοητή αἰσθητή μὲν οἶον χαλκός καὶ ξύλον καὶ δοση κινήτη ἔλη, νοητή δὲ ἡ ἐν τοῖς αἰσθη τοῖς ὑπάρχουσα μὴ ἢ αἰσθητά, οἶον τὰ μαθηματικά.—Metaph. vi. c. x. p. 1086. a. 9; also, a. 8.

2 Λανθάνει ὅτι οὐκ ἀκρι βῶς λέγονται οἱ λόγοι Aristot. Metaph. vi. c. v. p. 1031. a. 7. In Hume's case we are often inclined to suspect deception as well as delusion. He probably intended to dazzle and bewilder others, and unconsciously beguiled himself.

3 H. Com. Agrippa. De Incert. & Van. Scient. c. iii.

4 This doctrine has been derived from Hume by Mill in his *Logic*.

5 Thomas Aquinas. Summa. Ps. I. Qu. xii. Art. iv.

original impression.<sup>1</sup> To assert that the memory cannot vary the original impression, is either an equivoque or another *petitio principii*. For why cannot the memory vary it? If the memory is construed in its loose acceptation as a mental function, or as the intellect operating upon facts collected by previous experience, the memory can vary at pleasure, not the original impression as an experienced fact, but the conception derived from it. But if, on the other hand, the memory is contemplated in its specific meaning, as the faculty of the mind which recalls past impressions and their historical arrangement, it cannot vary them, not from any natural restriction or impotency, but because such variation is inconsistent with the special import attached to the terms. Hume's asseveration thus appears plausible only in consequence of the floating and indistinct signification of an equivocal expression.

The several fallacies noticed hang together, and constitute connected stages in the erection of Hume's argument. One error sustains another, and they unite together to furnish the evidence sustaining his conclusions. It is a part of the same tissue of sophistry to repudiate the idea of substance.<sup>2</sup> In this case, too, the objections adduced are only verbal juggleries, and proceed entirely on the vulgar and popular acceptations of the word without bearing any direct relation to its philosophic significance.

These are a few examples of a habit continually exhibited by Hume, and constantly employed in the creation of the metaphysical, or more properly dialectical, subtleties of which his philosophy is composed. They are introduced here, not as a criticism of that philosophy, though they may subserve that purpose, but to obviate the appearance of presumption in the statement that Hume's precision and logical skill have both been estimated too highly. There will be future opportunities of illustrating this declaration more fully. Yet, in the case of an author of long established reputation, and familiar to all students of philosophy, it is scarcely necessary to be punctilious in substantiating every point of the criticism by direct reference or citation, as would be appropriate in regard to new or less known productions.

<sup>1</sup> Phil. Works, Vol. I, p. 24.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., pp. 31-3.

In this edition of Hume much is contained which it will be advisable to exclude from present consideration. His Political and Miscellaneous Essays would only distract attention and perplex the criticism, though the former are the most profound and valuable, and the latter the most pleasing portion of his speculations. The Dissertations included in these volumes may be, and ought to be, regarded in two distinct aspects, which manifest themselves very decidedly in different parts of his writings. These are, in part, the production of an elegant essayist and observant man of the world: in part, the speculations of a quick but captious philosopher. Hume apparently took the most pride in the former vocation, and obtained therein the more real success, if the less distinction and notoriety.<sup>1</sup> To the union of the two characters in the Political Essays he owes, perhaps, their remarkable sagacity. He was earnest in his efforts to appear a literary man of the world, somewhat according to the type of Addison, or Bolingbroke, or Chesterfield, or Voltaire; and his philosophy was, in great measure, controlled by this affectation. He was not sincere even in his skepticism: and in the midst of his professions of doubt he had little faith in his own dubitations.<sup>2</sup> His religious opinions, or his want of religious opinions, may have been more tenaciously entertained; but there was still less sincerity in their expression. Yet it is only the unbelieving and unbelieved philosophy grafted on this insincere skepticism, and sustained by a congenial mode of argumentation, that we intend to examine. The metaphysical theory is to be considered separate from the other topics with which it is combined. Even after this reduction a further restriction of the criticism is imposed by Hume himself. As he desired that his Treatise of Human Nature should be cancelled, and that his inquiries concerning the Human Understanding and the Principles of Morals should be received as the final exposition of his doctrine,<sup>3</sup> it would be unjust to employ the earlier work for the

1 Phil. Works, Vol. IV, p. 517; Vol. III, p. 318, note.

2 Phil. Works, Vol. IV, pp. 68, 170-188, 346, 493; Vol. I, pp. 325-337.

3 Phil. Works, Vol. IV. Advertisement.



determination of his theory, though it may be frequently serviceable in enabling us to trace the origin, growth, and development of his peculiar dogmas.

By this exclusion of redundant and heterogeneous matter our text is reduced to the fourth volume of this edition, and does not embrace even the whole of its contents.

The most effectual mode of estimating any scheme of philosophy is obviously to examine its fundamental principles, and to pursue their gradual evolution through the characteristic conclusions of the doctrine. But this course is rarely sustained with steadiness and accuracy. It requires patience and perseverance, and an ever present comprehension of the whole subject in its multifarious manifestations and consequences. These are burthens too onerous for most minds to accept willingly in this age of hurried reflection. In order to escape the constant tension of thought required by such a process, it is the common practice to detach separate principles or separate conclusions from the body of the system, to show their validity, inconsistency, or absurdity, and to found a general censure on a partial and indecisive examination. The selection of the points to be discussed may be made with more or less judgment, and, consequently, the efficacy of the criticism will vary from the most nugatory cavilling to a very plausible and partially just estimation of the philosophy examined. But the roots of error can neither be eradicated nor reached so long as the critic is content to lop off a few branches from the tree, instead of digging away the soil in which it grows.

Reid displayed considerable sagacity in the application of this compendious method, by attacking the received theory of perception, as if that were the keystone of the philosophy to be refuted. This line of argumentation was provoked and almost justified by Hume's own language.<sup>1</sup> But this mode of warfare is to assail Hume's philosophy in its form and expression rather than in its principles—in its accidents rather than in its essence. It is to do battle with the peculiarities of the utterance, not with the fallacy of the ultimate premises and

<sup>1</sup> *Phil. Works*, Vol. IV, p. 173; Vol. I, pp. 17, 18, 21.

the sophistry of the reasoning. It was an ingenious plan for a campaign, but it neither gave a complete victory, nor did it afford any sufficient assurance of future conquest. Substitute, with Reid and Sir William Hamilton, direct for representative perception, and, although many of Hume's statements are thereby disproved, the principal difficulties are not surmounted, and a modification of the language, with a slight change of front, will restore the obstacles which had only been displaced, not destroyed. Hume appears to have been conscious of this, and in the first revision of his philosophy he expresses himself in such terms as to evade, in great measure, the objection of Reid.<sup>1</sup> An effectual reply must penetrate much further below the surface; it must be equally valid whether perception be presentative or representative; it must grapple with the essence of the difficulty, and not be satisfied with merely assailing the form. Such a reply cannot be rendered without the careful examination of the whole system, in its integrity and in its development; and it is more imperatively demanded amid the immoral delusions of the intellect which characterize the present day than when Reid attempted to stem the flood of infidelity by resisting some of the sophistries of Hume.

The central idea of Hume's philosophy is his conception of the relation between cause and effect — a doctrine accepted, with slight modifications, by Reid, Brown, and the other leaders of the Scottish School. His whole reasoning revolves around this dogma as its axis, though the object of his first Treatise was declared to be the determination of the relation between impressions and ideas.<sup>2</sup> These, however, according to his interpretation, occupy toward each other the relation of cause and effect; and the inquiry itself only supplied a basis for his theory of causation, which is either the final or the efficient cause of all his metaphysical speculations. But his exposition of causality is sustained by a succession of positions which are disguised assumptions, or the consequences of assumptions. Thus, important as it is to estimate cautiously the characteristics and validity of his doctrine of causation, it is equally

<sup>1</sup> Phil. Works, Vol. IV, p. 72.

<sup>2</sup> Phil. Works, Vol. I, pp. 18, 19.

necessary to determine previously the tenability of the principles from which that celebrated and still popular dogma is deduced.

The chain of derivation may be readily disentangled from the subordinate propositions interlaced with it. Here is a brief analysis of the main argument: The relation of cause and effect can be nothing more than a supposed consequence from the habitually observed succession or connection of events, because all our complex conceptions are linked together only by the observance of their customary association; and it is impossible that particular objects should generate a general idea. General ideas are, indeed, impossibilities, for all abstractions are only vague conceptions of particulars. Ideas may represent either realities or phenomena: but we can never push our inquiries beyond the phenomenon to the reality. This reality is a pure delusion of intelligence; it is only the name we are pleased to give to a system of connected impressions or ideas.<sup>1</sup> There is neither reality nor substance, neither matter nor mind; at least, there is nothing to authorize the assertion of their existence. The connection of phenomena, or of the conceptions produced by them and corresponding with them, is all that we can learn; and the relation between such conceptions is accepted as truth in obedience to a certain primordial faculty of the human mind, which is termed belief. If the nature of belief, however, be carefully examined — and Hume boasts that he was the first to pursue this inquiry deliberately<sup>2</sup> — it will be found to import nothing more than the tenacity with which some notions are entertained in consequence of the superior vivacity of their impression. The credibility of facts is thus resolved into their readier apprehensibility, and, in most cases, may be considered as merely a question of probabilities. This constitution of belief, and this characterization of knowledge, result from the mode in which all the materials of thought are primarily acquired. These are gathered by experience and observation from internal sen-

1 *Phil. Works*, Vol. I, p. 143.

2 *Phil. Works*, Vol. IV, p. 125; Vol. I, pp. 128-9. The claim and the explanation are equally invalid.

sations and external representations. They are distinguished into two, and only two classes, according to their origin and strength, and are called impressions and ideas; the former being the primitive and more forcible perception, the latter being the weaker and derivative, and consisting of only the copies of impressions. Further than this it is impossible to carry metaphysical investigation. The mind — the agent of thought — lies beyond, but its nature is inscrutable, except so far as it may be revealed in operations; and these operations constitute the whole essence of the mind discoverable by man. Thus the mind is the measure and passively generative instrument (if such a phrase may be hazarded) of all knowledge and science, and virtually the canon of existence. The fundamental principles of its action ~~are~~ incapable of explication and can only be recognized in their results. From these axiomatic principles, and from their unquestioning acceptance, all reasoning proceeds. They are the ultimate premises of human speculation, and whatever insoluble enigmas may be occasioned by inability to ascend to higher degrees of knowledge, they must be tolerated as the inevitable incidents of the imperfection of human faculties. The statement of these enigmas is the sum total of philosophy. We can only determine by careful observation and experience what are the ultimate facts of perception — what are the precise impressions and ideas conveyed by different perceptions — what are the habitual relations and connection of ideas — what is the customary rule of their development; and, however shadowy, uncertain, or contradictory our conclusions may be, the impotence and fallibility of the human mind forbid the attainment of more stable results. All that is left to be done is to acknowledge the hopeless inconsistencies of all theory, and to abandon such guidance in that daily practice of life, which is, and must be, regulated by the spontaneous impulses and instinctive habits of men. A good-humored skepticism is, consequently, the mature fruit of sound philosophy; and all that is achieved by analyzing the constitution and operations of the mind is acquiescence in this skepticism as the necessary consequence of our intellectual organization. The Academical indecision, which

is the conclusion of Hume's philosophy, virtually presided over its nativity and inauguration. The doubts that seemed to be established by his reasonings existed already, and governed him before his labors were commenced. The postulates, implied and explicit, from which his speculation proceeded, were entirely skeptical; their developments were necessarily skeptical, also. Thus, on a critical examination, it appears that he has begged his position and reasoned in a circle throughout. It is an appropriate recompense for such a delusive and misleading philosophy, that its skeptical theory should prescribe a blind and unreasoning fanaticism in the practical affairs of life.

The analysis of the philosophy of Hume exhibits only the main links of his argumentation. The application of his conclusions to the different branches of practical philosophy — to morals, politics, and religion — was not designed to be included in the synopsis. Some of these points may be appropriately introduced into the synthetic development of the doctrine, to which we shall annex a special criticism of his chief positions. We now reverse, extend, and in some respects modify, the chain of reasoning by which the dogmas of Hume are supported, and follow the course pursued by him in their exposition, in contradistinction to that which represents the logical order of the construction of his scheme. It was expedient in the first instance to show the connection and generation of his tenets in a concise picture, in order that their reciprocal relations might be clearly discerned, and might be neither obliterated nor obscured by the criticisms, the digressions, the explanations, and the limitations introduced into the detailed appreciation of his views. We desired, too, to make manifest, by a condensed analysis of his system, that his doctrine of cause and effect had determined the entire complexion of his philosophy — that it was a foregone conclusion, to be sustained by the invention of a theory, not the unanticipated consequence of principles established by their own special evidence. We now undertake the examination of details, in order to arrive at an accurate estimate of the general and particular characteristics of that philosophy. After having appre-

ciated the main features of the scheme, we shall consider its practical consequences, in relation to the first principles of morals, and the cardinal topics of religion. Throughout the inquiry we shall notice how skepticism frustrates its own endeavors, and shall discover striking illustration of the great truth so often announced by sedate philosophers, so strongly asserted by Revelation, and so happily expressed by Petrarch:<sup>1</sup>

a cađer va chi troppo sale;  
Né si fa ben per nom quel che 'l ciel nega.

The philosophy of Hume occasionally asserts,<sup>2</sup> and always assumes, the dangerous and wide-spread sophism of Protagoras—that man is the measure of the universe. This canon, more frequently latent than avowed, lies at the base of all his reasonings, and is combined with other assumptions in the generation or confirmation of all his errors. It is a fallacy, logically as well as chronologically anterior to his speculations, though formally introduced as a special link in the argument. Its implicit acceptance alone gives a support and plausibility to his positions. His whole argument requires us to admit, with him, that 'what exceeds the comprehension of our limited faculties' exceeds the possibilities of truth and existence. With such an assumption it is easy to establish any conclusion. But it does not follow, because the human mind cannot transcend certain limits of speculation, and conceive what it cannot conceive, that therefore its limitations, or its conclusions, are a legitimate measure of being. To draw such an inference requires another fallacy, and the imitation of Hume in identifying or confounding existence *in re*, or *in esse*, or even *in posse*, with existence *in conceptu*.<sup>3</sup> This is only a derivative form of the Protagorean assumption, but it is sufficiently distinguished

1 Ruric ni Morte di Laura. Son. xxxix. The same sentiment is announced by Aristot. Sophist. Elench. c. ii. p. 165. b. 2. Agathise. Hist. lib. ii. c. xv. p. 98. Kant. Log. App. vi. p. 355-7. Joann. Sarieb. Euthet. v. 319-22.

Non valet absque fide suocere philosophari  
Quisnam, nec meritum provenit absque fide.  
Ergo fidem servet, qui philosophatur, ametque  
Cultum virtutis, et pietatis opus.

2 Phil. Works, Vol. I, p. 93.

3 Ibid., p. 92.

from it to merit specific mention. Yet it is evident, from our consciousness and from observation, that the human mind does not comprehend the entire domain of reality within the bounds of conceivable knowledge. In this manner an image known to be imperfect, and supposed to be defective, is accepted by Hume as the picture of the whole, part of which is obviously unrepresented. The original imperfection of the instrument and the cognition is forgotten, and the fragments are received as the equivalent of the universe, known and unknown.

In the inception of his philosophy, and throughout its development, Hume commits this fallacy. He ignores and repudiates all that lies beyond the grasp of his loose analysis, and employs the partial or apparent truths which he detects as if they were perfect and complete, and embraced the whole sphere of the real and the possible. Without this primary assumption, his several propositions would not possess even the semblance of truth; and the moment the concession of this postulate is refused, that moment the substratum and the foundation of his philosophy are destroyed.

Hume's fundamental positions are announced in his earliest works to be: the imperfections and uncertainties of speculative science; the equal impossibility of attaining to the demonstration of either matter or mind; the inexplicability of ultimate principles; and the consequent necessity for the accumulation of empirical observations.<sup>1</sup> These propositions, interpreted by him in accordance with the rejection of the unknown as non-existent, beg the whole question; and the conclusions of his philosophy are fully and obviously included in his postulates. His premises and inferences are, indeed, identical; they are only the same doctrines stated in different forms.

If we regard these supposed axioms, not in the mode of their acceptance by Hume, but in their actual logical significance, they can prove nothing, but, after every possible manipulation, must leave behind them exactly that degree and kind of skepticism which they presuppose and formulate. '*Ex mere negativis nihil sequitur.*' '*Ex nihilo nihil fit.*' All these positions of Hume, except the last, which assumes the appear-

<sup>1</sup> Phil. Works, Vol. I, pp. 5-11, 28, 88; Vol. IV, pp. 36-9.

ance of a conclusion, are purely negative and indeterminate. They furnish reasons for distrusting the inferences of all philosophy — his own included — but they do not justify the conclusion, that the only escape from the difficulties and perplexities of speculation is to fall back upon the loose indications of experience. These indications must themselves partake of the fallibility of the reason; and at the same time there is a reciprocal implication rather than a mutual exclusion of the systems contrasted. The recourse to experience is palpably *a pis aller* — a violent and dubious resilience from overwhelming confusion. It is nothing more than the manœuver of the hunted ostrich — plunging its head in the sand in the vain hope of finding refuge in factitious blindness. If the reason be treacherous, the lessons of experience must be rendered equally fallacious by the defects of the recipient mind, and thus the negation of the credibility of the speculative reason involves the equal incredibility of observation and experience.

This interdependence of the two logical methods, *a priori* and *a posteriori*, is naturally unperceived by Hume, notwithstanding his admission of primary intuitions — of inexplicable principles. He does not, apparently, understand those methods, nor has he any distinct comprehension of the different processes of reasoning. He divides knowledge into three species, from the comparison of ideas, from proofs, and from probabilities.<sup>1</sup> Is it possible to discern either a logical or a philological justification of such a division? He has a very confused idea of the difference between deduction and induction,<sup>2</sup> and very vaguely distinguishes ratiocination into demonstrative and moral.<sup>3</sup> If, by these last terms he meant deduction and induction, the division would be correct, but indistinct and inappropriate. If he meant deduction and analogy, there would be a nearer approach to the character of the contrast between the two forms of reasoning, but the latter is only imperfect induction: the species would thus be assumed as a genus, and the division be incomplete. Yet this division is employed as a basis for the assertion that all reasoning about fact and experience is proba-

<sup>1</sup> Phil. Works, Vol. I, p. 164.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., p. 45; Vol. II, App., p. 550.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid., Vol. I, p. 41.



ble only, as also that about causes and effects.<sup>1</sup> Another more serious difficulty is thereby occasioned, when he denies that there is any argument for inferring similar effects from similar causes, because the process is neither demonstrative nor intuitive.<sup>2</sup> But it is inductive, and an induction sustained by a wider, more continuous, and more rigid generalization than any other. Induction is a tentative procedure natural to the human mind, confirmed by experience, and affording of itself a strong evidence that the intellectual appliances of man transcend his capacities, and that his capacities surpass his analytical powers. Intuition is not the appropriate complement of deduction, for there are intuitive inductions and intuitive deductions. To the former class belongs the truth stereotyped in the adage, that 'a burnt child dreads the fire.'<sup>3</sup> The generalization of such immediate inductions furnishes the proposition, that similar effects follow similar causes, while the experience and the induction explain the recognition of causation. To say, as Hume does, that causation is an inference from custom,<sup>4</sup> is to consider it as a partial deduction from a generalization already formed. The inference must have been frequently made in separate instances before the custom could arise, and the generalization must have been made before the custom could be considered to be established. When Hume asserts that the particular instance will not support a subsequent conclusion, he is at variance with reason, fact, experience, and himself.<sup>5</sup>

The argument against causation is thus, in part, dependent upon the confusion of Hume's ideas relative to the reasoning process. If we deny the validity of mental intuitions, we destroy the lessons of experience; if we disregard experience and observation, we consign ourselves to the mercy of pure fantasy. Either process alone is useless and deceptive. Both must be combined that either may be available. Consequently, the

1 Phil Works, Vol. I, pp. 41-2.

2 Ibid., Vol. IV, p. 44.

3 Ibid., p. 45-6.

4 Ibid., p. 50.

5 The example given by Hume, Phil. Works, Vol. I, p. 138, to prove the relation of cause and effect an inference from custom, proves very nearly the reverse of his position.

negation of the credibility of the reason involves the negation of all reasoning, and annihilates the possibility of any rational inference from sense.<sup>1</sup>

So far the objections alleged against Hume's philosophy are addressed to the fundamental, and for the most part latent, postulates, presupposed by his system, and implied in its developments. They are absolutely fatal, not merely to his scheme, but to any scheme derived from similar premises. But, though furnishing a sufficient reply to his philosophy in its integrity, a more special examination of his course of reasoning is required.

Its professed commencement is the assertion that all the perceptions of the mind are derived from only two sources, impressions and ideas,<sup>2</sup> which differ from each other only in their origin, and in their force or vivacity. The terms are objectionable. Hume apologizes for the employment of 'impressions,' which is the more distinct of the expressions, but offers no excuse for the perversion of 'ideas'—a term whose functions and significations have been varied by almost every one who has had occasion for its services. It would be an endless task, however, to rectify Hume's abuse of words. His writings, indeed, require a technological vocabulary; not simply on account of his innovations, but more particularly to guard against the delusions occasioned by the changing, arbitrary, and indistinct interpretation which he gives to the significant words in his system. His censure of Locke's ambiguity is just, but the censure is still more applicable to his own language.

Every logical division supposes a generic difference; but the distinction between impressions and ideas, according to their respective force or vivacity, proceeds upon a difference merely of degree. Yet impressions are said to be prior to ideas, and the

<sup>1</sup> 'Ergo hi, qui negant quidquam posse comprehendi, hæc ipsa eripiunt, vel instrumenta, vel ornamenta vitæ: vel potius etiam totam vitam evertunt funditur, ipsaæque animal orbant animo: ut difficile sit de temeritate eorum, pernide ut causa postulat, dicere.' Cic. Acad. Pr. II, x § 81. Vide Aristot. *Metaph.* III. v pp. 1009-10. τὰ γὰρ τὰ πετόμενα διώκειν τὸ ζητεῖν ἀν εἰη τὴν ἀληθείαν.

<sup>2</sup> Phil. Works, Vol. IV, pp. 16-18; Vol. I, pp. 15, 127.

necessary agents in their production. They are also said to be generated by sensations.<sup>1</sup> This would afford a generic difference, if it could be maintained, and was anything more than hypothesis and assumption. If impressions and ideas vary only in degree, and impressions arise from extrinsic agency and internal sensation, ideas must do so, too. Throughout, there is great uncertainty and confusion, both of thought and language, yet the whole argument is involved in this very confusion. The distinction proposed betrays the lingering influence of Cartesianism, and inaugurates a course of reasoning which turns more on the arbitrary significations ascribed to words than on the inherent import of facts.

The confusion does not stop with the first division. Impressions are divided into sensations and reflections<sup>2</sup>—or into original and secondary.<sup>3</sup> Yet impressions would appear, on Hume's system, to be identical with the sensations from which they are said to be derived, and reflections to be nearly identical with ideas. Moreover, if reflections are impressions, how can all ideas be derived from impressions? Hume consigns to the anatomist the study of sensations,<sup>4</sup> and shows, by so doing, that his views are equally indistinct in regard to the functions of anatomy and the character of sensation. Such a reference might have been anticipated in Condillac or Cabanis, but is inconsistent in Hume. But it is scarcely more objectionable than his division of secondary impressions or reflections into calm and violent<sup>5</sup>—a strange division, whence he deduces his theory of morals and of the passions.

From this chaos of divisions it is impossible to extract consistency. All that can be done is to neglect the contradictions, and to distinguish the points which Hume appears to have had in view. These are, that all knowledge is derived from experience, and that there are primary or direct experiences, and secondary or indirect experiences, which are modifications or copies of the former. This is the position of Locke, though Hume differs widely from Locke in the characteristics which he attributes to reflection, for he denies abstract ideas, and anything more

1 *Phil. Works*, Vol. I, p. 35. 2 *Ibid.*, pp. 22-3. 3 *Ibid.*, Vol. II, pp. 3-5.

4 *Ibid.*, Vol. I, pp. 22-3. 5 *Ibid.*, Vol. II, pp. 3-5.

than copies of impressions and their combinations. Of course, Hume repudiates innate ideas in a narrower sense than they are rejected by Locke. But to deny innate ideas in the manner in which they are denied by Locke, or to refer every idea and conception, in Hume's mode,<sup>1</sup> to external or internal experience, without recognizing any superior law, is as unreasonable as to say that neither leaves nor flowers are innate in a plant; but that they are produced solely by external and internal impressions. The flowers are not innate, but the capacity of producing them is; and this capacity is as essential a prerequisite of production as external agencies and internal sensibilities. The principal part of the organic action, though habitually overlooked or ignored, is the controlling influence which regulates the relations between the outward excitement and the inward process, harmonizing and combining both into a joint operation, and rendering them efficacious in the evolution of a result distinct from themselves. This mysterious and intangible force is the *tertium quid*, which determines the effect produced, but it is entirely disregarded by Hume, and all philosophers of similar schools. It has been termed life, vital power, organic action, plastic force, nature, creative energy, the soul of the world, and the co-operation of God. These terms, however, reveal no new or distinct idea, but only the variety of impotent efforts made to seize the unknown, and to explain the incognizable by appellatives. That God is the ultimate cause of the phenomena of life, as of all the wonders of the universe, is unquestioned by those who recognize the existence of God, and would scarcely be denied even by Hume; but it is the proximate cause, distinct from, though dependent upon, the Divine action, and intermediate between the creative will and the natural changes of the created product, which is unknown, but requires acknowledgment. The recognition of this third agency necessitates the reception of the idea of cause and effect, and would, therefore, be inconsistent with the aims and theories of Hume; but the necessity of its admission furnishes a new and unanticipated demonstration of the concomitant necessity of receiving the idea of causation.

1 Phil. Works, Vol. IV, p. 74.

Hume, however, recognizes only experiences in the two forms of impressions and ideas. These are his ultimate principles, and the manner of their reception determines the further development of his theory. As ideas are represented to be only copies of impressions, as the latter are assigned to a purely external origin, except in the case of emotions, and as all knowledge is limited to the perception of the two and their sensible relations,<sup>1</sup> the whole of his Philosophy is pre-ordained by the assumption of his premises. Abstract ideas must be rejected, because there are sensible realities corresponding to them, by which the primary impressions could have been excited.<sup>2</sup> The negation of cause and effect naturally follows the repudiation of abstract ideas, in accordance with the axiom that the denial of the whole involves the denial of all its parts.

If Hume's reasoning were conceded, and his theory of causation admitted, the consequence would be the reduction of all knowledge to the customary conjunction of ideas borrowed from impressions, without assigning any commencement for the custom, any bond for the conjunction, any truth to the ideas, or any substantial origin for the impressions.<sup>3</sup> When the inconsistencies of his logic and the indistinctness of his language were overlooked, he would leave the mind of man and its operations, the world of matter and its changes, so entirely without reality or apprehensible existence, that it would be necessary to repose altogether on the hypothesis of an ever-acting Deity, in order to find any support for phenomena, which would be resolved into the spectral hallucinations entertained by spectres in a spectral world.<sup>4</sup> This ever present action of the Deity might be acknowledged either in the form proposed by Malebranche, or in that represented by Spinoza and the Pantheists. But it would still be necessary to see all things in God — to believe in a first and universal cause — thus to admit causation as the consequence of its repudiation, and to abandon Hume's Philosophy as the legitimate consequence of accepting its tenets.

This inconsistency may have been indistinctly apprehended

1 *Phil. Works*, Vol. 2, pp. 90-99.

2 *Ibid.*, Vol. IV, p. 53.

3 *Ibid.*, Vol. IV, p. 84.

4 *Ibid.*, p. 80.

by Hume, but he turned aside from the route which would have compelled him to propound the dilemma, and he followed very different channels in the further development of his doctrine. When he put the grave and difficult question, What is the foundation of our conclusions from experience? and returned the very inadequate and unsatisfactory answer, that experience is not founded on reasoning, or on any process of the understanding,<sup>1</sup> he must have been conscious that there were principles, undiscovered or undiscoverable, beyond the pale of his Philosophy rendering utterly nugatory all his tenets, and all the arguments by which they were maintained. He must have felt that, beyond the reach of his philosophical analysis—in a sphere unembraced by human comprehension—the principles of conviction exercise their primary jurisdiction, and that the faith demanded by Revelation is essential to any speculative knowledge or practical assurance. But if he dimly discerned this truth, his vague apprehension did not prevent him from broaching an explanation of the phenomena of belief by no means consistent with it.

Hume's doctrine of abstract ideas forms a significant step in the evolution of his dogmas.<sup>2</sup> His discussion of the question virtually revives the old dispute between Nominalism and Realism. But he exhibits neither the earnest sincerity of the Realists, nor the dialectical precision of the Nominalists. Here, as every where else, he is bewildered by the equivocations of language and the fluitancy of his ideas. The reasoning is fallacious throughout; it is carried forward by a constant superfetation of fallacies; but it requires close and careful discrimination to unravel the complicated succession of errors. The inferences consist chiefly of the allegation of impossibilities, which are either conjectural or formal, and the derivation of conclusions from vague and equivocal terms. In the statement of the impossibility of forming an idea of an ob-

1 Phil. Works, Vol. IV, pp. 38-9. What a striking contrast to Hume's unsatisfactory and superficial discussion of experience is afforded by the brief but admirable observations of Aristotle on the growth and functions of experimental knowledge. *Metaph. lib. I. cap. I.*

2. Phil. Works, Vol. I, p. 33; Vol. IV, p. 177.

ject that is possessed of quantity and quality, and yet is possessed of no precise degree of either, and in the deduction from this impossibility of the actual individuality of abstract and general ideas, there are several confusions or collusions. An idea may be formed of an object possessed of quantity and quality, without regarding either its quantity or quality. These are different aspects of the same thing, and need not be regarded simultaneously. It does not follow that the particular object is not possessed of a precise degree of quantity and quality, because these are unnoticed. It may be absurd to suppose these attributes inherent without being present in a precise degree; it is not absurd to suppose the elimination of both the degree and the existence of these properties in the consideration of the object. Hume confounds the idea entertained of an object with the complete reality and totality of its existence — the special apprehension with the intrinsic constitution. He identifies these by a *tour de force*, or rather by equivocation and vagueness in the employment of his terms. He is scarcely entitled to the credit of dexterity and subtlety, which would be his due if he intended to delude others, without being himself deluded by this verbal sophistry. But he is himself misled — and misled in this instance, not by the errors or indecision of Locke, but by his own attempt at ingenious refinement.

It would be a needless waste of time to examine minutely the illustrations by which Hume endeavors to justify the repudiation of abstract terms and general ideas. His misconception and abuse of the philosophy of grammar<sup>1</sup> — his war upon substance and substantial forms<sup>2</sup> — his perplexed and indistinct investigation into the nature of the ideas of time and space,<sup>3</sup> do not strengthen his position, but discourage refutation by multiplying fallacies and augmenting the confusion.

If abstract ideas are nonentities, and general terms empty delusions, whence come the acceptance and credence with which they are universally welcomed? Their reception in all cultivated languages is an undeniable fact; how is this explained consistently with their rejection? Furthermore, if particular impres-

1 Phil. Works, Vol. I, pp. 36-8. 2 Ibid., pp. 276, 291. 3 Ibid., pp. 44-94.

sions and their derivative ideas embrace the whole substance of knowledge, how can belief exist, which certainly seems to be something superadded to the impressions and the ideas themselves? Impressions and ideas may be multiplied and varied indefinitely, but they cannot be combined together so as to produce an assertion or a conviction without the introduction of an element of connection. This third member, which is not specified by Hume, is the copula, the judgment, the belief. Hume was no logician, or he would have distinctly stated the difficulty with which he contended, in a form similar to its enunciation by Aristotle. 'Wherever truth or falsehood is perceived, there is a composition of single apprehensions into one whole.'<sup>1</sup> 'If this conjunction of ideas be removed, there is neither truth nor falsehood.'<sup>2</sup> Though Hume did not expressly state these logical and psychological maxims, he could not escape from their jurisdiction, and, consequently, was compelled to give some interpretation of the phenomena of belief, before the existence of knowledge could be rendered intelligible. Thus, in all philosophical inquiries, the problem of certainty forces itself on our consideration and imperatively demands a solution of some sort.

But the solution proposed by Hume is exceedingly lame and unsatisfactory, though he plumes himself on its originality, and seems proud of its supposed profundity. According to his exposition, belief is only the superior liveliness of conception appertaining to certain impressions and ideas. But if, as he also asserts, it be a feeling of the mind, which cannot be otherwise explained than by simply recognizing its existence as a fact, it must be much more than this superior vivacity of conception, and very different from it. The greater vivacity, so far as it exists is a consequence of belief, not identical with it, nor a cause of it. The manner in which he announces his views on this subject, shows that they are unsatisfactory even to himself, and that in his apprehension the idea of belief in-

<sup>1</sup> Aristot. *De Anima*, lib. III, c. VI.

<sup>2</sup> Aristot. *Categ.* c. IV, et Schol. *De Interp.* c. III, et Schol. et Wartz ad loc. Trendelenburg. *Slem. Log. Aristotilicæ*, § 3, pp. 54-55.



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<sup>1</sup> Phil. Works, Vol. I, pp. 128-135. Appendix, Vol. II, p. 544. Vol. IV, p. 55.

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In the position that belief is an act of the sensitive, moral, or instinctive part of our being, rather than of the cogitative,<sup>1</sup> is laid, in our estimation, the very corner-stone of any just philosophy. But, instead of accepting belief as a primordial and inexplicable fact, Hume destroys his own postulate by explaining it away in his interpretation of the characteristics and conditions of belief. For what is the only belief recognized eventually in his reasonings? Probability, derived from customary conjunction and association!

If a particular and present object be required for every impression, and a particular impression for every idea—if reason can never originate any idea<sup>2</sup>—if general terms are unmeaning, and belief only superior vivacity of conception, the semblance of knowledge is reduced to the perception of immediate facts, and of the sensible relations in which they are combined. There can be neither general laws nor general truths. We can only state a present experience, and conjecture from the reminiscence of former experience. In order that even such conjecture should be possible, very different theories of memory and personal identity are required from those offered by Hume.<sup>3</sup> Still his premises are fatal to the existence of knowledge; and as some shadow of knowledge, or substitute for it, must be acknowledged, probability is accepted in its stead, and the old fallacies of Protagoras are revived. There is much acuteness and ingenuity in the procedure by which Hume maintains his thesis, that all knowledge degenerates into probability, and yet it results entirely from conducting the argument in the wrong direction.<sup>4</sup> The reduction of knowledge to probability by infinite successive diminutions of the evidence is not valid, because there may be a similarly infinite succession of movements. By reversing the line of his argument, which might be done as legitimately, we should infer that all probability was knowledge. In both instances the conclusion would be erroneous, because too large. But probability may be increased until it is almost equivalent to actual knowledge, and possesses practical certainty. Still

1 *Phil. Works*, Vol. IV, p. 54; Vol. I, p. 233.      2 *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 202.

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knowledge is distinct from probability, a truth which Hume makes a cardinal part of his argument, without perceiving that the recognition of the distinction recognizes the things distinguished, and consequently denies that all knowledge is probability. Knowledge itself, as a manifestation, product, or property of a finite intellect, is necessarily imperfect; and no evidence can be adduced to prove that finite knowledge possesses infinite truth. This, however, is a question beyond the range of legitimate inquiry, and one which may be left indeterminate, because it does not fall within the sphere of a sober philosophy.

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The design of this work is briefly and clearly stated in the 'Preface' by the author. 'The two volumes,' says he, 'of the *Constitutional View of the Late War Between the States, etc.*, have been before the public nearly two years. The object of the writer of that work was, with perfect impartiality, and without any of the bias or prejudice which accompanies passion, from any cause whatever, to vindicate the truth of history, that posterity may have a clear perception and under-

standing of those principles of Local Self-Government and Federative Union upon which the Free Institutions of the United States were founded and established by the Fathers, and upon the maintenance of which alone he believes those institutions can be preserved and perpetuated.'

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Since the publication of this work on the war, Mr. Stephens has, as he says, 'closely watched the criticisms which have been made upon it from all quarters, to see to what extent any attempt would be made to assail the facts therein set forth, or the positions therein assumed.' But, in spite of all this close watching, and all the criticisms 'from all quarters,' he seems not to have discovered a single error in either of his two great volumes, or in any of his replies to his numerous critics. He ought, therefore, by this time, to conclude that he is almost, if not quite, infallible. 'He did not expect that a work so directly at issue, in matters of public record, with the current histories of the day, would escape criticism and assault.' Of course not; any one, though neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, could have foretold as much. Accordingly, 'in this he has not been disappointed. Attacks have been made from several high quarters.' Yet from not one of those 'high quarters,' if we may judge from the book before us, has a single ray of light fallen upon his mind. In spite of all the labor bestowed upon his volumes by critics, or

upon his replies, he has not seen the least occasion to alter, or to modify, a single sentence in any one of them.

Having passed so triumphantly the ordeal of criticism, Mr. Stephens addressed himself, with a lofty purpose, to the preparation of the book before us—*The Reviewers Reviewed*. 'It is his object,' says Mr. Stephens, 'in this volume, to give to the public of the present generation, *and to leave for all coming generations*, in an enduring form, his answer to each of these attacks, which have come to his notice deserving attention. Each assailant has been treated separately and dealt fairly by, *as the author believes*.' But, unfortunately, his *believing* that he has treated every opponent fairly, will not alter the facts of the case. Let us see, then, and judge for ourselves.

Mr. George Curtis seems to have no good ground of complaint, at least in regard to the putting together of the *Reviewers Reviewed*, for all his papers are therein inserted. Under four several heads we have: I. Hon. George T. Curtis' Review of the Work; II. Mr. Stephens' Reply; III. Rejoinder of Mr. Curtis; and IV. Sur-Rejoinder of Mr. Stephens. All this looks passing fair, not to say even noble and generous, and we are perfectly willing to admit that it is really so. But, then, perhaps, our author labored under no very great temptation to be otherwise than perfectly fair, noble, and generous. Perhaps he imagined that he would gain rather than lose by the publication of the whole controversy in all its parts. If so, then, of course, he deserves no very great credit for his fairness; but, be the motive what it may, we commend his course toward Mr. Curtis.

If he had pursued the same course in relation to ourselves, we should have been still more sensible of his fairness, and should have been at no loss for fitting terms in which to celebrate his conduct. As it is, however, we have no occasion to admire his course toward ourselves, for he has not even given us a hearing with his readers. We do not complain of this. We can give ourselves a hearing; if not with *his* readers, at least with readers whose good opinions we are far more solicitous to conciliate—namely, the readers of the *Southern Review*.

The first article in the book before us is entitled, 'Mr. Stephens' Review of Dr. A. T. Bledsoe's Review of the *War Between the States*, etc.' But he does not give, as in the case of Mr. Curtis, the review which he reviews, nor does he make the most distant allusion to Dr. Bledsoe's 'Rejoinder.' If, as in the case of Mr. Curtis, he had laid the whole controversy before his readers, we should have been satisfied to leave the whole matter to their decision, without one additional word of comment or controversy.

We should be thankful to Mr. Stephens, we suppose, for the honor of occupying the first and most conspicuous place in his book, especially as it was expressly prepared by him 'for all coming generations,' and as this seems to be our only chance for immortality. But we fear we are not sufficiently grateful. We are certainly not so elated by the prospect of immortality thus suddenly thrust upon us as to be altogether insensible to the dress in which Mr. Stephens sends us forth on our long voyage. It will make us look like a fool, or a madman, or a knave, if not all three in one, among 'all the coming generations' of Mr. Stephens' readers; that is, unless some friendly hand should tear it from our shoulders. We might, perhaps, safely leave this friendly office to time, and, without any labor of our own, sink into a happy oblivion with *Reviewers Reviewed*. But there will be, it seems to us, no very great harm in the deed if we lend a helping hand to time, and so hasten on the consummation so devoutly to be wished. This, unless we are greatly mistaken, may be partly achieved simply by a publication, in the pages of the *Southern Review*, of our rejoinder to Mr. Stephens' reply to our review of the great book on the war.

We should, in the first place, have published this rejoinder in the *Southern Review*, if we had not considered it unfair to do so, unless, at the same time, his reply could also have been published. But this would have been utterly inconsistent with the established character and custom of quarterly reviews. Hence we published our rejoinder in *The Statesman*, the weekly in which Mr. Stephens' long and elaborate reply to



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standing of those principles of Local Self-Government and Federative Union upon which the Free Institutions of the United States were founded and established by the Fathers, and upon the maintenance of which alone he believes those institutions can be preserved and perpetuated.'

Alas! is it not too late in the day to dream of *preserving* and *perpetuating* our 'Free Institutions'? Have they not already lost their original form, as well as their informing soul, and sunk into 'the slough of despond?' If any one, however, imagines that they may be 'preserved and perpetuated,' we have no objection to his pleasant dream, or to his speculations with a view to the promotion of their eternal glory. If such speculations can do little good, they can do no harm, unless it be to lead readers to mistake the *ignes fatui* of the imagination for the sober lights of reason, philosophy, or history. We would, indeed, most joyfully hope, if we could, that our 'free institutions,' as they are called, might be restored, and then 'preserved.' But this hope has long since fled from our bosoms.

Since the publication of this work on the war, Mr. Stephens has, as he says, 'closely watched the criticisms which have been made upon it from all quarters, to see to what extent any attempt would be made to assail the facts therein set forth, or the positions therein assumed.' But, in spite of all this close watching, and all the criticisms 'from all quarters,' he seems not to have discovered a single error in either of his two great volumes, or in any of his replies to his numerous critics. He ought, therefore, by this time, to conclude that he is almost, if not quite, infallible. 'He did not expect that a work *so directly at issue, in matters of public record, with the current histories of the day, would escape criticism and assault.*' Of course not; any one, though neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, could have foretold as much. Accordingly, 'in this he has not been disappointed. Attacks have been made from several high quarters.' Yet from not one of those 'high quarters,' if we may judge from the book before us, has a single ray of light fallen upon his mind. In spite of all the labor bestowed upon his volumes by critics, or

upon his replies, he has not seen the least occasion to alter, or to modify, a single sentence in any one of them.

Having passed so triumphantly the ordeal of criticism, Mr. Stephens addressed himself, with a lofty purpose, to the preparation of the book before us—*The Reviewers Reviewed*. 'It is his object,' says Mr. Stephens, 'in this volume, to give to the public of the present generation, and to leave for all coming generations, in an enduring form, his answer to each of these attacks, which have come to his notice deserving attention. Each assailant has been treated separately and dealt fairly by, as the author believes.' But, unfortunately, his believing that he has treated every opponent fairly, will not alter the facts of the case. Let us see, then, and judge for ourselves.

Mr. George Curtis seems to have no good ground of complaint, at least in regard to the putting together of the *Reviewers Reviewed*, for all his papers are therein inserted. Under four several heads we have: I. Hon. George T. Curtis' Review of the Work; II. Mr. Stephens' Reply; III. Rejoinder of Mr. Curtis; and IV. Sur-Rejoinder of Mr. Stephens. All this looks passing fair, not to say even noble and generous, and we are perfectly willing to admit that it is really so. But, then, perhaps, our author labored under no very great temptation to be otherwise than perfectly fair, noble, and generous. Perhaps he imagined that he would gain rather than lose by the publication of the whole controversy in all its parts. If so, then, of course, he deserves no very great credit for his fairness; but, be the motive what it may, we commend his course toward Mr. Curtis.

If he had pursued the same course in relation to ourselves, we should have been still more sensible of his fairness, and should have been at no loss for fitting terms in which to celebrate his conduct. As it is, however, we have no occasion to admire his course toward ourselves, for he has not even given us a hearing with his readers. We do not complain of this. We can give ourselves a hearing; if not with *his* readers, at least with readers whose good opinions we are far more solicitous to conciliate—namely, the readers of the *Southern Review*.

The first article in the book before us is entitled, 'Mr. Stephens' Review of Dr. A. T. Bledsoe's Review of the *War Between the States*, etc.' But he does not give, as in the case of Mr. Curtis, the review which he reviews, nor does he make the most distant allusion to Dr. Bledsoe's 'Rejoinder.' If, as in the case of Mr. Curtis, he had laid the whole controversy before his readers, we should have been satisfied to leave the whole matter to their decision, without one additional word of comment or controversy.

We should be thankful to Mr. Stephens, we suppose, for the honor of occupying the first and most conspicuous place in his book, especially as it was expressly prepared by him 'for all coming generations,' and as this seems to be our only chance for immortality. But we fear we are not sufficiently grateful. We are certainly not so elated by the prospect of immortality thus suddenly thrust upon us as to be altogether insensible to the dress in which Mr. Stephens sends us forth on our long voyage. It will make us look like a fool, or a madman, or a knave, if not all three in one, among 'all the coming generations' of Mr. Stephens' readers; that is, unless some friendly hand should tear it from our shoulders. We might, perhaps, safely leave this friendly office to time, and, without any labor of our own, sink into a happy oblivion with *Reviewers Reviewed*. But there will be, it seems to us, no very great harm in the deed if we lend a helping hand to time, and so hasten on the consummation so devoutly to be wished. This, unless we are greatly mistaken, may be partly achieved simply by a publication, in the pages of the *Southern Review*, of our rejoinder to Mr. Stephens' reply to our review of the great book on the war.

We should, in the first place, have published this rejoinder in the *Southern Review*, if we had not considered it unfair to do so, unless, at the same time, his reply could also have been published. But this would have been utterly inconsistent with the established character and custom of quarterly reviews. Hence we published our rejoinder in *The Statesman*, the weekly in which Mr. Stephens' long and elaborate reply to

our review had made its first appearance. This was the only fair course then open to us. But since, without amendment or alteration, he has been pleased to insert his reply in a book, 'in an enduring form, for all coming generations,' we may here print our rejoinder as a review of that book. We are glad of so fair an opportunity to lay it before our readers.

Not that we take any pleasure in reviving, for its own sake, the old contest, which the papers at the time denominated 'the Bledsoe and Stephens controversy.' We had sincerely hoped, indeed, that that old controversy had long since gone to its long home. On Mr. Stephens alone rests the responsibility of its resurrection. Indeed, since our rejoinder — the last paper in the controversy — was published, we have received several friendly, not to say flattering, words from Mr. Stephens, which we hailed and accepted as overtures of peace. We are still perfectly willing to believe that these words had some real abiding place in his heart. But how to reconcile this belief, or supposition, with the circumstances of his present publication, is more than we have the ingenuity or the wit to conceive. We were assured by our friends, and we believed from the beginning, that Mr. Stephens would never venture to say one word in reply to our refutation of the reckless errors and violent accusations of his 'Review.' Our friends were right, and we were not deceived. Mr. Stephens uttered not one word in reply. All his batteries were dumb. Whether they were exhausted by the terrible thunder and lightning which they had so recently belched forth, or whether they deemed 'discretion the better part of valor,' it is not for us to decide. It is certain, however, that they were silent, if not spiked. We were more than satisfied with the result, and so, consequently, should have let the whole controversy rest till the day of doom. But Mr. Stephens would have it otherwise.

In the work before us he has republished, just as it originally appeared, his reply to our review of his first volume on the war. Not one of its errors is corrected, and not one of its calumnies is retracted, or modified. On the contrary, there, 'in

an enduring form,' and for the benefit of 'all coming generations,' they stand in all their frightful misrepresentations of truth, history, philosophy, and character. Do they not call for a reply? They have been answered, but no notice has been taken of that answer. There is, indeed, not one word or intimation in Mr. Stephens' book that his 'Review of Dr. A. T. Bledsoe's Review' had ever been noticed by the object of his attack. His readers, on the contrary, will, 'for all coming generations,' be led to suppose that Dr. B. disappeared from the scene of action like a feather before the might and majesty of his resistless fury. We shall, then, simply republish our rejoinder, and leave our readers to judge for themselves—to judge whether Mr. Stephens, as a professed friend of truth, was not bound to correct the manifest errors, and to retract the reckless accusations, of his too hasty and hot reply.

We regret the necessity which is thus laid upon us. If Mr. Stephens supposed, for a moment, that he could publish such a paper, in such form and under such circumstances, and yet subdue us into silence by a few soft words, he little understood the nature of the metal with which he had to do. We care nothing for Mr. Stephens—we care nothing for ourselves—in the presence of the infinite majesty of Truth, or Justice, or Mercy. In so far as is possible, indeed, we desire to live peaceably with all men, but we prostrate ourselves before God only. We hailed, with liveliest emotions of pleasure, Mr. Stephens' whilom overtures of peace; we now take up his gauntlet with equal delight. It is impossible—absolutely impossible—to revive in our bosom the passions of the old controversy. Hence, as Mr. Stephens has republished his reply without change or modification, so, without change or modification, do we here republish our rejoinder. Let the reader examine and decide for himself, whether we have been merely honest and fearless reviewers, or whether we are the fools, or the madmen, or the knaves, that we are represented to be in the great book which Mr. Stephens has deliberately prepared 'for all coming generations.'



## DR. BLEDSOE'S REPLY TO MR. STEPHENS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE STATESMAN :

*Gentlemen*—It was not supposed, for a moment, that the review of Mr. Stephens' view of the late war would prove agreeable to that gentleman. But, judging from the torrents of abuse which, through seventeen columns of *The Statesman*, he has poured out against the writer of that review, he must have been far more deeply wounded than one would have supposed possible. I am sorry that he has suffered so much pain from that very necessary piece of surgery.

Mr. Stephens is right in taking it for granted that 'Dr. Bledsoe, the Editor of *The Southern Review*,' wrote that article. It is also Dr. Bledsoe who writes this rejoinder to his reply.

He complains of violent personalities. Now, on carefully looking over that article, there seems to be but one very decided personality in it; and that is the one which calls Mr. Stephens 'a gentleman, a scholar, a patriot, and an orator.' If this offends him, then rather than quarrel with Mr. Stephens, Dr. Bledsoe would take back that great personality, and leave every reader to form his own opinion of him.

Dr. Bledsoe, says he, 'makes no quotations from my speeches to show that I was not misrepresented at the North, when I was represented as being the opponent of that method [Secession] of righting the wrongs of the South. *This is more than even he attempted.*' [The italics are mine.] Now, this is pleasant. More than even he attempted! How, in the name of common sense, could Dr. Bledsoe make quotations to show that he was *not* misrepresented, when he did make them to show that he had been grossly and outrageously misrepresented? 'He opens his book,' says Dr. Bledsoe, 'with this triumphant vindication of his conduct'—that is, against the gravest of the charges of inconsistency. He proves, as Dr. Bledsoe says, that 'the gravest of those charges are grossly false; and we sincerely rejoice that he has most triumphantly refuted them.' After showing that he has done so, Dr. Bledsoe adds: 'We have thus gladly followed Mr. Stephens in his

vindication of himself.'—(p. 272.) Yet, in the face of all this, Mr. Stephens tells his readers that Dr. Bledsoe 'makes no quotations from his speeches to show that he was not misrepresented at the North.' Why did he not tell them the truth, that Dr. Bledsoe had made quotations from his speeches to show that he had been most grossly misrepresented? If Dr. Bledsoe had stultified himself, by showing that Mr. Stephens had, and also that he had *not*, been misrepresented, perhaps even Mr. Stephens would have had the acuteness to detect the glaring self-contradiction. But Dr. Bledsoe, in his endeavor to adhere to the exact truth, has steered clear of all such inconsistencies, both in thought and expression.

Having 'gladly followed' Mr. Stephens, as far as he could, in his 'triumphant vindication' of himself against charges of inconsistency, Dr. Bledsoe was, at last, compelled to dissent from his claim of perfect consistency on the subject of Secession. Dr. Bledsoe confessed, indeed, that he himself had changed his opinion on that subject, but was audacious enough not only to intimate, but to prove, that Mr. Stephens had done the same thing. This was 'the head and front of his offending.' Mr. Stephens has, it is evident, resented this charge of a change of opinion more than anything else, and takes more pains to refute it than any pretended 'personality' in the article. He will never forgive Dr. Bledsoe, it is to be feared, for asserting that he is wiser now than he was eight years ago; though Dr. Bledsoe repeatedly expressed his surprise that he is so very little wiser. For is not the *infallibility* of a politician the tenderest point of his whole system—the very apple of his eye? Or can any greater insult be offered to him than the charge that he has grown wiser than he was by a change of opinion.

Dr. Bledsoe expected better things of Mr. Stephens. That gentleman, in his 'unimpassioned history' of the late war, is, indeed, so sweet on the Government which has ruined the South, and on the very men who have been among the prime agents of that awful ruin, that he hardly expected him to get into such a rage with one who has only been a little severe on his *Constitutional View*. But if his eulogy on Daniel Web-

ster, the great deceiver of the North and forerunner of the late war, and on Horace Greeley, the editor of the *Tribune*, not to mention minor messengers of ruin to the South, did awaken my wrath a little, I can assure him that his attack on Dr. Bledsoe, personally, has caused that obscure, but devoted, friend of the injured South, to shake his sides with laughter. And if, in the course of the following remarks, his laughter should prove a little contagious among his readers, Dr. Bledsoe hopes that Mr. Stephens will not think much worse of him than he does of those who have ruined the country.

'The Doctor,' says Mr. Stephens (p. 72), 'hardly ever quotes anything correctly.' Now, this is either true or false. If true, then 'the Doctor' should be banished from the republic of letters, and his *Review* blown out of the water. If, on the other hand, it is false, 'Dr. Bledsoe' is certainly not responsible for the falsehood. Let us see, then, where the criminality lies.

Mr. Stephens insists in his book, as well as in the letter before us, that he has always been consistent in maintaining 'the great Sovereign Right of Secession.'—(p. 69.) I have denied this. 'To prove his side of the issue,' says Mr. Stephens, 'he quotes, or pretends to quote, from that speech.'—(p. 68.) Now, only see how Mr. Stephens deals with this pretended quotation, as he is pleased to call it. 'In reply to this,' says he, 'your readers may be surprised to be informed that no such expression, as quoted by Dr. Bledsoe, is to be found in the speech to which he refers, from the beginning to the end of it. It is a distorted fabrication. It is but the figment of his own disordered imagination; the creation of that fierce passion,' &c. Now, in giving this important information to his readers, Mr. Stephens does not permit them to see the quotation made by 'Dr. Bledsoe.' On the contrary, he is careful to keep that quotation entirely out of sight, while he thus describes it for the astonishment, if not for the enlightenment, of his readers. Is it possible that 'Dr. Bledsoe, the Editor of *The Southern Review*,' could really 'pretend' to make a quotation from the speech of Mr. Stephens, and yet really perpetrate such an outrage on all the principles of fairness, decency, candor, and

truth? If so, then let him, I say, be hissed from the universe. But, surely, before we proceed to pass and execute such a sentence, we should bestow some little attention upon the facts of the case.

There stands, then, on the pages of *The Southern Review* for October, 1868, the 'pretended' quotation from the speech in question. It begins with line 17 of page 274, and ends with line 11 of page 275, of *The Review*. Will Mr. Stephens, or any other man, look that quotation in the face, and say it is not correct? If so, it will be easy to get a committee of gentlemen to compare it with the original, and to certify, under oath, that it is, *verbatim et literatim*, absolutely and perfectly correct.

The following is a part of that quotation: '*We are pledged to maintain the Constitution. Many of us have sworn to support it.* [The italics are mine.] Can we, therefore, for the mere election of a man to the Presidency, and that, too, in accordance with the prescribed forms of the Constitution, make a point of resistance to the Government, *without becoming the breakers of that sacred instrument ourselves, by withdrawing ourselves from it?*' [The italics mine.] (p. 274.) Having completed the quotation of which this is a part, I added the following commentary in my own words: 'Now, here, without the least reference to the mode of Secession, it is broadly and plainly asserted, that "Secession would be a violation of that sacred instrument, the Constitution, which so many of his hearers had sworn to support." If this does not deny the constitutional right of Secession, then may we despair of ever arriving at the real import of the plainest possible modes of expression.'—(p. 275.) But what do the marks of quotation to the words '*sworn to support*' mean? They mean, simply that those words were taken from the extract just quoted from Mr. Stephens's speech. But there is one mark of quotation before the term '*Secession*,' and there is no other mark answering to it. What does this mean? There should have been a fellow to it after the term '*Secession*,' which indicates the subject of the speech of Mr. Stephens. This mark was omitted by the compositor. But Mr. Stephens, instead of taking the

passage exactly as it stands in the *Review*, omits the mark of quotation before the words 'sworn to support,' causing the last mark to match the mark before the term 'Secession.' Then, having done this, he takes the whole expression for a pretended quotation? How absurd! The very words, 'Now here,' evidently referring to the quotation just completed, show that the sense only, and not the words, of the quotation, is about to be repeated. This was not a pretended quotation at all. It was merely a statement, in other words, of the sense of the quotation just made, and correctly made, too, from the speech in question. But Mr. Stephens, keeping out of the sight of his readers the quotation actually made by Dr. Bledsoe, seizes on the words intended to express its sense, and holds them up as a pretended quotation by the most unscrupulous Editor of the *Southern Review*!

But where, on any supposition, is the sense of all this outcry against a misrepresentation of his views? Mr. Stephens does say, that, in a certain event, certain persons would 'become the breakers of that sacred instrument,' the Constitution, and yet when, in other words, he is represented as saying that, in the same event, they would be chargeable with a 'violation of that sacred instrument,' he is all fire and tow! and cries out, 'a distorted fabrication!' 'a figment of a disordered imagination!' 'a creation of that fierce passion,' etc. Are not the breakers of 'that sacred instrument' the violators of it, and *vice versa*?

If, while making that violent charge against Dr. Bledsoe, Mr. Stephens had only permitted his readers to see the extract from his speech, would they not have laughed that heavy accusation to scorn? Could any man in his right mind, or sober senses, see so great a difference between *the breakers* of an instrument and the violators of it?

'Tis strange such difference there should be

'Twixt *tweddle-dum* and *tweddle-dee*!

Yet that difference seems to run Mr. Stephens almost crazy! He is certainly frantic in his false accusation. I now leave that accusation, and its author, to the judgment of the reader.

Having made, in the absence of the quotation by Dr. Bled-

soe, his violent accusation against him, Mr. Stephens afterward proceeds to lay *a part* of that quotation before his readers. But he introduces it with an apology! Let us look at this apology. Here it is: 'That speech, moreover,' says he, 'it may be here stated, for the information of those who have not seen the volume in which it is published, and from which the Doctor quotes, was entirely extemporary. It stands in the words of a reporter, with only a hurried revision by me. That part of it, as it thus stands, *including what was reproduced by him* [the italics are mine], and from which this expression attributed to me is manufactured, is in these words.' (p. 69.) Including what was reproduced by him! This is not true. His extract includes *only a part* of what was reproduced by Dr. Bledsoe. It *omits twelve lines* of the quotation really, and truly, and correctly, made by him in the *Southern Review!* 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' But this beatitude does not apply to false accusers.

The above apology, if we are not greatly mistaken, needs to be apologized for. What does it amount to? Why, to this, and to this only, that in a speech on the subject of Secession, on which the fate of the country hung suspended, he came before the world with an '*entirely* extemporary' effort! And that speech stands to this day in 'the words of a reporter, with only a hurried revision' by the author. Now, in the name of common sense, how could Dr. Bledsoe know what Mr. Stephens said in the speech referred to, except from that speech itself as reported and as revised by its author? How could Dr. Bledsoe have imagined that, on such an occasion, the effort of Mr. Stephens was so '*entirely* extemporaneous,' that he had uttered sentiments on the subject of Secession in direct conflict with his real opinions? Or that, having uttered such sentiments, he would have permitted them to remain in his speech to the present hour, after one poor '*hurried revision*'? Such an apology will not do. The truth is, that Mr. Stephens refers, in his great book on the late war, to the very speech in question as containing, substantially, his real sentiments on the subject of Secession; and we hear of this lame apology only after Dr. Bledsoe had brought that celebrated speech under

the critical lash of the *Southern Review*. That *Review*, he hopes, will yet help to convince those who, whether North or South, venture to write, or to speak, on such momentous subjects, that something more will be necessary to their safety, than 'entirely extemporaneous' efforts, with only a 'hurried revision.' The great objection, indeed, which Dr. Bledsoe has to all of Mr. Stephens' productions, whether celebrated speeches, or big books, or long letters, is, that they are too much like 'entirely extemporaneous' efforts, with only very 'hurried revisions.' Such efforts may, if any one please, do for the stump, where the object is to lead the people by the nose blindly; but they will not bear the scrutiny of the conscientious student in his closet. Of the truth of this remark there are many melancholy proofs in the letter before us, some of which will, in due time, be laid open and exposed to the view of the reader.

Having reproduced a part of my quotation from his speech, Mr. Stephens adds: 'All this refers, as clearly appears, *especially* and *exclusively* to the election of Mr. Lincoln, as a sufficient cause to justify Secession. Is there anything here like a *denial* that *any* cause would justify Secession or the withdrawal of a State from the Union? or like the assertion that *no* cause would justify such action? Is not the inference clearly the other way? That some other cause or causes might?' (p. 69.) Yes, I reply, the 'inference is clearly the other way.' As my object is truth, and not contradiction or contention, so I am always happy to agree with Mr. Stephens, or any one else, when it is possible to do so without a sacrifice or compromise of principle.

'But,' continues Mr. Stephens, 'the matter is not left to inference only. It is put beyond doubt or cavil, as I maintain, in the after part of the same speech, which Dr. Bledsoe had before him.' (p. 60.) All this is also true, except the insinuation that Dr. Bledsoe had made an issue with him respecting the above assertion. But, then, what does that position amount to? He asserts, in the speech of 1860, that some 'cause or causes might,' and would, justify Secession. But precisely the same thing is true of Revolution, as well as of

Secession. Who has ever denied, indeed, that there are causes which might, and would, justify the exercise of the right of Revolution? Hence, the column which Mr. Stephens devotes to this subject is of no avail, except to show that he has never clearly or sufficiently seen the distinction between the right of Secession and the right of Revolution.

The doctrine of Secession is this: If States are united by a compact, and if, as in the case of the Constitution of the United States, the compact assigns no term or period for its continuance, then it binds them only during their good will and pleasure. Then may any State, with or *without cause*, secede therefrom without a breach or violation of the constitutional compact. This is the doctrine of Secession, and the *Right*, as laid down by Tucker, and Rawle, and Story, and Webster. Hence, when Mr. Stephens insists, as he does in the speech before us, that without a sufficient cause to justify the act of Secession, it would be a breach or violation of 'that sacred instrument,' the Constitution, he deserts the right of Secession and falls back on the right of Revolution. No cause whatever is necessary to justify, as to the Constitution, the exercise of the right of Secession. Such is the fullness and the freedom and the glory of the right of Secession, properly understood. If any cause were necessary to justify it as to the Constitution, or, in other words, to keep it from becoming a breach of 'that sacred instrument,' then one party to the compact would, just as well as another, have a right to decide on the sufficiency of the cause. Hence, a war to put down Secession would rest on precisely the same grounds as a war to put down Revolution or Rebellion. Mr. Stephens may twist, and turn, and wriggle as he pleases, he will never be able to show that the right of Secession is not denied in his celebrated speech of November 14th, 1860.

In that speech, as well as in the letter before us, he contends that the *Personal Liberty Laws* would, if persisted in by the Northern States that enacted them, be sufficient cause for a dissolution of the Union, by the withdrawal or separation of the Southern States. Precisely the same ground was taken by Dr. Bledsoe, and argued at length in the *New York Jour-*



*nal of Commerce* in 1860. *But this was before he believed in or understood the right of Secession.*

Mr. Stephens will not call Secession 'a constitutional right.' 'There is,' says he, 'no such nonsense in the speech or in the book.' True, this is my nonsense, and not that of Mr. Stephens. But if, in the speech of 1860, Mr. Stephens does not say Secession is 'a constitutional right,' he does say it would be 'a constitutional wrong,' or breach of 'that sacred instrument!' Now, I submit it to every advocate of Secession in the world, if his sense were only equal to my nonsense, would it not be greatly improved?

Many things are called legal rights, not because they are expressly given or conferred by, but because they are consistent with the law. It is evident that the words are used in this sense when Secession is called a constitutional right, for no one has ever pretended that this right is expressly given by the Constitution. It was in this sense that Mr. Calhoun, in 1832, called Nullification 'a *peaceable* and *constitutional* remedy.' [Calhoun's Works, Vol. VII, p. 167.] I prefer Calhoun's nonsense to Mr. Stephens' sense.

Not satisfied with instructing Dr. Bledsoe in the principles of constitutional law and the right of Secession, Mr. Stephens gives him a lesson in mathematics. Here it is:

'He seems really to think because I did not say much about this right of Secession until I reached the latter part of the volume, that I did not know what I was about, and that what is there said was but an "after-thought." One would suppose that, after filling the chair of Mathematics as long as he did in the University of Virginia, he would have known that conclusions are logical results, reached after a regular process of reasoning. They are seldom stated, by those who are masters of the problem in hand, until they are reached. This is the regular order of demonstration.'

If Mr. Stephens had ever been in the University of Virginia, or in any respectable college, as a student only, he must have learned that precisely the opposite of his most confident assertion is true. Every proposition, whether a theorem or a problem, is first stated by the student, before he enters on the

demonstration or the solution. 'Tis a pity that Mr. Stephens should have inverted 'the regular order of demonstration'; for in following him it is impossible to tell, at least from the book itself, whether the author means to end with Calhoun in Nullification, or with Davis in Secession, or merely to float on to the very end in vague generalities about State Rights and State Sovereignty. He reminds one of a certain blacksmith, who was seen hammering away at a huge piece of iron, and, on being asked what he was making, replied that he did not exactly know, but that he would hammer away till the end of the week, and then he would turn his iron into a shovel, or a horse-shoe, or into whatever it might be the most like. But when Mr. Stephens undertakes to justify his inversion of 'the regular order of demonstration,' and raps an ex-professor of mathematics over the knuckles for his ignorance of that order, he certainly betrays 'a conceit of knowledge without the reality,' which is a little remarkable, even in an ex-member of Congress. Before Mr. Stephens gives his next lesson in mathematics, it is to be hoped that he will look into some little elementary work on Algebra, or Geometry, or Arithmetic.

'The real gravamen, however, of the Doctor may, perhaps, be,' says Mr. Stephens, 'that I did not follow him in presenting the "numerous and converging causes," or grounds of Secession, which he had set forth in the *Southern Quarterly* (p. 264-5, *S. R.*)' Which he *had* set forth in the *Southern Review* (p. 264-5.)! Why, the palpable fact is, that those causes had *not* been set forth in the article here referred to at all when his book was published, and only appeared there in reviewing that very book. Mr. Stephens, not satisfied with having inverted 'the regular order of demonstration' in mathematics, now seeks to invert the order of past events, by placing the review of his book before the appearance of the book itself. 'The Doctor' complains, not that Mr. Stephens failed to follow him, but that he fails to follow anything like plain, good sense, or clear-thinking, in the order of his ideas. He also complains — and 'this is the gravamen of the Doctor' — that Mr. Stephens, as one of the guides and teachers of the people, did not go before him in searching out and making known the

real causes or grounds of Secession. While Mr. Stephens was teaching the people, 'the Doctor' was teaching mathematics, and he trusts that in this, his more humble sphere, he was not 'a blind leader of the blind.' He complains, in the third place, that Mr. Stephens is so little of a historian, political philosopher, and statesman, that he utterly fails to see or to comprehend 'the destruction of the balance of power' between the North and the South as a cause or ground of Secession. In reply to this complaint Mr. Stephens says, 'it may be some relief to him to be informed that this [*i. e.*, the question of the balance of power] was omitted, because it has no fact in history to rest upon.' (pp. 69, 70.) Alas! this is no relief to him; on the contrary, he is the more deeply pained and mortified than ever that the South should have had such a guide and teacher. But let the reader hear, and then decide for himself.

'I was writing,' continues Mr. Stephens, 'for the informed as well as the uninformed—for the present as well as the future—and had some respect for my own character as well as a proper devotion to the truth.' If, then, he was writing for the informed, why did he not inform himself? If he was writing for the future, then why, in the name of all that is great and good, did he not study the past? No doubt he had some respect for his own character, perhaps far too much; but whether he had 'a *proper* devotion to the truth,' is the very thing which remains to be seen. In the passage which immediately follows the above he displays his information and his devotion to truth. Let the reader hear, examine, and decide:

'*There was,*' says he, '*no balance of power established between the North and the South, as sections, in the Constitution.* [The italics are mine.] . . . Had I made such a statement as the Doctor has ventured to announce, I certainly should not have appended a copy of the Constitution to the work; for if I had, it would have been a complete refutation of the text. No wonder he complains so lustily at these everlasting *proofs* by which the positions in the book are fortified in the accompanying appendix.' (p. 70.) We shall see, pre-

sently, how the positions of Mr. Stephens are fortified by his ponderous appendix and other State papers.

Mr. Stephens says, contemptuously, no doubt, that the Doctor wields 'a trenchant blade.' The Doctor will, at least, endeavor to make it truthful, if not trenchant. He also intimates (p. 72) that there is nothing 'in the exploits of the most renowned of the Order in Chivalry, even of him of the Sorrowful Figure in his most noted adventure against the Windmill, to be compared to' one of the Doctor's. The reader will, perhaps, see some little comparison or similarity between the Doctor and the Don in his most noted attack on a windmill. The Doctor himself sees little or none. For, supposing he did attack a windmill, it certainly had nothing bearing the least resemblance to those giant arms which unhorsed the crazy Don, and rolled his 'Sorrowful Figure' in the dust. The Doctor is far too prudent a man to attack a windmill. But he has sometimes fancied that it is, perhaps, a part of his very humble mission in the world to attack wind-bags, and bladders, and all that sort of inflated thing. But for this purpose he needs not a 'trenchant blade;' a bare bodkin, or needle's point, will do just as well. Only prick a few holes in them, and they come down to their proper dimensions. Armed with a needle, then, the Doctor proceeds to demonstrate that the above high-sounding denunciation of Mr. Stephens is wind merely. It is not thunder; it is merely a little pent-up air.

In that passage Mr. Stephens most confidently asserts that 'there was no balance of power established between the North and the South, as sections, in the Constitution.' He is astonished at the statement of Dr. Bledsoe, and declares that it is refuted by the Constitution itself.

Now, there is in the Constitution one very remarkable provision—the provision, namely, relating to the fractional representation of slaves. This provision has always awakened the wrath of Northern writers and declaimers. They have never ceased to denounce it as 'a singular provision,' as 'an excrescence' on the glorious body of the Constitution [Horace Greeley], as an 'abject truckling of the North' to the slave power [John Quincy Adams]. Now, why was this clause in-

sented in the Constitution? What do these 'everlasting proofs,' which Mr. Stephens does not condescend to interpret for us, say on the subject? Is it not one thing to collect such 'everlasting proofs,' and to leave them standing there in huge masses, like dumb witnesses in stone or mortar, and quite another to explain them? To this day Mr. Stephens is profoundly ignorant of the meaning of this clause of his 'everlasting proofs.' When Dr. Bledsoe, some eight years ago, was 'boggling about for knowledge,' he discovered the meaning of the clause in question, and he now proposes to open the eyes of Mr. Stephens on the subject. He first found it in a work, evidently unknown to Mr. Stephens, entitled *The Lost Principle*; and the discovery was afterward confirmed, and established forever in his mind, by the study of *The Madison Papers*.

The first part of *The Lost Principle* is entitled '*The Sectional Equilibrium—How it was Created.*' Or, in other words, how the balance of power between the North and the South was adjusted by the Convention of 1787. In reference to the provision for the partial representation of slaves, our author says: 'This part of the organic law has excited but little curiosity [apparently none at all in the mind of Mr. Stephens], and yet it is the groundwork of the political edifice, with reference to which every other part was made.' Now, the design of this part of the organic law is what our author calls *The Lost Principle*; and lost it certainly has been to Mr. Stephens—so completely lost, indeed, that he rails at it as the reckless invention of Dr. Bledsoe, and *pretends* to see its utter refutation in the Constitution itself—one of his 'everlasting proofs.' His 'everlasting proofs!' Afraid of them? No, indeed, and for the same reason that Coleridge was not afraid of ghosts: he had 'seen too many of them.' He knew they were merely the phantoms of a disordered imagination. Let the reader, then, cease to tremble, and look these shams and shadows in the face.

If he will only read *The Lost Principle*, he will discover that the Convention of 1787 designed and labored to establish an equilibrium, or balance of power, between the North and

the South; and, for this purpose, inserted the THREE-FIFTHS clause in the Constitution of the United States. That such was their design, is shown in *The Lost Principle*, by quotations from *The Madison Papers*, and so conclusively shown that there remains no possible room for doubt, except in the minds of 'the uninformed.' Its proofs are absolutely overwhelming. This, as the author says, 'contradicts the notion of some [such as Mr. Stephens], that this sectional antagonism is of recent growth, and, consequently, that the Constitution of the United States was not made with reference to it.' (p. 16.) The Constitution was, in fact, made with reference to it, the confident assertion of Mr. Stephens to the contrary notwithstanding. How Mr. Stephens has contrived to remain ignorant of the great fact, that, in framing the compact of the Constitution, its authors designed to establish a balance of power between the North and the South, is more than I am able to comprehend. For, if he will only read *The Madison Papers*, he will there see the truth of Dr. Bledsoe's assertion respecting 'the balance of power'; for that truth is so fully and so clearly exhibited in its pages, that 'the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.' The simplest reader of the *Southern Review* could have saved Mr. Stephens from so lamentable a blunder—from so confident, and yet so ignorant, a denial of the 'everlasting proofs' of *The Madison Papers*. Is it not better, I venture to suggest, to read such records than merely to 'travel over' them?

If Mr. Stephens will only come down from that high horse of his—from that tall, lean, gaunt Rozinante, on which he has so loftily traveled over the records of the country, as an equestrian merely—and read those 'everlasting proofs' as an humble Neophyte and footman, he may yet learn something. He may yet learn that the authors of the Constitution did adjust, as best they could, the balance of power between the North and the South; deeming such an equilibrium essential to the joint freedom, happiness, and prosperity of the two sections. If they had overlooked such a question, as Mr. Stephens says they did, they would have been simpletons, not statesmen.

But even if the Convention of 1787 had never formed such a design—had never dreamed of such a balance of power—still Mr. Stephens, as a statesman, should have seen its vast importance to the peace and prosperity of the Union, and recognized its disturbance as one of the great causes of Secession. Jefferson Davis saw this. Small and contemptible as that statesman is in the eyes of Mr. Stephens, he understood the great question of the balance of power. Hence, in his place in the Senate of the United States, he said: ‘It is that *sectional* division of the people which has created the necessity of looking to the question of the balance of power, and which carries with it, when disturbed, the danger of disunion.’<sup>1</sup> Nor is Mr. Davis the only statesman by whom this view was entertained. In 1811, when Louisiana sought admission into the Union, a celebrated Northern statesman, Mr. Josiah Quincy, solemnly protested against such a disturbance of the balance of power. His words are: ‘When you throw the weight of Louisiana into the scale, you destroy the political equipoise contemplated at the time of forming the contract’; and he declared that such a disturbance of the balance of power ‘would be a virtual dissolution of the Union.’ Hence, the memorable declaration, that if Louisiana were thrown into the Southern scale, that Massachusetts would withdraw from the Union, ‘peaceably if she may, forcibly if she must.’ Again, in 1820, when Missouri sought admission into the Union, another Northern statesman, Mr. Cushman, uttered the following sound views respecting the nature of man and the balance of power: ‘The soundest maxims of policy require,’ says he, ‘that no section of our country should gain such an ascendancy as to give law to the rest. It would, in time, crush the other under its feet. To guard against such an abuse, there should be preserved a balance of power—yes, sir, a balance of power. At the repetition of the phrase, gentlemen seem to take the alarm.’<sup>2</sup> Now, why could not Mr. Stephens see this great truth, this great maxim of political wisdom, as well as Jefferson Davis, or Josiah Quincy, or Mr. Cushman? Is it because, as

<sup>1</sup> Appendix to *Congressional Globe*. Vol. XXII. Part II.. p. 1539.

<sup>2</sup> *Annals of Congress*, 1820.

a prophet, he takes the future for his peculiar province, and ignores the great lessons of the past, as well as the great necessities of the present ?

The transition from the question of the balance of power to Thucydides is natural and easy. The two things are intimately associated in the mind of every real student of history. 'This reference to Thucydides,' says Mr. Stephens, 'was very unfortunate for the Doctor, in several respects. . . . He is answered by his own authority. Thucydides assigned but one cause for the great war between the Grecian States. This was the breach of the thirty-years' truce.' (p. 70.) Thucydides is, indeed, precisely the authority which Dr. Bledsoe needs to take all the wind out of Mr. Stephens' sails. We shall soon see whose 'violent outburst of temper' it is—that of Dr. Bledsoe or of Mr. Stephens—which has plunged its poor, blind victim headlong into disgraceful blunders. If it is that of Mr. Stephens, the reason may be, perhaps, that he is so little accustomed to such storms that he does not know how to manage himself in them, or to keep his distracted powers under the safe dominion of reason and truth. Be this as it may, the astonishing blunders of Mr. Stephens will, in due time, be rendered perfectly apparent to every eye, not even excepting his own. In the first place, however, it behooves Dr. Bledsoe to notice the accusations against himself.

In his first accusation, Mr. Stephens makes Dr. Bledsoe say 'that Thucydides, two thousand years ago, *in assigning the causes for the Peloponesian war* [the italics are mine] came nearer the mark in assigning the causes of our war than I have come.' . . . 'He pretends to quote what he said were the causes of the great Grecian twenty-seven years' war; but he is as unfortunate in his quotation from Thucydides as he is from me. Read what he says.' Yes, read what he says, Dr. Bledsoe fearlessly replies, and then compare it with what Mr. Stephens makes *him say*. Dr. Bledsoe does *not* say that the passage from Thucydides occurs while the historian is 'assigning the causes for the Peloponesian war.' This is an interpolation made by Mr. Stephens himself.

Having put the above words into the mouth of Dr. Bledsoe,



Mr. Stephens proceeds to refute them, or to demolish his man of straw. 'In what the Doctor quotes,' says he, 'the historian is speaking only of the evils of dissensions and factions,' etc. This is true, very true. It is, however, equal in one respect to Mr. Stephens' first lesson in mathematics. Dr. Bledsoe knew exactly where that passage occurs, and, consequently, did not say it occurs in the historian's account of 'the causes of the war.' He merely said that it occurs in his history of that war, *and there it does occur.*

When Dr. Bledsoe made that quotation he did not have the book before him, for his copy of Thucydides was with his other books, in Virginia, while he was writing in Baltimore. Hence, as Mr. Stephens has made it to appear, one word was omitted in the quotation made by Dr. Bledsoe. And it is over this omission of one word that Mr. Stephens flaps his wings and crows so lustily. Let us, then, see what this terrible omission amounts to. The word included between brackets is the great omission detected by Mr. Stephens. 'And the cause of all these things was power pursued for the gratification of avarice [and ambition], and the consequent violence of parties when once engaged in the contest.' Now, with the word *ambition* inserted, it answers the purpose of Dr. Bledsoe better than with that word omitted; since 'ambition,' as well as avarice or covetousness, had to do with bringing about the late war.

Nobody throws stones more lustily than Mr. Stephens, and yet how frail the glass house he lives in! He strikes out a quotation mark, and thereby makes the Editor of the *Southern Review* put words into his mouth which he never dreamed of imputing to him, and then goes into an ecstasy of indignation over the outrageous misrepresentation! Yet he complains of the omission of one word, which would have favored the side of the writer omitting it! and yet he actually omits no less than twelve lines from a passage which he *pretends* to give in full! Surely Mr. Stephens should pull the beam out of his own eye before he proceeds, with such jubilant delight, to pick the mote out of his brother's eye. Now, let the reader decide if such oversights and blunders, on the part of Mr. Stephens, do not

show that his imagination must be a little disordered? that his fabrications are a little distorted? that his creations are the result either of a 'fiere passion' or of a feeble brain.

Dr. Bledsoe does not mean, however, to impute to Mr. Stephens any conscious falsehood or misrepresentation. Such an act is, indeed, inconceivable to Dr. Bledsoe, except as an act of the lowest, basest, and most abandoned of the human species. Hence, however disordered his imagination, or fierce his passions, he abstains from imputing such conduct to Mr. Stephens. If Mr. Stephens, on the other hand, means to impute any conscious falsehood or misrepresentation to Dr. Bledsoe, he may rest assured of one thing, that Dr. Bledsoe will not condescend to make a reply.

But to return to Thucydides. Does Mr. Stephens insist on the sentence as reformed by himself? Very well. Take it in his own words. 'Now, the cause of all these things was power pursued for the gratification of covetousness and ambition, and the consequent violence of parties when once engaged in contention.' This one sentence, I repeat, though in a little book written two thousand years ago, is a better description of the causes of the late war than anything in the big book of Mr. Stephens, which has been written expressly to explain 'its causes.' This is the main issue. Mr. Stephens may wrangle as long as he pleases about the differences between *now* and *and*, or between *avarice* and *covetousness*, or between *engaged in the contest* and *engaged in contention*. Such profound learning and minute accuracy may be above the comprehension of Dr. Bledsoe; they are certainly beneath his notice.

'Thucydides,' says Mr. Stephens, 'assigned but one cause for the great war between the Grecian States. This was the breach of the thirty years' truce.' (p. 70.) If so, then we agree that the little book of the great historian is very much like the great book of the little historian. But is Thucydides, in fact, thus like Mr. Stephens? Mr. Stephens evidently thinks so, for he says: 'If he, then, assigned but one leading cause for the great war, *which was the true one* [the italics are mine], . . . does not the Doctor himself, by this reference, bring forward an illustrious example in refutation of his posi-

tion in the identical particulars he is so furious upon against me in the case?' True, if Thucydides did, in reality, assign 'but one cause' for the Peloponesian war, and that one cause was 'the breach of the thirty years' truce,' then may Mr. Stephens shelter himself under his 'illustrious example.' But I beg leave to inform Mr. Stephens that he has got up this 'illustrious example' for his own benefit; it is neither brought forward by Dr. Bledsoe, nor is there the least foundation for it in the history of Thucydides. The great historian, indeed, took no such 'one-sided, partial, superficial, and eminently unphilosophical' view of the causes of the Peloponesian war as that which Dr. Bledsoe has imputed, and still imputes, to Mr. Stephens in regard to the late war. Dr. Bledsoe has never been so furious or blind with passion that he could not see precisely how Mr. Stephens has manufactured the 'illustrious example' under which he seeks to shelter himself. Mr. Stephens thus manufactures his illustrious example: 'The one great cause which he [Thucydides] assigned for that great war was "the breaking the thirty years' truce after the taking of Eubœa." (See Thucydides, Book I, Sec. 23.)' Now, if Mr. Stephens had only quoted the whole sentence, or even the whole phrase, from which he takes the above words, it would have been seen that they are only a one-sided and partial extract from Thucydides, to justify his one-sided and partial view of the causes of the late war. In the very words of Thucydides, 'All these things fell upon them at once along with this war, which the Athenians and the Peloponesians *began* [the italics are mine] by breaking the thirty years' truce after the taking of Eubœa.' Thus, according to the great historian, they *began* the war by breaking the truce. In other words, this was the first act of the war, and not its cause. What, then, was the real cause, the great *causa causans* of the war, according to Thucydides? This is made known in the very next sentence but one to that quoted from by Mr. Stephens. If it had been a serpent it would have bitten him. I am not sure, indeed, but it will bite him anyhow. Here it is: 'For the truest reason,' says he, 'though least brought forward in words [as is usual in such cases], I consider to have been, that

the Athenians, by becoming great, and causing alarm to the Lacedæmonians, compelled them to proceed to hostilities. But the following were the grounds of complaints openly alleged on either side, from which they broke the truce, and set to war.' Thus, according to the great historian, 'the grounds of complaints' [both words in the plural] were the causes why they 'broke the truce,' as well as why they 'set to war.' After having narrated the 'grounds of complaints' on both sides, Thucydides adds [Book I., Sec. 88]: 'Now, the Lacedæmonians voted that the treaty had been broken, and that war should be declared, *not so much because they were convinced by the arguments of the allies, as because they were afraid that the Athenians might attain to greater power, seeing that most parts of Greece were already under their hands.*' [The italics are mine.] Thus, after all, if we believe Thucydides, the breach of the truce was not so much a cause of the war, as a pretext on the part of the Lacedæmonians, by whom the war was declared. But behind all their grounds of complaint there was, 'though least brought forward in words,' the real cause, the great *causa causans* of the war; and that cause was — 'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!' — a disturbance of the balance of power! 'The Athenians, by becoming great, and causing alarm to the Lacedæmonians, compelled them to proceed to hostilities.' Thus did the growing greatness and power of Athens, by causing anxiety and alarm to the Lacedæmonians, drive them to war; just as a similar cause drove the South to withdraw from the Union, or to exercise the right of Secession. That she had good reason to dread the overgrown power of the North, so malignant and so bitter in her hatred, the evils of the late war most fearfully demonstrate.

Thucydides wrote, as he tells us himself, 'that no one might ever have to inquire from what origin so great a war broke out among the Greeks.' Yet has Mr. Stephens not only had to inquire from what origin it broke out, but he has utterly failed to ascertain the truest cause of all. He is still, indeed, as profoundly ignorant of that 'truest reason,' or cause, as if

Thucydides had not set it forth in his immortal history for the information of all ages and all men.

If Mr. Stephens will only look into Mr. Hume's *Essays on Political Subjects*, confessedly among the most profound and valuable ever written, he will find one on 'The Balance of Power,' from which he may, perhaps, derive some useful light respecting that great maxim of political philosophy, as well as of practical statesmanship. He will certainly discover, that David Hume, the historian and the great political philosopher, ascribes to Thucydides the opinion, that the anxiety and alarm of the Lacedæmonians in regard to 'the balance of power,' was *the* cause of the Peloponesian war. If Mr. Stephens has never read those *Essays*, Dr. Bledsoe would suggest the propriety of his beginning at once; and if he has read them, or Thucydides either, then Dr. Bledsoe can only wonder at the weakness of his memory.

Mr. Stephens complains, bitterly, that he is represented as ascribing the whole of our late troubles to one cause—the violation of the fundamental law of our political existence—and insists that 'the treatment of the slavery question' by the North is set forth in his account of the causes of the war. 'Were it anybody else but Dr. Bledsoe,' says he, 'who makes this statement, it would be a matter of wonder that this should be placed among the omitted grounds.' But there is one person who, as well as Dr. Bledsoe, represents Mr. Stephens as making the one cause above-mentioned the source of 'the whole of our late troubles;' and that one person is, perhaps, not the most unscrupulous or reckless writer in America. It is Mr. Stephens himself. Here are his very words; the reader can see and judge for himself: 'Thus,' says he (p. 448), 'it was only when this great fundamental law of our political existence was violated, in 1860, by a different construction, the Anti-Jefferson construction, that disorder, confusion, war, and all its disastrous results ensued. . . . *The whole of our present troubles [the emphasis is mine] came from a violation of this essential and vital law of our political existence.*' Thus, if Dr. Bledsoe misrepresented Mr. Stephens in making him ascribe 'the whole of our late troubles' — 'disorder, con-

fusion, *war*, and all its disastrous results' — to one cause, he only trod in the footsteps of Mr. Stephens himself. He supposed that Mr. Stephens knew what he was about, and could state his own views correctly; not dreaming, for a moment, that that gentleman would treat him as the most unfair and false of all opponents, because he had been careful to state the doctrine of his book in his own words. If, however, Mr. Stephens will only pardon that very serious offence, Dr. Bledsoe promises that he will never do so again; that is to say, that he will never again rely on his statement respecting the doctrines, sentiments, or teachings, of any book, not even excepting *The Madison Papers*, nor the history of Thucydides, nor his own *Constitutional View*.

Mr. Stephens, passing from mathematics to moral science, reads Dr. Bledsoe some 'useful lessons on the subject of *passion*,' out of his favorite author, Thucydides. Why did he not read from Seneca's *Three Books on Anger*? He thanks Mr. Stephens for those very useful lessons. But Mr. Stephens has, Dr. Bledsoe can assure him, given a more 'useful lesson on the subject of passion' than any to be found in the pages of Thucydides, or of Seneca. The Spartans, as every one knows, used to give their young men lessons on sobriety, by exhibiting their slaves before them in a state of beastly intoxication. On the same principle it is that Mr. Stephens gives so eloquent and powerful a lesson on the subject of passion. Only see it in its violent explosions! How it spreads over all around the red lava of misrepresentations, false accusations, scraps of books and masses of learned ignorance, loose notions and lying traditions — mistakes, oversights, and blunders without end — and that, too, with the perfect consciousness, apparently, that all this is history, philosophy, mathematics, erudition, and wisdom, blazing in one grand pyrotechnic display of genius! Dr. Bledsoe is cured. He will never get angry again. He will only laugh all the rest of his days. Reformed by the eloquent precepts, and by the still more eloquent example, of Mr. Stephens, he will henceforth be as meek as a mouse and as majestic as a Vice-President. Will not some kind friend lend him a big watch-seal? Who knows, indeed, but it may sustain his

new-born dignity, and introduce 'the balance of power'—a stable equilibrium—into the little Platonic republic of his hitherto disordered mind? Dr. Bledsoe is, however, very sorry that Mr. Stephens' instructions came too late to save the Confederacy. For, as he says, 'Had the Doctor, and those associated with him in the War Department at Richmond, during our late struggle, been governed more by calm good sense, and less by mere fierce and fiery passion and personal prejudices (such as he still exhibits), our present position might have been infinitely better than it is. Dr. Bledsoe did, it is true, get up several indignation meetings—of *one*, at Richmond; but he now learns, for the first time, that those 'tempests in a tea-pot' helped to shake the Confederacy to pieces. If anybody else but Mr. Stephens had made the statement, Dr. Bledsoe would not have believed it.

The War Department at Richmond! The War Department in a Democracy! and that, too, in time of flagrant war! If, in this wide universe, there be a purgatory, that was one. A simple, earnest, frail mortal, with swarms of politicians and office seekers, all bent on their own little private ends, forever tugging at his elbows, sides, brain, and nerves, and never permitting him to devote the little sense he had to the most glorious cause the world has ever seen; such, precisely, was Dr. Bledsoe, and his situation, in his terrible purgatory at Richmond. No one could, indeed, be fit for such a place but an angel, or a fool, or a politician: an angel, raised above all sublunary anxieties, cares, and outrages to the moral sense of mortals; or a fool, sunk below all such evils, and insensible to their existence; or a politician, who, for a little brief authority, tamely submits to all things. But Dr. Bledsoe was not an angel, nor a politician, and he hoped (craving Mr. Stephens' pardon] that he was not a fool. Hence, he resigned the place for which he was so unfit, or which was so unfit for him; and returned to the University of Virginia, in obedience to the call of its Board of Visitors. After this, he had as little to do with the Government of which Mr. Stephens was the Vice-President as had Mr. Stephens himself.

The above lecture on the subject of passion and prejudice is,

however, aimed at higher game than Dr. Bledsoe. It is aimed — is it not? — at the great man who — but more of this hereafter.

In the *Southern Review* it is said: 'We did not credit the statement of a correspondent, who had visited Mr. Stephens at Liberty Hall, that he represented himself as having always been a Secessionist, and denied that Mr. Davis was originally one. But, in the volume before us, there is something very like these extraordinary statements.' Now, Mr. Stephens positively asserts, that 'it is utterly untrue, that there is in the volume before him anything like these extraordinary assertions.' Now, in fact, in the book, as well as in the Letter, Mr. Stephens argues to prove that he has always been a Secessionist, never having changed his opinion on that subject. Now, is not this very like representing himself 'as having always been a Secessionist?' Let the reader decide, and estimate the value of Mr. Stephens' most positive assertions. Again, if Mr. Stephens does not deny, in so many words, that Mr. Davis 'was originally' a Secessionist, he does say, that 'I never regarded him as a Secessionist, properly speaking.' Now, is not this very like saying that Mr. Davis was not an original Secessionist? Nay, does it not say that, in the opinion of the writer, he has never been one, in the proper sense of the word? Let the reader judge between Mr. Stephens and Dr. Bledsoe.

I paid little attention to the correspondent referred to, because, as I said, I did not credit his statement, deeming it impossible that Mr. Stephens could 'make such extraordinary assertions.' But I now find that he is quite capable of making them. Let us see, then, exactly what he does say in the letter referred to. He says that he believed in the 'perfect right of Secession,' and that 'Mr. Davis could hardly be called a Secessionist.' Mr. Stephens must, it seems to me, have made these wonderful discoveries that he was a Secessionist, believing in 'the perfect right,' while Mr. Davis 'was hardly' one, when their names were before the Seceding States for the Presidency. Be this as it may, Mr. Stephens certainly did make the wonderful discoveries.



In the letter referred to, Mr. Stephens says: Mr. Davis 'was of course a State-Rights man; *he could hardly be called a Secessionist.*' Again, he says of Mr. Davis, 'He was opposed to Secession, but did not have the courage to come out against it. His course was simply the result of timidity, of the desire to keep the inside track and step into the shoes of Calhoun.' May we not say, on the other hand, that Mr. Stephens' course was simply the result of boldness, when he represented himself as a believer in 'the perfect right of Secession,' and Mr. Davis as 'hardly a Secessionist' at all? There are, in the same letter, other charges against Mr. Davis still more deeply affecting his character as a statesman and as a man, which Mr. Stephens is represented as having preferred against that illustrious but unfortunate prisoner.<sup>1</sup>

Again, Mr. Stephens bitterly complains, that 'he makes quotations from my speech on 14th November, 1860, *interlarded with words of his own, so as to make the impression on the minds of his readers that he is quoting* connectedly from me,' etc. This is not true. The quotations from Mr. Stephens are interlarded with words from no one. They are only followed, as is perfectly allowable in such cases, with a brief running commentary [I wonder if Mr. Stephens never saw the like before?] to show it in its true light. Every word quoted from Mr. Stephens is put within quotation marks, and every word of the running commentary is free from such marks, so that every reader, who wished to know the truth, could see exactly what was said by Mr. Stephens, and what by Dr. Bledsoe. If this made the impression on any one, that 'he was quoting connectedly' from Mr. Stephens, and not disconnectedly, he must have had a very weak mind, or been an exceedingly careless reader. Dr. Bledsoe did not write for such simpletons.

<sup>1</sup> The letter in question was published July 26, 1867, in the *Daily Chronicle and Sentinel*, Augusta, Georgia. More than a year ago this letter was placed in my hands by several of the indignant friends of Mr. Davis, with the means of disproving the heavy charges against him; but not wishing to introduce such personal matters into the *Southern Review*, I have not yet used them.

But the complaint of Mr. Stephens winds up as follows: 'Ending with a grand poetic climax of his own, which, by punctuation, is made to appear as if taken from my speech, and on which he comments as follows: "Now, all this is very fine. We believe it is called poetry, and surely nothing in its proper place is better than poetry,"' etc.

'Now, I wonder,' continues Mr. Stephens, 'if the Doctor really thinks that this stanza from Bryant,

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," etc.,

which he so surreptitiously interpolates into my speech, is poetry *properly* put "in its proper place?" How does he excuse "such" *lesse-majesty*, such petty treason against the great republic of letters,' etc.

The answer is easy. Only see how a simple, plain story will put down all these frothy misapprehensions, and all the violent accusations founded thereon. He winds up 'with a grand poetic climax of his own.' It is not my own. Mr. Stephens says the stanza is 'from Bryant.' Dr. Bledsoe is obliged to him for the information. It is the only thing he has learned from his long letter which he did not know before. Where, then, did the Doctor get this stanza, which he so 'surreptitiously' puts into the mouth of Mr. Stephens, thereby committing petty treason against the republic of letters? The answer is easy—he got it from Mr. Stephens himself, and from no one else. He found it in precisely the volume from which he was quoting. If Mr. Stephens has forgotten having used this fine stanza—this 'grand poetic climax,' in the volume of his letters and speeches—he will find it on page 369.

Mr. Stephens has, in the course of his life, let off more than one sky-rocket on 'the omnipotence of truth.' This seems to be a favorite theme with him, and has been, perhaps, from his earliest Sophomoric declamations. Hence, in dealing with the utterances of Mr. Stephens respecting this 'sublime theme,' the Doctor considered it but fair that he should have as full a hearing as possible. It was for this reason, supplied by a well-known rule of fairness, that he permitted him to wind up with his own 'grand poetic climax,' which is, if Dr. Bledsoe may be allowed to have an opinion, more worthy of a poet,

or a Sophomoric declaimer, than of a philosopher and a statesman.

Dr. Bledsoe, in order to show that it was possible for Mr. Stephens to hold the doctrine of State Rights and State Sovereignty, and, at the same time, deny the right of Secession, asserted that Mr. Calhoun had done so. Mr. Stephens is amazed at this. 'What is said of Mr. Calhoun,' he exclaims, 'by all sensible, intelligent people, can be regarded as little short of a downright *Munchausenism!*' Again, he demands, 'who, in the face of all these facts, can say that either I or he [Stephens or Calhoun] ever *denied the right of Secession?*' The italics are his, not mine.

Now, Dr. Bledsoe can not only say, but *he can prove*, that Mr. Calhoun denied the right of Secession. His proof is, not an appeal to any windy tradition, such as politicians feed the people with, but to Mr. Calhoun's own published opinions. He appeals to Mr. Calhoun's letter to Governor Hamilton, of August 28th, 1832, consisting of nearly fifty pages, in the seventh volume of his works, beginning at page 144, in which the great doctrine of State Sovereignty and State Rights is so fully and so ably argued. Speaking of Nullification and Secession, Mr. Calhoun says (page 167): 'I am aware that there is a considerable and respectable portion of our State, with a large portion of the Union, constituting, in fact, *a great majority*, who are of the opinion that they are the same thing, differing only in name, and who, under that impression, *denounce it* [Nullification] *as the most dangerous of all doctrines*; and yet, so far from being the same, they are, unless, indeed, I am greatly deceived, not only perfectly distinguishable, but totally dissimilar in their nature, their object, and their effect; and that, so far from deserving the denunciation, *so properly belonging to the act* [*i. e.*, the act of Secession,] *with which it is confounded*, it is, in truth, the highest and most precious of all the rights of the States, and essential to preserve the very Union, for the supposed effect of destroying which it is so bitterly *anathematized.*' In the very same letter, and on the very same page, Mr. Calhoun insists that Nullification is '*a peaceable and constitutional remedy*' [the italics

are his], whereas 'a declaration of war' would be 'the certain effect of Secession.' Mr. Calhoun states the case, it is true, in which Secession may be resorted to, but the case, as stated by him, would also justify revolution. '*In no other*' [case], says he, '*could it be justified, except it be for a failure of the association or union to effect the object for which it was created, independent of any abuse of power,*' which would also justify revolution. Now, it was precisely this letter which Dr. Bledsoe had in his mind when he said that Mr. Calhoun had denied the right of Secession. And does he not deny it in that letter? He speaks of the denunciation 'so properly belonging to the act' of Secession, and says that 'war' would be 'the certain effect of Secession,' whereas Nullification is '*a peaceable and constitutional remedy.*'

Yet, in the face of all this, or else in profound ignorance of all this, Mr. Stephens declares that Mr. Calhoun never denied the right of Secession! Only give him a fact, and he repudiates it as '*a downright Munchausenism;*' but offer him a real *Munchausenism*, and he greedily swallows it as a fact!

His real *Munchausenism* is thus set forth in the *Southern Review* (p. 278): 'He makes the wonderful discovery, that for "forty years after the government had gone into operation" the "fathers generally, as well as the great mass of the people through the country," maintained the opinion that the right of Secession existed. This wonderful conclusion is established, not by an appeal to the records of the country, but by logic, etc. . . . The truth is, the subject of Secession was not discussed, or considered, by the public men of the country at all during the period referred to, and, hence, there was no occasion for the expression of an opinion as to the right of Secession.'

At this Mr. Stephens exclaims: 'Was Dr. Bledsoe mad, crazy, or only excessively *torn* by his *passions*?' I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. Where is 'the father,' to say nothing of 'the fathers generally,' who believed in the right of Secession? Mr. Stephens tries to prove by logic, I am aware, that Alexander

Hamilton believed in the right of Secession. But Alexander Hamilton himself, in the twenty-second number of *The Federalist*, pronounces that doctrine 'a gross heresy.' And did not James Madison himself, 'the father of the Constitution,' write to Mr. Webster, March 15th, 1833: 'I return my thanks for the copy of your late very powerful speech in the Senate of the United States. It crushes Nullification, and *must hasten an abandonment of Secession.*' Who, then, were 'the fathers' who, previous to the year 1833, advocated the right of Secession? I have found them only in the assertions, and in the logic, of Mr. Stephens, not in the records of the country.

How stands the case, in the next place, as to 'the great mass of the people throughout the country?' Mr. Stephens seems to blaze all over with indignation at the assertion, that the subject of Secession was not discussed by the public men of the country during the period referred to, so as to give an occasion to 'the great mass of the people' to express an opinion as to 'the right' or the wrong of Secession. 'Did not Judge Tucker's Commentaries,' he exclaims, 'appear during this period? Did he not clearly maintain the right?' True, perfectly true, as Dr. Bledsoe himself has said in that very article. 'Did not Mr. Rawle write his treatise during this period, clearly indicating the right?' True, again, and Dr. Bledsoe has, in a small work of his quoted from that very 'treatise.' [See *Is Davis a Traitor?* pp. 190-1.] This being true, Mr. Stephens exclaims, in profound astonishment at Dr. Bledsoe's assertion — 'The subject not *discussed during the period referred to!*' But be not quite so fast, Mr. Vice-President. Dr. Bledsoe said not so; it is only the force and fury of your passion which blind you to the truth, and make you combat a position never assumed by him. Dr. Bledsoe did not say that 'the subject was not discussed during the period referred to'; he only said it was not discussed by 'the public men of the country' during that period. Though he knew all that Tucker and Rawle had said on the subject, and had freely quoted from their pages, it did not occur to him that those two private gentlemen and learned jurists were public men at all, much less

that they were '*the public men of the country.*' Hamilton and Madison were among the public men of the country, *and they both denied the right of Secession.* Webster and Calhoun were, also, among '*the public men of the country,*' and they denied the same right.

Not one in a hundred thousand of the people ever heard of the work of Rawle, or of Tucker, until it was noticed in the Commentaries of Kent or Story, even if they have ever heard of it to this day. Let Mr. Stephens show that the subject of Secession was, during the period referred to, discussed by '*the public men of the country,*' by members of Congress, by candidates for the Presidency, or by public men of any sort, in any great contest before '*the great mass of the people,*' and he will show something to the purpose. But until he does this he must allow Dr. Bledsoe to adhere to his original proposition, that as the subject was not discussed, during the period referred to, by '*public men of the country,*' so '*the great mass of the people throughout the country*' had '*no occasion for the expression of an opinion as to the right of Secession.*' Mr. Stephens may, if he please, think Dr. Bledsoe '*mad or crazy,*' and *as such* deserving '*a straight-jacket*' for entertaining such an opinion, but Dr. Bledsoe cannot retort the charge. For he does not think Mr. Stephens mad, or crazy, or deserving a straight-jacket; but he does think that a little restraint, from '*a regard to his own character and a proper devotion to truth,*' would do him no very great harm. He may not be '*excessively torn by his passions,*' but he does seem a little distracted by them, so as to mistake a man of straw for his real adversary. Let them fight it out.

But here is the most amusing part of Mr. Stephens' blunder. He says: '*Did not some of the New England States, during this period, threaten to secede? Was not a Convention looking to this end called? Were not resolutions passed?*' Dr. Bledsoe has some little indistinct recollection that he has heard of something of the kind; and, if he is not mistaken, some of the principal of those resolutions may be found in his little work on the right of Secession. But, be that as it may, what has that secret Convention, and its unpublished resolutions, to

do with the discussion of anything 'by the public men of the country?' Whether that Convention meant Nullification, or Secession, or simply Rebellion and Revolution, was a profound secret until John Quincy Adams, in 1830, more than 'forty years after the government had gone into operation,' made known its secret design as looking to Secession; and then this design, as stated by him, was vehemently denied by other public men of Massachusetts. Mr. Stephens should, indeed, keep out of all the gales of passion, since they so easily upset his reason.

We have just seen, in the extract from Mr. Calhoun, that, in 1832, the 'great majority' of the people of the Union denounced, and, in his opinion, rightfully denounced, the act of Secession. Now, can we believe, on the bare authority of Mr. Stephens, that such could have been the state of public opinion only three years after the expiration of the period during which 'the great mass of the people,' with 'the fathers generally' at their head, believed in the right of Secession? Nay, that Mr. Calhoun himself, as well as 'the great mass of the people,' could have denounced the very doctrine which, for forty years, had been all but universally received as true? *Credat Judæus!* If Mr. Stephens will reject my facts as *Munchausenisms*, he must not expect me to swallow his *Munchausenisms* as facts.

I must leave unnoticed many of the oversights, blunders, and sophisms of the long letter of Mr. Stephens. Luscious and tempting as such fallacies are, they must be passed over in silence; even those which grow so luxuriantly in his feeble defence of the splendid part performed by Scissors in the production of his great work, and in his indirect and evasive reply to my attack on the 'new idea' of Noah Webster; not as it is in itself, but in its new character [assigned to it by Mr. Stephens] as 'the political Messiah, born for the regeneration of the down-trodden people of the earth.' I know of but one Messiah for the regeneration of the world, and that one was born, not of the brain of man, but of the ever Blessed Virgin.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. T. BLEDSOE.

ART. VI.—*Discourse on the Life and Character of George Peabody.* By Severn Teackle Wallis. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1870.

It was a bright and beautiful morning in November, 1865, that we left Richmond, *via* the Central and Orange Railroads, on our return homeward. A white frost sparkled in the valleys, which the rays of the sun had not as yet penetrated; and, with each gentle breeze, a shower of golden leaves descended to mother earth, as if to protect her from the cold breath of the coming winter. Will they, after disintegrating, reassume vegetable forms, budding and expanding into life upon the summit of some giant oak, or else, humbled by their fall, be content with a less elevated position, in the lowly vine, or in the sweet, timid, modest violet? These were our musings, as the iron-horse, snorting and puffing, rushed onward with increasing speed, and resounded along the quiet valley. The vibration caused by the rapid flight of the heavy wheels being sufficient, without the aid of the passing breeze, to loosen the feeble hold of these gentle reminders of the fate of all sublunary things, as they were then falling, thick and fast, around us. For we, too, proud denizens of earth, must wither and fall, returning to the mother of us all — ‘dust to dust’ — to reappear in new garbs.

We were aroused from these meditations by the voice of a golden-haired little girl, with a sad but lovely face, who occupied the seat immediately in front of us. Addressing a lady in black, plainly though neatly attired, she said: ‘O mamma! mamma! don’t you wish papa could only know how kind the good man has been to us?’ To this there was no audible response, but the suppressed sighs, which reached our ears, convinced us that the widow (for such we afterward learned her to be) was bemoaning the loss of one who could never more return to make glad her lone and desolate heart. ‘But, mamma,’ continued the child, ‘papa must know. Don’t you



remember the dark, rainy night he died, when the winds blew so hard, and you cried so long; how the doctor told you to leave him, but you would not go? Don't you remember papa's face—so white and cold, and there was no blood in his lips—don't you remember how, after a long while, he opened his eyes again, and smiled? Oh, then I thought he would be well again; but when he spoke, I did not know his voice. Don't you remember he told you not to cry; he had had such a pleasant dream; he had seen his beautiful home in heaven; that a bright angel had told him to sing and be happy, for he would take care of us, till we came up to live with him forever in his new home? Now, mamma, that bright angel has sent this "good man," who has been so very kind to us; *and papa must know.* Please don't cry, mamma!

Overcome with this touching scene, and seeing the poor mother convulsed with sorrow, we quietly slipped into the child's lap a package, which was intended for other hands, hoping thereby to divert its attention from the parent. What may have been the immediate result we know not, for just then the train stopped at a station, and two ladies having entered the cars, we resigned our seat to them. Having secured a seat in advance of them, we glanced back at those who had so powerfully enlisted our sympathy. The deep folds of a dark veil completely hid the features of the afflicted widow; and shut out the impertinent curiosity of all prying eyes. But, as the cars moved on again, we saw the little one nestle closely to her mother's side, and a delicate, gloveless hand wind around the snowy neck of the little cherub. The veil was then slightly uplifted, and the little darling, too, with her head pillowed on her mother's bosom, was hid from view.

Some hours later; when about to change cars, we found that the party had the same destination as ourselves. Quietly offering to assist the child to the other train, our services were accepted; that is to say, they were not declined. On the contrary, little Rose (for that was the name of the child) without a protest came to our arms. Seeing them comfortably seated, we retired to the platform to procure such fruits and other eatables as we hoped would tempt them to eat. Returning

with a paper well filled, we spread it in the lap of little Rose, with the injunction to invite her mother to dine with her, and again stepped out, in order that the party might be left to themselves. We overheard the little diplomatist insist that she would eat nothing unless her mother would partake with her. This was sufficient. We saw (by a momentary glance through the window) the mother unite in the meal, evidently more on the child's account than on her own.

Nor was this all we gained by this trifling attention to the disconsolate widow and the little orphan. For her veil, now that she was alone with her child, was uplifted, and we beheld a face as expressive of grief and sadness as it is possible to conceive. Yet was there a repose in her countenance, a quiet submission, and an indescribable something that called the tears to our eyes. We longed, of course, to see the shadow cast from so lovely and so youthful a brow. Hers was a face, once seen, never to be forgotten. Beautiful indeed she was — exceedingly beautiful; and yet it was a beauty wholly dependent upon expression. Her features, taken separately, were not those of a fine face. But yet, as a whole, it was the most eloquently beautiful face we have ever beheld. There was a purity, a gentleness, a meekness — in one word, a saintly halo of holiness — about it, which held us completely fascinated. We thus stood admiring, when 'All aboard!' summoned us to a seat. Determined not to annoy them, by obtruding ourselves upon their notice, we secured a seat in the rear; but scarcely were the cars in motion, when Rose, seeing us, sprang from her mother's side and ran to us. The mother, excited and alarmed, started up; but seeing the little innocent spring to our arms with so much confidence, she quietly resumed her seat, and, from her perfect stillness, seemed oblivious of all earthly troubles.

We endeavored, more than once, to direct the child's thoughts from subjects sacred to her mother, or at least into which, however great our sympathy, we felt that we had no right to intrude; but all to no purpose. From her childish prattle, we soon learned of the death of her father; of their having been compelled, soon after, to leave his grave, and

their dear, old home. Why they were thus forced from the spot so dear to them, in spite of their heavy grief, she did not explain. But evidently there was some cause for it, which had just been removed; for the child spoke with rapture of the dear, old home, and of their return to it.

With this return we could not fail to connect the 'good man,' to whom the child had so feelingly alluded. We asked the name of this 'good man'; but she replied, 'I don't know his name, nor mamma either. But papa, or the bright angel, sent him.' Presently she looked up, as if a thought had struck her, and, with a sudden impulse, she imprinted a kiss on our lips, crying, 'I know you are the *good man*. I must tell mamma!' Scarcely could we restrain her long enough to assure her that we were not the 'good man,' and that we deserved no such appellation. Then, as if to comfort us, she exclaimed, 'Well, then, papa, or the bright angel, has sent us *two good men*.' O, reader, if we only deserved that little child's praise, we would not exchange it for the brightest laurel that ever decked the conqueror's or the hero's brow! Away, then, with all the glories of a wicked world, and give us, O God! the honor of the widow's and the orphan's praise!

After a time, the little child became weary, and we arranged her in a recumbent posture for a nap. But, after a few fruitless efforts, she opened her eyes and said, 'Mamma says I must never go to sleep without saying my prayers. Will you hear me?' Here was a situation for you! Surrounded by the thoughtless, worldly, and irreverent throng of the public cars, and asked, with such simplicity and faith, to guide a strange child in her petitions to the Heavenly Father! Bowing low our head, we told her to whisper her prayers, that, however faintly uttered, God could hear them all. She prayed: 'God bless dear, good mamma, and make me good like her; and take us to live with Jesus and papa in heaven. God bless the "good man," and take him to heaven, too, to live with us always—for Christ's sake.'

We envy the 'good man' that prayer of the little child, more than all his wealth. The blind devotee of Mammon, the poor, miserable worlding, may despise it; but though he

had all the wealth of the Indies, he would still be, like most rich men, merely a muck-worm of the earth. Though he possessed the wealth of worlds, it would be easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for him to gain admission into the kingdom. The good rich man, indeed (for even such a thing is possible with God), lives a more beautiful commentary than was ever written on the divinely appointed duty to purchase to ourselves friends with the 'mammon of unrighteousness,' that, when the trials of this life are over, they may receive us into 'everlasting habitations.'

The conversation and prayer of the little child, as above given in her own words, are indelibly impressed on our memory. We have given this sketch, however, not to introduce the child or the mother to our readers, for, to this day, their names are unknown to us. But we did learn the name of the 'good man.' Not long before leaving the train, two gentlemen entered the cars; the one we knew to be a clergyman, and the other, from his likeness to the lady, as well as his cordial greeting of her, we took to be 'her brother. The clergymen said, 'God has been very merciful to you, my dear madame, in granting you so good a friend as Mr. C.' 'Mr. C.!' exclaimed the astonished widow; 'you must be mistaken, my dear sir, it could not have been Mr. C., for he never saw or heard of me in his life.' But she was mistaken; he had *heard* of her. Now, it is this Mr. C., the *unknown* 'good man' of the little child, whom we propose to introduce to our readers.

As we have already said, we know not who any of these parties were, nor what was the charity bestowed by Mr. C.; but it was evident in this instance, as in hundreds of others, that so quiet had he been in the bestowal of alms that the recipients did not know whom to thank. He blew no trumpet before him. He made, indeed, so little parade in the distribution of his charities that, to this day, scarcely is a tithe of them known to the world.

This trip, with its incidents, can never be effaced from our memory. At the time we knew not which most to admire--the patient, gentle, suffering, and saintly mother, the bright, beautiful, and confiding child, or the 'good man.' But we no

longer entertain a doubt. Since then, indeed, we have known so many cheerless homes to become radiant, and so many desolate hearts to leap for joy, beneath the beams of this 'good man's' beneficence, that we no longer doubt as to whom is due the meed of our chiefest admiration and love.

Not long after the incident above related, a widow of our acquaintance learned, by telegram, that a son, from whose talents she had much to hope, had been, far from home, stricken down with paralysis. Though blessed with abundant means before the war, she was now, in her old age, poverty-stricken and helpless. She could neither go nor send to her son. We could not help her; but remembering the story of the 'good man,' we suggested his name. Eagerly did the despairing mother seize upon the hope, and wrote a few lines to Mr. C., to tell her piteous tale. Mr. C. happened, at the time, to be in the very Northern city in which her son lay stricken down with paralysis. The letter was forwarded to him. Though a stranger to all the parties, he made immediate search for the afflicted son, and finally ascertained the place of his abode. He advanced the means, at once and liberally, for his return to his mother in Virginia, in whose arms he breathed his last only a few weeks later.

These two incidents excited in us a desire to learn more of this Mr. C., and we have since ascertained that they are, in fact, merely specimens of his whole life. We had read of such men, but, alas! so few are they and so far between, in real life, that we had come to regard them as creatures of the imagination, as myths merely, as unreal shadows, that disappear as we approach them. But prosecuting our inquiries, to a limited extent only, we soon learned much of the real life of the little child's 'good man.' In offering a brief sketch of that life to the public, it is not our object to sound his praise (for that would prove offensive to his sensitive nature), but simply to set forth a few of his noble deeds, that others, seeing his good works, may be led to 'go and do likewise.' Indeed, when we consider the degeneracy and corruption of the times, the frightful reign of all but universal selfishness, such an example of sympathy with suffering and distress is like an oasis in the

desert, a bright and cheering light in the darkness of the world. It revives our fainting faith in the goodness of man. When the rapacious greed of gain, and the heartless pursuit of individual interests, have sickened our very souls with the nature of fallen man, the self-sacrifice and sublime devotion of such a life is a cordial to our spirits and a solace to our hopes. God has, therefore, sent this 'good man' to us, and to all other men, as well as to the poor afflicted widow and her beautiful child. Hence, without Mr. C.'s knowledge, much less his consent, have we taken the liberty to record some of the incidents of his life here, *for the benefit of our fellow-men.*

During the summer of 1869 there were, at the White Sulphur Springs, three remarkable men — Robert E. Lee, George Peabody, and W. W. Corcoran — the most celebrated captain, and the most celebrated philanthropist of the century, and the little child's 'good man.'

William Wilson Corcoran was born on the 27th of December, 1798, in Georgetown, D. C. He was the third son of Thomas Corcoran, a native of Ireland, who, in early youth, came to Baltimore, Md., where he was, for some three years, connected in business with his uncle, William Wilson, a gentleman of fine intelligence and spotless reputation. In 1787 Thomas Corcoran removed to Georgetown, D. C., and resided there until his death. He was greatly esteemed for the many virtues which adorned his character. Such was his popularity, indeed, that he filled the office of mayor of the town as long as he could be induced, not to say compelled, to hold the position. He was an active and zealous member of the Episcopal Church — a Church which has produced so many of the brightest ornaments of the human species. He attained to quite an advanced age, and had three sons, James, Thomas, and the subject of this sketch, and two daughters, both of whom were elegant and accomplished ladies. The eldest married Dr. William P. Jones, an eminent physician of Washington City, and the other the Rev. S. P. Hill, of the same city.

William Wilson, at the early age of nineteen, opened a dry goods store at the corner of High and First streets, George-

town, and such was his success in business that in a few years he was enabled to erect a large warehouse on the corner of Congress and Bridge streets. But the year 1823 was so disastrous to those engaged, as he was, in the auction and commission business, that, like hundreds of others, he failed. In 1825 he compromised all his indebtedness in a manner entirely satisfactory to his creditors, without the least stain on his reputation, or the loss of his credit.

Hence, in 1828, he was placed in charge of the real estate of the Bank of Columbia, in Georgetown, and also of the Bank of the United States, in Washington City. This occupied his time and attention until 1836, when he embarked in the exchange business on Pennsylvania avenue. In 1839 he removed to the building of the old Bank of the Metropolis, where he was long known as the active, intelligent, and indefatigable man of business, and, above all, as the high-minded and the honorable gentleman.

There, in 1840, the well-known firm of Corcoran & Riggs was established. They soon became prominent among the most successful financial men of the United States. In 1844 they purchased the building of the old United States Bank, and we find them, a few years later, entrusted with the negotiation of all the immense loans to our Government during the Mexican War. In no better hands, as the event proved, could this great trust have been reposed. The enormous burden was carried with such ability as not only to relieve the Government from all embarrassment, but also to insure to themselves the remuneration to which their great risk and financial skill so justly entitled them. Before the second loan was taken, however, Mr. G. W. Riggs retired from the firm, and, without changing its name, Mr. Elisha Riggs took his place. The loan was taken by the new firm, under the old name.

Some of the New York bankers, chagrined at being a second time disappointed, made a desperate effort to crush and ruin Corcoran & Riggs, by doing all in their power to defeat the loan. But Mr. Corcoran, possessing the confidence of the financial world, visited Europe in person, and, in spite of all

opposition, triumphantly effected the loan. A contemporary journal thus refers to this transaction: 'They met the grave responsibilities of their novel position with a self-reliance which had its origin in conscious rectitude of purpose, and discharged their arduous duties with such signal ability that the reputation of the firm was established on an enduring basis. At a juncture so critical, the national credit was triumphantly sustained; and their indefatigable and well-directed efforts were not only productive of inestimable benefit to the Government, but redounded to their own emolument. Men, *high* in the confidence of the country and in official position, volunteered the most flattering testimonials of the energy, promptitude, and patriotic zeal with which they had subserved the *interests of the nation*, at the imminent hazard (in some instances) of *their own*.

'Mr. Corcoran seemed to possess the rare but happy faculty of bringing to the intricacies and complications of business *that almost intuitive* perception of the "right decision in the right time," which supersedes the necessity of patient investigation, and reaches results without the tedious process of reasoning.'

After his failure in 1823, Mr. Corcoran had, as we have already stated, discharged his liabilities to the entire satisfaction of his creditors, and taken a receipt in full for the payment of all his indebtedness. Free from debt, though without means to engage in business, he fortunately possessed and deserved the confidence of all who knew him. Hence he once more put his shoulder to the wheel like a man, determined, if energy, directed by prudence and sustained by confidence, could attain success, *it should be his*. 'Nothing,' it is said, 'succeeds like success.' This may be true. But, then, on the other hand, it is equally and far more gloriously true, that failure, with energy, and prudence, and integrity, is infinitely preferable to success without them. It was, however, with them that Mr. Corcoran succeeded, and this constitutes his most beautiful title to our admiration and respect.

No, the word was hastily spoken, and falls far below a just tribute to the crowning merit of Mr. Corcoran. He possesses



a still more beautiful title to our admiration. For, as step by step he struggled on and rolled up his mammoth fortune, his course was at no time marked or marred by the penurious savings of the miserly or the mean. On the contrary, he was always, from the beginning to the end of his career, the open-handed and generous philanthropist, who never failed to respond to the calls of charity. Thus it was that he ever kept his great, warm heart alive and beating in his bosom, instead of permitting it to wither, and dry up, and decay, beneath the spirit of accumulation, like the heart of most rich men, who are never so miserably poverty-stricken and deplorably wretched as when they have attained the grand object of all their earthly desires. What can it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose the *life* out of his heart and soul? What can it profit him, even in this low, earthly life of his? It may, perchance, after he is dead and gone, benefit the world in the shape of a magnificent university, or richly endowed college, but his poor, impoverished soul it can profit nothing. In all that renders life pure and sweet, elevated and happy, that is, in all the imperishable treasures of the soul, the never-failing stream of Mr. Corcoran's beneficence was more than equal to the possessions of a million of misers.

But there could have been no rest to a mind like his unless justice, the most scrupulous and exact, had lain at the basis of his beneficence. Hence, he computed the interest due from himself and brother to each of his creditors of 1823, and, adding this to the principal, he paid the sum in full, which was then double the original amount. Thus, despite his receipts in full, and the entire satisfaction of his creditors, did he discharge the obligation which he owed to his own delicate sense of justice.

One of his creditors, a merchant of Philadelphia, expressed his astonishment at so unusual an act. He said, that 'in a business of thirty years, involving as many millions of dollars, Mr. Corcoran furnished the only example of that delicate sense of honor which insists on paying, with interest, accruing for so long a period, claims which had been satisfactorily adjusted.'

On the first of April, 1854, the firm of Corcoran & Riggs was dissolved, when they retired from business, and were succeeded by the present Riggs & Co. Thus closed the active business life of Mr. Corcoran, who, during the last eighteen years, has enjoyed the luxury of doing good, and the delights of domestic life, rather than the eager, exciting, and restless pursuit of riches. Our readers will, no doubt, expect from us some notice, however brief, of the domestic qualities of Mr. Corcoran. It is certain, at all events, that the life of such a man, in all its phases, belongs to his country — nay, to humanity. Hence, all that relates to him must be of deep interest to the public.

Mr. Corcoran is remembered, by those who knew him in the prime of manhood, as strikingly handsome, as one to be singled out in any crowd as one of nature's noblemen, upon whose erect form (nearly six feet in height) and benignant countenance the Deity had stamped the impress of his own image. But enough of this; it is the jewel within, and not the casket, which adorns the nature of humanity and deserves our notice.

In 1835 Mr. Corcoran was happily married to a lady in every respect worthy of him — the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Commodore Morris. At the time of her marriage Louise Morris was just eighteen, but she survived the celebration of her nuptials only five years, dying of consumption in 1840. She left an only child, Louise, upon whom was lavished all the affection of her father. The daughter, though idolized, was not permitted to grow up the spoilt child of a rich father, but was trained, by his wise care, and developed into the sweet, gentle, considerate, loving, and beautiful woman. In 1859 she married the Hon. George Eustis, a member of Congress from Louisiana. During the war she resided, with her husband and children, in the city of Paris, where, from the same disease that hurried her mother to the grave, she died in December, 1867. This blow to her father may be more easily conceived than described. His only and his idolized child! Her remains were brought to this country, and followed to Oak Hill Cemetery by an immense concourse of citizens, as well as of weeping

orphans who had been the pensioners of her bounty. How unlike the pomp and ceremony, when some great man is buried in Westminster Abbey, was the spontaneous tribute of that vast throng to departed female worth! Her memory, endeared to a large circle of friends by the loveliness of her disposition and the peerless beauty of her character, was consecrated in the affections of the weeping orphans of Washington City. The following lines were written 'On the interment of Mrs. L. M. E., at Oak Hill Cemetery, February 17, 1868':

'And thou art buried now  
 Within thy native bowers,  
 While on thy pallid brow  
 We've placed thy favorite flowers;  
 And many an eye with sorrow wet  
 Has told its tale of fond regret.

'Amid the precious earth,  
 Where oft the secret sigh  
 Has breathed o'er kindred worth,  
 'Twas meet that thou should'st lie;  
 And to thy mother's dust allied,  
 Should'st slumber sweetly by her side.

'Affection's fondest thought  
 Is sooth'd in having done  
 All that its yearnings sought  
 For thee, beloved one!  
 And echoes, at the solemn close,  
 'Twas meet that thou should'st there repose.

'Nor least, of those who droop  
 In sorrow o'er thee, there,  
 That little orphan group —  
 Whose wants were made thy care —  
 That on thy bier have sought to bring  
 And lay their simple offering.

'They've left the evergreen,  
 And sung their funeral lays;  
 And sweeter far the scene,  
 And purer far the praise,  
 Than costliest Parian marble rears —  
 The language of their grateful tears.

'Hence shall the winter snows  
 In circling wreaths descend,  
 And spring time's early rose  
 Shall with the cypress blend;  
 And oft the night-bird's requiem note  
 Shall o'er these sacred ashes float.

'Yet while this spot endears  
 Th' unconscious mortal part,  
 And memory's silent tears  
 Shall here unbidden start;  
 Not here! not here! shall love remain  
 To vent its unavailing pain.

'But, led by Faith, shall view  
 The spirit's upward flight;  
 And, where it points, pursue  
 Thy form of life and light  
 Beyond the bounds of grief and care—  
 In heaven — with angel beauty there.'

Mr. Corcoran had, as early as 1847, purchased what is now known as Oak Hill Cemetery, situated on the heights of Georgetown, and commanding a magnificent view of the city and surrounding country, together with the limpid waters of the beautiful Potomac. This spot furnishes one of the most interesting drives around the great Capital of the New World. Mr. Corcoran, after having spent some seventy-five thousand dollars on the architectural and floral decorations of this cemetery, presented it to his native town. By a 'Stranger,' who visited it a few years since, it is thus described:

'It was designed by Captain De La Roche, "the best elegiac engineer" in the country. The picturesque, ivy-clad chapel near the entrance illustrates his rare architectural talent and fine taste.' A 'Stranger' has drawn, in the columns of the *Washington Chronicle*, a very vivid picture of the beauties of nature and of art in this cemetery, including descriptions of the tombs of De La Roche, General Griffin, Lieutenant Meigs, Bodisco, General Eaton, and the nameless little grave in the 'Jefferson Davis' lot, so lovingly sheltered by a single cluster of green leaves at its head.

'But,' says the writer, 'the finest mausoleum in the cemetery

is the Doric temple in which is enshrined the dust of William W. Corcoran's wife and only child. Eight snow white columns support the marble dome, plainly chiseled, but grand and solid. Except the one word, Corcoran, there is not a line to designate who lies beneath the vaulted floor. The temple stands alone, on an elevated site, commanding a magnificent view of the grounds. The close-cut grass slopes gradually from the tomb to the circular path that surrounds it, unbroken by a flower or shrub; but a dozen old oaks tower above, like giant sentinels guarding worth and purity. I vaguely imagine this ignoring of perishable flowers and adoption of sturdy trees to be an index to the mind of him who will come here at last for final rest, showing a taste for firm, hardy nature, storm-defying, winter-enduring trees, that shall flourish and be strong a hundred years hence. I love to fancy that, perhaps, he thus reads their language when contemplating their growing beauty, construing their silent admonition as best suits his nature, preferring the noble ruggedness of forest oaks, not buds and blossoms that wither in a day. Fair, lovely daughters, such as his, are but summer flowers, that smile and kiss, weep and pray, a little season, then fold their white hands, secure in God's promise, and gently go back to heaven. Tenderly we lay them away, with oh! so much love and care; their life and death henceforth to be our religion, the angels ever beckoning us to God. She died afar in sunny lands, seeking what all the powers of earth could not give—health. Across the ocean they bore her, confined and still, to her native heights, amidst the scenes of her childhood, to slumber undisturbed through all coming time. A little circumstance made her memory dear to me, a stranger, and I lingered about her tomb with a rare tenderness at my heart. She lived and died so beautifully. It was told me so sadly, with tearful eyes and trembling voice. Her motherless little children, on returning from France, were told they should go to the cemetery and see the tomb where she rested. One can readily imagine their sad wonder when they came, in childish faith, with eager footsteps, believing, in their innocent little hearts, that they were to see their living mother; and, too young to comprehend death,

they could not understand how she could leave them forever. Blankly they stared at the cruel marble, and asked, "Where is mother?" What a question for the breaking heart of the sorrowing grandfather to answer! They asked for mother—he could give them but a stone. Piteously the little ones looked at the magnificent structure, but could find no comfort in its polished elegance. I turned away, feeling better for having stood within the influence of her spiritual presence. She has not lived in vain. The poetry, goodness, and real beauty of her life are with us still. A whole family are coming slowly together again under the oaks—father, mother, brother, sister, and children. The name of Corcoran on many tombs seems to say that it is rapidly passing away. By and by only noble deeds will be left of this illustrious family, whose good works live after them. I have mused beside graves under magnolias and palms, but never with a feeling so near akin to heaven as those under the oaks.'

Mr. Corcoran's genial manners and generous hospitality made his elegant establishment the resort of the most highly cultivated and distinguished visitors of the National Capital. Not only were foreign ministers and celebrated strangers from abroad numbered among his daily visitors, but Clay, Webster, and all the most eminent statesmen of the time, were among his intimate and cherished associates.

None knew better than he how to entertain his guests. He cared nothing for mere display. Hence, while others made a greater show of burnished finery, his taste, simple but elegant, preferred the pure, solid silver, massive and plain, to the elaborately frosted work, with its false glitter and its substratum of the baser metals. The whole establishment, indeed, bore ample testimony to his cultivated and refined taste. Nothing superfluous, nothing gorgeous or gaudy, was to be seen, yet everything that could add to the comfort or please the taste of his visitors had been carefully provided. The building itself, the grounds with all their adornments, the conservatory, the furniture, the library, the costly paintings—all were in perfect keeping with the man, while his own personal appearance would, 'among a thousand,' indicate him as the proprietor.

Whilst surrounded by every temptation, Mr. Corcoran has always been temperate and free from all the vices of the great Capital. Systematic and reasonable, not only in the details of business, but also in the enjoyments of life, he preserved a uniformly robust health, until, with strength apparently unabated, he passed the limits usually assigned to man's earthly existence.

Brought up in the bosom of the Episcopal Church, he has, like his father, been one of its chief stays and supports. Yet, although a regular attendant upon her services, and always a respectful and attentive follower of her sublime liturgy, he never united himself to her communion until 1868. This delay, however, was from no want of interest in the subject of religion or the salvation of his soul. His strict morality, his real philanthropy, and his never-failing charity, were associated for years with high and anxious thoughts respecting his relations to God and eternity. Professing Christians felt humbled in the presence of this 'good man' of the little child, who, in his native modesty and great humility of soul, considered himself unworthy, as indeed he was, to be called a Christian. Yet, fully impressed with the duty of confessing his Master before men, he came forward in 1868, shortly after the death of his only child, and united himself with the Church of his fathers by public baptism.<sup>1</sup> The rite was performed in the Church of the Ascension, Washington City, by the Rev. Wm. Pinckney, D. D., then the officiating minister, and now the assistant bishop of Maryland. He was afterward confirmed by Bishop Atkinson, of North Carolina.

But, although devoted to the Church of his fathers, he was in this, as in all things else, catholic in his views and sentiments, and his means were liberally given in support of other Christian Churches. For years past it has been his constant custom to give, every New Year, to each of the Orphan Asylums of Washington a handsome present in money, and every Christmas, to the orphans themselves, a 'feast of good things.'

<sup>1</sup> An intimate friend, James M. Carlisle, a distinguished lawyer of Washington City, and his confidential agent, Mr. A. Hyde, stood as witnesses at his baptism.

At the same return of the season he has, also, given a similar feast to all the poor in the poorhouse of Georgetown.

What may have been the extent of Mr. Corcoran's benefactions we have no means of ascertaining, for some only have been of such a nature as necessarily to disclose the amounts given. But, great as these amounts are, we have good reason to believe — indeed to know — that they are far exceeded by those given in private charities, of which the great world knows nothing. How many reduced from affluence to pinching want — how many driven to despair, and courting death as less cruel than the grim visitation of grinding poverty — have been relieved by his generous hand, is unknown to us and to the world. But we do know that not a few, reared in the lap of luxury, and suddenly plunged, by no fault of theirs, in the black depths of destitution, have been restored to hope, and inspired to renew the battle of life, by his timely aid. We have seen the little mementoes of beloved parents, long since dead, and fondly cherished for their sakes, given up, one by one, and with tearful eyes, to the hard necessities of life, by human beings on the brink of despair. Unable to earn a subsistence by even menial employments, too *poor* to find friends among the rich and great of this world, or to excite the sympathy of those who had in better days enjoyed their hospitality, and too *proud* to beg, life was a burden to them, and the grave seemed their only refuge. But, in the last extremity, the sad tale reached the ears of the 'good man,' and relief came. Light, hope, joy, once more kindles the eye, and the little bark of life once more floats above 'the wide waste of waters.' Such, we say, have we known to be among the *good deeds* of Mr. Corcoran.

We can well afford to omit all allusion to the minor benefactions of Mr. Corcoran, such as his charity to the starving Irish during the memorable famine in their country, amounting to five thousand dollars, and to the two hundred Hungarian exiles who had fled for refuge to the grand asylum of the United States. But this deed, though commonplace among the noble acts of Mr. Corcoran, deserves notice on account of the letter which it called forth from his friend, Mr. George



Peabody. 'You acted nobly,' wrote that gentleman, 'by the Hungarians. However liberal I may have been in England, I cannot keep pace with your noble acts of charity at home; *but one of these days I mean to come out, and then, if my feelings do not change, and I have fortune, I will become a strong competitor with you in benevolence.*' Who knows, then, to what extent the glorious benefactions of Mr. Peabody were due to the bright and shining example of Mr. Corcoran?

In 1857 Mr. Corcoran commenced the erection of that superb temple of art, on the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Seventeenth street, which cost some three hundred thousand dollars. The Federal Government, with the consent of Mr. C., took possession of the building, for a storehouse, in August of 1861, and restored it to him in September of 1869. Then, at an expense of forty thousand dollars, it was completed, and conveyed to nine trustees, for the benefit of the country in general, and of Washington City in particular. James M. Carlisle, George W. Riggs, Henry D. Cook, Anthony Hyde, Dr. James O. Hall, James C. Kennedy, James C. McGuire, and James G. Burrit, of the District of Columbia, and William T. Walters, of Baltimore, are the persons to whom this trust was confided. To this princely gift Mr. Corcoran added his entire gallery of paintings and works of art, a collection which, for years, had drawn a constant stream of visitors to his private residence.

Hand-in-hand with this tribute to art we find him engaged in a work which, more than millions dedicated to the arts and sciences, will endear his memory to the human heart. The 'Louise Home' was erected by him at an expense of about two hundred thousand dollars, and has since been endowed, by the same liberal hand, with one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, so invested as to insure an income of one thousand dollars a month. Still more recently he has endowed this Home with two hundred thousand dollars more, which will soon be available for the purposes of the institution. It is intended as the home of old ladies of education and refinement, who, by a reverse of fortune, have been reduced from affluence to poverty. What more noble tribute could he have

paid to the memory of his beloved wife and daughter, after whom this retreat is called, the *Louise Home*?

We copy, from the *Southern Churchman* of May, 1871, the following account of this great charity: 'Mr. Corcoran, many years since, married Miss Louise Morris, of Georgetown. She lived but a short time, dying abroad, of consumption, at the early age of twenty-four. An only child survived her, who in time became the wife of Mr. Eustis, of Louisiana, and, like her mother, died soon after marriage. The 'Louise Home,' built in fulfillment of a long-cherished purpose, is a memorial of Mrs. Corcoran and Mrs. Eustis. It is intended as a home for old ladies in destitute circumstances, and is equipped in such a manner that even those who have known wealth and its attendant comforts will find little wanting of that to which they were once used. [Nay, what *home* was ever more completely furnished than this, with all modern improvements, even to an elevator landing on each floor, for the perfect comfort of its inmates?] In view of the present unprecedented number of such reduced gentlewomen, in consequence of financial and other losses by the war, how timely is this provision!—how honorable to him who makes it! It is difficult to imagine a more chivalrous conception, or a more knightly execution.'

If our space would permit, we would gladly copy from the *Churchman* the minute and elaborate description of all the appointments of this exquisitely elegant Home. Judging from this description (which is no doubt truthful), Mr. Corcoran has exhausted all the resources of modern art and ingenuity, in order to render the 'Louise Home' as delightful as possible. 'Its control,' says the *Churchman*, 'is vested in a board of nine directresses, not the least of whose functions it is to vote on applications for admission, and, when occasion occurs, on motions to exclude. The board sits on the first Monday in every month, and a committee of two members visits the institution on alternate days. It is composed of well-known ladies of the District, viz.: Mrs. Benjamin Ogle Taylor, President; Mrs. James M. Carlisle, Mrs. George W. Riggs, Mrs. Richard H. Coolidge, Miss Sarah Coleman, Mrs. Richard T. Merrick, Mrs. John Marbury, Sen., Mrs. Beverly Kennon,

and Mrs. S. P. Hill. Miss Lucy M. Hunter, of Virginia, is Matron, and Mrs. Amelia Chew, of Maryland, Assistant Matron.'

Nor was the orphan forgotten in this munificent provision for the widow. To the Orphan Asylum of Washington alone he has given nearly forty thousand dollars, and to some six or seven other similar institutions in the South one thousand dollars each. One of the most distinguished clergymen in Virginia, a grand old hero, who would not flatter Neptune for his trident, has published an article respecting the benefactions of Mr. Corcoran, from which we copy the following short extract: 'Science and literature, too, have shared his generous benefactions. William and Mary College, the oldest literary daughter of the Old Dominion, and the *alma mater* of so many statesmen and heroes who illustrate the first American Revolution, and who led this country to unexampled glory and prosperity, was destroyed during the war. The first voice she heard, and the first hand that was extended to raise her from the dust, was the voice and the hand of W. W. Corcoran.'

But the most conspicuous monument of Mr. Corcoran's devotion to the cause of science and letters, is the noble Hall erected by him on H street, in the city of Washington, at a cost, including the value of the site, of forty thousand dollars. It was originally intended by the donor as a free library for apprentices, having a gallery for collections in art, and an audience room for popular lectures. Having been used, however, as a common school, as a church, and during the war as a hospital, it was presented to Columbian College, and is now used by the medical department of that institution. At the dedication of this hall the Rev. Dr. Sampson, the President of the College, delivered an eloquent address, from which we copy the following extract:

'Mr. Corcoran, on behalf of these Trustees and this Faculty, I thank you for the gift of this hall; there is no fitness in eulogy for one whose life and works speak everywhere of their devotion. It would be doing violence to all our feelings, however, were not a reference made to those deeds of munifi-

cence on an occasion like this. Through a life yet we trust to be greatly prolonged, what cause among those ends for which man should wish to live is there that your bounty has not adorned? The true in science, the beautiful in art, the right in human and divine relations, has shared your thoughts, your affections, and your liberal patronage. Religion owes many a stone in her sacred shrines, reared by church-followers of many a name, to your benefactions. Art lingers around that proud monument, so well-nigh its cap-stone and finish, and prays, as we pray, that you may long live to make it all your munificence has desired. Hospitals and asylums for the sick and the fatherless repeat from lips of each succeeding recipient a blessing on your charity; and as long as the city of Washington rears its proud domes the widow and the fatherless will be fed out of your storehouses. Science owes to you her meed of grateful remembrance for the sacrificing care of the infancy of Columbian College. Committed, in part, to your revered father, among the few original corporators, it has not been forgotten by you his successor; and now the edifice bearing your name more than realizes all the hopes which prompted you to its erection.'

One who has taken the pains to inform himself has, we are assured, good reason to believe that Mr. Corcoran's private benefactions amount to at least *five hundred thousand dollars*. This information was not obtained from Mr. Corcoran himself. But, how desirous soever a good man may be of obeying the divine injunction, 'When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth,' he has no power to shut the mouths of the recipients of his favors, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth *will* speak.

It was the custom of Mr. Corcoran to bestow his charities under the delicate guise of loans, without the least expectation or intention of receiving the payment of them. A day or two before he sailed for Europe, in November, 1871, he cancelled over ten thousand dollars of evidences of debt, which he had taken to save the pride of the objects of his charity. These evidences consisted principally of loans from fifty to one hundred and two hundred dollars to widows and others in need.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the friendships of such a man were of the noblest type. Founded in principle, of course, they have been as firm and enduring as they are wise and devoted. As an instance of this we shall only allude to his tried and trusted friend, Mr. Anthony Hyde, who, for more than a quarter of a century, has been his confidential business agent. Mr. Hyde, like Mr. Corcoran, is a native of Georgetown, his father having removed thither from Annapolis, Maryland, in 1795. For twenty years he was an associate with Mr. Corcoran's father in the councils of Georgetown. The friendship of the fathers descended to the sons.

Appreciating his worth, Mr. Corcoran induced Mr. Hyde, in 1848, to resign the position which he had held for many years in the Third Auditor's Office of the United States Treasury, under Peter Hagner, and to accept the situation which he has ever since held so much to the satisfaction of both parties. Mr. Hyde is a member of the Bar, and so long as he could be induced to serve in that capacity he was honored with a seat in the city councils of Georgetown, as well as with the presidency of those councils, and of the Board of Public Schools, which last office he still retains. While absent from home, during the critical period of the war, Mr. Corcoran implicitly trusted Mr. Hyde with the entire responsibility of his extensive business, and has given repeated and substantial tokens of his high appreciation of his faithful services. Well may Mr. Hyde write, as he has done to a friend, 'I feel honored by the confidence of such a man, and hope to retain it until death parts us.' Would that such friendships were less rare! Would that the foundations for them were more common!

We adopt, in conclusion, the printed eulogy from another pen. The writer says: 'It is not our purpose in this sketch to specify those striking exhibitions of munificence which entitle Mr. Corcoran to the appellation of a public benefactor. The task has, at a very recent date, been so ably executed by the press in Washington and other cities, as to render the attempt superfluous. But to the generous impulses of his nature, as attested by multiplied acts of unostentatious benevo-

lence, we again advert with no ordinary degree of gratification. Instances might be adduced in which he did not await the solicitations of the indigent, but, to use the language of inspiration, "the cause which he knew not *he searched out*." In the heart of modest merit and unobtrusive worth—in breasts that, amid scenes of squalid poverty, had "groaned for the grave's shelter"—he has silently and secretly erected memorials of his beneficence, less enduring, perhaps, than monumental marble, but far more precious.

'One who, at no distant period, possessed ample opportunities of information, after bearing testimony to the unexampled alacrity with which Mr. Corcoran had, for years, responded to appeals for the alleviation of distress, states that he "has had occasion to notice, with mingled emotions of surprise and admiration, that even when an ocean rolled between him and personally unknown objects of commiseration, it interposed no barrier to the exercise of his characteristic liberality. To a heart that beats high with the ennobling impulses of philanthropy, the blessings of the widow and the fatherless impart an elevated pleasure; and this pure source of satisfaction is the enviable privilege of Mr. Corcoran." For mere rank or fortune—"advantages extrinsic and adventitious"—we have never had a word of eulogy. But where *that fortune*, honorably acquired, and liberally dispensed, has been employed in rekindling the light of hope in homes long darkened by despair—when it has made desolation smile "and smoothed the bed of death"—and when, in attestation of facts like these, a cloud of "living witnesses" can rise—the recognition of such services in the cause of humanity is but a simple act of justice to exalted worth.

'To obviate the possibility of incurring, by these remarks, the imputation of flattery, it may be stated that, in the days when there were *intellectual giants* in the councils of the nation, men who maintained a proud preëminence in her legislative halls have given emphatic expression to their admiration of Mr. Corcoran's munificence. *Webster*—"whose eloquence" (according to Sir Henry Bulwer) "was poetry held in chains by reason"—intimated (by letter) a distrust of his

ability to convey an adequate conception of the feelings awakened by an exhibition of his liberality. And the high-toned *Clay*, whose independent spirit could not stoop to adulation, gave utterance to this expressive language: "You have *more than nobly* discharged your duty."

'The voice which commanded "the applause of listening Senates" is forever hushed, but the *recorded evidence* of that statesman's high appreciation is still preserved; and, had his life been prolonged to the present hour, the brilliant series of intervening benefactions, which have thrown additional lustre around the name of W. W. Corcoran, could not elicit, even from *his* lips, a more emphatic eulogy.

'At present Mr. Corcoran is engaged in agricultural pursuits, finding occupation in the improvement of two beautiful seats adjoining Washington, and in occasional attention to other property. He crowns "a youth of labor with an age of ease," and merits a conspicuous rank amongst those favored *individuals in declining years* so happily described by the great British moralist, as men

"Whose peaceful day benevolence endears —  
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers."

America has produced statesmen, soldiers, orators, patriots, and poets. But when, in after times, history comes to make up her jewels, the name of Corcoran will shine without a peer.

We do not wish to lessen others. Stephen Girard may have been, as the world goes, a useful, if not a tender-hearted and sympathizing, member of society. Far be it from us to detract one iota from his just fame. The marble palace erected by him as a college is, no doubt, a fine ornament to the great 'Quaker City.' It will be visited by thousands, both from this country and from abroad, and as they gaze on the statue which stands in its vestibule they will wonder at the millions accumulated by the energy, industry, and skill of the merchant prince, who bequeathed his hundreds of thousands to the cause of science, and *to the poor of future generations*. But outside of its enclosures, beneath the very shadows of this stately monument to his fame, what was he to the living and the suffering poor of his own generation, who were dying on all sides

around him? What were his deeds of charity to the destitute, among whom he lived and died, to the widows and orphans appealing to Heaven and to all human hearts for relief? Did he hear their cry, and fly to their relief with timely aid? Did he search out 'the unknown cause,' or did he, rather, turn a deaf ear to the voice of woe? If the poor and afflicted, the widow and the orphan, knew him as the 'good man,' in his daily life, then on his memory, too, ten thousand times ten thousand blessings.' But, on the other hand, if nothing short of death could relax the hold which the terrible spirit of accumulation had taken on his heart, and open the sealed fountains of his charity, then must we rank him, not among good men, but only among the vulgar rich of a vulgar world. This, if tradition has spoken of him truly, was his real position in the world, his highest niche in the temple of fame. His case, his character, is admirably described in the following words of Mr. S. Teackle Wallis: 'It is to this especial virtue (*i. e.*, the virtue of self-sacrifice), the root of all virtues and of all true manhood, that money-hunting and money-handling are essentially hostile and perpetually fatal. The hand goes on grasping and holding fast, till it parts with all power but that of grasping and holding. The heart and the muscles, alike, lose every function but that of contracting. . . . Thus it is that benevolence so often sinks into that "painted sepulchre of alms," a testamentary bequest, and only the relaxation of the dying moment can open the clutching fingers.'

Yet, however great his short-comings, he rose to an immense height above those miserable, rich men who never have one thought for the good of their fellow-men nor one aspiration beyond the grovelling idea of pelf. His generous aspirations, however, related to the future, not to the present; and, consequently, the sublime duty of self-sacrifice was deferred until it could no longer be delayed. So disagreeable to his nature, or so foreign from his habits, was this most exalted of all the virtues, that he chose to perform it by proxy rather than in person; leaving it to the great almoner, Death, to give all his goods to feed the poor. Miserable as was his condition, how-

1 Discourse on the Life and Character of George Peabody, p. 51.



ever, there are many degrees between even such moral impotency and selfishness and the lowest form of the same vices. Between the highest pinnacle of exaltation and virtue and the lowest depths of degradation and vice there are innumerable degrees of moral good and evil. If Girard did not occupy one of the highest, he certainly did not fill one of the lowest places in the scale. If the worshippers of wealth elevate him above, the envious and malignant depress him below his proper level.

Mr. Peabody occupies a much higher place, a much more enviable niche, than does Mr. Stephen Girard. Mr. Wallis has, it seems to us, rendered a discriminating and just, as well as a beautiful and eloquent, tribute to the 'Life and Character of George Peabody.' 'In the annals of our race,' he says, 'there is no record of honors, to an uncrowned man, such as have been rendered to George Peabody;' and then, after dilating on this fact in his felicitous style, he seeks the explanation of so unusual, so wonderful a phenomenon. 'Hemisphere does not cry to hemisphere about common people. Nations do not mourn over men who deserve no tears. There was, then, something in George Peabody, or about him, that called for the homage which has been rendered him. *What was it?*'

'Not his intellect,' replies Mr. Wallis; for, in this respect, he was not 'above the grade of thousands of clever men.' 'Neither did his riches win his name for him. He was no monopolist, no miracle of wealth; for enormous private fortunes are now constantly acquired in half such a life-time as his, and the great marts of the world have men far richer than he, whose accumulations have been gathered just as honestly, just as fortunately, and with quite as much sagacity as his. Nor does he stand alone in the appropriation of large means to the good of mankind. The number of rich men, whose testaments dispense the hoards of a life-time in works of usefulness is very large. The past has left many well-known and abiding monuments of such munificence.' What is it, then, which, beyond all former example, has filled the world with the renown of George Peabody?

One circumstance is, no doubt, that he did not make Death his almoner, but gave during his life-time, and with his own

hand, the great bulk of his immense fortune to charitable uses. He did not seek, like Girard and so many other rich men, to reconcile his lust of gain with the love of man, by devoting his gold, when it could no longer be held, to works of beneficence. But this, says Mr. Wallis, was by no means the circumstance that contributed to the unparalleled renown of his hero. 'If I am right, then,' says he, 'in supposing that the secret of Mr. Peabody's fame is not to be found in the mere fact of his giving, and giving freely, in his life-time, to good objects, where else are we to look for it? Not, surely, in the magnitude of his benefactions. It were a shame to judge him by a standard so vulgar and unworthy. It would be not only to scandalize his memory, but to throw away the whole moral and lesson of his life. The homage which is rendered to the givers of great gifts, merely because their gifts are great, is but parcel of that deification and worship of wealth which is the opprobrium of our times.'

This sentiment is, unquestionably, both true and noble. A greater than Mr. Wallis has said, that, although we should give 'all our goods to feed the poor,' yet may we be only 'as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.' Yet, after all, are we not sure but that the magnitude of Mr. Peabody's gifts had more to do with his fame than Mr. Wallis seems willing to admit. This, it is true, 'were to judge him by a standard' most 'vulgar and unworthy.' But is it not, *in fact*, the standard by which, to no small extent, he has been judged? So it seems to us, especially when we consider that 'the deification and worship of wealth' is 'the opprobrium of our times.' But, however this may be, we concede the great influence of the other motives assigned by Mr. Wallis for the astonishing renown of Mr. Peabody's benefactions.

'After all,' he nobly says, 'I must own that the large bounty of ordinary men does not impress me, always, as it seems to strike others.' The large bounty of rich men does, in fact, 'strike others,' the great, vulgar world, who deify and worship wealth, far otherwise than it impresses Mr. Wallis; but was it not that world, rather than men like Mr. Wallis, by whom the magnitude of Mr. Peabody's charities has been

made to stun the ears of both hemispheres of our globe? The chief circumstance, however, which impresses the mind of Mr. Wallis, and of others like him, is the spirit of self-sacrifice in which those charities were bestowed. 'I mean,' says he, 'that cheerful, conscious and deliberate self-sacrifice which renders the mite of the widow more precious, a thousandfold, than the gold, and frankincense, and myrrh of the Magi.' This, truly, whether the great world so regarded it or not, is *the* circumstance which, in so far as it existed, constituted the real glory of all Mr. Peabody's munificence.

'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.' Mr. Wallis, on the contrary, seems at times to underrate the luxury of doing good. It is only one of the higher forms of pleasure. Thus, says he, 'it is difficult to conceive what greater pleasure a rich man could possibly have in his wealth than that of pouring out its superabundance in works of kindness and charity.' (p. 30.) 'When he purchases, at the same time, by the same outlay, the pleasure of doing good and the increase of gratitude, one cannot feel that the cross he has taken up is a heavy one, or that he walks upon celestial heights above the hearts of common men.' (p. 52.)

True, the cross is, in such case, not a heavy one, but light, and easy, and delightful. But whence this miracle of a rich man, who finds his chief pleasure, his highest luxury, in doing good? Suppose his cross, at first a heavy one, has become light and easy through a life of active beneficence, shall we, then, applaud his course the less, because, like the 'good man,' he has trained himself to the enjoyment of the highest luxury of God and all his holy angels? Or shall we, for a moment, doubt that 'he walks upon celestial heights above the hearts of common (rich) men'? Into this inconsistency, as it appears to us, Mr. Wallis was betrayed by the circumstance, that his hero had never learned to walk, with ease and comfort to himself, along the 'celestial heights' of goodness, but had to make gigantic efforts, against both his nature and the habits of his life, in scaling the sides of those glorious heights. It was those gigantic efforts which, according to Mr. Wallis, constituted Mr. Peabody's chief title to the applause of mankind.

‘Mr. Peabody,’ says he, ‘was not a man of gushing sensibilities, nor did he belong, in any sense, to that class who are free with money because they do not know or feel its value. Indeed, there were few of his contemporaries in whom this latter element of generosity was *less developed.*’ (p. 32.) Born in Massachusetts, the soil of his nature was a congenial one for the growth of ‘the root of all evil.’ ‘He was eminently a man of thrift. He came into the world with it, and he drew it from the atmosphere into which he was born. He liked to make, and to save, and to increase his store, and he liked to store it himself after it was increased—the more the better. Money-making was a pleasure to him, as well as an instinct of his nature.’ (p. 34.)

Hence, when the time came for the fulfilment of his promise to Mr. Corcoran—‘I mean to come out one of these days and become a strong competitor with you in benevolence’—he had mighty obstacles to surmount. These obstacles consisted in the niggardliness of his nature, and in the parsimonious habits of his life. ‘A friend,’ says Mr. Wallis, ‘who knew him well and had his confidence, has told me, that one day in London, after an interview, in which they had discussed together his latest and most bounteous charities, when he was dispensing millions with a stroke of his pen, Mr. Peabody refused to take a cab, and insisted on walking, because the cabman they had called wanted more than his lawful fare. Thus, beneath the surface of his munificence, his large public sympathies, his generous patriotism, flowed on the old current of thrift, economy, closeness, and money-loving. Perhaps, rather, the two streams ran side by side in the same bed, like the united waters of the Arve and Rhone—one earthy and bearing the stain of the earth, the other bright with the blue of the sky.’ (p. 38.)

Now, that Mr. Peabody should, with such a nature and such habits, have become the most celebrated philanthropist of the century, is truly admirable. It was his grand feat, that he leaped the Arve of his nature; but did he cleanse and purify it? The rich vulgar admired him, perhaps, all the more, because they beheld their own image reflected in the waters of

his Arve. Mr. Wallis certainly admires him, and very justly, too, because of this sudden victory over himself. 'The man of calculation and acquisition,' says he — 'almost greed, if you please — with all the habits and temptations which are commonly inseparable from the career of such, was of a sudden to rise up superior to them all, as if he had never known them — a head and shoulders higher than his seeming self.' (p. 38.) 'As if he had never known them!' But did he not know them still? Even while 'dispensing millions,' did he not refuse to take a cab? Did he not prefer to walk? Where and how? Surely, not 'upon celestial heights, above the hearts of common men,' but along the vulgar, beaten road of parsimony. We have, unless we are greatly mistaken, seen something of the same kind, on a small scale, in the case of those who, while they stint themselves and their own families, expend thousands in magnificent entertainments for the public.

There seem, indeed, to have been two men in Mr. Peabody — the philanthropist and the penny-lover. We rejoice when the philanthropist puts the penny-lover under his feet; we only wish he had broken his neck and cast him out. We rejoice, too, when the philanthropist leaps the Arve, and we shout with the multitude; but we wish, nevertheless, that he had expelled its muddy waters, and let the blue Rhone flow on in its own unmingled beauty. We applaud still more when he enters the lists against himself and all the world, as well as against Mr. Corcoran, as a powerful 'competitor in benevolence,' and fairly carries off the prize. But, after all, we should, we freely own, contemplate the life and character of Mr. Peabody with still greater satisfaction and delight if, without any war with himself, leaping, or dream of competition, he had been more like those so beautifully described by Béranger, 'whose hands are as open as the prodigal's, and yet never waste; in whom the love of giving is so chastened by the Great Giver that they dispense their bounty as His alms, and make of charity a very worship.'<sup>1</sup>

The grand achievement of Mr. Peabody is thus described by Mr. Wallis: 'To lead a life of painful and painstaking

<sup>1</sup> As quoted by Mr. Wallis, p. 25.

acquisition; to wrestle with covetousness, while climbing from early destitution to the height of what a covetous heart could desire; and then to put his foot upon his gains and all their temptations, like a gladiator vanquished — this is the spectacle which has made the world tumultuous.' Truly grand — nay, truly sublime — is this effort of a heroic will. We do not stop to inquire whether this was a victory of ambition, of the love of applause, or the triumph of a pure and disinterested benevolence. It is sufficient, for us at least, that it redounds to the good of our fellow-men, and we hasten to repeat the eloquent words of Mr. Wallis: 'Nor is the shout for the moment only, to be lost in the common noise. So long as men shall wrestle in the same arena, and other men look on, it shall ring in the ears of the wrestlers and nerve them to their fight.'

But, however sudden, or unexpected, or sublime, the victory of Mr. Peabody, his example is not a safe one. How many thousands, indeed, have set out, like him, in the race for riches, intending, after they became rich, to begin the work of benevolence on a grand scale, and have yet found themselves, in the end, the miserable bond-slaves of the demon of avarice for life! Not one in a million — not one in ten millions — could have emancipated himself as did Mr. Peabody; and even he, as we have seen, came off with frightful scars in the contest for riches. Better, then, infinitely better, to begin, to continue, and to end life with the practice of 'works of kindness and charity.' It is, indeed, to the observance of this rule that the character of Mr. Corcoran, as a philanthropist, appears so round, so full, so complete, and so satisfactory.

Whether we consider the life of Girard, or Astor, or even Peabody, there seems to be a serious want, a sad deficiency, which we do not experience in the contemplation of the career of Mr. Corcoran. He appears so free from all meanness on the one hand, and free from all excess on the other, that his character fills our minds with a complete satisfaction. It has been made, as we have seen, the special point of eulogy in the character of Mr. Peabody, that, considering the habits actually engendered in the too exclusive pursuit of riches, it must have cost him — and did cost him — a gigantic effort to open his

ART. VII.—*London as It is To-day; When to Go, and What to See.* London. 1854.

All who wish to understand the power of the human intellect, or to promote human happiness, will take a deep interest in great cities, for they are the grand theatres of civilization. The mere mention of Memphis, Nineveh, Babylon, Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome, call up a world of thrilling reminiscences in every intelligent mind. What those celebrated cities were in ancient times, London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Boston, New York, New Orleans, St. Louis, Baltimore, and other great cities in both hemispheres of our globe, are in modern times, and in them we may look for the highest developments of intellect and virtue.

In some of the great communities of ancient times the metropolis was substantially the nation. Babylon, Nineveh, Carthage, some of the Grecian States, and Rome, may be mentioned as instances. In modern times, too, it has been affirmed that Paris is France; but while London is decidedly the greatest city in the British Empire, and while she contests with Paris, the gayest and the most splendid of modern capitals, the honor of being the metropolis of the civilized world, no one thinks of asserting that London is Great Britain, or even England. If the British capital were to fall, its fall would be a great catastrophe, which would shake the world; but Great Britain would have many noble capitals left. Need we mention Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin, Edinburgh, Manchester, Bristol?

The first objects that strike the attention of a stranger when he enters a city are, of course, its buildings, and of these London has a large number of sufficient interest to require a volume for even a brief description. Of capacious, elegant, and long-enduring buildings, which, from age to age, have been erected for utility and for beauty, London has many of which any nation might be proud; but it is generally admitted that in architectural beauty and excellency she is surpassed by Paris, and other European cities, and even by Dublin and

Edinburg. St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, the Crystal Palace, the Houses of Parliament, and the Docks, are among the architectural wonders of the world; and, besides these, some of the old buildings of London constitute a series of monuments extending through eight centuries, which, from their thrilling historical associations, as well as from their intrinsic excellences, will amply repay the time spent in their examination. And if the chief buildings of London had been artistically located, and kept clear of meaner edifices, which obstruct the view and partially hide them from the spectator, London would at this time have been the most splendid city in the world. Even now, crowded as it is by its marts of commerce, and disfigured by its labyrinthine streets and pent-up courts and alleys, the stranger, in his rambles, is compelled frequently to pause and to look with admiration upon the grand architectural piles of mouldering stone which rise up before him. And while he may sometimes marvel at the sordid spirit which leads the votaries of mammon to crowd so closely the temples sacred to science, literature, and religion with the tables of the money-changers, and causes the vicinity to resound with the loud voices of trade, he cannot fail to see that the British metropolis, architecturally considered, is a famous city, and by searching its history he will find that it owes much of its beauty to the munificence and patriotism of its citizens. Any intelligent traveller, who takes time to examine the city, must admit that while the Londoners have usually preferred the useful to the merely ornamental, they have not entirely neglected the rule, *utile dulci*, and that some of their greatest efforts in that direction are seen but scarcely noticed by conceited tourists, who go rapidly through the great metropolis, and rush into print with their shallow criticisms upon it. Waterloo Bridge, for example, which, as has been observed by an English writer, was built by private speculators at a cost of one million of pounds sterling, is never mentioned by the *quid nuncs* referred to; and yet Canova said: 'The traveller on seeing this bridge is amply repaid for the trouble of a journey from Rome to the British capital.' It must, however, be admitted that much of



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London was built in ages when its leading citizens were far behind those of continental nations in architectural taste, and that when, by the great fire of 1666, an excellent opportunity was afforded for rebuilding the city upon a new and nobler plan, it was not used. Sir Christopher Wren, who is described by his biographers as a great architect and a prodigy of universal science, did all that he could do under the circumstances, but he was overruled, and the golden opportunity was lost. Since those days, and especially within the last hundred years, great and beneficial changes have taken place in the metropolis as well as in all parts of the United Kingdom. A people who paid two million four hundred thousand pounds sterling for the erection of their new Houses of Parliament cannot be accused of parsimony in this respect. And, with the exception of the very meagre accommodations for the public during the sittings of the two Houses, it must be admitted that the edifice is worthy of the greatest of modern nations. It may be observed, also, *en passant*, that on Lord Mayor's Day, 1867, the Chief Baron stated that seven millions of pounds sterling had been expended in London within the last century upon the greatest public works and most extensive improvements of any city, and that upward of three millions more would be expended on works then in progress.

London, like ancient Tyre, has many 'pleasant houses,' many noble and magnificent buildings, too often dingy in their external appearance, owing to the humidity of the climate and the smoke nuisance, but gorgeously fitted up in the interior and filled with all that is necessary to satisfy the highest intellect and the most refined taste. Every year miles of magnificent mansions infinitely superior to what kings' palaces were in the times of the Plantagenets, are added to the regions along and around Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, while immense palace-like stations and hotels are in process of construction for the use of railway travellers.

To lessen the inconvenience of the freight and passenger traffic on the principal thoroughfares of the mammoth city, underground railways and embankments in both sides of the

Thames have recently been constructed on the most liberal scale. One of these new thoroughfares, a mile in length and a hundred feet wide, on the left bank of the Thames, extends from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars. It is planted with trees and faced with granite masonry on the river side, with flights of steps descending to the river. The cost of this part of the work alone was two millions of pounds. The Thames, when these great works are completed, will no longer be as it was when the writer of these pages first visited London, disfigured with mean hovels and black, slimy wharves, but it will be rich in useful and ornamental architecture worthy of a great and growing nation.

London is the richest city on the globe. The wealth of its nobles and merchants far exceeds what were once the highest dreams of avarice. The *Times*, which is styled the leading journal of the world, asserted, in its issue of May 29, 1865, that the property London contains is beyond computation — as much beyond estimate as the gold in the mines of California. The mass of movable wealth collected in its warehouses and its shops exceeds what the whole island contained in the days of the Plantagenet kings. The bright side of the mammoth metropolis is truly gorgeous. The highest classes of its inhabitants are magnificently housed, splendidly attired, and the wealth of the world is laid at their feet. Like Dives of old, they are clothed in purple and fine linen, and they fare sumptuously every day. It is estimated that among the residents there are a thousand who pay income tax on fifty thousand dollars a year, and more than ten thousand who pay it on ten thousand a year. But there is a dark side to this picture, which must be exhibited presently.

For a bird's-eye view of London it is well to ascend to the summit of 'The Monument,' which Pope tells us,

'Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies,'

or to the Golden Gallery of St. Paul's, or the tower of the Crystal Palace — if a clear day can be found for this purpose; but this, according to our experience, is a rare occurrence — and it is difficult to form an adequate conception of the immense

size of the world's greatest city. In 1866, according to the report of the Registrar-General, it covered one hundred and twenty-one square miles, a square of eleven miles to the side. It is estimated that the streets, placed in a line, would reach from London to New York. The number of persons present at midnight, April 2, 1871, was three million two hundred and fifty-one thousand nine hundred and four. Its present population is three million eight hundred and eighty-three thousand and ninety-two. This is more than the combined population of New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Chicago, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Boston, New Orleans, San Francisco, Buffalo, and Allegheny City. At this time it is increasing at the rate of one thousand per week, half by births (its excess over deaths), and half by immigration (its excess over emigration). Again, let us look at a few more facts, which will help us to form a better conception of the immense size of London. From the census, it appears that there are in the great city more Scotchmen and persons of Scottish descent than in Edinburgh, more Irish than in Dublin, more Romanists than in Rome, and more Jews than in Palestine! There are, also, in this great rendezvous of humanity, sixty thousand French, six thousand Italians, and a very large number of Asiatics, from all parts of the East, many of whom still worship their idols. The growth of London is spoken of by the British as a prodigy unparalleled in ancient or modern times. Of this we are not prepared to speak accurately. For rapidity of increase, a writer in the *Liverpool Daily Post* claims the preëminence for Liverpool. To the honor of the Londoners, it is affirmed that the local taxation is only half that of New York, and that in no city of the world are life and property more secure, or the death-rate so low. How so vast a multitude is provided for, and governed as well as it is, is one of the greatest wonders of modern times. And what the consequences would be if the governing power were withdrawn is fearful to contemplate.

It will be evident to the most superficial observer that there must be no little danger, notwithstanding what has just been said, to a stranger who goes unprovided for among the cosmo-

politan multitudes who day and night throng the main thoroughfares of the overgrown British metropolis. There, to adopt the language of Carlyle, the stranger, who has never been in a great city before, sees 'a confusion worse confounded of grandeur and squalor in this mad, whirling, all-forgetting London.' It is a world in miniature, presenting in its forms of many-colored life all that our earth can show — all that is splendid in wealth, all that is squalid in poverty, all that is exalted in intelligence, all that is glorious in virtue, and all that is degraded in vice. People of every nation, tribe, and tongue are there, in every variety of physiognomy and costume, rushing rapidly onward with never-ceasing roar and din, as though some invisible power were forcing them onward to do or die. 'Every man for himself and God for us all,' seems written on the faces of a few. A much larger number, by actions which speak louder than words, have for their motto, 'Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost,' while a great majority say and sing, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' Want and misery are written in legible lines on the faces of large numbers, and if you look at them for a moment there is a prompt appeal to you for sympathy and relief. The incessant rumbling of wheels, the clatter of horses' feet, the tramp of pedestrians, mingled with the ringing and tolling of bells, and other discordant sounds, is at times bewildering; and if you retire into some nook or corner for rest, where the ever-moving panorama is hidden from your gaze, the report of it falls upon your ear like the roar of Niagara.

'PITILESS LONDON!' This is an exclamation used by Tuckerman, while speaking of the impression<sup>4</sup> made upon the stranger's heart by a few days' wandering through this populous solitude, in which, while surrounded by a vast multitude of human beings, he finds no heart that beats responsively to his own. And these words, however harsh they may appear to the man who is able to make what modern society calls a 'respectable' appearance, and who is acquainted with the noble charities of the great metropolis, do not express a tithe of the bitterness and anguish which is daily felt in its crowded

thoroughfares by thousands who have to pace its streets unloved and unknown. The wretched victims of cruelty and oppression, of vice and misfortune, those who, by their own misconduct, have brought themselves into this moral wilderness, and those who, while virtuously struggling, have failed to get on in the world, and who have been overwhelmed by misfortune, have congregated together in masses too great to be known or to be relieved by the benevolent portions of the wealthier classes, all meet here; and what they suffer, it is not in the power of language to tell. The world knows nothing of some of its greatest heroes, and, it may be, that mingling with the mass of corruption that infests the lanes and alleys of 'pitiless London,' there may be some of earth's brightest jewels, shining brighter on account of the darkness by which they are surrounded. 'It is better,' says Plato, 'to die than to sin, to be ruined than to do wrong.' And the investigations of philanthropists and city missionaries have brought to light instances of the most sublime virtue which have occurred in modern city life.

The inhospitality of large cities is proverbial; and it is now generally admitted that no stranger should look for hospitality in these great hives of humanity. For all such, hotels, inns, and lodging-houses are provided in abundance; and there is this comfortable reflection for all who have their pockets well lined with money —

~ 'Whoever has gone earth's varied round,  
Through hot, through cold, through thick, through thin,  
Will sigh to think he ever found  
The heartiest welcome at an inn!'

The writer of that verse, it should be observed, never was in Virginia, nor in any of the Southern States, or he would have come to a different conclusion.

It is a source of discomfort, and often of deep depression, to be a stranger anywhere, and this is emphatically the case in London. Great in its wealth, its splendor, its learning, its traffic, its piety, its friendship, and its love; it is great, also, in its heartlessness to the poor, and the undistinguished stranger. No wonder, then, that money seems to be the one

thing needful to many. 'Give me your money, or I will blow your brains out,' said a highwayman, as he presented his pistol at one whom he met on the outskirts of the city. 'Blow away, my hearty,' replied the man; 'I may as well be without brains as without money.' To those who have been long accustomed to look upon every one they meet as a friend and a brother, this trait in the character of large city life, and most noticeable in the largest, is appalling. To walk along the Strand, Fleet street, and Cheapside, with the busy, motley multitude, ever coming and going, day and night, with not one person in the crowd that you could recognize or claim as a friend, if your friend in your pocket or at the bank should fail you; to see the people rushing along as oblivious of your presence as one would be of the separate drops of water that compose the waves of the ebbing and flowing tide, produces thoughts too painful to dwell upon, and the stranger is compelled to put them away, and either to direct his mind by anything within his reach, or to return to the love and friendships of the home that he has left far away.

The people of London, says the *Daily Telegraph*, one of their own most widely circulated journals, not only do not know one another, but they have no desire to know one another. Imposture and crime take so many forms that the inhabitants of the great metropolis have to be very cautious in their intercourse with strangers, and they have a special fear for their pockets whenever they get into a crowd. London thieves are so skillful at their calling that they have the reputation of being able to steal the teeth out of a man's head. In a city which has organized bands of thieves, pickpockets, swindlers, harlots, and other depredators, numbering over a hundred thousand, it is highly important that all should be on their guard against strangers; and, on the other hand, it is necessary that strangers in London should be on their guard against the Londoners. We have heard of unsuspecting strangers being 'taken in' by them in a style too horrible to be related in this place. The savages of civilization dwell in large cities, and many of their deeds of darkness exceed in vileness those of their brethren of the wilderness.



In mitigation of the apparent hard-heartedness of many of the inhabitants of London, it must be observed that the race for the necessaries of life is so rapid, and the competition so close, that multitudes feel that they must get on or perish; and they have neither time nor means to devote to the strangers around them. England is the worst country in the world for a man to fail in; and one whose position in 'respectable' society is somewhat uncertain, one who, in other words, belongs to the struggling classes, may well look with terror upon the seething whirlpool of poverty, vice, and misery, which is always sending up before him the smoke of its torment, its weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth! No people on earth work harder than the English do. 'An Englishman,' says Steinmetz, 'is the most persevering spider in existence' No people in England work harder than the Londoners. 'It is this work,' says the author of the *Race for Wealth*, 'this constant labor, that stamps a certain character on their faces, which is observed on the faces of none of their countrymen. They seem to be always looking after something which is a long way in advance of them, thinking of something in which the busy streets and the passers by have no part or share. There is a most extraordinary look in the countenance of a Londoner, when he is "himself," when he does not know any one is observing him, when he is not talking or acting any social part. He appears like one who sees without observing, who hears without noticing, who thinks without analyzing, who, living continually in the midst of his fellows, is still mentally alone, who is only vaguely conscious of the existence of that second life which to philosophers seems the real life, and who is amazed, and grateful, and yet half afraid, when some one puts his thoughts into words for him, separates the floating mass of aspirations and regrets, and hopes and sorrows, and feelings which are common to us all, and presents each crystallized into its own proper form, clothed with its own especial beauty, whether the beauty be sad or bright, for his contemplation. The very walk of these workers is different from the walk of the semi-workers elsewhere.'

The flow of strangers into London is truly marvellous; and

it may well be asked what it is that has attracted so vast a population to the banks of the Thames, what it is that has made the capital of the British islands, the big heart of the Anglo-Saxon body, the mightiest emporium of trade and commerce, the vast receptacle of all that is good and bad in the civilization of modern times. Enriched with gains, lawful and unlawful, from all parts of the globe, the proud city sits, like ancient Tyre, a queen upon the waters, and makes her influence felt in the remotest corners of the globe. To set forth all the causes which have been at work would require a volume that would be an epitome of the history of the British nation. We have only space here to mention a fact patent to all who have eyes to see and ears to hear. that the leading spirits of London have, by their indomitable energy and industry, their genius and their commercial integrity, succeeded in making what was once a small village of fishermen's huts the great emporium of the wealth, the power, the intellect, and the honor of the world; and it is still true, as it was in the olden time, that 'wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.' Those who go to the great metropolis well heralded and attended, and provided with the key of gold which unlocks the doors of the metropolitan treasure-houses, will find in the midst of its multitudinous population much to gratify their curiosity, increase their stores of knowledge, and add to their means of enjoyment; and those who possess extraordinary natural or acquired abilities to enter as combatants the arena in which giants struggle for the mastery, have an opportunity of winning magnificent prizes or enduring the mortification of defeat. Where there are numerous opportunities for the exercise of talent and genius, it is natural that those who have a comfortable opinion of themselves—and their name is legion—should congregate together, and that many who are totally unfit for the conflict should engage in it. In this way we may account for many cases of destitution and distress which exist in London, and in all great centres of population—cases which originate neither from idleness nor dissipation, but from the want of competency for the great struggle upon such an arena. To London millions of

ambitious young men and young women have looked as the place in which they would find profitable employment, wealth and honor. How many have gloriously succeeded may be seen in the long catalogue of England's worthies—illustrious merchants, artists, statesmen, philosophers, poets, orators, and divines—in the national mausoleums of the mighty dead, and in the existence of the great city itself, in which they won their fame. What multitudes have failed may be partially seen in the records of the past, and in the number of bleeding and broken hearts which may be found any day of the year by those who look for them.

London capitalists have made their city the money market of the world. They command the continental market, and a large portion of the other markets of the world; and an established market of any kind is not easily disturbed. Some conception of the monetary power of London may be formed from a view of the operations of the Bank of England. The bank occupies eight acres of ground. It receives, in the ordinary course of business, about four millions of dollars' worth of its own notes daily. These are boxed up and kept ten years before they are cancelled, after which they are ground up in a mill to make paper for new notes. Nearly a thousand officers and other persons are employed at the bank, whose united salaries amount to upward of two millions of dollars.

London is famous for its immense parks, which have been aptly called 'the lungs of the city.' In these the visitor may, to some extent, get clear of the noise and the unwholesome air of other sections of the metropolis. In these pleasant places of retreat, munificently provided for the recreation of the people, the visitor may feast his eyes with many choice specimens of floriculture, horticulture, architecture, and ornamental water, and, at the same time, enjoy the concord of sweet sounds provided by bands of vocal and instrumental performers. The grouping of the trees, plants, and flowers, giving great variety in form, size, and color, is generally very tasteful and artistic, sometimes forming a rainbow of flowers, and presenting some of the prettiest sights in the metropolis. Winding walks, copses of shrubbery, and stately trees, beauti-

ful lakes, with gaily painted boats moving over them, and here and there flocks of ducks and graceful swans gliding over the surface of the water, well dressed people promenading or seated, and groups of happy children at play, add to the life and beauty of the scene; and on certain fashionable days, or when it is known that the Queen or the Prince of Wales will take a drive, there may be seen in one of these parks a long, gay procession, composed of the *élite* of the nobility and gentry of the three kingdoms, and a goodly company of distinguished strangers, making, altogether, such a display of well-provided-for humanity as can rarely be seen elsewhere. There are ten or twelve of these parks in the metropolis, and one of them (Bayswater) covers a thousand acres. The annual expense of keeping them in order, and making improvements, is about one hundred thousand pounds.

The situation of London on the banks of the river Thames has had much to do with its commercial prosperity. Those who have seen the great rivers of other countries will smile at the hyperbolical language of the poet Thompson, when he speaks of this river as .

‘Large, gentle, deep, majestic king of floods,’

and at Denham, when he describes it as

‘Thames, the most lov’d of all the ocean’s sons  
By his old sire, to his embraces runs;  
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,  
Like mortal life, to sweet eternity.’

But when we bear in mind that some fifty thousand vessels of various sizes, bearing valuable cargoes from all parts of the globe, pass up and down this river annually, and the other benefits which the Londoners have derived from their famous river, we shall not be greatly surprised at the eulogies bestowed upon it by English writers. The right and left banks of the river, where it passes through London, are connected by that wonderful subluvial thoroughfare, ‘the Tunnel,’ and by fifteen superb bridges. It is now affirmed by the ‘leading journal,’ that the Thames excels the Seine, and all other rivers in the world, in the grandeur and beauty of its bridges.

New Blackfriars, which has recently been erected, cost two hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds sterling. A trip down the river, from London bridge, presents many points of picturesque beauty and rich historic interest. On either side may be seen, after leaving the mammoth city and its suburbs, villas, gardens, orchards, meadows, and highlands gaily enamelled with flowers, and here and there neat rural villages and towns, with their venerable, time-worn churches and steeples, with spires pointing to heaven. The scenery is not on the magnificent scale of the Rhine or the Hudson, but it has a rich, quiet beauty of its own, not equalled by anything that the writer has yet seen outside of the British Islands.

We have space to say only a few words, before leaving the river, about the docks, which are among the most wonderful triumphs of British skill and enterprise. These are immense basins, enclosed from the river, or dug out from the bank, walled up on all sides by masonry, and protected on the outside by solid stone piers or quays. The following statement will show their magnitude:

The West India Docks cover	- - -	295	acres
The East India	" - - -	32	"
The St. Catharine's	" - - -	24	"
The London	" - - -	90	"
The Commercial	" - - -	39	"
Total		- - - - -	480 acres.

As an illustration of the amount of work and expense required in the construction of them, it may be mentioned that the smallest of them (St. Catharine's) necessitated the removal of a thousand houses and eleven thousand people. Millions of tons of shipping can be accommodated in these docks; and some Americans have felt humiliated when they have compared these great works with the accommodations for shipping at New York.

In a brief essay — brief for such a theme as 'London and its People' — it would seem unnecessary to say anything about the reigning monarch, Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen

Victoria; but we will say, in view of her past career, that she is one whose name deserves to be spoken with reverence throughout the civilized world, as the patroness of every benevolent association, and a glorious example of faithfulness in her high vocation to all the rulers of the earth. It will be remembered that Queen Victoria sent a copy of the Holy Bible to the Queen of Madagascar, and wrote upon it that the grandeur and glory of England were owing entirely to the teachings and influence of God's Holy Word. And, from all that we have been able to learn, we are persuaded that the Word of God has exercised a most beneficent influence upon the British Queen, and that the light of her example has had a most salutary influence in the exalted sphere in which she moves.

There is another queen who sits enthroned in London, and wields a sceptre of greater potency than that of Victoria—

‘The mightiest of the mighty means  
On which the arm of progress leans.’

It is scarcely necessary to say that the monarch to whom we refer is *Public Opinion*, and that the sceptre wielded by that potentate is the printing press. By the publication of great newspapers, magazines, reviews, and books of various kinds, the British metropolis is demonstrating, in many directions, that

‘Beneath the rule of men entirely great  
The pen is mightier than the sword.’

For mechanical, artistic, and literary excellency, the London newspaper press is, as far as we know, unrivalled. Men of the highest order of intellect are frequently employed upon them, and a liberal remuneration is given to the best writers. Some of the most influential articles are, however, written by literary, scientific, and political leaders, who write merely to advance the cause they advocate, and who will not receive any pecuniary compensation. The *Times* has the greatest influence; the *Daily Telegraph* the largest circulation, varying from one hundred and seventy-five thousand to two hundred thousand daily. The amount of literary, artistic, and scientific talent employed on the London journals is very great, and the

combined influence of the newspapers, magazines, and books issued from the press cannot be estimated. All the political parties, all the religious denominations, all the great interests of literature, science, and art, have their organs or vehicles of thought, through which they disseminate their views; and it is not without reason that the host of writers who furnish materials for the press have been denominated 'The Fourth Estate.'

Of the museums, public libraries, and other institutions for the promotion of education, religion, literature, science, and art, much of absorbing interest might be written. The British Museum and the National Library, each would afford ample materials for a most entertaining and instructive volume. They are the glory of intelligent Englishmen, and their value to the nation no language can describe. The Museum is not a mere collection of curiosities, but a vast educational institute, which gives to students living in London advantages which are not excelled, if equalled, in any other city. Its collection of Assyrian, Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman antiquities, British antiquities, natural history, geology, mineralogy, botany, paintings, prints, drawings, etc., are on a very large scale, and of immense value. The mammoth library, containing four million four hundred thousand volumes, and increasing at the rate of thirty-five thousand volumes a year, is asserted by Londoners to be the greatest intellectual treasury in the world.

Mr. Thomas Watts, keeper of the department of printed books, from the time when he entered the service of the Museum, in 1838, has been zealously occupied in watching over the interests of the library and enriching its stores. His especial object has been, as was stated in his letter to Mr. Panizzi, recently published in a report printed by order of the House of Commons, 'to bring together from all quarters the useful, the elegant, and the curious literature of every language; to unite with the best English library in England, or the world, the best Russian library out of Russia, the best German out of Germany, the best Spanish out of Spain, and so for every language, from Italian to Icelandic, from Polish to Portuguese.' 'In this object,' says an English journalist, 'he has thoroughly

succeeded, and he is fully justified in priding himself on the fact that where he found poverty every student of the less-known literature of Europe now finds riches. One of the finest linguist of the day, and acquainted with the literature of almost every nation, Mr. Watts has been able to select the best books published in every part of the world, and thus to give to our national library a cosmopolitan character to which no similar establishment abroad can pretend.' Since the above was published, it has been stated in an American journal that the British National Library has a better collection of works of American authorship than can be found in any American library.

The dark side of London life has already been briefly noticed; but something more must be added, which, for the honor of the greatest city in Christendom, would be omitted if it could be done with a due regard to the demands of truth. No tongue can express, no pen can describe, the ignorance, sin, and misery which still exist within the circumference of this centre of Christian civilization, in spite of all that has been done to remove them. It has been ascertained, by carefully prepared statistics, that one-third of the people never attend any place of worship, and are living in a state of practical atheism, 'without hope and without God in the world;' another third go to places of worship seldom and irregularly; the remaining third attend regularly, but among them there is a very large number of questionable morals and piety. Hundreds of thousands of poor wretches live in St. Giles', Petticoat Lane, the New Cut, the dark rookeries and slums of Westminster, and other pauperized districts, in a state of abject misery that beggars description. Live! No! They can scarcely be said to *live!* They exist, it is true; they crawl about in loathsome networks of horrible courts and alleys, the most casual glances at which send the cold chills over one, and the very names of which, such as 'Turk's Head,' 'Frying Pan Alley,' and 'Little Hell,' are suggestive of anything but what is lovely and of good report. Under the very shadows projected by splendid palaces and solemn temples of the Most High there are habitations for human beings in which there is nothing but a broken



chair, a rickety table, no bed, no blanket, squalid, starving children, no heart for this world, and no hope for the world to come. The Rev. Isaac Taylor tells of a little girl of fourteen, who was paying the rent of a cheerless room occupied by the family by making paper-boxes for matches, at the rate of thirty-two for a half-penny. She had none of a child's vivacity, nor did she seem to know what play meant. She had never been beyond the street in which she was born, nor seen a tree, nor a blade of grass. An old man who lived in St. Giles' refused to receive a Bible from one of the city missionaries, bidding the preacher to look around him if he wanted to see a proof that *there is no God*. This is the logic of atheism pithily expressed. To deny the existence of a Ruler of the Universe, because men will, by trampling upon his laws, bring misery and destruction upon themselves.

'London,' said Mr. Samuel Morley, one of its rich men, and one of the pillars of the Congregationalist Church, 'is the most heathenish part of England, there being a much better state of things at our antipodes. What is wanted is not Church accommodation, but Church inclination.' The Rev. Dr. Jobson, a Wesleyan minister, while giving a portraiture of his departed mother, says, that when she was in London she was almost overwhelmed with sorrowful feelings through the scenes of flagrant Sabbath-breaking and open dissipation which any one must witness unless perpetually immured in a room. 'I would not live in such a place,' she said again and again. 'The sights and sounds of wickedness so deeply affected her that she often wept as she went along the streets.'<sup>1</sup>

It always seemed strange to the writer that our Wesleyan brethren in London seemed to be so little excited about the condition of the benighted regions of London, while they took so much interest in the condition of the negroes in Africa and in our Southern States. The case of Mrs. Jobson is one of a number of illustrious exceptions. Never shall we forget our first visit to the Field Lane Ragged School, where we found a large number of persons in attendance, both male and female, from lisping infancy to old age. We have been to the mis-

<sup>1</sup> A Mother's Portraiture, page 239.

sionary establishment at Five Points, in New York, and to other places of the kind, but such a collection of filthy, famished, and beastly human beings as these it has never been our lot to look upon. We sat down by a class of half-grown boys and selected one for a talk. He was literally clothed in rags; his head looked as if it never had been combed, and part of it was clotted with blood. On our asking him what was the cause of it, he replied, 'A policeman did it because I was sleeping under an arch.' Benevolent gentlemen and ladies attend here every Sabbath, to give religious instruction to as many of these miserable outcasts as can be induced to attend. Those who attend the Sunday-school, or the Ragged Church, receive tickets admitting them to a week's lodging in the 'Home for the Homeless.' Strangers making application during the week are admitted by the master until the Refuge is full. They receive gratuitously shelter for the night, bread and water, and help to those who help themselves. The inmates are drafted off in small parties until they have washed themselves. They then pass into evening schools—three evenings for secular, and two for religious instruction, in the Voluntary Bible-schools. They then receive each a small loaf of bread and a drink of water, and the privilege of sleeping on hard boards, with a blanket wrapped around them. The women are favored with a coarse mattress. The Scriptures are read to them and a prayer offered up.<sup>1</sup>

Great as London is in its population, wealth, and power, it is still sadly disgraced by its poverty and wretchedness, its misery and crime. Some forty thousand painted harlots walk its streets every night, and to this vast army of scarlet women may be added as many more who have not yet reached the lowest classes of the legion of the lost.<sup>2</sup> Among these may be

<sup>1</sup> John Pounds, a poor shoemaker, was the founder of Ragged Schools. He gloried in taking 'little blackguards' into his schools, and doing the best he could to redeem them from their outcast condition. He finished his earthly career in 1839; but the institution had taken deep root in London and in other large cities and towns, and it has been the means of civilizing and training for heaven many of the little Arabs, who infest the streets and lanes of the great centres of population in the British Empire.

<sup>2</sup> The Bishop of London, while speaking of the 'social' evil, a few years ago, when the writer of these pages was in England, estimated the number of these 'unfortunates' at eighty thousand.

seen (O tell it not in Gath!) many youthful unfortunates, driven into the streets by infamous fathers and mothers and pimps—juvenile harlots, almost worn out with crime before they have attained mature womanhood! And here, also, in what is sometimes spoken of by Exeter Hall orators as the very heart of Christendom, about eight hundred children are murdered every year, to hide the shame of their mothers, or to keep the wolf from the door! It is estimated that five or six thousand perish annually by starvation; and it was affirmed by a policeman in open court that the police thought no more about picking up the body of a dead child in the night than they would if it were the body of a dog.

The question has frequently been asked in this connection, why do not the religious and wealthy people of London put an end to all this vice and misery? The answer to this question demands the solution of the greatest problem of modern civilization. And it is due to the Christian people of London that we should state, that no city is richer in charitable institutions, and that it has noble bands of heroic workers in the cause of philanthropy and Christianity. Two millions of pounds sterling are annually expended in keeping up hospitals, alms-houses, asylums, and other charitable institutions; add to this amount two millions more in personal gifts, one million for the support of the poor in workhouses, and two hundred thousand bestowed in acts of benevolence to relatives and neighbors, and we have a total of five million two hundred thousand pounds sterling for charitable purposes per annum.<sup>1</sup> The number of benevolent institutions in London is three hundred. The greatest of all the contributors to the charitable institutions of London are Miss Burdett Coutts and the late Mr. Peabody.

Notwithstanding the efforts of all the good men and women in London and elsewhere, the great evils of pauperism and mendicity continue to exist, with no perceptible diminution, and what the end of this melancholy state of things will be no one seems able to divine. 'I remember,' says Lord Macaulay, 'that Adam Smith and Gibbon had told us that there would

<sup>1</sup> Charities of London, by Sampson Lowe, Jr.

never again be a destruction of civilization by barbarians. The flood, they said, would no more return to cover the earth; and they seemed to reason justly, for they compared the immense strength of the civilized part of the world with the weakness of that part which remained savage, and asked, from whence were to come those Huns, and from whence were to come those Vandals, who were again to destroy civilization? Alas! it did not occur to them that in the very heart of great capitals, in the very neighborhood of splendid palaces and churches and theaters and libraries and museums, vice and ignorance and misery might produce a race of Huns fiercer than those who marched under Attila, and Vandals more bent on destruction than those who followed Genseric.' No earnest Christian will pass from this most appalling part of our subject without breathing a prayer that in the great conflict between the powers of light and darkness in the city of London, the victory may be won by the Christian army.

London, in the estimation of the writer of these pages, is the richest city in the world, with the single exception of Jerusalem, in historical associations. It would be impossible for any one who had even a slight knowledge of English history and of English literature to pass through the streets of London, or to enter its public buildings, without meeting the most thrilling memorials of the past. The Tower of London, for example, about which learned and elegant volumes have been written, and which contains the finest unaltered specimen of Norman church architecture in England, has been in existence more than a thousand years, and, having been used sometimes as a royal residence, and sometimes as a state prison, is intimately connected with many of the most important events in the history of Church and State. It is the history of England in stone, iron, silver, and gold, a high throne which glorifies humanity — embodied poetry itself. Again, in one of our rambles through the great city, our attention was suddenly arrested in Bread street by an inscription upon a tablet on the exterior of one of the walls of All Hallows Church, reminding the passer-by that John Milton was born in that street. We were not then thinking of poetry, for a less poetical street is not

often seen, as it appeared to us on that day. But the announcement of the fact that Milton was born in that street came on us with all the force of an electric shock. The old church is of hewn stone, blackened with age, and has scarcely any architectural beauty to recommend it. Heads sculptured in stone, on the top of the steeple, and over the strong oaken doors of the church, had faces which seemed to be gazing sadly over the city, and reproving the multitude for their sin and worldliness. The inscription is as follows :

‘ Three poets, in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn ;  
The first in loftiness of thought surpast,  
The next in majesty, in both the last.  
The force of nature could no further go,  
To make a third she joined the other two.

‘ JOHN MILTON was born in Bread street, on Friday, the 9th day of December, 1608, and was baptized in the parish church of All Hallows, Bread street, Tuesday, the 20th of December, 1608.’

Fleet street, now famous for the publication of books and newspapers, has an intense interest to the readers of Johnson and Goldsmith, as the scene of some of their greatest labors, sufferings, and triumphs. Honest poverty, walking up and down those crowded thoroughfares, is thrilled by the recollection that the burly form of Johnson, ‘ the man of broad philosophy and herculean intellect,’ poorly clad, and sometimes cold and hungry, was seen strolling through the crowd, while his great soul was dilating upon themes far beyond the reach of the pampered minions of fashion, whose sole claim to respectability lay in the possession of a little money, an empty title, and an ignoble spirit. They would not recognize him, and he had too large a soul to humble himself by seeking their aid. Let those among us who talk about ‘ hard times ’ think of the way in which this great-souled man had to live, until he won for himself a better provision and a name among the foremost men of modern times.

‘ He said a man’ might live in a garret at eighteen pence a day ; few people would inquire where he lodged, and if they did, it was easy to say, Sir, I am to be found at such a place. By spending threepence in a coffee-house, he might be for some

hours every day in very good company; he might dine for sixpence, breakfast on bread and milk for a penny, and do without supper. On *clean shirt day* he went abroad and paid visits.'—(Boswell.) Thus, for about a dollar and a quarter a week, this 'colossus of English literature,' in those dark days for literary men, was enabled to keep soul and body together. Something less heroic and more melancholy is said on this topic by Oliver Goldsmith, in his *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*. He, as well as Johnson, Savage, Otway, Crabbe, and a host of others, knew something of the dark side of London life—enough to invest the paragraph with a power that those who have never felt the pangs of hunger could not appreciate.

'The lower race of animals,' he says, 'when satisfied for the instant moment, are perfectly happy; but it is otherwise with man. His mind anticipates distress, and feels the pangs of want before they arrest him. Thus, the mind being continually harassed by the situation, it at length influences the constitution and unfits it for all its functions. Some cruel disorder, but nowise like hunger, seizes the unhappy sufferer; so that almost all those men who have thus long lived by chance, and whose every day may be considered as a happy escape from famine, are known at last to die in reality of a disorder caused by hunger, but which, in the common language, is often called a broken heart. Some of these I have known myself, when very little able to relieve them, and have been told by a very active and worthy magistrate that the number of such as die in London for want is much greater than one would imagine. I think he talked of two thousand a year.'

Johnson, however, it is well known, did not perish with hunger, but lived to see a day of comparative affluence; and now his mortal remains lie in Westminster Abbey, and a monument has been erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral. A full length statue represents him in the costume of an ancient Greek philosopher, leaning against a marble pillar, holding a Greek MS. in his hand, and absorbed in thought. An inscription in Latin on the pedestal commemorates his genius, learning, and moral worth. Owing to the fact that these

modern Englishmen are represented in the Grecian costume, and the Latin language being used in the inscriptions — a language which not one in ten thousand visitors can read — the statues of Dr. Johnson and John Howard have often been taken for those of the Apostles Peter and Paul.<sup>1</sup>

Never will the writer forget his first visit to that grandest specimen of Gothic architecture in England, Westminster Abbey. After gazing for some time upon the exterior of that most magnificent house of God and Pantheon of England's most illustrious dead, we entered at the 'Poet's Corner,' at the southeastern end of the south transept, and as we caught the first glimpse of Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Butler, Addison, and others,

'The princes of mortal men,  
The matchless monarchs of the pen,'

a strange excitement came over us, and we seemed to hear a voice saying, 'Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.' While gazing with high admiration upon the sculptured memorials of England's mighty dead our heart was deeply affected, and we were led to bless God that we, too, were men — men of the same race, and, more than all, Christians through the mercy of God.

Shakspeare is represented by a full length marble figure, leaning on a pile of books, and pointing with the forefinger of his left hand to a scroll suspended from the pillar upon

<sup>1</sup> While mentioning Johnson's monument, we are reminded of the witty but unfortunate Butler, author of *Hudibras*, who lived for some time in good society, but having lost his wife's fortune by its being invested in bad securities, he died of starvation in Rose street, or Rose alley, London. About sixty years afterward a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. To these circumstances Samuel Wesley alludes in the following lines:

'While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,  
No generous patron would a dinner give;  
See him, when starved to death and turn'd to dust,  
Presented with a monumental bust.  
The fool's fate is here in emblem shown,  
He asked for bread, and he received a stone.'

which he leans, with the following inscription from the 'Tempest,' his last and greatest work :

' The cloud-capt towers,  
The gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples,  
The great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit,  
Shall dissolve,  
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a wreck behind.'

This would be sad enough, if we had no other light with regard to the future of our race. But we have more light; and we turn with pleasure to a marble monument erected to the memory of the illustrious author of the 'Fairy Queen,' and read: 'Here lies, expecting the second coming of our Savior Christ Jesus, the body of Edmond Spenser, the prince of poets in his time, whose divine spirit needs no other witness than the works he has left behind him.' Turning next to the tomb of the poet Campbell, we see another full length statue, as large as life, wrapt in thought, with book and pen in hand, and a lyre at his feet. On the pedestal the following well-known lines, from one of his own poems, are inscribed :

' The spirit shall return to Him  
Who gave its heavenly spark,  
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,  
When thou thyself art dark;  
No! it shall live again and shine  
In bliss, unknown to beams of thine.  
By Him recalled to breath  
Who captive led captivity,  
And robbed the grave of victory,  
And took the sting from death.'

In these inscriptions, as well as in many others which may be read in this glorious mausoleum of England's illustrious dead, the visitor is reminded that the great fact of the resurrection of Christ throws the sunrise of immortality on the night of the grave, and gives to all the redeemed of the Lord the happy anticipation of meeting the good and the great in the realms of everlasting life.



There is a fascination about Westminster Abbey to which our poor words cannot do justice. As Edmund Burke wrote, in 1750: 'The moment I entered it I felt a kind of awe pervade my mind which I cannot describe. The very silence seems sacred.' Or, as Hawthorne more eloquently expresses it: 'The structure itself is the worship of devout men of ages long ago, miraculously preserved in stone, without losing an atom of its fragrance and fervor; it is a kind of an anthem strain that they had sung and poured out of the organ in centuries gone by, and being so grand and sweet, the Divine benevolence had willed it to be prolonged for the benefit of auditors unborn.'

The last time we attended divine service in the Abbey, on the eve of our departure for the United States, our spirit was almost overwhelmed with intense emotion. The prayers and lessons were read and intoned with unusual pathos and power. Sublime and beautiful anthems were sung with exquisite taste and harmony. An excellent sermon was delivered by Canon Prothero, one of the Queen's chaplains, and when, near the close of the public service, the vast congregation stood up to worship, while the magnificent organ was pealing its almost supernatural notes through all parts of the glorious edifice, and its aisles, it seemed as though the multitude of statues and paintings above and around, from transept and nave, from clerestory and roof, had started into life, mingled with the throng, and joined in the worship. The 'goodly fellowship of the prophets,' the 'glorious company of the apostles,' the 'noble army of martyrs,' the 'Holy Church throughout the world,' and, above all, the ministering angels, the world's Redeemer himself, seemed to be there. A sweet tremor came over our soul, tears started to our eyes, and we could scarcely refrain from sobbing aloud. It was announced at the close of the public service that the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper would be administered; and while we were saying in our heart, perhaps, they will not suffer strangers of another branch of the Christian Church to partake of the ordinance with them, we were politely invited to do so by one of the dark-robed officials present. As we knelt at the Communion Table and received

the memorials of the Saviour's dying love, we felt as we had often felt before, that it was not a sectarian table, but one that belongs to the Church of Christ, in all ages and in all countries, a means of grace, and a bond of union for all true believers.

'Not by a party's narrow banks confined,  
Not by a sameness of opinions joined;  
But cemented by the Redeemer's blood,  
And bound together in the heart of God.'

On the evening of the same day we worshipped with a much larger congregation, and in a temple of some celebrity, though not to be compared to Westminster Abbey in architectural splendor or in historical associations. The Metropolitan Tabernacle, with its Church of four thousand believers, all gathered together in about sixteen years by the labors of one evangelist, is the greatest success of evangelism that modern London can boast. Beginning his ministry at the immature age of sixteen, Mr. Spurgeon suddenly sprung into notoriety, and soon became the most popular of the thousands of Christian ministers who officiate in the great metropolis; and now he has won a world-wide fame. By working hard himself, and causing others to work, he has accomplished more, as far as we are informed, than any man now living. Besides preaching to his vast congregation twice every Sunday, and attending to his pastoral work, he lectures or holds meetings of various kinds, every day in the week; manages a Theological Seminary of one hundred students, for whose subsistence he chiefly provides; superintends an orphanage, publishes a monthly magazine, and, to crown all, he has already published thirteen or fourteen volumes of his own sermons! We have heard him preach in St. James' Hall, Exeter Hall, and elsewhere, always with pleasure and profit, and this was the last time that we expected to have the privilege. Long before the front doors were opened a dense crowd had assembled before them, waiting for the members of the Church and others belonging to the regular congregation to be seated before strangers were admitted. A few minutes after the doors had been opened, the house was crowded—four thousand seated and one thousand standing in the aisles. It was something

worth travelling a long distance to see and hear, when the great evangelist, surrounded on the platform by his four and twenty elders and a number of candidates for recognition as members of the Church, stood up in the pulpit, every eye directed to him and every ear attentive to his voice. The singing of that congregation, though far inferior in artistic execution and scientific precision to what we had heard in the morning in Westminster Abbey, and in the afternoon at St. Paul's Cathedral, was deeply affecting, and well adapted for the purpose of preparing the multitude for the other services of the hour. In the introduction to his discourse, Mr. Spurgeon stated that he felt too unwell that evening to preach much to them, but that he had a text, the first that he had ever attempted to preach upon, and upon which he would preach if he were unexpectedly called out of his bed at midnight to do so; and he called them to witness that it contained the substance of all he ever did preach to them. *'Unto you therefore which believe he is precious.'*—1 Peter ii. 7. In about thirty-five minutes, he presented, in his own simple and forcible style, and in a clear, musical voice, the preciousness of Christ to believers; not an argumentative, elaborate discussion of the subject, like the published sermon of President Davis on this text, but one short and sweet, containing the marrow of the Gospel, which seemed to be highly appreciated by the congregation. After the sermon was concluded Mr. Spurgeon gave the right hand of fellowship to about twenty or thirty new converts, addressing a few words of encouragement to each of them. He then announced that the Church would proceed to partake of the Lord's Supper, and that any of the Lord's people, who belonged to other Christian churches, could obtain tickets for communion by applying to one of the deacons in the basement. The writer of this paper immediately went into the basement, and approaching an elderly gentleman said, 'I am from the United States of America.' 'Are you,' responded the deacon; 'God bless you! there are many good people in America! Here is your ticket.' There were about eighteen hundred communicants that evening, and the services were of a most impressive character, though widely

different in some respects from those of the morning in the Abbey.

The pulpit, the rostrum, the bar, theatres, opera-houses, music halls, clubs, palaces, prisons, etc., etc., might well claim attention in an essay on 'London and its People;' but for the present we are compelled to pause and bring this paper to a close, which we will do with a few reflections growing out of what we have written.

The *greatness* of London and its people is unquestionable. We look back two thousand years, and we see a small village on the banks of the Thames, and a people composed of rude and uncultivated savages, whose intellectual and moral faculties had been but little developed. When they were first discovered by the Tyrian mariners, their condition was no better than that of our 'Indians,' when the colony of Jamestown was planted; and it is on record that, at a later period, when the island had been partially conquered and brought under the influences of Roman civilization, Cicero said, in a letter to his friend, that he 'ought not to obtain his slaves from Britain, because they were so stupid, and utterly incapable of being taught, that they were unfit to form a part of the household of Atticus.' Now, let us mark the change, and try to form some conception of the power of education and the greatness of the human intellect. The descendants of these people, who were thought too stupid to become the slaves of a Roman senator, have built up a language now at the head of all living languages, with a literature the noblest in the world; a language that will soon be spoken by half the human race, and which is rapidly spreading itself all over the civilized world; a language and literature so great that it has been well said, by one of the poets, that it is

'Praise enough

To fill the ambition of a common man,  
That Chatham's language is his mother tongue.'

They have founded an empire with a greater population than that of Rome, and far more powerful than that of Alexander the Great. Their achievements in the arts and sciences are

still more wonderful. The words put by Cowper in the mouth of an ancient British bard have been fulfilled :

‘Rome shall perish: write that word  
In the blood that she has spilt ;  
Perish hopeless and abhorred,  
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

‘Then the progeny that springs  
From the forests of our land,  
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,  
Shall a wider world command.

‘Regions Cæsar never knew  
Thy posterity shall sway,  
Where his eagles never flew,  
None as invincible as they.’

But while there is much in a survey of the great metropolis and its history to excite our admiration, our hope, and our emulation, there is much, also, to raise our indignation, our disgust, and our fears with regard to the tendency of modern city life. The present condition of multitudes of the dwellers in the British metropolis ought to operate as a warning, and to check the rage for the building of great cities. The prospect for the future of London is by no means a pleasant one, and it produces great uneasiness in thoughtful minds. She has long had the laborious worker, the cunning artificer, the man of wealth, the courageous soldier, the hardy seaman, the daring navigator, the conquering hero, the learned scribe, the eloquent orator, the acute philosopher, and the Christian divine; she has long exhibited to the world many splendid examples of virtue, and, alas! too many of vice and infamy. At this time she presents to the cupidity of the nations the most splendid prize that ever was offered to an invading army. The exclamation of Marshal Blucher, when he first saw it, after the carnage of Waterloo, ‘My God! what a city to sack!’ may yet find its fulfillment—a calamity which ought to be deprecated by all who live in Great Britain, or in that *Greater* Britain which is now spreading itself in North America, Australia, and Africa. The writer of these pages hopes that the awful catastrophe may be averted; that God in his mercy may save the capital of our Fatherland from the fate of ‘populous

No, Memphis, Thebes, Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre, and Carthage; that she may yet become the 'city of righteousness,' 'the faithful city,' sending forth from age to age her colonies, her Bibles, teachers, missionaries, and all the appliances of civilization and Christianity, until the whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God, and the bright millennial morn shall dawn upon the nations.

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ART. VIII.—*The Methodist Quarterly Review*. July, 1871.  
D. D. Whedon, LL. D. Pp. 470-479.

We have a small account to settle with Dr. Whedon. We have, it is true, long deferred the day of payment, because we knew it would be a painful one to Dr. Whedon, at least, if not to ourselves. But, however disagreeable, it has at last arrived.

Our readers may remember that some time ago we were called upon in the discharge of our official duty, to inflict certain flagellations on the villainous 'Whedonese' of one of this gentleman's works — on its outrageous violations of the simplicity, purity, and majesty of our mother tongue. The author, it seems, has been pleased to construe this into a malignant personal attack. 'Every syllable of the onslaught,' says he, 'is swelling with malignity,' and there is not, from 'end to end,' 'one generous expression.' As our sole aim was justice, so we did not expect to win from any one, much less from Dr. Whedon, the praise of generosity.

'No man e'er felt the halter draw,  
With good opinion of the law.'

Dr. Whedon complains bitterly that our critique of his work is a 'very weak, *personal* attack.' Now, if that attack was so 'very weak,' why could not the great Doctor just pass it over in silence, instead of coming back at us, as he does, roaring and tearing up the dirt like one of the 'strong bulls of Bashan'? Our inflictions do, indeed, appear to have cut

through his hide, thick as it is, and to have caused a degree of pain which was by no means intended. We are sorry it is so (but so it is); *all just critics must sometimes seem to be cruel*. Glad, indeed, should we be if any one could, for the benefit of our craft, invent some very courteous and agreeable way of laying on 'forty stripes save one.'

Dr. Whedon complains that we have called him 'a dull man.' We did, it is true, say in our article, that if we had not been assured by certain newspapers that he is such a miracle of learning and genius, we *should have concluded* that he is 'a dull man.' Now, this insinuation may not be very *generous*; it is certainly, as we view the matter, a very mild sort of *justice*. We might, if necessary, bring innumerable proofs, from any one of his works, that it is *very* mild. But one will suffice. It is taken, almost at random, from his *Commentaries on Acts*, and relates to the well-known scene at Philippi, which, in his usually learned style, the author informs us was 'a Roman *colonia*.' (Acts xvi. 19.) 'These Philippian (says our author, under verse 22) 'would be no true Romans, their illustrious *colonia* would be no true miniature of the eternal city, if all the blood in their veins was not now in a *magnificent tumult*.' But the wonderful part of the *Commentary* occurs under verse 27, where the author, with a view to explain the mystery of the jailor's conduct, assures us that he determined to kill himself once, in order to escape the 'worse fate' of being killed many times!

Now, such an emanation of dullness must, we are aware, seem utterly incredible to our readers. How is it possible that any man, much less any learned doctor of divinity, and learned doctor of laws to boot, could gravely assert that the Philippian jailor resolved to kill himself once to avoid being killed many times? How is it possible that he should not only gravely assert this, but also gravely write it down and put it in a stereotyped book? How is it possible that he could do all this; and yet, in spite of all his solemn revisions and corrections, the glaring absurdity should not once send a glimmering, or a glimpse, of its existence into his wide-awake mind? Hence, in order to show that the thing, however incredible, is

really possible, we shall give the stereotyped statement in his own words.

‘DREW OUT HIS SWORD. He forthwith determined to *forestall a worse fate by suicide*. “By the Roman law,” says Howson, “the jailor was to undergo the same punishment which the malefactors who escaped by his negligence were to have suffered.” From the escape of the Apostles alone he may not have dreaded death, *but with how many deaths may not the escape of all the prisoners have overwhelmed him?*’ What! did the jailor imagine that he was a cat, and consequently had nine lives? How else could he have feared that he might have been overwhelmed with more than one death?

Now, we have a deliberate, not to say a charitable, purpose in the production of the above instance of Dr. Whedon’s dullness. It is one of the admirable sayings of Bishop Butler—one which we have long treasured up as a rule of charity—that we often unjustly consider men hypocrites and liars, because we do not make a sufficient allowance for their power or capacity of self-delusion. That is to say, we often mistake their unconscious false statements for intentional misrepresentations, and so give them a worse character than they really deserve. Some men, it is evident, more easily lapse into unconscious mistakes than do others, and their statements should, therefore, even when false in fact, be more charitably judged. Who, for example, in view of the above instance, would venture to fathom Dr. Whedon’s power of self-delusion, or his capacity to overlook the errors of his own statements? They do, in fact, usually creep in, unseen, at all the sides and corners of his discourse. In some cases, as in the one before us, they look up, staring him right in the face, and yet he does not see them! In spite, then, of all the false statements contained in his passionate tirade against us, we cast a mantle of charity over his manifold calumnies. We forgive him, for he knows not what he does. He has denounced us as liars, but we shall not, for one moment, descend into the arena of such coarse personalities with him. Such language is better adapted to the fish-market, or to the lowest haunts of vice, than to the pages of a *Christian Review*. He may have all the glory of that sort



of thing to himself; we will not retort; and we will notice his violent accusations only in so far as may be necessary to vindicate our names against his unjust aspersions.

Dr. Whedon attempts to justify his vituperation and abuse by ascribing to us, in the first place, the use of similar language toward himself. Thus, he says, 'Thrice he applies to the author or his work a cognate of the term *thief*—namely, *thieving*, *thievish*, *theft*. The entire tirade of pseudo-criticism is unworthy of extended notice in our pages; but when Dr. B. thus abdicates all courtesy by applying terms of *moral* opprobrium which no Christian gentleman applies to another, he cannot expect that courtesy will for a moment stand in the way of a very explicit expression of truth in reply. The issue, then, made by him is this: Either the author of the *Will* is guilty of theft, or Dr. Bledsoe is guilty of falsehood; and, holding the last of these propositions to be true, we proceed to nail him, as a falsifier, to the wall." (p. 470.)

Now, the truth is, that the whole issue is made up by Dr. Whedon himself—both the charges which he puts into the mouth of Dr. Bledsoe, and the counter-charges which he puts forth in his own name. In not one single instance, in fact, has Dr. Bledsoe applied to him, or to his book, the epithet, *thief*, *thievish*, *thieving*, or *theft*. If, instead of trusting to the blundering blindness of passion, Dr. Whedon had read the review of his book with care, he would have found therein no such charge whatever against his moral character. That is to say, provided he had the capacity to see what was in the article, rather than in his own dull and dark imagination. Some men, alas! seem to possess the ability to see almost anything they please, so great, so wonderful is their power of self-deception. But whatever Dr. Whedon may see, or believe, or assert, we positively aver that we have never accused 'his work,' or book on the *Will*, of *theft*, of *thieving*, or of being *thievish*. We could, indeed, as easily believe that the Philippian jailor might have been killed more than once as that Dr. Whedon's book could have been guilty of stealing.

Nor, on the other hand, did we ever accuse any one of stealing his book. If we had done so, however, we doubt if we

could have accused him of a criminal offence, since, according to a well-known principle of law, no one is guilty of the *crime* of stealing unless the thing taken is worth something. Hence, rather than bring such a charge against any one, we would defend him against it, if brought by another, on the ground that he had rendered a real service to the owner by depriving him of his book.

Before proceeding to examine the accusations of Dr. Whedon, let us exhibit, in brief outline, the admirable justice, and the exquisite taste, with which he manages his part of the controversy. He asserts, contrary to fact (as we shall presently see), that we have descended to the use of the lowest billingsgate, and then urges this to justify, in his opinion, the unmeasured employment of similar filth in vindication of his own purity, dignity, and refinement of character. 'To Dr. Bledsoe,' says he, 'belongs a coarse, heavy, malignant, mendacious nature, that *compels men* [what sort of men?] *to deal with him according to his nature.*' He has called Dr. Whedon a thief, and, therefore, Dr. Whedon denounces him as a liar. Then, having hurled at us, to his heart's content, masses of the coarsest billingsgate, as if he intended to overwhelm us with 'many deaths' beneath the stench of his missiles, he sends us, to use his own boastful words, 'limping and howling from the encounter.'

We confess we are unequal to such a contest. We cannot imitate our opponent. He has the advantage over us. We would, if possible, shun all 'coarse, heavy, malignant, mendacious' creatures; but nothing on earth shall ever 'compel us to deal with them according to their natures.' It is not in our heart to do so. We can have no pretext, much less can we manufacture one, for such a mode of warfare. We are not exactly cowards; but still, to tell the truth, we do shrink from a contest with Dr. Whedon. He must not imagine, however, that, because he enters the lists roaring and tearing up dirt like a mad bull of Bashan, he sees us flying from the encounter, 'limping and howling,' like a hurt hound. 'Tis only a fond fancy of his. We shall certainly keep our ground, and whether we fall by the strength or the stench of our adver-

sary, we shall always remember that we can never die more than one death. But we must, sometimes, in spite of ourselves, encounter disagreeable creatures. We can, however, always choose our own weapons. Hence, no low word, such as *thief*, *liar*, *scoundrel*, or the like, shall ever disgrace our cause or degrade our character. The steel of truth, glittering with irony and scorn of meanness, is alone the weapon of our warfare.

Dr. Whedon positively declares that we have applied to him, or his book, the terms '*thieving, thievish, or theft.*' But he cannot say even this simply. He must go out of his way to use the word *cognate*, and to use it improperly. 'Thrice he applies to the author or his work a *cognate* of the term thief—'*thieving, thievish, and theft.*' Now, any one—that is, any one who does not know Dr. Whedon—would suppose, from this positive and emphatic statement, that he had at least seen each and every one of these terms in our article. But he has done no such thing. The term *thieving* does not occur in that article at all. A small slip this, however, for the pen of Dr. Whedon. Nor does that article, as we shall presently see, apply either of the other terms to Dr. Whedon, or to his work. This question of veracity is one which, fortunately, *may be settled by the record.*

He also makes us accuse him of having 'furnished not one "new thought," or valuable idea, which is not *stolen from Bledsoe's Theodicy.*' It is scarcely possible to conceive a more unguarded or unscrupulous assertion. Only *two* ideas, which Dr. Whedon seems to have considered very striking, are alleged to be found in the said *Theodicy*; and the reader, after considering the evidence submitted to his inspection, is allowed to apply the epithet *stolen, stupidity, weak memory, strange coincidence*, or any other which may seem to be appropriate and just. The term *stolen* does not occur; and the only coarseness in the passage is the projection of Dr. Whedon's own mind.

But why, we ask, confine the reader's attention to *Bledsoe's Theodicy*? Dr. Whedon is perfectly aware that the chief evidence against him was adduced from our work on 'The Will.' Why, then, is not this work even once mentioned or

alluded to? Was it because he did not wish his readers to look into this work, and, comparing the two books on 'The Will,' detect the strange coincidences, even on the points in regard to which Dr. Whedon claims the most perfect originality? If so, then the thing was, it must be confessed, very shrewdly done.

Again, if Dr. Whedon had said that he had been accused of stealing all his thunder from our two works, the assertion would have been far, very far, from the truth. There are, indeed, many books besides the two above-named from which Dr. Whedon has, without due acknowledgment, enriched his pages. The allegation made by us is, that while there are 'many new things and many true things' in Dr. Whedon's book, 'his new things are not true things, and his true things are not new things.' These, if at all valuable, are all borrowed. If Dr. Whedon ever says any thing good, we may safely conclude that it is not his. The case is somewhat like that of the very dull preacher, whose wife said she would rather hear him preach than any other man in the world, because if he ever said any thing good, she 'knew it was from the Lord.'

The writer of the article in question did, it is true, think it a little hard that, after having devoted twenty years of his life to the study of the philosophy of Methodism, and after having produced two works which had attracted the attention and commendation of some of the very best minds on both sides of the Atlantic, Dr. Whedon should have written on the same subject with only a single notice of each of his books, and in each case only to make a grossly 'blundering criticism.' Hence it was that our proofs, though not our allegations, were confined to our own works, believing, as we did, that such a display of his conceit in borrowed feathers deserved at least a partial castigation.

We did not say, however, that his feathers were stolen. We merely submitted facts and proofs, and then left the reader to form his own decision. It was the proofs, and not the charges, *which pinched*. If we had produced no proofs, the question submitted would have given Dr. Whedon no uneasiness of

mind, much less would it have called forth such a tirade of coarse and vulgar abuse. Let the reader look, then, and judge for himself. After submitting our proofs we simply ask: 'Shall we suppose, then, that he had never seen his work (that is, our work on 'The Will'), or that a theologian may be a little thievish? *The reader may draw his own conclusion. We shall only state facts.*' (p. 377).

Then, after stating a few facts to prove that Dr. Whedon had seen our work on 'The Will,' we say: 'After all, however, we are not willing to believe that a theologian can be at all *thievish.*' Thus did we, deliberately and expressly, exculpate Dr. Whedon from the guilt of stealing, or literary larceny. But we did, at the same time, lash the cold conceit of Dr. Whedon, which had displayed itself so conspicuously and so vain-gloriously in borrowed feathers. Having done this, we then added the following words: 'We should, however, do injustice to Dr. Whedon if we failed to suggest that he may not have been at all aware that his "new thoughts" were borrowed. "When the true metaphysics shall appear," says a celebrated philosopher, "it will be like a reminiscence of what was before known." It will be so clear and simple that the reader will be apt to imagine that he knew it all before. Though the work in which Dr. Whedon's "new thoughts" exist had cost its author many long years of patient study and protracted meditation, yet the highest compliment ever paid it was that of a reader who, having completed its perusal, exclaimed: "Why, this is just exactly what I have always thought!" Now, the same thing, for aught we know, may also have happened to Dr. Whedon, and hence he may have believed that he only had put together "what he had always thought," in order to solve the great problem of foreknowledge and free agency. If so, we must, in a judgment of charity, forgive the offence, on the ground that *he knew not what he did.*' (p. 378.)

Thus did we, in good faith, make the best apology for Dr. Whedon which it was in our power to conceive. This apology, whether deemed satisfactory or otherwise by Dr. Whedon, proves at least one thing — that we did exculpate him from any

thing like intentional *theft, or thieving*. We excused his heart, it is true, at the expense of his head; but this was the only alternative which a regard for truth left open to us. It was not our object, we admit, to acquit the culprit altogether, but only to judge him as charitably as possible without a sacrifice of our own convictions of truth and duty. Yet, in the face of all this — nay, in contempt of all this — Dr. Whedon has most positively declared that we have charged him with the high crime and misdemeanor of *stealing, or theft*. If we should characterize this declaration as it deserves, we should, we fear, be compelled to use some such terms as those which disgrace the pages of Dr. Whedon's *Review*. But we forbear; we simply leave the reader to form his own opinion.

From the above passages — and they are the only ones in which the term *thievish, or theft*, occurs — it is evident that we have expressly refused to apply them to Dr. Whedon or his work. We did not know, indeed, but that Dr. Whedon may have knowingly and consciously appropriated the thoughts of others; but as we did not *know*, so we refused to make the charge. If, in spite of this, Dr. Whedon will insist that we have charged him with *stealing*, we cannot understand or explain his conduct, except on the supposition that our *proofs* have brought home to his conscience the terrible accusation.

It is very natural, indeed, that Dr. Whedon should attribute, as he does, our review of his book to sheer malice. 'It may serve,' says he, 'to explain the cause which has set Dr. Bledsoe's mendacities in such rapid flow for us to narrate that *he came into our office to offer an article for our Quarterly*. He had a dilapidated and mendicant look, as if he had truly "been through the wars," and we felt sympathetically inclined to befriend him. We received his article, prepared to judge it favorably. It belonged to the department of Natural Theology; but we regretted to find that the writer ignored, or, perhaps, was ignorant of, the new phases that subject had received from the writings of Mill, Herber Spencer, Darwin, and others, and that his essay was suited to the year one of this present century. We were obliged, therefore, as courteously as possible, to tell him that his production was behind the

age, and unsuited to the advanced position of our readers. He took it and, with a toss, departed. . Now, it has been our lot to have our articles rejected without loss of friendship for the rejector, but that, we apprehend, is a magnanimity of which Dr. Bledsoe has no conception.' (p. 471).

Now this, it appears to us, is a most characteristic passage. In style, thought, and sentiment, it is all over *Whedonese*. He boasts of his own magnanimity. It may be suited, for all we know, 'to the advanced position of his readers,' but we have heard too many such boasts from men whose magnanimity falls below other men's meanness to be imposed upon by them. Indeed, if we had racked our invention to conceive of the lowest thing an editor could do, we could not have imagined any thing quite so low as the proof which, in the above passage, Dr. Whedon has given of his *magnanimity*. He has most *magnanimously* informed his readers that a poor scholar, who had devoted his life to hard study, came into his office with 'a *dilapidated* and mendicant look.' Now if, in fact, we had been all tattered and torn, just as if we had truly 'been through the wars,' this was nothing for us to be ashamed of. How many better men than ourselves — even the most glorious Southern heroes of the war — have been seen in the same melancholy condition! Was it anything, then — we appeal to every heart in which the least trace of decency remains alive — for the *magnanimity* of Dr. Whedon to bring before his readers? He 'felt sympathetically inclined!' Why, as we shall presently show, his sympathy was of the same exalted and genuine stamp as his *magnanimity*. Both were decidedly and emphatically *Whedonish*.

But, in fact, we never had a better wardrobe in our lives. As Dr. Whedon has, on the same page, stated, we had recently 'come direct from England,' and had not 'been through the wars.' On our return from England — thanks to the generosity of our English friends and to our faithful goosequill — we were provided with the best outfit of clothing we had ever possessed, or ever expect to possess. As we can easily prove, we compelled a friend, who had really 'been through the wars,' to accept a new and elegant dress-coat of the finest black cloth,

because we had more of such articles of dress, as well as of all others, than we needed for our own use. We also gave away other articles to our less favored friends and neighbors. The truth is, that we had to explain, especially in New York, how it was that our apparel happened to be so much better than that of those who had really 'been through the wars.' And, in point of fact, as we can most abundantly prove, we had on one of our best suits when we made our unfortunate appearance before the grand Mogul of Northern Methodism. Our 'dilapidated and mendicant look,' therefore, is the pure creation, or reflex, of Dr. Whedon's imagination, operated on by his very great *magnanimity*. It is merely got up for effect—to explain the very tender sympathy *which he never felt*.

'It has been our own lot,' says Dr. Whedon, 'to have articles rejected.' This has not been our lot. We have contributed more than two thousand pages to the first Reviews in this country and in Europe, not including those written for the *Southern Review*; and we can truly say that it has not been our lot to have articles rejected. Dr. Whedon, and Dr. Whedon alone, enjoys the proud distinction of having rejected, as 'behind the age' and 'the advanced position of his readers,' one of our articles. He stands, in this respect, solitary and alone in all his glory.

This is not all. The article which he had the honor to reject is the very best and most elaborate ever written by us. It was on hand more than ten years, and it was written over more than ten times. It may have had, in his eyes, one incurable defect; it was written in plain, direct, and terse English, not in Whedonese. It was written over, the last time, in the city of London, and offered to *The Quarterly* the most celebrated Review in Europe. Now, if it had been rejected by the editor of that magnificent *Quarterly* we should not have been in the least mortified, for, as is well known, some of the most celebrated writers in England have found it impossible to gain admission to its pages, because they are so fully supplied by its own corps of learned and eloquent contributors. We were most agreeably surprised, then, when we received from the editor of *The Quarterly* a very polite note—still in our pos-



session — accepting the article and promising to publish it. But as the matter for the next issue was already made up, and as we were about to leave London for New York, so we concluded not to wait four or five months, if not more, for its publication, but to bring it with us to America. Such is, in brief, the history of the article which Dr. Whedon had the honor to reject. It was not 'behind the age' in London, nor 'the advanced position of the readers' of the great QUARTERLY; but, in the very same year, it was 'behind the age' in New York, and 'the very advanced [literary] position' of the grand Mogul of the *Northern Methodist Book Concern*. The story, that we took the rejected article, 'and, with a toss, departed,' is the sheer invention of Dr. Whedon's fancy, or magnanimity, or sympathy. We should, indeed, have been the weakest and silliest of all mortals if we could have been piqued by *his* unfavorable decision. If we were mortified at all, it was not because our most elaborate paper had been rejected by D. D. Whedon, D. D., but because the Northern Methodist Church had such a judge in its chief theological and literary tribunal.

The unfortunate article, whose sad fate Dr. Whedon crows over so exultingly, has since made its appearance in the pages of the *Southern Review*. We have received various communications, from learned and celebrated men, expressing opinions of the article in question, which, to say the least, are widely different from the judgment of Dr. Whedon. Among others, we have received a letter — still in our possession — from one of the most celebrated philosophers in England, Professor Mansel, B. D., LL. D., and Dean of St. Paul's, in which he speaks of the article in question in terms of commendation and praise, which we shall always remember and cherish with pride and pleasure. Having secured not only the commendation, but the applause of Henry Longueville Mansel, we look, and long have looked, with feelings of pity only on the condemnation of D. D. Whedon. The one was the celebrated 'Waynflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, Oxford; Editor of Sir William Hamilton's Lectures; Author of "Limits of Religious Thought," etc., etc.; and, finally, the successor of the illustrious Millman, as Dean of

*St. Paul's; the other is the translator of other people's thoughts on "The Will" into the Whedonese dialect.'*

There is another capital blunder in the statement of Dr. Whedon. He was not 'obliged' to tell us, and in fact he did not tell us, that our production 'was behind the age, and unsuited to the advanced position' of his readers. We can truly acquit him of any such brutality. We doubt, indeed, if even Dr. Whedon ever told any poor author, without the slightest provocation, that his production 'was behind the age, and unsuited to the advanced position of his readers.' It is certain that if he did the information was wholly unnecessary, and brutal in the extreme. But, in fact, the reason which Dr. Whedon assigned was very different from such an uncalled for insult, and reflected more on the character of his head than of his heart. It was, at all events, such as to convince us that we could never write anything sufficiently shallow to gain admission into the pages of *his* Review, and we were, consequently, perfectly willing to be excluded from the list of his contributors.

Dr. Whedon says Dr. Bledsoe is guilty of 'a falsehood — namely, an assurance given to the reader that our idea and his are identical, when it is perfectly plain that they are not identical. His idea is this: *Had not a Redeemer been given, the human race would probably not have been created.* Our idea is this: *Had not a Redeemer been given, Adam would, probably, not have been permitted to beget posterity.* Our idea, as our readers well know, *is one of the commonplaces of Methodist theology*, clearly and repeatedly expressed by Fletcher, Watson, Wilbur Fisk, as well as in the second volume of our own commentary. Dr. Bledsoe's theory is the *non-creation* of man; the Methodist theory is the *non-continuity* of the race from Adam after the fall.' Now, here, the italics are all his own, and it only remains for us to analyze and examine this wonderful passage.

In the first place, our 'idea' is not introduced with a perhaps, or a 'probably.' It is, on the contrary, announced as a positive, absolute, and undoubted postulate. 'If,' we say, 'there had been no salvation through Christ, as a part of the actual constitution and system of the world, *then there would*

have been no part of that system whatever.' Surely this is sufficiently positive. 'The work of Christ,' we continue, 'is the great sun and centre of the system *as it is*; and if this had never been a part of the original grand design, we do not know that the planets would have been created to wander in eternal darkness. We do not know *that even the justice of God* would have created man, and permitted him to fall, wandering everlastingly amid the horrors of the second death, without hope and without remedy. We find nothing of the sort in the word of God, and in our nature it meets no response, *except a wail of unutterable horror*.'<sup>1</sup> Now, surely, to repel our idea 'with a wail of unutterable horror,' is to reject it with something more than a perhaps, or a 'probably.'

Dr. Whedon does not like this 'idea,' as he calls it, and asserts that, in ascribing it to him, we have uttered 'a falsehood.' We certainly did not intend to misrepresent him, and if we have done so, we only ascribed to him a degree of rationality which it seems he does not possess. He rejects our proposition: 'If there had been no salvation through Christ, as a part of the actual constitution and system of the world, then there would have been *no other part of that system*.' He insists, on the contrary, that there would have been a part—namely, the beginning, of that system. He insists, in other words, that man would have been created, foreseeing that he would fall, and then, when he fell, he would not be '*permitted to beget posterity*.' He would have been created, and then, when he fell, God would have crushed 'the capital offender who contained us all,' and, in him, all his posterity. That is to say, God would have created man only to crush him, and his possible offspring, out of existence. Now, would such a scheme, if scheme it may be called, be worthy of God? Would such a miserable abortion be worthy of his infinite wisdom, and power, and goodness? Indeed, if Dr. Whedon had not so distinctly and emphatically stated his 'own idea,' we should not have believed that a crotchet so crazy, a notion so absurd, could

<sup>1</sup> 'Our idea,' we are glad to learn, originated with Dr. Lovick Pierce, the noble father of our noble Bishop, long before it originated with us.

have possibly found admittance into the brain of a rational being.

This may be Dr. Whedon's notion; but we deny that it is '*one of the commonplaces of Methodist theology.*' We reject, we repudiate, we utterly condemn and despise this calumny on Methodism. We have read the writings of Watson, and Fletcher, and Wesley, and there is no such ineffable nonsense in any of them. Not one of them, in any one of their productions, sets forth the ridiculous notion that God could, in any event, create only to crush mankind. Better, infinitely better, and more worthy of God, not to create at all. Hence it is that we infinitely prefer our idea, or rather Dr. Lovick Piérce's idea, of the 'non-creation of man,' to his creation with the certain prospect of his immediate annihilation. Children build cob-houses to pull them down again; but such is not the purpose or design with which God creates worlds. Such a notion, or crotchet, respecting the glory of the Creator, may be worthy of the genius of Dr. Whedon, *if he will insist on having it so*; but it is utterly inconsistent with the genius of Methodism.

Methodism, like the Bible, treats of the moral world *as it is in fact*, with all its obligations, and duties, and means of grace. It does not speculate about what the world would be, *or might be*, if a certain imaginary hypothesis were true. Dr. Whedon is, therefore, greatly mistaken when he seeks to pass off his metaphysical crotchet for 'one of the commonplaces of Methodist theology,' or one of its 'tenets.' The 'tenets' of Methodism are to be found in her twenty-five articles, and not in the crooked conceit of every self-styled 'normal promulgator' of her doctrines. If there had not been a difference—and an essential difference, too—between Whedonism and Methodism, then we had never been Methodists, nor would any other man with only a modicum of brains.

Dr. Whedon rides Methodism as a hobby; and, claiming to be a 'normal promulgator of her doctrines,' deems himself at liberty to treat us with contempt as neophytes, and as intruders into his own peculiar province. Our Methodism, we admit, is different from that of Dr. Whedon *in its origin*, as well as in

its nature and spirit. *We were not born to Methodism.* We learned our Methodism from neither of the great authorities, Fisk, Watson, and Fletcher, whom Dr. Whedon quotes against us, *but whom he does not understand*; and even if he had found his miserable crotchet in their writings, as clearly and as signally as he has failed to do so, we should not bend our mind to their authority. For our Methodism is not a thing of words, or names, or authorities; it is the growth of many years of severe study, and it is founded in conviction and principle. We acquired our Methodism, not at the feet of Fisk, or Watson, or Fletcher, but *where Mr. Wesley himself learned it, at the feet of Christ and his Apostles.* And they, if we are not mistaken, are 'the normal promulgators' of Methodism, to whom our supreme allegiance is due. Hence, we cannot allow any man, much less Dr. Whedon, to cram his metaphysical crotchets down our throat as Methodism. His poor crotchets are, indeed, so unlike all that we have been accustomed to reverè, and admire, and love as Methodism, that we are surprised to see them issue from the brain of a 'normal promulgator.' 'Let Albert T. Bledsoe,' says Dr. Whedon, 'beware how he ever again applies to another the epithet *pretender.*' After the recent display which Dr. Whedon has made of himself, Albert T. Bledsoe does not care to speak of any thing that is so perfectly obvious in itself.

Our 'normal promulgator' has entirely misunderstood his Methodist authorities — Fisk, Watson, and Fletcher. This may be easily shown. Dr. Fisk, as quoted by Dr. Whedon, says: 'We, on the contrary, believe that by Adam's unnecessitated sin he, and in him all his posterity, became obnoxious to the curse of the Divine law. As the first man sinned personally and actively, he was personally condemned; but as his posterity had no agency or personal existence, they could only have perished seminally in him. By the promise of a Saviour, however, our federal head was restored to the possibility of obtaining salvation through faith in the Redeemer. And in this restoration *all* the seminal generations of men were included. Their possible and prospective existence was restored, and their personal and active existence secured.'

Now, in this passage there is not one syllable to which we cannot cordially subscribe. But, then, it is very unlike the absurd notion of Dr. Whedon. It is merely a commentary, as well expressed as it is true, on the words of St. Paul: 'As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' (1 Cor. xv. 22.) It relates to the world *such as it is*, and not to the world *such as it might or would be*, on the supposition that there were no Redeemer. This question was, indeed, not before the mind of Dr. Fisk when the above passage was penned; and, consequently, to interpret that passage, as Dr. Whedon does, with reference to this question, is to misconceive the scope, design, and meaning of Dr. Fisk. It is, in other words, to find the crotchet of Dr. Whedon where it does not exist. Having thus produced, and misunderstood, the above passage, and two other parallel ones, Dr. Whedon proceeds to overwhelm his antagonist with coarse and abusive epithets. Only hear the fury and clatter of his tongue: 'The only escape which Dr. Bledsoe can here make from a conviction of multiplied dishonesties is by a plea of *sheer ignorance!* He was unaware of this well-known tenet of Methodism! And that would be coming down from a very lofty pedestal, indeed. He, the tall Colossus, who assumes to stride and straddle over Southern Methodism; the great arbiter of Arminian theology, competent to blast at one breath the reputation of years, *is obliged to confess his ignorance of the very horn-books of our Arminian system, and charges the normal promulgators of these doctrines with 'stealing them from him!!!'*

Now, in reply to all this ranting and raving, we only have to say, that if, instead of confessing ignorance for us, Dr. Whedon would only perform that very salutary office for himself, then there might be some hope for him. Has any man a greater need of such a personal confession? Has any man more ignorance, more blindness, and more blunders to confess than our very exalted and self-styled 'normal promulgator'? Dr. Whedon is welcome to his own crotchet; but we object to the use he makes of it. He is welcome to hold it, and cherish it as the apple of his eye; but when he mounts this crazy crotchet—leanest of all lean Rozinantes!—and, calling it Methodism,

seeks to ride over us rough-shod, we object to his Quixotic feat of arms. But we shall not oppose him. He may ride on in all his glory. We seem to hear him cry, 'Get out of the way, vile intruder! and let the 'normal promulgator' pass! We do get out of the way and hide our diminished head—the sight is so dreadful! It looks, indeed, as if he would run Northern Methodism into the ground. Thank God! it is not Southern Methodism. We look up to our Methodism for spiritual use and reverence, hoping that it will lift our souls to heaven; we do not ride it as a hobby, much less do we mount and ride absurd, metaphysical crotchets in its hallowed name.

Dr. Whedon, instead of replying to our criticisms on his book, passes them over in silence, and gives vent to the rabid rage they have occasioned in his mind by accusing us of deliberate and known falsehood. Thus, for example, he accuses us of falsehood, because we happened to assert, without any conceivable reason for assertion except that it was true, that we had seen him 'before the war.' Now, whether the aforesaid conversation with Dr. Whedon took place *before* or *after* the war, is not a material circumstance; and hence, in the denial of this simple assertion, he has made with us what the lawyers call an 'immaterial issue.' But this, or any thing, seems to suit his purpose, if it will only enable him to vent his rage and malice in abusive epithets. The conversation or scene referred to might have been laid *after*, just as well as *before*, the war (for we saw him after as well as before that event), except that it actually occurred before the war, *the positive assertion of Dr. Whedon to the contrary notwithstanding.* We would, indeed, make every possible allowance for Dr. Whedon, seeing that his vanity has been so deeply wounded. And, moreover, his mind is evidently so dull, and his perceptions so dim, that many things pass before his eyes without being seen at all, and all things without being more than half seen. Hence we could easily excuse the lapses or failures of his memory. We certainly should not judge him by the rule which is justly applicable to men of brighter minds and of better memories. But when he asserts positively that he never saw us 'before the war,' and, on the strength of his memory, accuses us of 'false-

'hood,' he ceases to be an object of charity. We aver, then, that whether Dr. Whedon saw us before the war or not, we did see and converse with him before that event. Indeed, *before the war* we spoke of that interview with him to several of our friends; and some of our colleagues in the University of Virginia, whose veracity is as high above all suspicion as the stars of heaven are above the earth, still remember our having done so. There is, according to the old proverb, a certain class of persons who 'ought to have good memories.' Yet, unfortunately, this is the very class who usually have weak memories, as well as weak natures; for it is, in fact, an indifference to both that weakens all the higher and nobler powers of the mind.

In the assertion that we had never heard of Dr. Whedon's work on *The Will* until it was handed to us for notice in the *Southern Review*, we have, says the author of that book, only displayed our 'profound ignorance.' We have this consolation, at least, that 'where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.' We are now enlightened by Dr. Whedon. He informs us of the various magazines and reviews in which it has been noticed, and of the colleges and seminaries in which it has been used as a text-book. But we have only found that, in this instance especially, 'to increase in knowledge is to increase in sorrow.' How sad — how very sad — to *know* that such a book should have been imposed on the perplexed brain of so many teachers, and made to darken and confound the mind of so many students of philosophy and theology! It would have been a happy thing, indeed, for the whole rising generation if it had been as profoundly ignorant as ourselves of the existence of Dr. Whedon's work.

We care not how many newspapers or magazines may have recommended the work in question. Their commendations only show their 'profound ignorance' of philosophical systems, and their utter incompetency to judge of philosophical works. No one who is familiar with such systems, or the great works in which they are expounded, or has the least insight into the harmonies or the discords of metaphysical philosophy, can read Dr. Whedon's work on *The Will* without horror. It is a



chaos of principles. The foundations of the Arminian theology are therein broken up, mixed together, and utterly confounded with the fundamental principles of the opposite system. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn from Dr. Whedon, that his work has been 'the subject of regular theological lectures in several Calvinistic Seminaries.' If, indeed, we believed in Calvinism, and admired the system as much as we love its advocates, we should certainly use the work of Dr. Whedon, as one of the best possible for the propagation of our principles. We should use it in preference to all the works we have ever read, to show how very inconsequential and self-contradictory an Arminian can be in his reasonings, how suicidal in his admissions, and how arrogant in his pretensions. It was these things, we can assure Dr. Whedon, and not any personal motive or consideration whatever, which, upon the reading of his book, excited our indignation, and called for the critical lash of the *Southern Review*. It is not necessary to repeat those criticisms here, especially as Dr. Whedon has been too discreet to attempt an answer to them. It was in the interests of philosophy, and learning, and education, and especially in the interests of Methodist theology, that we launched the shafts of our indignation at *Whedon on The Will*. We think, says he, that we can 'blast at one breath the reputation of years.' We think no such thing. We know too well, indeed, how deeply such mushroom reputations are imbedded in a 'profound ignorance' of philosophy, and how persistently they are upheld by newspaper puffs, to suppose, for a moment, that we could blast them by one breath, or even by a thousand. If, however, we could blast ten thousand such reputations at a single breath, we should rejoice that it is in our power to render so great, so unspeakable a service to the best interests of mankind.

The great point, on which hinges the whole controversy between the advocates of necessity on the one hand, and those of free agency on the other, is, whether acts of the will, or volitions, come under the mechanism of cause and effect, or do not come under that mechanism. In other words, whether our volitions are necessitated, or are free from the dominion of cause and effect. That our volitions do not come under

the adamantine law of cause and effect, that they are free from efficient or necessitating causes, is the great fundamental position which all the great advocates of free agency have been most profoundly solicitous to establish. Before reading Dr. Whedon's book, indeed, we did not suppose, for a moment, that any student of the philosophy of the Will, much less any advocate of free agency, could have entertained the shadow of a doubt respecting *the fact* above stated. What was our surprise, then, nay, our utter astonishment, to find that Dr. Whedon expressly admits — deliberately and repeatedly admits — that our volitions may be as completely necessitated as are the motions of a clock! If this were not treason to the great cause of Free Will and Arminian Theology, it was, at least, a 'profound ignorance' respecting the interests of that great cause, respecting its only foundation and corner-stone; more fatal in its consequences than any treason.

Having devoted the best years of our life to the investigation of this subject — the philosophy of the WILL — and having studied all the really great writers of all ages who have written on it, we should be poor creatures, indeed, if our convictions could be shaken by newspaper puffs or commendations. We have sincerely and profoundly pitied all those who, either as teachers or pupils, have had to make their way, as best they could, through such a metaphysical chaos of conflicting principles and hostile systems. More than one teacher, indeed, have thanked us for having so clearly revealed to them, in our former article, what they had always painfully, but yet obscurely, felt respecting the dark, perplexed, and chaotic character of Dr. Whedon's work. This is our reward.

Our volitions are not necessitated. They do not come under the law of cause and effect. That adamantine law reigns in the universe of matter only, not in the universe of mind. This is free. The mind is, in this respect as well as in others, made in the image of God — the self-active Creator of all things. Our volitions, or acts of will, are, therefore, the efforts of a *self-active mind*, made in the image of God — *efforts put forth in view of motives, but not compelled by causes*. This is the philosophy which, in two elaborate works, we have, after years

of patient and painstaking study, set forth, expounded, defended, and advocated with all the energy, zeal, and ability with which God has endowed us. This is the philosophy, in short, which has led us, in spite of all the prejudices of education and of sect, and all the dearest associations of life, to embrace the Methodist theology *as the true one*; and hence, if any self-styled 'normal promulgator' of Methodism is pleased to trample this philosophy under foot, he must expect a collision.

We now take leave of Dr. Whedon. 'There is no juster maxim of general law,' it has been well said, than *falsum in uno, falsum in omni*.' But, as we have seen, Dr. Whedon has been convicted of more than one falsehood by the record itself—by the article which he has so grossly, so outrageously, and so willfully misrepresented. Hence we may, on more grounds than one, apply to him the maxim, '*falsum in uno, falsum in omni*.' Unable to answer our review of his book, he first misrepresents its statements, and then descends into the dirty arena of the lowest and most disgraceful personalities. Nay, in direct and flat contradiction of the clearest utterance of that article to the contrary, he falsely accuses us of having pronounced him a thief, and then uses his false accusation as a pretext for denouncing us guilty of 'known falsehood.' Indeed, if we had accused him of literary theft, we should not have *known* the accusation to be false; but simply because we did not *know* that it could be true, we refrained from making it, and urged the best reasons we could imagine to show that such a suspicion might be unjust. As a truth-loving and even charitable opponent, this is all that we could possibly do under the circumstances, or in view of the facts before us. If Dr. Whedon is not satisfied with this, then all we have to say is, he must remain dissatisfied. We shall, by the grace of God, continue in the faithful and fearless discharge of our duty as reviewers, even though we should again and again have to encounter a Brobdingnagian in body, a Lilliputian in intellect, and a Yahoo in morals.

Dr. Whedon also asserts that we offered him an article on 'natural theology,' though we had no such article to offer him;

that we appeared before him with 'a dilapidated and mendicant' look, as if we had just passed 'through the wars,' though we were never better dressed in our lives, and though, as he himself alleges, we had just come from England; and that he assigned to us, as the reason for his rejection of said article, that it was 'behind the age, and *the advanced position of his readers,*' though no such reason was assigned, or even hinted at, by him. Each and every one of these statements we *know* to be false, and, if necessary, we could prove the most of them to be utterly untrue. But it is not necessary, since we may so easily crush his testimony, and show it to be utterly worthless, by the application of the maxim, '*falsum in uno, falsum in omni.*'

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#### ART. IX.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

1. THE JESUS OF THE EVANGELISTS: HIS HISTORICAL CHARACTER VINDICATED; or, an Examination of the Internal Evidence for our Lord's Divine Mission, with Reference to Modern Controversy. By the Rev. C. A. Row, M. A., of Pembroke College, Oxford; late Head-Master of the Royal Free Grammar School, Mansfield; Author of 'The Nature and Extent of Divine Inspiration,' etc. London: Williams & Morgate. 1868.

Our ideal of the article of Book Notices is very high. It should, indeed, be made the most interesting, as it is the most important, article of the *Review*. This cannot be done, however, if, as is usual in such cases, we only notice such books as are sent to the editor's table for that purpose. The best and most important publications of the day, whether sent to us or not, should be read, examined, and fairly noticed. This, it is true, will cost us several hundred dollars a year in the purchase of such books; but it will be our pleasure, as it is our duty, to incur that expense, in order to make this department of the *Review* as serviceable as possible to our readers.

The case of the book before us will serve to illustrate our meaning. In his able work, entitled *Prophecy a Preparation for Christ*, Dr. Payne Smith thus speaks of the volume before us: 'I would especially recommend a work entitled *The Jesus*

of the *Evangelists*, by the Rev. C. A. Row, 1868. For fullness of thought, and terseness and accuracy of reasoning, *I do not know its equal*. No man can read it without being convinced, I should imagine, not merely of our Lord's historical existence, which is what Mr. Row undertakes to prove against Strauss, etc., but also of his unapproachable perfectness. As a usual rule, it is in myths that we find attempts at describing a perfect character; our Lord is perfect in a way entirely distinct from any and every ideal of perfection that fancy has ever suggested, and with such proofs of historical certainty that the more they are examined the more convinced are we that the Gospels are simple narratives of facts.'

Having read this high encomium, by so high an authority, on *The Jesus of the Evangelists*, we determined to purchase it and to notice it for the benefit of our readers. We deemed this our duty, partly because so many books on the Jesus of the Evangelists have been recently published, and partly because most readers will need a guide in the selection of a work on this grand theme of the great controversy of the present day. Having carefully read and weighed every sentence of Mr. Row's work, we can conscientiously concur in every syllable of Dr. Payne Smith's very high recommendation.

But while the work possesses so many great excellencies, it contains, in our humble opinion, certain very grave errors, which would make it an unsafe guide for young persons, or for those whose views are not clearly formed and firmly established on an orthodox basis. Some of the best portions of the work, too, might, it seems to us, have been rendered much better, if the author had possessed clearer and more definite views of God's relation to the world, especially of his relation to the sin of the first, and his relation to the holiness of the second, creation of the universe. A complete notice of the work would require us, of course, to point out these 'very grave errors,' and to indicate the improvements which, as it seems to us, might be made to some of its 'best portions.' But these things cannot be done in the present brief notice. 'A complete notice,' when given, will serve to illustrate the critical and scientific value of the great fundamental principle

laid down in our former article on the 'Nature of Holiness and Sin.'<sup>1</sup>

Not until our next issue, however, will it be possible even to approximate to our ideal of such an article of Book Notices. The reader will understand this, if he will consider the immense amount of reading, reflection, and labor which the production of such an article requires, and also the fact that the Editor has been compelled to furnish nearly four-fifths of all the matter contained in the present number of the *Review*. This, with his present arrangements, cannot happen again, so that he will have more time to devote to the Notices of Books, as well as to give greater variety, and scope, and richness to the pages of the *Review*. If possible, indeed, how gladly would he have excluded from the present number the article on 'D. D. Whedon, D. D.,' and filled the space occupied by the great Brobdingnagian with notices of books by really respectable authors!

2. **WOMEN; OR, CHRONICLES OF THE LATE WAR.** By Mary Tucker Magill. Baltimore: Turnbull Brothers.

This is Miss Magill's second contribution to literature, being a sequel to *The Holcombes*, a book which, published about a year ago, ran rapidly through several editions, and brought its author no inconsiderable reputation.

Miss Magill wields the pen of a ready writer, and shows great skill in bringing forward her former characters in such a way as to endue them with fresh interest for the readers of her first book, while at the same time the action of the second forms a chain so independent and complete within itself as to leave no missing links perceptible to those introduced to companionship with the author for the first time. We of the South instinctively shrink from reviewing the scenes of our late struggle for independence, whether brought to mind by poet, historian, or novelist. Our wounds have been too recently inflicted, our sorrows too real, not to cause the feelings aroused by touching the chords of their memory to vibrate too painfully at first to awaken pleasurable sensations. Yet it is well

<sup>1</sup> Southern Review for October, 1870.

to lay aside such morbid sensitiveness and look unflinchingly at the past, striving to lay to heart its lessons, and prize, as we should, those transmitted legacies of heroic action and devoted self-sacrifice, which constitute the richest treasures of a people.

So true to fact are the incidents and personal details interwoven by Miss Magill in what purports to be a fictitious narrative, that we can hardly forbear expressing a regret that it should have been deemed necessary to throw in a slender thread of fiction, in order to give a supposititious interest to events of such thrilling interest in themselves that any embellishments would seem to mar rather than to enhance their effect. We fear that hereafter it may not be known what genuine material for history is enclosed within the pages of this unpretending volume, so instinct as it is with the spirit of truth, so redolent of the perfume of pious deeds actually performed.

The women of the South, to whom this volume is affectionately inscribed, owe a debt of gratitude to their able and faithful chronicler, than whom none is better fitted by experience and character to picture scenes and events in which she is well known to have borne a noble woman's part. A modest veil is, however, thrown over this fact, and no hint given the casual reader of the intimate connection sustained by the author with some of the most striking portions of her narrative. In speaking of our opponents, although the author consistently carries out her purpose, declared in the introduction, of 'seeking those things that make for peace,' yet it is more than can be required of human nature not to sympathize in the evident relish with which she details the record of Milroy's misrule in Winchester. We are even wicked enough to hope that the redoubtable Mrs. Milroy may have the honor of seeing herself in print, and realize in what light she figured upon the mimic stage of short-lived, vulgar glory. The account of Ellen Randolph's ingeniously conceived allegorical letter, with the consequent summary vengeance inflicted upon the writer's devoted head, is very cleverly executed, and enjoyable in the extreme. Its serio-comic character is elevated at the close into a tone of deep and true Christian feeling, as it is told how

the defenceless girl, strong only in innocence and faith, passed unscathed through her armed foes; and, when left alone and helpless upon the high road, was shielded and protected by an unseen yet omnipotent Arm, until safely restored to the bosom of her family. This book deserves a place in the library of every Southern family, and is a rich garner of precious memories that ought not to be permitted to be engulfed in the fast-closing tomb of the dead and forgotten. The characters are well drawn and their traits of individualism sharply defined. The negroes introduced are particularly well described, and evidently taken from life.

Authors like Miss Magill, and Dr. Dabney in his defence of Virginia and the South, merit the warm gratitude of their contemporaries for undertaking the disinterested task of rescuing from oblivion the motives that exalted, the principles that nerved, and the faith that sanctified a 'Lost Cause.' We cordially commend Miss Magill's book to an appreciative public, and if it meets with the success it deserves, we need ask for no more.

3. SAINT LOUIS AND CALVIN. By M. Guizot, member of the Institute of France. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. Pp. 887.

John Calvin was certainly one of the most remarkable men the world has ever seen. After reading his *Life*, in three volumes, by Henry, and his *Life*, in two volumes, by Audin, the sketch of M. Guizot may prove a pleasant *résumé*; it is certainly as superficial as it is pleasant. He merely skims the surface of the great themes he touches in the life of Calvin.

When we consider the immense literary activity of M. Guizot we feel as if we had been idlers all our life; but then, again, on the other hand, when we consider the character of his works, we feel as if we had not been altogether idle. All that he has said, for instance, respecting the awful theme of predestination, could scarcely have cost him more than twenty hours of study, and yet to this one subject we have devoted no less than twenty years of patient and close investigation. What signifies it for any one, even for M. Guizot, to tell us, as so many commonplace minds have done, that the subject of



predestination, including the origin and existence of evil, is beyond the reach of the human faculties? Yet this is all that M. Guizot does; and this, we may safely venture to assert, throws not one particle of light on the depths of the awful mystery. He has, in one word, left the subject just where he found it, and if he had said nothing the world would have been none the less wise for his silence.

The opening sentence of the work before us, that the 'Final judgment on great men and great events must be reserved for future generations,' is emphatically true of John Calvin. The time has not yet arrived for a final judgment on the 'great man' Calvin, or on the 'great events' connected with his life. No one should, indeed, presume to write the life of Calvin who does not feel a profound admiration for the genius as well as for the moral heroism of the man. But even with such an admiration, unless it leads to a careful and profound study of his works, a biographer may be as one-sided and partial as Henry, or as superficial as M. Guizot. The intense bitterness of Audin is insufferable. The life of Calvin which shall fairly and fully reveal the greatness of the man, as well as his place in history, has yet to be written; that is to say, unless we have studied his great works in vain, especially his *Institutes*, and his *Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans*.

4. MEDITATIONS ON THE ACTUAL STATE OF CHRISTIANITY, AND ON THE ATTACKS WHICH ARE NOW BEING MADE UPON IT. By M. Guizot. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

A glance at the table of contents shows the precise scope and design of this work. It consists of the following eight meditations: 'I. The Awakening of Christianity in France in the Nineteenth Century; II. Spiritualism; III. Rationalism; IV. Positivism; V. Pantheism; VI. Materialism; VII. Skepticism; and VIII. Infidelity, Recklessness, and Perplexity.' If any one wishes to know what M. Guizot thinks on these subjects, he may read his 'Meditations' on them.

The first Meditation, by far the longest in the book, is an exceedingly interesting historical sketch. But as for his 'Meditations' on Rationalism, Positivism, Pantheism, and so forth,

we have found nothing which has not been better said by minds far inferior to his own. But, then, M. Guizot is very justly a world-famous man; and seems to think it, therefore (we fear very falsely), one of his privileges, *as such*, to pour forth books on all sorts of subjects. If he had written less, and given more time and labor to his lucubrations, he would, in our humble opinion, have rendered far greater service to the progress and development of human thought. His 'Meditations' would, in that event, have been more like those of Blaise Pascal, and less like the criticisms of commonplace mortals. As it is, his thoughts on Rationalism, Positivism, Pantheism, and so forth, fall below those of Dr. Buchanan. Why should books be multiplied, on one and the same subject, without end, and without one additional gain to the progress of knowledge? If M. Guizot had devoted years to the exclusive study of Rationalism, or Positivism, or Pantheism, then we should have been glad to hear from him. But, as it is, we only have to record as the result of his labors to us—several dollars out of our pockets, and not one new idea in our heads.

Hence, to be honest with our readers, we say, if you wish to know what M. Guizot thinks on the great themes of his book, then buy his 'Meditations.' But if you wish to know *what ought to be thought* on those subjects, then we would advise you to purchase some larger and less costly discussion of them. The work of Dr. Buchanan, the Scotch Presbyterian, fulfils both of these conditions.

5. DAVE FAIRFAX. By Ada Augusta Gott. New York: E. J. Hale & Son. 1872.

We have long since ceased to read novels. We have tried Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, Warren, but all with the same result. Life is so short, and these authors are so long, that we could not read them, while, on all sides around us, there are so many unread works of history, science, philosophy, poetry, and religion. In reading fiction, to tell the truth, we are usually so little interested in the story, or its everlasting *incidents*, that we soon fall into reflections of our own, and the book falls out of our hands.

This was not the case with the little novel of *Miss Gott*. The story, which opens very ingeniously, interested us from the very beginning, and the interest did not once flag till we reached the end of the volume. We devoured the book at one sitting; and if the reader is not too old to enjoy a 'love story,' he can easily do the same thing. He will not find one sentiment, nor one syllable, in the whole book to offend the taste of the most refined or fastidious moralist. We wish all possible success to *Miss Gott*, the young authoress, who is, evidently, if we may judge from her book, a high-toned Christian lady.

6. *THE MYSTERY OF ORCIVAL*. By Emile Gabrian. New York: Holt & Williams. 1871.

A very cleverly written romance. It is designed to show the perfection to which the science of searching out and detecting crime has arrived, and the almost incredible ingenuity with which the faintest traces of evidence are discovered, and linked together, and moulded into a consistent whole, so as to subserve the ends of justice, by vindicating the innocent and bringing to light the guilty.

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

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OCTOBER, 1872.

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*Πάντα δοκιμάζετε, τὸ καλὸν κατέχετε.*

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# THE SOUTHERN REVIEW.

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OCTOBER, 1872.

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ART. I.—*The Ecclesiastical Polity of the New Testament.*  
A Study for the Present Crisis in the Church of England.  
By the Rev. G. A. Jacob, D. D., late Head-Master of  
Christ's Hospital. London: Strahan & Co.<sup>1</sup> 1871. Pp.  
421.

In our last article on this subject we used these words: 'Leaving the traditions of the Fathers behind us, we shall, in our next paper on the Apostolical Succession, examine, in detail and *in extenso*, the arguments of its advocates drawn from Scripture. These arguments, if we are not greatly deceived, are like the dogma they are adduced to bolster up and support—the empty phantoms of a duped imagination.' This promise we now proceed to redeem.

It is conceded, on all sides, that two orders of ministry—presbyters and deacons—are clearly recognized and set forth in the pages of the New Testament. But where, in these pages, do we find a bishop? This is *the* question. This is the only point in controversy. Show us where Christ, or his Apostles, or any writer of the New Testament, has, either directly or indirectly, recognized the existence of a bishop, and we shall, once for all, surrender this great point and

<sup>1</sup> This valuable work has been republished in this country (as stated in our last), and may be easily procured.



retreat before our adversaries. But we want *arguments*, solid and substantial, not merely shams and shadows.

It is easy to find the word *bishop* in the New Testament. Hence, as we saw in our last article, great stress was laid on this mere word, or name, to make out the three orders — ‘*bishops*, priests, and deacons.’ This mere word was petted, and patronized, and put forth as the crowning glory of the three orders; that is to say, during the dim twilight of this great controversy. But this argument from the name was, after much discussion, so clearly and so completely refuted, that the advocates of *jure divino* Episcopacy themselves became ashamed of it and beat an inglorious retreat, raising at the same time a prodigious clamor against the absurdity of all arguments about ‘*names*’! Leaving these, and all like shams and shadows, to their poor, sophistical adversaries, they — the masters of reason — will build on ‘*facts alone*.’ Let us look, then, at their facts.

Before we come to this point, however, their great boasted stronghold at present, let us say a few words about the argument from names. This argument may be good, or it may be bad. If it had not been good in the hands of those who opposed the *jure divino* scheme of Episcopacy, the advocates of that scheme would not have retreated before it, nor clamored so vociferously against the futility of all such arguments. In other words, they would not have ‘*changed their base*,’ and fallen back on what they were pleased to consider an impregnable fortification of ‘*facts*.’

They could find in the pages of the New Testament the expressions ‘*presbyters and deacons*,’ ‘*bishops and deacons*,’ but they could no where discover the formula ‘*bishops, presbyters, and deacons*.’ Hence they were sadly perplexed. If, indeed, this precious formula, which occurs so frequently in the post-apostolic fathers, could have been found only *once* in the pages of the New Testament, what light, what joy, it would have brought to their distressed minds! But they could not find it at all. Hence they had to fly, as they did, to ‘*the Fathers of the first three centuries*,’ in order to ascertain ‘*the genuine sense of Scripture*.’

Irenæus (about A. D. 180) was, as we have shown in our last article, their favorite Father. But have we not the Scriptures as well as Irenæus had? and can we not read them for ourselves? The Book of Acts tells us (chap xx) that St. Paul called 'the elders' from Ephesus to Miletus, and that when they were come to him he addressed these 'elders,' or presbyters, as 'bishops.' Now, here we have a *fact*, the fact, namely, that the great inspired Apostle calls one and the same class of persons, first 'elders' and then 'bishops.' What does this *fact* signify? It signifies, it seems to us, that 'elders' and 'bishops' are, in the language of Scripture, two names for one and the same class of persons. Nothing is, indeed, more common than such a use of language. Among ourselves, for example, the same class of persons are sometimes called 'preachers,' sometimes 'pastors,' and sometimes 'presbyters,' according to the relation in which they are viewed as standing to their flocks. The same person is called a 'preacher,' a 'pastor,' or a 'presbyter,' according as he is viewed, in his relation to his flock, as a minister of the word, an overseer, or a ruler. In like manner, the same person was called in the primitive Church a 'bishop,' when considered as one having a general oversight of his flock or congregation, for that was the primitive sense of the term *bishop*, and a 'presbyter,' when viewed as one appointed to rule over them. As both terms were used interchangeably, so, in the course of time, they came to signify nearly, if not quite, one and the same thing. Both were looked upon, finally, as overseers, and both as rulers, as *in fact* they were. Be this as it may, it is so certain that it is now universally conceded that the terms *bishop* and *presbyter*, as used in the New Testament, denote precisely the same officer of the Church, or order of the Christian ministry. This is a *fact*—a *conceded fact*—universally conceded by the advocates of *jure divino* Episcopacy themselves.

This *fact* stood in the way of the good St. Irenæus. What, then, will he do with it? Will he accept the fact, which is now so universally accepted by his most devout admirers and followers? Will he read Acts xx fairly, honestly, and give

us 'the genuine sense of Scripture'? There it is; no one can mistake its plain meaning, unless he has a theory to support; and, indeed, no one at the present day does mistake its meaning. After the 'elders' had come from Ephesus to Miletus, in obedience to the call of St. Paul, 'he said unto them, Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to feed the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers,' ἐπιτρόπους — *bishops*. Now, what shall we do with this Scripture? Shall we read it for ourselves, or shall we go to Irenæus for its 'genuine sense'?

Irenæus (A. D. 180) thus deals with this passage: 'In Mileto convocatis *Episcopis* et Presbyteris qui evant ab Epheso et reliquis *proximis civitatibus*.' (Lib. iii. I.) Though it is perfectly evident, from Acts xx, that St. Paul called presbyters only to Miletus, yet Irenæus makes him call both *bishops* and presbyters! And though not one word is said about any city but Ephesus, yet Irenæus, in order to have more bishops than one, extends the call to Ephesus and *the neighboring cities*! The facts, as given in the sacred record, militate against the theory of Irenæus, and, hence, he interpolates that record, and remodels its facts to suit his own notion! Whom shall we follow, then—St. Irenæus or St. Paul? Shall we read and interpret for ourselves, or shall we choose, as our guide to 'the genuine sense of Scripture,' one who has, by 'the traditions of men,' so grossly and so glaringly corrupted the pure word of God? The truth is, that the early Fathers made quotations from the New Testament with a looseness, and laid on their glosses with a carelessness, which seem utterly irreconcilable with the idea that its language possessed any very great sacredness in their eyes. They were not the fathers, they were the children, of the Church, as expositors of the divine record. The blundering of fifteen centuries, especially the blundering of the early Fathers, has demonstrated the necessity of a closer adherence to the word of God; and the learning, the training, and the progressive development of eighteen centuries, have furnished the Church with a glorious body of interpreters of Scripture, in comparison with whom 'the early Fathers,' as they are called, were little better than babies.

Fidelity is, however, the grand characteristic by which modern interpreters of Scripture are distinguished. It requires no learning to teach us that the term *presbyters* does not mean 'bishops and presbyters,' and that *Ephesus* does not mean 'Ephesus and the neighboring cities.' And if any one should at the present day take such liberties with the word of God as those taken by Irenæus, he would be read out of 'the school of the prophets' as worse than a worthless guide. Go to such a guide for the 'genuine sense of Scripture'! Why, he would have us to believe that 'presbyter' means 'presbyter and bishop,' and that 'Ephesus' means 'Ephesus and the neighboring cities'! Yet are we told by Bishop McIlvaine, and an innumerable host besides, that as Irenæus lived so near the time of the Apostles his knowledge respecting the hierarchy must have been more perfect than ours. Indeed, although he did live so near the time of the Apostles, his mind and imagination were so filled with the infantile notions and crudities of an infant Church, that he could not even take in the obvious sense of the plainest language of Revelation — the sense now universally adopted as the true one. Or if he did take it in at times, and proclaim it to others, this was only to lose sight of it again amid the profound entanglements of tradition and the new-fangled notions of a transitional period in the history of the Church. If we want to know 'the genuine sense of Scripture' we look, not into the semi-chaos of that period, but into the Scriptures themselves.

These, we are told, are very dark, and that, without the aid of the Fathers, we shall lose our way therein, and fail to find the truth. Certainly, if we seek our own notions or fond conceits therein we shall find them very dark, and the longer we seek the darker they will become. But otherwise, far otherwise, if with a single eye we look there for God's truth alone, being at all times as ready to sacrifice to that truth the most beautiful theory that ever charmed or fascinated the heart and imagination of man as Abraham was to offer up his only son Isaac. It is one thing, however, to propound fine theories, to make heroic resolutions in the service of truth, and quite another to reduce them to practice. Even Bishop Kip could

say: 'It is the glory of our Church, that she refers everything to the decision of the Scriptures';<sup>1</sup> but, after all, he relies upon St. Irenæus more than he does upon St. Paul. His promise is very fair. 'Let us turn,' he says, 'at once "to the law and the testimony," and make our first inquiry, What says the word of God? What do we learn from its pages with regard to the government of the Church which our Lord and his Apostles in their day established?'"<sup>2</sup> In one word, What do we find in its pages with regard to bishops? This is *the* question.

We certainly find the name *bishops*. From this it was inferred, at first, that those pages recognized the existence of bishops in the modern sense of the term. But when, after a severe struggle and long debate, this argument was exploded — so clearly exploded, indeed, that its very advocates were compelled to abandon it — a great outcry was raised against the argument from mere names. One of these champions exclaims, Suppose the terms *bishop* and *presbyter* do signify the same thing in Scripture, who cares about the *name*? Or about an argument from the name? It is 'literally good for nothing.' It is 'too feeble to merit a serious reply.' It is 'wretched sophistry' — 'the old and miserable sophistry of names.' But suppose, on the contrary, that the names *bishop* and *presbyter* in Scripture had denoted different persons, had signified two different orders in the ministry, what would the champions of Episcopacy have then thought about the argument from names? Would they have then deemed it 'literally good for nothing'? Would they have then denounced it as 'wretched sophistry' — as 'the old, miserable sophistry of names'? Who does not know that, on the contrary, they would in such case have lauded and magnified the argument from names? The writer in question, and the whole chorus who joined with them, would have pronounced that a good, a glorious, an unanswerable argument for the divine original of Episcopacy. They stood by the argument from the names *bishop* and *presbyter*, in fact, as long as it would hold water, and fought for it as if it were the only ark of safety; but

<sup>1</sup> Double Witness, p. 36.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

when they saw it so badly riddled that it must inevitably go to the bottom, then they abused it as if it had been guilty of all their own 'miserable sophistry of names.'

There are, it is true, bad arguments from names, but there are also good ones. Have we no rule or criterion, then, by which we may distinguish the good from the bad? Or must we continue to float along or scramble about with our adversaries, pronouncing those bad which make against us, and those good which make in our favor? Is blind, arbitrary self-will to be our only guide, or is there any light in logic or reason to conduct us, safely and satisfactorily, through all this blind logomachy and confusion of our adversaries, and lead us up to the clear, unclouded sense of Scripture? Unless we are greatly mistaken, there is, through this dark wilderness of words, a perfectly clear and distinct path, if those who have eyes to see will only use them *honestly*. Let us see. Let us follow our opponents and see how they take leave of 'the sophistry of names,' and build their grand scheme on *facts*.

The Scriptural *facts*, as they call them, on which they rely with the greatest confidence, are the unquestionable verities that Epaphroditus, Timothy, and Titus were bishops—the first of Philippi, the second of Ephesus, and the third of Crete. These facts lie at the foundation of their whole scheme. They constitute at once the corner-stone of the fabric and the key-stone of its all-supporting arch. Show 'these facts,' then, to be mere fictions, and that lofty fabric tumbles to its foundations and disappears amid the smoke of its own ruins. We shall, therefore, devote the remainder of this paper to an examination of these three 'unquestionable facts.'

Was Epaphroditus, then, the Bishop of Philippi? He is nowhere called the Bishop of Philippi. Indeed, if he had been expressly called in Scripture the Bishop of that city, this would not have proved that he was a *bishop* in the modern sense of the term. It would have proved, on the contrary, only that he was a *presbyter*; inasmuch as, according to the *usus loquendi* of the age in which the Scriptures were composed, and according to the express usage of the Scriptures themselves, the term *bishop* signified neither more nor less

than a presbyter, and *vice versa*. But he is not even called a bishop, and hence there is, at this point at least, no foundation on which to erect 'the miserable sophistry of names.'

He is called, however, as we are told, an Apostle. It is asserted by *Cyprian* (the venerable *nom de plume* of the Rev. Frederick Beasley, Rector of St. Peter's Church, Albany, New York,) that 'the apostolic authority was *manifestly* communicated to Epaphroditus.'<sup>1</sup> But where, we ask, is the proof? 'St. Paul,' says *Cyprian*, 'in his Epistle to the Philippians, ii. 25, calls him the apostle to the Philippians.' He adds: 'And Theodoret, upon this place, gives the reason why Epaphroditus is called the apostle to the Philippians. "He was entrusted with the Episcopal government, as being their bishop." But these are parts of Scripture on which the advocates of Episcopacy place the least reliance.'<sup>2</sup>

Now *Cyprian*, be it observed and remembered, is one of the very writers whom we have quoted as being so very eloquent against the 'miserable sophistry of names.' Yet, as we shall soon see, the above argument is one of the most miserable instances of word jugglery that has ever been invented by the brain of man. *Cyprian*, in the first place, introduces two words into the passage quoted from St. Paul which do not occur in the original. 'St. Paul,' says he, calls Epaphroditus *the* apostle *to* the Philippians.' St. Paul does no such thing. In order to force, or forge, an argument in favor of Episcopacy, *Cyprian* introduces into the extract from St. Paul the two words above italicized, *the* and *to*. This is worthy of Irenæus, or Theodoret; it is a disgrace to the exegesis, not to say to the honesty, of the nineteenth century. It is an argument founded, not upon 'the facts' of Scripture, but only upon 'the murder of a text.' There is no obscurity whatever and no difficulty in the above passage as given by St. Paul himself, that is, to

<sup>1</sup> CYPRIAN, No. iii, Collec., p. 72. The writings of Cyprian appear in 'A Collection of Essays on the subject of Episcopacy, which originally appeared in the *Albany Centinel*, and which were principally ascribed to the Rev. Dr. Linn, the Rev. Frederick Beasley, and Mr. (afterward the Rev.) Thomas G. How; with additional notes and remarks.' 8vo, pp. 210. New York: T. & J. Swords. 1806.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

any one who is really in search of light, and so lives above the low region of lies.<sup>1</sup>

There is, as every cultivated mind is aware, no greater source of error and confusion, darkness and perplexity, than the ambiguities of language. Hence, when any writer employs an ambiguous word he will take the pains to let it be seen in what sense it is used by him; that is, if he is honest, and wishes his meaning to be clearly understood. St. Paul, in the instance before us, has certainly taken this pains, and, consequently, his meaning, if fairly looked at, is as clear as a sunbeam. It is only darkened by the obliquity of Dr. Beasley's eye. Let us look and see if this be not so.

The term *apostle* has two meanings. In one of its senses it signifies 'one sent forth.' Thus, in *Smith's Bible Dictionary*, we have 'APOSTLE (*ἀπόστολος*, one sent forth).' In this sense of the word any 'one sent forth,' any messenger, is an apostle. Dean Alford, by whom this article was written, adds, that *Apostle* is 'the official name, in the N. T., originally of those Twelve of the disciples whom Jesus chose, to send forth first to preach the gospel, and to be with Him during the course of his ministry on earth.' . . . 'The word also appears,' he continues, 'to have been used in a non-official sense, to designate a much wider circle of Christian messengers and teachers (See 2 Cor. viii. 23; *Phil.* ii. 25).' It was, indeed, used then, as it is used now, to designate any and every sort of messenger and advocate. M. de Tocqueville says, that Mr. Jefferson was 'the greatest apostle of liberty the world has ever sent forth'; but he surely did not mean by this that Mr. J. was one of the Apostles of Christ. That the word has these two meanings or significations will not be denied, for the fact is recognized by all of our lexicographers, whether ancient or modern. Thus says Worcester: 'Apostle, n. [Gr. *ἀποστολος*, a messenger; *ἀποστελλω*, to send forth; L. *apostolus*.] Literally, a person sent by another, a messenger, a missionary—

<sup>1</sup> By 'the low region of lies' we here mean the atmosphere of prejudice and passion, the dark region, the under-stratum of thought and feeling, in which most men live, and move, and have their being. How few, alas! ever rise into the region of pure thought.



applied especially to one of the Twelve deputed by Christ.' Every one, no less than Dr. Worcester, admits this to be the limited, or restricted, and official sense of the word *apostle*.

The only question is, in which of these two senses does St. Paul use the word *apostle* in Phil. ii. 25? Dean Alford, as we have already seen, refers to Phil. ii. 25 as an illustration of the loose, popular, and general sense of the term, in which it designates a 'messenger' merely. Now, who has blundered in this case — the learned Dean of Canterbury, or Dr. Beasley, of Albany? The forty-seven, by whom our English Version was given to the world, are in the same scale with the Dean; for, in their translation, the *αποστολος* in Phil. ii. 25 is rendered by the word *messenger*. Though Episcopalians all, they seem not to have dreamed that Epaphroditus, the apostle there spoken of, was anything more than a simple 'messenger.' These high authorities would, in our humble opinion, outweigh a million of Beasley's, plus all who have joined with him in the mistranslation, the gross perversion, and even the corruption, of Phil. ii. 25. If, instead of corrupting this text, so as to make it read '*the apostle to the Philippians,*' he had fairly and honestly looked at *the facts* of the case, his difficulty would have vanished. Or, more correctly speaking, his fondly-cherished darkness would have disappeared, and let in the light of truth upon his mind.

To see this, beyond a doubt, it is only necessary to look at *the facts* of the case. Epaphroditus had been sent from the generous Philippians to Rome, provided with gifts for the relief of St. Paul; and feeling, in consequence of a dangerous illness brought on by his arduous labors in that city, a strong desire and longing to return home, the Apostle determined to comply with his wishes. Accordingly, he sent back *their messenger*, making him, at the same time, the bearer of the Epistle to the Philippians. 'I trust in the Lord Jesus,' says St. Paul, 'to send Timotheus shortly unto you, that I also may be of good comfort, when I know your state. For I have no man like-minded, and who will naturally care for your state [not even Epaphroditus]. . . . Him, therefore, I hope to send presently, so soon as I shall see how it will go with me. But I trust

in the Lord that I myself shall come shortly. Yet I suppose it necessary to send to you Epaphroditus, my brother, and companion in labor, and fellow-soldier, *but your messenger, and he that ministered to my wants.*' Thus, from this passage itself, it is clear that St. Paul did not speak of Epaphroditus as his 'apostle to the Philippians,' but only as *their messenger* to him, through whom they had ministered to his wants. In the sacred text, Epaphroditus is simply 'your messenger'—one whom the Philippians had sent to minister to St. Paul's wants. In the version, or rather in the perversion, of Dr. Beasley, and other champions of *jure divino* Episcopacy, he is transformed, not to say transfigured, into '*the apostle*' of Christ '*to the Philippians*!' Now, is not this, we ask, 'the miserable sophistry of names' with a vengeance? The name is first taken from the connection in which it stands, separated from the facts of the case by which its true meaning is rendered perfectly obvious, and then, by the addition of two words not to be found in the original, this humble messenger *of the Philippians* is transmuted and raised to the college of the Apostles! He is no longer '*your messenger, and he that ministered to my wants*'; he is '*the apostle*' of Christ Jesus '*to the Philippians.*' When and where did Christ make him an apostle? He was the messenger *of the Philippians* to Paul. But did that make him an apostle of Christ? He was, also, at his own urgent solicitation and request, a messenger of Paul to the Philippians, and the bearer of his Epistle to them. But did that make him an apostle of Christ? If not, by whom, then, and how, was he made an apostle? By *whom*, indeed, if not by Beasley, How, Chapin, Kip, and others, who, unable to find a bishop in the New Testament, have ingeniously manufactured one out of a simple messenger, under the name of *apostle*, and sent him forth as the illustrious predecessor of a long line of similar shams? And *how* have they manufactured him, if not by 'a sophistry of names,' or blind jugglery of words, unsurpassed in the annals of Biblical criticism?

This wonderful creation of modern science is the more remarkable, because the early traditions of the Church, pro-

lific as they were in such inventions, did not regard Epaphroditus as the Bishop of Philippi. Even Dr. Chapin, the great hunter of traditions, has not found one to the effect that Epaphroditus was the Bishop of Philippi. He appeals 'to antiquity,' it is true, but, after all his fishing in the sea of tradition, his drag net brings out only one witness to his darling theory, and that one witness is Theodoret, who belongs to the fifth century. Now, one witness, we insist, can no more make a tradition than one swallow can make a summer. The first, second, third, and fourth centuries are silent as to any Episcopal connection of Epaphroditus with the See of Philippi. How did it happen, then, that Theodoret, in the fifth century, was the first to discover this most interesting '*fact*'? Did he learn it from tradition? No; there was no such tradition, and Theodoret pretended to no such source of information. He learned 'this fact,' as it is called, precisely as it was afterward learned by Beasley, Kip, Chapin, and others; that is, by first assuming that St. Paul in Phil. ii. 25 calls Epaphroditus *the* apostle to the Philippians, and then concluding that he called him their apostle 'because he was their bishop.' (Chapin, p. 179.) Thus, in the absence of all tradition and historic information, he reasoned from a grossly perverted and misunderstood text; and he reasoned no better than others under the same influence have done after him. We have, no less than Theodoret had, the words of Phil. ii. 25; and, if we may be permitted to decide for ourselves, we infinitely prefer the obvious sense assigned to them by the forty-seven translators of our common English version to the false gloss of Theodoret. There seems to have been so little foundation for 'the fact,' indeed, that Epaphroditus was the Bishop of Philippi, that the traditions of the early Church indulged in so wild a dream. According to that tradition, Erastus, not Epaphroditus, 'was the first bishop' of the Philippians.<sup>1</sup>

But suppose that Epaphroditus was an apostle, does it follow, therefore, that he was a bishop? By no means. Jerome is quoted, by Dr. Chapin, to show that Epaphroditus was the apostle to the Philippians. But he did not, and he could not,

<sup>1</sup> See Smith's Bible Dictionary, p. 2494. 'The Epistle to the Philippians.

thence infer that Epaphroditus was their bishop; for, as we have already seen, Jerome maintains that in the time of the Apostles there were no bishops, in the modern sense of the term, and that such bishops were afterward introduced 'by the custom of the Church.'<sup>1</sup> But if there were no bishops, properly so-called, in the time of the Apostles, then Epaphroditus was not the Bishop of the Philippians when St. Paul wrote his Epistle to them.

In fact, during the age of the Apostles, there was no such thing as a diocese or a diocesan bishop. If there is any truth in history, or any means of arriving at that truth, then *this fact* is established by the work of Sir Peter King, afterward the Lord High Chancellor of England, and by the *Irenicum* of Bishop Stillingfleet. We might as well look, indeed, for a modern man of war before the compass or gunpowder was invented, or the use of steam was known, as to search the history of the Apostolical era for a diocese or diocesan bishop. The thing did not exist. The Church at Philippi was not a diocese,<sup>2</sup> and, even if it was, Epaphroditus was not its diocesan.

Unable to find a bishop, our opponents manufacture an apostle and then make him into a bishop. But is this logic, or is it legerdemain? St. Paul was *the* apostle to the Gentiles. Was he, therefore the bishop of the Gentiles? Does it follow from the fact that he was the apostle to the Gentiles, that the Gentile world was one grand diocese, and that he was its bishop? If not, then it does not follow from the fact (supposing it to be a fact) that Epaphroditus was *the* apostle to Philippi — that he was the bishop of the Philippians. The whole argument breaks down utterly. The premise is forged, the conclusion is forced. Both are false.

By the same kind of logic, if logic it may be called, it were easy to prove that St. Paul was the diocesan bishop of the Church of Corinth. For his own words to the Christians of Corinth are: 'If I be not an apostle unto others, *yet doubt-*

<sup>1</sup> See first article on 'Apostolical Succession,' *Southern Review* for July, 1872.

<sup>2</sup> See Smith's Bible Dictionary, Art. Philippi.

*less am I to you: for the seal of mine apostleship are ye in the Lord.*' Now, do these words prove that St. Paul, '*the apostle to Corinth,*' was the diocesan bishop of that portion of the Lord's vineyard?—that he was the permanently resident bishop of that city? No one will, for a moment, entertain so manifest and glaring an absurdity. How can it, then, with the least show of reason or consistency, be pretended that because Epaphroditus was '*the apostle to the Philippians*' (supposing that to be a fact), he was, therefore, their diocesan bishop, or a bishop in the modern sense of the word? The great Apostle was either no bishop at all, or else he was the bishop of Corinth, the bishop of Philippi, the bishop of Rome, as well as of many other cities. But if his being an apostle to a city did not make him its bishop, how could the fact, whether real or imaginary, that Epaphroditus was '*the apostle to Philippi*' make him its bishop? We appeal to the candid and impartial reader, if in such reasoning there is the order, or the consistency, or the light, which ought to exist, and which usually *does* exist, in the logic of simple, sincere, and honest inquirers after truth?

We might here, we think, safely dismiss the case of Epaphroditus. But, to make clean work with this manufactured bishop, we shall examine, in conclusion, the several arguments of Dr. Chapin, which leave no 'reasonable doubt' of 'the fact' that he was the veritable and worthy successor of some one of the Apostles as the bishop of Philippi. Of which one? As he was '*the apostle to Philippi,*' must we not conclude, of course, that he was his own successor? St. Paul, too, it must be admitted, was an apostle to Philippi. But, then, it would hardly be fair to conclude that Epaphroditus would get into the shoes of the great Apostle before he had got out of them, or consent to become his successor before he died. These are, however, very small difficulties. We must leave them behind us and go forth to meet Dr. Chapin, whose arguments, huge and gigantic, are looming up before us, and threaten to extinguish all 'reasonable doubt' as to 'the fact' that Epaphroditus was the Bishop of Philippi, and to bind us with the

chains of inevitable conviction. We shall take them as they come, one by one, in due order.

1. Dr. Chapin insists that the authority of the forty-seven translators of our common version is in favor of the fact that Epaphroditus was an apostle. However incredible this statement may seem, it is literally true. That translation says, not that Epaphroditus was '*the* apostle to the Philippians,' but only that he was their 'messenger, and he that ministered to [St. Paul's] wants.' '*Your* messenger' that came and 'ministered to my wants.' Yet, directly in the face of this, Dr. Chapin boldly claims their authority in favor of the fact, that Epaphroditus was not 'the messenger' of the Philippians to St. Paul, but '*the* apostle to the Philippians.' How does he show this? By the use of common sense, or any of the known rules of interpretation? No. On the contrary, he looks away from their translation itself, and settles the whole question of their authority by the use of a little arithmetic. Is it possible? It is not only possible, it is *a fact*. Is not the author, then, a fool? No, gentle reader, he is no fool; he is merely an advocate of *jure divino* Episcopacy. His book was presented to us by a learned Bishop, as one of the most unanswerable arguments ever written; and it is, perhaps, as good as any other ever written on the same side of the same question. Let us see, then, how he performs this wonderful feat of arithmetical logic.

'The word *Apostolos*,' says he, 'is used in *fifty-four* places, and in *fifty-ones* of them is rendered apostle.' (p. 176.) Why, then, is it not rendered apostle in the other three places? Thus, our author has their authority in his favor by the immense majority of *fifty-ones* to three! O most learned scribe! Truly thou dost know that 'figures cannot lie,' and that they are the infallible touch-stone to bring out the genuine 'sense of Scripture.' A young man once said to one of 'the forty-seven,' that there are three reasons why they should have given a different translation to a certain passage of Holy Writ. 'My young friend,' replied the learned translator, 'we considered your "three reasons," but there were thirteen reasons in favor of the translation adopted by us.' We doubt if the reason

assigned by Dr. Chapin ever occurred to any one of the forty-seven translators of the Bible.

If it had been suggested to any one of them, we can easily conceive his reply. My learned friend, he might have well said, we do not use your arithmetic to determine the sense of any particular passage of Holy Writ. We look at the passage itself, and, by means of the ordinary rules of interpretation, and a little common sense, we endeavor to ascertain the sense in which its words are actually used. We are all Episcopalians, and are, therefore, not at all frightened by the term *apostle*, or *bishop*; but as these words have more meanings than one, so we are bound to ascertain, if possible, the sense in which they are used in each particular passage in which they occur. When the word *ἀποστολος* is evidently used in its general sense of a messenger, then we render it by the term *messenger*, in spite of all our predilections in favor of apostles or bishops. We are searching, not for the existence of prelates; but for 'the genuine sense of Scripture,' and therefore we called the messenger of the Philippians to St. Paul '*your messenger*,' meaning the messenger of the Philippians, and not '*the apostle*' of Christ '*to the Philippians*.' We found no authority whatever in the word of God for those particles *the* and *to*, and dared not trifle with that word, or corrupt it by interpolations of our own, in order to support a theory. You say that 'Epaphroditus is called *the* apostle of the Philippians.' (See p. 175.) But we are not partizans; we are the translators of God's holy word.

We do not know what Dr. Chapin would have done under such circumstances, but we, unless we are greatly mistaken, would have sneaked off with our arithmetic long before the reply was at an end. If, indeed, any one idea is more absurd than all others, it is this of appealing from the sense of an ambiguous word, as used in one passage, to the sense in which it is used in the majority of instances. If such a rule is to prevail, then every word, however ambiguous, will be allowed to have only one meaning, and the whole Scriptures will have to be recast in the mould of Dr. Chapin's arithmetic.

In spite of Dr. Chapin's arithmetic, and the nonsense of its application to Scripture, a glimmering of common sense forces itself into his views of the passage under consideration. As in *fifty-one* places out of *fifty-four* the term in question is rendered apostle, so, 'in order to justify a different translation,' says he, 'it must clearly appear from the *sense* that an apostle, in his *official character*, could not have been meant.' Now, this is precisely what does appear, and it was for this reason, no doubt, that the forty-seven translators refused to see in the simple messenger of the Philippians to St. Paul, '*the apostle*' of Christ '*to the Philippians*,' acting in his '*official character*.' 'That Epaphroditus,' continues Dr. Chapin, 'was a messenger and *ambassador* from the Church of Philippi, the narrative determines. Was he anything more?' That Epaphroditus was 'a messenger from the Church of Philippi,' the narrative determines, and this is all it does determine. As for the word *ambassador*, that is slipped in by Dr. Chapin himself, and *itali-cized*. There is not the shadow of a foundation for it in the original. He seeks, however, to justify this interpolation by his logic. 'By an examination of the narrative,' says he, 'we shall find the following circumstances in favor of the apostleship of Epaphroditus.' This brings us to his second argument.

2. 'Notwithstanding the eminence of St. Paul, and the near relation he bore to the Church at Philippi, he supposed it *more* necessary to send Epaphroditus to them than to send his tried and beloved son Timothy, or *more* necessary, even, than to go himself.' (p. 177.) *Ergo*, Epaphroditus was their bishop. A very strange blunder this. St. Paul does not say '*more* necessary,' he merely says 'necessary.' 'I suppose it *necessary* to send to you Epaphroditus.' Why? Because, as we learn from the Epistle itself, as well as from every account of the Epistle, that it was written by St. Paul while he was a prisoner at Rome, and could not possibly go to the Philippians himself until after his release. This is a sufficient reason, one would suppose, why he deemed it necessary to send Epaphroditus instead of going himself, without resorting to the hypothesis that the former was their apostle and bishop.



As to his 'beloved son Timothy,' St. Paul evidently supposed that it would have been better to send him to the Philippians than to send Epaphroditus, if he could have done so. (See verses 20, 21, and 22.) 'Him, therefore' (as being better adapted to such a mission than all others), 'I hope to send presently, so soon as I shall see how it will go with me,' that is, with the prisoner Paul. That is, if we may judge from his own words, St. Paul would have sent Timothy, 'his beloved son,' instead of Epaphroditus, but he needed his services during his confinement at that time. Hence, he found it necessary to send Epaphroditus; and this necessity, we are gravely told, proves that Epaphroditus was their bishop! If the passage proves anything, it proves that Timothy, and not Epaphroditus, was the bishop of Philippi; 'for,' says the Apostle, 'I have no man like-minded who will naturally care for your state.' (v. 20.) But, in spite of this superior fitness of Timothy, St. Paul retained him at Romè until he should see how it would go with himself as a prisoner, 'I hope to send him presently.' Then, according to the logic of Dr. Chapin, the Philippians would have two bishops! Nay, as St. Paul hoped to be released from prison ere long, and to go himself to the beloved Philippians, so they were in a fair way to have three bishops!

3. 'If Epaphroditus were merely a delegate or messenger of the Church in Philippi, it is not easy to conceive why his presence was *more* necessary in that Church than that of Paul or Timothy. History gives no account of any preëminence of this man that will account for the application of this language to him, unless he was, in an official sense, *their apostle*, the highest officer and ruler of the Church in Philippi.' (p. 177.) This argument is the same as the last, and has, therefore, already been answered. St. Paul was in prison and could not go himself; Timothy was then needed by him at Rome, and could not be sent at once; hence it was necessary to send Epaphroditus. Behold, then, the conclusive proof, the unanswerable demonstration, that Epaphroditus was the bishop of Philippi!

4. 'The anxiety by Epaphroditus while sick is such as supposes ties of no ordinary kind binding him to that place.

“He longed for you all,” that is, *he earnestly desired to see you all*. It will be difficult to imagine any motive which could operate thus strongly upon his mind, if he were merely a messenger of the Church; but if he were their apostle, how intense must have been his anxiety for them.’ (p. 178.) Marvellous argument! Epaphroditus is at Rome, in a foreign and a strange city; he has overworked himself in the service of St. Paul and the Gospel; ‘he was,’ in consequence thereof, ‘sick nigh unto death’; he longs to return home to the bosom of his friends, perhaps to his wife and children. Hence, it is gravely inferred that he must have been the bishop of Philippi! Otherwise it will be impossible to comprehend this ‘earnest desire,’ on the part of a sick man in a foreign city, to see his bosom friends, and to return home. We will not condescend to answer this argument, as it is called, until it be shown that no one but a bishop can have natural affections. The next argument is, if possible, still more wonderful.

5. ‘That Epaphroditus was more than simply a member of the Church in Philippi, before he went to bear their alms to Paul’, seems probable from the active part he took in procuring them. “He spared not his life to supply me with the service which was lacking on your part,” is the strong language of St. Paul.’ True, this is the strong language of St. Paul, but it relates, as we had supposed was well-known to all students of the Bible, not to the labors of Epaphroditus at Philippi, but to his services in Rome. Hence, if this language proves anything to the purpose, it proves that Epaphroditus was the bishop of Rome, and not the bishop of Philippi. If the advocates of *jure divino* Episcopacy would search the Scriptures for bishops less, and for truth more, they would not fall into such egregious and disgraceful blunders.

But suppose this argument did prove that Epaphroditus was, probably, ‘more than a simple member of the Church in Philippi,’ does it follow that he was their apostle, or bishop? Did none but apostles, or bishops, collect and distribute the alms of the Church? And *must* Epaphroditus be pronounced a bishop, a successor of the Apostles, merely because he was

the bearer of 'alms to Paul'? We have some indistinct recollection, indeed, of having read somewhere—was it in the Acts of the Apostles?—that deacons were appointed for this very purpose, the distribution of alms, in order that the Apostles might give themselves 'continually to prayer and to the ministry of the word.' If we are not mistaken, it would be easier to find some such passage somewhere in the New Testament than it would be to find a bishop in its pages.

6. 'The language of the Apostle,' says Dr. Chapin, 'describes an office similar to that which he held himself, calling him "my brother and companion in labor, my fellow-soldier," (Phil. ii. 25), and "a true yoke-fellow," (Phil. iv. 3), epithets which could not, with any propriety, be applied to a person not *associated in office* with the Apostle.' (p. 178.) (The italics are his.) People's notions differ very much on the subject of propriety. St. Paul saw no impropriety in calling Onesimus, the converted slave, 'a brother beloved, *especially to me.*' Again, in the opening of the Epistle to Philemon, he says: 'Paul, a prisoner of Jesus Christ, and Timothy *our* brother, unto Philemon our dearly beloved, and *fellow-laborer*, and to our beloved Apphia, and Archippus our *fellow-soldier*, and to the Church in thy house.' He concludes this Epistle, too, with a salutation from 'Marcus, Aristarchus, Demas, Lucas, *my fellow-laborers.*' Now, were these apostles? If such language, indeed, is any evidence of apostleship, then are apostles scattered over the writings of St. Paul 'as plenty as blackberries.' Every sincere disciple of Christ was a brother beloved, *especially to him*; and every member of the great army of confessors and martyrs, by which he was surrounded, was his 'fellow-soldier.' No little, miserable, mean, pent-up Utica confined his charities. All Christian men, all true believers in Christ, were his brethren, his fellow-laborers, and his fellow-soldiers of the Cross. We have only one favor to ask of Dr. Chapin, and that is, that he would just be so good as to stand out of the light of the glorious Gospel *with his proprieties.* The Saviour of the world himself did not hesitate to say, 'that whosoever shall do the will of my Father

which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.'

But, in order to complete his argument, our author assumes that St. Paul, in Phil. iv. 3, addressed Epaphroditus as 'a true yoke-fellow.' Now, as these words are found in the Epistle to the Philippians, it is evident that they must have been addressed to some one at Philippi, and not to Epaphroditus, who was with St. Paul in Rome at the time it was written. Letters are usually addressed to the absent, not to the present. The words of St. Paul are: 'I beseech Euodias, and beseech Syntyche, that they be of the same mind in the Lord. And I entreat thee also, true yoke-fellows, help those women which labored with me in the gospel,' etc. Some commentators, believing that St. Paul was married, suppose that these words were addressed to his wife, whom he entreated to help to reconcile the differences between Euodias and Syntyche, and to bring them to 'the same mind in the Lord.' This, according to Eusebius, Lib. 3, xxvii, was the belief of the ancients, and herein they have been followed by some moderns, who suppose that St. Paul addressed his wife as 'true yoke-fellow.' Beza, following Theophylact, advances the opinion that this yoke-fellow was the husband either of Euodias or of Syntyche. Dr. Macknight gives it as his opinion, 'that the husband of one of these women was meant here, and that he is called true yoke-fellow on account of his exalted character as a husband.' Some believe one thing and some another. But to assume, as Dr. Chapin does, that the words in question were addressed, not to any person in Philippi, but to Epaphroditus present with Paul in Rome, does seem to us the very height of absurdity. It is on the pinnacle of this absurdity that he plants his argument to prove that the person thus addressed was, not anybody's wife, nor anybody's husband, nor anybody's connection of any other kind, but a fellow-apostle of St. Paul himself! If St. Paul really meant to call Epaphroditus his fellow-apostle, what a pity he used such dark, doubtful, and enigmatical expressions to convey such all-important information! What searchings, what sorrows, what gropings in the

dark, would one plain word have saved the whole world of *jure divino* prelatists!

We have not, as yet, noticed Dr. Chapin's seventh argument, because it is based on the supposition that Timothy was the bishop of Ephesus, and Titus the bishop of Crete—a supposition which we shall presently examine and search to the bottom. In the meantime we congratulate our Episcopal friends of the *jure divino* school on the very satisfactory conclusion at which their great champion arrives. Having completed his seven arguments, he winds up with the grand conclusion, that there 'can be no reasonable doubt' as to 'the capacity in which Epaphroditus visited St. Paul.' We entertain no doubt whatever on the subject.

But in reading the arguments of Dr. Chapin, we do entertain 'a reasonable doubt' whether they were framed with a view to convince any one, or only to keep in countenance those who are already convinced. They may, perhaps, serve to satisfy the predetermined partizans of *jure divino* Prelacy, especially if, as usual, they refuse to read replies to them; but, beyond this, they are good for just exactly nothing. Dr. Chapin seems, indeed, to have multiplied his arguments on the principle of a certain lawyer, who, having put in sixteen pleas, and having argued each one of them to the court, wound up with an expression of the hope, that if the judge should consider each plea bad, he would regard them altogether as sufficient to make one good plea. But in reality such arguments, however numerous, cannot fail to injure the cause they are brought to support, at least in the estimation of all reading and thinking men. In justice to Dr. Chapin, however, we will say that they are as good arguments as we have ever seen to prove that Epaphroditus was the bishop of Philippi.

He has produced *seven* reasons against the common translation of Phil. ii. 25. It would be easy to produce *seventeen* reasons in its favor. But our readers are, we have no doubt, already sufficiently satisfied, and will, therefore, readily excuse us from so tedious a work of supererogation. Hence, without further delay, we pass on to the consideration of the cases of Timothy and Titus.

It is all important, if we would think clearly and reason accurately, to bear in mind, at all times, the exact point in dispute. The proposition, then, that Timothy and Titus became, after the time of the Apostles, the bishops of Ephesus and Crete, we are not at all concerned to deny. We believe, indeed, with Jerome, Augustine, and a host of other great Episcopalians, that, after the Apostles were laid asleep, the office of bishop, as a superior order of the ministry to presbyters, was introduced 'by the custom of the Church.' Hence, *if* Timothy and Titus were made bishops, after the death of the Apostles, 'by the custom of the Church,' this does not affect any proposition or doctrine maintained by us. The only question is this, Were they made *diocesan* bishops by St. Paul himself? This point, as our adversaries themselves have well said, '*is a question of fact, to be determined by a sound interpretation of the sacred volume.*'<sup>1</sup>

'It is asserted that Timothy and Titus were each appointed, *by St. Paul*, to the permanent and fixed superintendency of a large diocese — the former at Ephesus, the latter at Crete; and that, consequently, they were no other than divinely-appointed *diocesan* bishops.' This we deny. The issue is fairly joined, and we proceed at once to consider the proofs or arguments of those who maintain the affirmative.

It is urged, with the utmost confidence, that the authority with which St. Paul invested Timothy and Titus over the Churches at Ephesus and Crete constituted them bishops of those dioceses. But the adherents of this doctrine, or fact, do not stick to 'the sacred record.' On the contrary, in spite of all we can say or do, they will plunge into the darkness of tradition. Dr. Chapin, especially, overwhelms us with the authority of 'all antiquity.' Thus he says: '*All antiquity testifies to the fact, that Titus was ordained bishop of Crete by St. Paul.* Thus Eusebius, *out of the records of the Church*, tells us, that "Titus was appointed over the Churches in Crete," Lib. iii. 4, and Chrysostom, and Theodoret, and Jerome, and the Apostolical Constitutions, tell us the same thing, adding, that he was ordained by St. Paul.' (p. 173.)

<sup>1</sup> Mr. How: Collections, p. —.

. . . . 'Timothy, also, is said by *the ancients* to have been ordained by *St. Paul* the first bishop of Ephesus, which some say was the metropolitan Church of Asia Minor.' (p. 173.) In like manner, Mr. How says, 'the ancients, who speak on this subject, *unanimously represent Timothy as the first bishop of Ephesus*. What says Eusebius? "He was the first bishop of the province or diocese of Ephesus." Eccl. Hist. Lib. iii, chap. 4.'<sup>1</sup> Cyprian is equally explicit. '*We find that the united voice of ancient writers declare him (Titus) to have been the first bishop of Crete. Eusebius informs us "that he received Episcopal authority over the Church of Crete."* So says Theodoret, St. Chrysostom, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose.'<sup>2</sup> In the above extracts we have emphasized the passages by which (we suppose unintentionally) the testimony of history has been corrupted and wonderfully adapted to support a fore-gone conclusion. The facts thus inserted into history, however, are insignificant when compared with those bearing on the great issue which have been omitted by these writers. Surely, if we may judge from their carelessness, they could not have expected, when they made such *professed* extracts, that they would have been followed by any other writer and sifted. We will sift them a little.

The authority of 'all antiquity' is truly very grand and imposing. It sounds like the roar of Niagara. But the two things are alike only in sound. We have been all the way under the waters of Niagara,<sup>3</sup> walking, amid ice and snow, along the narrow brink of the awful precipice below, and we found that the thunders of the dark abyss at its base lost none of the delight of their terrors. We have, also, been through this cataract of words, and the substance, instead of answering to the sound, vanished in sheer mist and air. So great are the shams which are practiced on the children of men.

All antiquity! The simple truth is, that, during the first, the second, and the third centuries, there is not a single writer who alludes to the fact, or *the rumor*, that Timothy or Titus was a bishop. All the writers of these three centuries are pro-

<sup>1</sup> Collec., p. 81.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., pp. 64, 65.

<sup>3</sup> That is, as far as there was a way.

foundly silent on the subject of the bishoprics of Timothy and Titus. How strange, how wonderful, if those illustrious companions of St. Paul, and champions of the Cross, were really the well-known bishops of Ephesus and Crete!

Eusebius, in the fourth century, is the first writer who even alludes to Timothy and Titus as bishops. And what says Eusebius? He tells us, if we may believe Dr. Chapin, '*out of the records of the Church,*' that 'Titus was appointed over the Churches of Crete.' He tells us no such thing, and, indeed, he pretends to tell us nothing on the subject 'out of the records of the Church.' He 'informs us,' if we may trust Cyprian, that Titus 'received Episcopal authority over the Church of Crete.' Such, as we shall presently see, is not the information which we derive from Eusebius. Eusebius says, if Mr. How is not mistaken, that Timothy '*was* the first bishop of the province or *diocese* of Ephesus.' In fact, Eusebius does not speak of the 'diocese' of Ephesus, and he does not say that 'Timothy *was* the first bishop of Ephesus.' What, then, does Eusebius say? Is it not possible, with his words before us, to let the world know what he does say, and that, too, *in his own words*? Or must we, by a sort of blind fate, mix up our testimony with his, by inserting words of our own, so as to give his history a squint in favor of the divine right of Episcopacy?

In the first place, Eusebius does not pretend to give us anything on the subject before us 'out of the records of the Church.' On the contrary, he only says, 'Timothie *is reported* to be the first bishop of Ephesus, and Titus of the Churches of Crete.'<sup>1</sup> Thus, it was from report, or rumor, or tradition, and not from 'the records of the Church,' that Eusebius derives 'the fact' in question. 'All antiquity,' if we may believe Dr. Chapin, 'testifies to the fact that Titus was ordained bishop of Crete *by St. Paul.*' So far is this from being true, that his very first witness, Eusebius, and the witness whom the others follow, does not say one word about the ordination of Titus, much less that he was 'ordained by St. Paul.' He does not even say whether he was reported to have been bishop during the lifetime, or after the death, of

<sup>1</sup> Eccl. Hist., Lib. iii. 4.



St. Paul. He merely says he was reported to be the first bishop of Crete. As this is not quite satisfactory, Dr. Chapin adds the very unimportant circumstance, that Titus was 'ordained by St. Paul' bishop of Crete, in order to complete the chain of evidence, and establish the divine origin of Episcopacy! In like manner, Mr. How, instead of quoting the words of Eusebius just as they are in his own work, slips in the little term *diocese*, in order to convert Timothy, on the authority of the great historian, into a *diocesan* bishop.

All the writers above mentioned represent Eusebius as telling us 'the fact,' as testifying to 'the fact;' whereas, in reality, he merely tells us, with the honesty of a true historian, of the existence of a report respecting the fact. When, or how, or by whom, that report originated, or how extensively it prevailed, Eusebius says nothing. He is perfectly silent, also, in regard to the great point of all—the point, namely, whether Timothy and Titus were, according to report, bishops during the lifetime of St. Paul, or after his death. At the time of St. Paul's death Timothy was still a young man; hence, if, in the course of events, he actually became the bishop of Ephesus 'by the custom of the Church,' that fact would no more interfere with our position than does the fact that C. P. McIlvaine is now the *diocesan* bishop of Ohio. The above writers have, it is true, shown us a diocesan bishop in the time of the Apostles, but then his existence has not been made known to us, as they promised to make it known, by 'a sound interpretation of the sacred volume.' On the contrary, the evidence of his existence has been patched up of extracts quoted, nay, miserably misquoted, from the uncertain traditions of men, as honestly set forth in Eusebius.

These gentlemen, one and all, lay great stress on what Eusebius 'tells us.' That is, if what 'he tells us' happens to suit their purpose, or may be made to suit it by slipping in a few words of their own. The learned world is, doubtless, much indebted to them for these improvements in the father of ecclesiastical history. He knew the truth, and no doubt intended to tell all he knew, neither more nor less; but, either from his extreme modesty or some other cause, he failed to

tell 'the whole truth.' Hence, when these gentlemen supply the missing links, or insert the omitted words in extracts from him, they do not corrupt, they only perfect, his history. Thus perfected, how clearly and beautifully it reflects, as in a mirror, modern Episcopacy in all the glory of its divine right! As seen therein, we read not merely that Timothy was *reported*, but positively that 'he *was*,' the first bishop of Ephesus. We see therein, not merely the reflection of a rumor, the report of a report, but 'the fact' itself, that 'he was' the first bishop of Ephesus. He stands before us, too, not simply as the bishop of a 'church,' but as the bishop of 'a province or *diocese*'—a grand *diocesan*, like one of our modern men of war. To complete and crown the whole, we behold a bishop, not made 'by the custom of the Church,' as Jerome declares all bishops were made, but 'ordained by St. Paul' himself.

The effect is very beautiful. But, after all, there is one slight objection to this renovation of the history of Eusebius. It proceeds on the supposition that he knew the whole truth respecting the episcopate of Timothy and Titus, whereas, if we may believe him, he *only* knew what may be learned from 'the words of St. Paul.' He possessed no divine faculty of insight. He did not even know the truth, as Falstaff knew the true Prince, by instinct, but had, like the rest of us, to gather all he knew from 'the sacred volume.' Honestly and modestly, in fact, he begins his testimony with this statement: 'But how many and what sincere followers have governed the Churches planted by the Apostles, *it cannot be affirmed, but so far forth as may be gathered out of the words of Paul.*' (Lib. iii. 4.) What an unseemly exposure of himself! What! tell the whole world that he knew no more, and could affirm no more, than all men might read for themselves in 'the words of Paul'! How very green! Accordingly, this very awkward confession is, by the renovators and perfecters of history, carefully kept in the background, lest some profane reader might ask, If Eusebius knows only what St. Paul tells him, then why go to him for information? Why not apply directly to St. Paul himself—the fountain-head—the divinely-inspired teacher of us all? Thus, they not only supply what is wanting to the body

of truth in Eusebius, but they lop off, or keep out of sight, those ugly excrescences which entirely destroy the independent value of his most valuable testimony. Determined are they, it seems, that he shall speak 'the truth, *the whole truth, and nothing but the truth*'; and if he does not know how to do this, like a good, faithful witness, why then they will make him! If they cannot do as they please with St. Paul, this good Father, at least, shall be as a nose of wax in their learned, prelatial fingers.

We have chosen for ourselves. We prefer the testimony of St. Paul to that of Bishop Eusebius. We have camped with the Apostles, and we do not intend to desert the colors under which we have enlisted for the war. Show us, then, a *diocesan* bishop 'out of the words of Paul,' or some other Apostle. We cannot—we dare not—accept one which has been patched up out of garbled extracts from the Fathers of ecclesiastical history—a paper bishop merely—a sham and an imposition on the reason of mankind.

The time was when we, too, as earnest Episcopalians, made diligent search, in all the pages of the New Testament, for a *diocesan* bishop. We examined, especially, the claims set up in behalf of Timothy, Titus, and Epaphroditus. But, either from some idiosyncrasy of our nature, from a want of capacity to weigh evidence accurately, or from a regard to truth, we were wholly unable to make the discovery. If this be a misfortune, we are at least associated in our misery with as good company as any to be found in the whole history of the Church of England, with a vast multitude of her most illustrious divines and dignitaries. Let us, in passing, just notice a few of them.

It was only the other day that a young Episcopal clergyman said to us, 'I *know* that Timothy was a bishop.' 'You know, then,' we replied, 'more than was known to Dr. John Potter, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who wrote the celebrated work in favor of the Episcopal form of Church Government.' 'Is that so?' 'It certainly is.' The learned Archbishop, after a careful examination of every passage in Scripture bearing on the subject, says: 'Timotheus was *an evan-*

*gelist*, and preached the gospel to the Corinthians, as St. Paul affirms (2 Cor. i. 19), but did (*διακονεῖν*) minister as deacon to St. Paul. So that there were now in this company an apostle, a prophet, and an evangelist or deacon. When these are mentioned together it is constantly in this order— Paul, Silvanus, and Timothy; Silvanus being superior to Timothy, as Paul was to Silvanus.<sup>1</sup> St. Paul, indeed, as he was about to be offered up, left this his last and dying injunction to Timothy, ‘Do the work of an evangelist.’ (2 Tim. iv. 5.) Was it not simply honest, therefore, in the great Archbishop, to agree with St. Paul, and consider Timothy as ‘an evangelist’? Whether he was a deacon or a presbyter, there seems to be no room for an honest doubt that he was an evangelist.

In like manner, the Rev. Henry Alford, D. D., the late learned Dean of Canterbury, denies that the Timothy of the New Testament was a bishop, and ranks him with the evangelists. In his note on Phil. ii. 25, he says, ‘*ἀποστολον*, not in the ordinary sense of apostle, . . . but as in ref. 2 Cor. (where see note) . . . but *minister* (in supply) of my wants.’<sup>2</sup> Thus, according to this learned Greek scholar and High Church Episcopalian, the term in Phil. ii. 25 means not an apostle, but your messenger, or ‘*minister of my wants*.’ He agrees, therefore, with our common translation. Again, in his *Prolegomena* on the Epistles to Timothy and Titus, Dean Alford says: ‘*There is not the slightest trace of Episcopal government, in the present sense of the term.* The fact is, that the form of church government disclosed in our Epistle is of the simplest kind possible. The diaconate was certainly, in some shape or other, coeval with the infancy of the Church, and the presbyterate was almost a necessity for every congregation. No Church could subsist without a government of some kind: and it would be natural that such an one as that implied in the presbyterate should arise out of the circumstances in every case.’ What shall we make, then, of the directions

1 Potter on Church Government, Chap. III, p. 98.

2 The Greek Testament. By Henry Alford, D. D., Dean of Canterbury. Vol. III, p. 175.

given to Timothy and Titus respecting the appointment of elders, and so forth, and their own supposed elevation to an order of hierarchy higher than presbyters? Dean Alford replies: 'The directions also which are given, are altogether of an *ethical*, not of an *hierarchal* kind. They refer to the selection of men whose previous lives and relations in society afford good promise that they will discharge faithfully the trust committed to them, and work faithfully and successfully in their office.'<sup>1</sup> That is, these directions were altogether ethical, prescribing the duties of Timothy and Titus in their office of evangelists, and not the conferring on them of the hierarchal powers of *diocesan* bishops. If the arguments of our opponents fail, then, as they so signally do, to convince the most learned and enlightened members of their own household, how can they expect them to open the eyes of poor, blind Methodists? We hope they will excuse us if we can see no better than a learned Dean, or a great Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Rev. Edward H. Plumtre, Professor of Divinity in King's College, London, is also one of our companions in misfortune. He can nowhere discover in Scripture that Timothy was a bishop. St. Paul did, it is very true, entreat Timothy to remain behind in Ephesus, while he visited Macedonia, and laid down certain rules for the discharge of his duties in the Ephesian Church. But did this make him the bishop of Ephesus? So say the Hows, Beasleys, and Kips of this country. The request then and there made of Timothy, and the rules prescribed to him, clearly and conclusively prove, say they, that St. Paul made him the *diocesan* bishop of Ephesus. But how stand 'the facts'? Did St. Paul ordain him bishop of Ephesus, and then say to him, there is your diocese, your charge, and there you must remain as in duty bound? Nothing of the kind. He merely entreats Timothy, his beloved and almost constant companion, to remain in Ephesus and do certain work. Timothy is greatly grieved at the separation, but remains and does the work belonging to his mission. It is not strange, perhaps, that those who are in search of a

<sup>1</sup> Prolegomena on the Pastoral Epistles, Vol. III, Sections 22, 23, and 24.

bishop, and whose imaginations are filled with the idea of the object of their search, should see this idea reflected in the temporary sojourn of Timothy in Ephesus. But Professor Plumtre, though himself a staunch Episcopalian, can see no such thing. 'It follows from 1 Tim. i. 3,' says he, 'that he and his master, after the release of the latter from his imprisonment, revisited the pro-consular Asia, that the Apostle then continued his journey to Macedonia, while the disciple remained, *half-reluctantly* (in his own diocese?), *even weeping at the separation* (2 Tim. i. 4), at Ephesus, to check, if possible, the outgrowth of heresy and licentiousness which had sprung up there. The time during which he was thus to exercise authority as *the delegate of the Apostle—a vicar-apostolic rather than a bishop—was of uncertain duration.* (1 Tim. iii. 4.) The position in which he found himself might well make him anxious. He had to rule presbyters, most of whom were older than himself (1 Tim. iv. 12), to assign to each a stipend in proportion to his work,' etc.<sup>1</sup> The time he was to remain 'was of uncertain duration,' but was certainly, not like that of a bishop, for his lifetime. He had to rule elders, it is true, but this was, not as a bishop over the Church, but as 'the delegate of an Apostle—a vicar-apostolic.'

Accordingly, Professor Plumtre, throughout his very carefully written article, calls Timothy, not a bishop, but 'an evangelist.' Thus he says: 'Personal feelings led St. Paul to the same conclusion (Act xvi. 3), and he (Timothy) was solemnly set apart (the whole assembly of the elders laying hands on him, as did the Apostle himself) *to do the work, and possibly to bear the title, of an evangelist.*'<sup>2</sup> Again he says: 'They and Silvanus, and probably Luke also, journeyed to Philippi (Acts xvi. 12), and there already the young *evangelist* was conspicuous at once for his filial devotion and his zeal. (Phil. ii. 22.)'<sup>3</sup> . . . . 'He returns from Thessalonica, not to Athens, but to Corinth. . . . Here also he was apparently active as an *evangelist.*'<sup>4</sup> He was, in fact, sent from place to place, in

1 Smith's Bible Dictionary. Art. Timothy, p. 3254.

2 Ibid.. p. 3253.

3 Ibid.

4 Ibid.

the character of an evangelist, 'as having special gifts for comforting and teaching.' These gifts having been pointed out by prophecy (1 Tim. i. 18, iv. 14), and recognized by St. Paul, he appointed and set apart 'his son Timothy' to the high and honorable office of evangelist.

The celebrated Dr. Whitby is another very comforting companion in our misfortune and misery. *Titus*, says that learned Episcopal writer, 'was only left at *Crete* to ordain elders in every city, and to set in order the things that were wanting; and that, having done that work, he had done all that was assigned him in that station, and, therefore, St. Paul sends for him the very same year to *Nicopolis*. (*Titus* iii. 12.)' And with respect to Timothy, Dr. Whitby says, that 'there is no satisfactory evidence of his having resided longer at *Ephesus* than was necessary to execute a *special and temporary mission to the Church at this place*.'<sup>1</sup> Whether it be our good or bad fortune, we certainly have no keener optics for the discovery of bishops than had the great Dr. Whitby himself, and can, therefore, only see that Titus and Timothy were evangelists.

But what is an evangelist? Let Eusebius, the great authority with our adversaries, declare. An evangelist, says he, was an officer appointed 'to lay the foundations of the faith in barbarous nations, to constitute them pastors, and, having committed to them the cultivating of these new plantations, to pass on to other countries and nations.' Now, what words, we fearlessly demand, could more perfectly describe the office and labors of Timothy or Titus than those here used by Eusebius to describe the character of an evangelist? They were not *settled officers*, they were *itinerant laborers*. They sustained no fixed or permanent relation to the Churches of *Ephesus* and *Crete*; and, during their numerous missionary journeys, they probably remained longer in some other places than in these. That is, they were not *bishops* in the prelatial sense of the word — they were merely 'legates of the Apostle,' or 'vicars apostolic.' They belonged, emphatically and clearly, as it seems to us, to the last of the three great classes mentioned in the New Testament, as 'apostles, prophets, and

<sup>1</sup> Preface to Dr. Whitby's Commentary on *Titus*.

evangelists.' If we err in this, we have the good fortune to err in company with Archbishop Potter, Dean Alford, Professor Plumtre, and the celebrated Dr. Whitby.

This is not all — this is not half — nay, this is not the one-hundredth part of the names of illustrious Episcopalians which are under the same cloud with ourselves. There is, first, the famous Willet, who, in his *Synops. Papism*, p. 236, says: 'It is most like Timothy had the place and calling of an evangelist: and the calling of evangelists and bishops, which are pastors, *are divers.*' In like manner, Bishop Stillingfleet, in his *Irenicum*, says: 'Such were the evangelists, who were sent sometimes into this country to put the Church in order there — sometimes into another; but, wherever they were, they acted as evangelists, and not as fixed officers. And such were Timothy and Titus, notwithstanding all the opposition made against it, *as will appear to any one who will take an impartial survey of the arguments on both sides,*' etc.<sup>1</sup> The learned Whittaker, also, expressly says: 'In the Apostles' times there were many things extraordinary. There was another form of government in the Church in the days of the Apostles, and another now, is acknowledged by Stapleton: For it was then governed by the Apostles, Evangelists, and Prophets, but now only by pastors and deacons; the rest are all removed.'<sup>2</sup> Thus, according to this learned Episcopal author, the Church was governed, at first, by these extraordinary officers — Apostles, Prophets, and Evangelists — but these were all removed, and the Church left in charge of its ordinary and permanent rulers. Or, in the language of Dr. Jacob, the 'Ministry of Gifts' passed away with Apostles, Prophets, and Evangelists, and the 'Ministry of Orders' only remained. The first was temporary only; the last was permanent. Hence the remark of Smectymnus is just: 'Therefore this was Titus' work, not to be bishop of Crete himself, but to ordain elders in every city, *which was an office above that of bishop.*' It was the office of an evangelist,

1 *Irenicum*, p. 340.

2 As quoted in the Appendix to Ayton's *Original Constitution of the Christian Church*.



‘the legate of an apostle.’ Finally, not to multiply authorities indefinitely, Mr. Dodwell, who, in the course of his life, wrote no less than eight works in favor of Episcopacy,<sup>1</sup> says: ‘But truly, that the office of Timothy was not fixed, but itinerary; many arguments do prove. That it was required of him to remain at Ephesus, is testified by the Apostle. (1 Tim. i. 3.) He was, therefore, when thus demanded, an itinerary. The work of an evangelist (2 Tim. iv. 5), so many journeyings with St. Paul, and his name being joined with the Apostle, in the inscription of the Epistles to the Thessalonians, are all of them arguments for this. Moreover, the Apostle commands Titus only to ordain, in Crete, presbyters in every city. (Titus i. 5.) He says, he was left there that he might set in order things that were wanting. And he was a companion of the Apostle when he was left. And truly, other places make it appear that he was a companion of St. Paul, and therefore was no more restricted to any particular place than was the Apostle himself.’<sup>2</sup> Thus, according to the famous Dodwell, Timothy and Titus were not bishops, but evangelists.

Many other authorities to the same effect might, if necessary, be produced from the writings of the most celebrated authors in the annals of Episcopacy.

Hence, in view of all these great authorities, no young Episcopalian, however respectable, has any right to *know* that Timothy and Titus were bishops, and, *as such*, ordained by St. Paul. Even if he has read Bishop Kip he has no right to any such absolute knowledge. He may enjoy his *knowledge* unmolested, however, if he will only not say to us poor, ignorant Methodists, that ‘to doubt is to be damned.’ He may enjoy it all, if he will only not say to us, and to the whole Protestant world, except his own communion, that we are cut off from the promises of ‘the sacred volume,’ and consigned, along with the heathen nations, to the uncovenanted mercies of God. We shall not quarrel with him about his superior knowledge; we only object to the use he makes of it.

We agree with Dr. Jacob, himself a good Episcopalian of

<sup>1</sup> See McElhinney, *Doctrines of the Church*, pp. 411, 412, 413, 414.

<sup>2</sup> Parænes, sect. 10, p. 404.

the Church of England, that 'Timothy at Ephesus, and Titus in Crete, were delegated by St. Paul to perform *for him* what *we might call* episcopal functions, in ordaining, superintending, reproof, or encouraging the ministers of those Churches, as well as endeavoring to promote the general well being of the Christian communities there. But they are never called "bishops," or any other name which might indicate a special order or ecclesiastical office. Their commission was evidently an exceptional and temporary charge, to meet some peculiar wants in those places during the necessary absence of St. Paul.' (p. 73.) We also agree with him, that 'the authority thus delegated to Timothy and Titus may be justly considered the embryo of the *Episcopacy of the following age*, or the pattern which the Churches probably followed when it was found desirable to establish an order superior to that of the *presbyters*,' etc. (p. 73.) We agree to all this, because it all seems plausible enough; but, then, at best, it is no more than probable conjecture. It is neither fact nor history. But, if it were all established and incontestable fact, it would only show how, after the apostolic age, Episcopacy was introduced, 'by the custom of the Church,' and not by divine authority. Episcopacy may, in other words, have been developed from a germ planted by the Apostles; but even this leaves open the question, whether it was developed by the wisdom or by the passions of men. The resemblance, too, between the temporary functions delegated to Timothy and Titus for a peculiar purpose, and then afterward exercised by the regular and permanent Episcopate, may have given rise to the tradition that they were the bishops of Ephesus and Crete. Many traditions of the Church, as every student of its history must be aware, had not half as good a foundation as this for their origin and existence.

'It is very easy,' says Mr. How, 'to see why the advocates of parity would exclude from view the situation of Timothy in the Church of Ephesus, *since it carries absolute death to their cause.*' This is simply ridiculous. We are not the advocates of parity; but we happen to know that they do not 'exclude from view the situation of Timothy in the Church of

Ephesus.' On the contrary, they give the most careful and minute attention to that situation, and to all the circumstances therewith connected; and, having weighed them all, they have shown, times and ways without number, that they most perfectly agree with the belief that Timothy was an evangelist.

Again he says: '*We are perfectly safe*, so far as relates to Timothy, in resting our cause on the situation he occupied at Ephesus, and on the powers he exercised there. The constitution of the Church of Ephesus was *undeniably Episcopal*. This part of the subject *the advocates of parity do not choose to meddle with*, running off constantly to the term *presbytery*, that poor word being the chief basis of their cause.' In a similar style do the other gentlemen in question dogmatize, and deal out 'absolute death' to their adversaries, but they are 'perfectly safe' only in their own fond imagination. They slay hecatombs with a word! But when we come to look at that word it is as transparently shallow as it is false. 'Do not choose to meddle with!' This is the very subject, in fact, which all intelligent *Presbyterians* do meddle with; and it is not true that they have recourse to the term *presbytery*. On the contrary, instead of running off to this term, they march right straight forward to the word *evangelist*, and there rest their cause.

No one denies that the powers delegated by St. Paul to Timothy and Titus were superior to those entrusted to presbyters. But does it follow, that because they were superior to presbyters, they were, therefore, diocesan bishops? Both apostles and prophets were superior, in many respects, to presbyters; but no sane man has concluded that they were, therefore, diocesan bishops. No one denies that Timothy and Titus were superior to presbyters; but it follows from this that they were *diocesan* bishops, only on the supposition that there is nothing in the universe, except such bishops, superior to presbyters. But evangelists were superior to presbyters, as well as apostles and prophets. Hence, when it is proved, as may be very easily done, that Timothy and Titus were superior to presbyters, it follows that they *must* have been either apostles,

or prophets, or evangelists, or *diocesan* bishops. But all this is overlooked by our very clear-sighted and sagacious logicians. Without argument, and without reflection, they jump to the conclusion, that because Timothy and Titus were above presbyters, they were, and *must* have been, diocesan bishops.

The point which no one denies, at least no intelligent Presbyterian or Methodist, that Timothy and Titus were, in consequence of their delegated powers, superior to presbyters, these gentlemen are at great pains to prove. On this conceded point they exhaust all the resources of their logic, and pour out all the stores of their passionate eloquence; but when they come to the point in dispute they just take it for granted as coolly as if it were a mathematical axiom. We admit, as every reader of St. Paul's words must do, that Timothy and Titus were above mere presbyters, and yet to establish this point they belabor us with logic, and rhetoric, and declamation, *ad nauseam*; and, having established it to their heart's content, they require us to surrender at discretion, and own that they were *diocesan* Bishops. But if we may be allowed to think for ourselves, we should greatly prefer to conclude with Potter, and Alford, and Plumtre, and Whitby, and Willet, and Stillingfleet, and Whittaker, and Dodwell, and Jacob—not to mention a host of other distinguished bishops, archbishops, and divines of the Church of England—that they were evangelists, and not *diocesan* bishops. Did these very confident reasoners never hear of this conclusion before? Did it never enter their imagination that Timothy and Titus might be superior to presbyters just because they were evangelists, 'the legates of the Apostle,' or 'his vicars-apostolic'? If not, would it not be well if they would only read a little, and think a little, before they proceed to consign the whole Protestant world, save their own communion, to the dark limbo of God's uncovenanted mercies.

We must here bring this article to an end. We have dwelt thus long on the cases of Epaphroditus, Timothy, and Titus, because they constitute the very corner-stone of the *jure divino* scheme of Episcopacy. If they were not bishops, in the modern sense of the term, then it will be admitted that no such

office of the Church is to be found in the New Testament. That corner-stone has, however, been so often and so completely ground to powder that many of the most distinguished advocates of Prelacy have given it to the winds, and, 'changing their base,' fallen on a new position, or rather concluded to fortify an old one *exclusively*. The position thus assumed and fortified is this: If Epaphroditus, Timothy, and Titus were not bishops—if there were no bishops in the time of the Apostles—still no one can deny that there were, then, apostles, presbyters, and deacons. This is granted. Hence it is inferred, that bishops having, by divine appointment, succeeded to the official place of the Apostles, we still have the three orders of the Apostolic Church under the names of *bishops, priests, and deacons*. We deny this. We deny that the Apostles have had any *successors* in the prelatial sense of the word. This issue will, accordingly, form the subject of our next discussion.

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ART. II.—*Greater Britain: A Record of Travel in English-Speaking Countries, during 1866 and 1867.* By Charles Wentworth Dilke.<sup>1</sup> With maps and illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1869.

The author of the book before us having, to use his own words, 'followed England round the world,' and having been impressed, 'in all the length of his travels, by the grandeur of our race, already girdling the earth,' has seen fit, in a work of 546 octavo pages, to present his readers with the impressions and views of the countries visited.

The subject of his book, appealing, as it does, to national vanity, is a popular one; and it will, doubtless, have many

<sup>1</sup> The Mr. 'Charles W. Dilke,' by whom the above was written, is now 'Sir Charles W. Dilke, M. P.' Whether his knighthood, and his place in Parliament, are due to the authorship of said work, we do not know. We wish the reader to bear in mind, at all events, that he is now, if he was not before, the *Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, M. P.*—ED.

readers on both sides of the Atlantic. The book is written in an easy style, and contains some information which will be both new and interesting to many of its readers. Southerners who read it will certainly learn several facts in regard to themselves and their history which they have been strangely ignorant of; but Sir Charles Dilke's penetration, assisted by his Yankee informers, has enabled us to see our character in a new light, for which disinterested kindness he has our humble thanks.

To explain the title of Mr. Dilke's book, we quote the last sentence of his preface: 'If two small islands are by courtesy styled "Great," America, Australia, India, must form a Greater Britain.' We might say here, in passing, if it would not be deemed too presumptuous in an ignorant Southerner, that we did not know before that the British Isles had been styled 'Great' *by courtesy*; we had believed that it was an assumed title, originating during the reign of James I. But this is a small matter. Let us return to *Greater Britain*.

Mr. Dilke begins with the South, and though his remarks on its people and condition are given as if from personal observation, he confined his travels to a few points in the single State of Virginia. His book, however, would have been written just as it is, had he never come south of Mason and Dixon's Line. He had evidently already formed an opinion in regard to the South, which opinion was based upon the representations of his New England friends. His visit, then, was made, not with the view of judging for himself as to the character of our people, but simply to avoid the charge of judging a people without seeing them, when it was in his power to do so. His determination to be confirmed in his preconceived opinion is quite manifest, we think, from his applying almost entirely for his information to 'mean whites' and negroes. The society of these, however, was doubtless more congenial to 'his tastes.' He would, of course, prefer the company of the latter to that of their former cruel and half-civilized masters. Mr. Dilke is a great believer in the vigor and worth of the English race, and can see much to admire in every branch of it, except that occupying the territory of the late Confederacy. He can

earning their bread by honest industry, for in a slave country labor is degrading.' We will just stop here long enough to return our thanks to the author for the bit of information contained in the above, for, up to the present, we were entirely ignorant that the law of primogeniture prevailed anywhere in this country.

Mr. Dilke continues: 'The Southern planters were gentlemen, possessed of many aristocratic virtues, along with every aristocratic vice.' When we began this sentence we thought, 'after all he intends to do one class justice,' but the promise withered as soon as it arose. Nevertheless, this is the only place in his book where he makes the slightest approach to saying anything favorable of Southerners. But we hold that he had no right to apply the term 'gentlemen' to Southern planters, believing them, as he does, to possess 'every aristocratic vice.' As far as our observation teaches us, vice is never gentle, but always degrading, whether in rich or poor. The only difference is, that the rich are able to conceal much of its hideousness, and to retard the ruin which inevitably follows it when long pursued; whereas, it immediately launches the poor into an open sea of degradation. We can never, therefore, apply the term 'gentlemen' to any class of men, however exalted their position, who are 'possessed of every aristocratic vice.'

Having noticed his very flattering delineation of the planters, let us see how he disposes of the rest of the white population: 'But to every planter there were nine "mean whites," who, though grossly ignorant, full of insolence, given to the use of the knife and the pistol upon the slightest provocation, were, until the election of Lincoln to the Presidency, as completely the rulers of America as they were afterward the leaders of the rebellion.' Now, here is, to say the least of it, a very scurrilous picture of nine-tenths of the Southern people; but, like all such pictures, it reveals more than the painter designed. The coarse charges of ignorance, insolence, and rowdiness, fall heavier upon the slanderer than the slandered; while the malicious spirit they reveal evokes rather a feeling of pity for, than of indignation against, their author.

But this is not all. For the sake of pleasing his New England friends, Mr. Dilke aimed the above abuse at a prostrate and, so far as he was concerned, unoffending people. His aim, however, was ill-directed, for the blow falls not upon the Southerners, but upon the immaculate New Englanders. He makes a revelation which, while it is full of humiliation to New England, redounds to the lasting honor of the South, and, at the same time, emphatically refutes his every calumny. The fact that the Southern people 'were the rulers of America until the election of Lincoln to the Presidency,' is well attested by history; but what surprises us is, that Mr. Dilke should ever have been induced to acknowledge it. What! Six millions 'grossly ignorant' rule twenty-five millions 'highly enlightened and intelligent,' and all English? In addition to the charges of ignorance, indolence, and insolent manners, Mr. Dilke adds also that of cowardice. And again he says: 'These Southerners are no whit better than the brancos of Brazil.' If all these charges were true, we would like to know how it was that the 'brave and intelligent' people of the North permitted a much smaller number, and they only 'ignorant and cowardly bravadoes,' for the space of seventy years, to be 'the rulers of America'? Does all the previous history of the world furnish so absurd an anomaly? There are many instances recorded in history of a numerically weaker party holding the chief power in the State, but of every such instance it is likewise recorded that the weaker in numbers were rendered stronger by superior intelligence. There have been instances, too, of nations making effectual resistance against the attacks of a vastly outnumbering enemy, but in every such instance superior valor and skill were with the weaker people, and more than counterbalanced the disparity in numbers. Here is an enigma which admits of only this solution, that its author has made an assertion, the truth of which being granted, brands with 'falsehood' every charge he has brought against the people of the South. It is not necessary for us to prove the truth of this fact as stated by Mr. Dilke; we should be satisfied with simply showing how this assertion falsifies others made by him. We will say, however, that its truth is about as well estab-



lished as that of any other fact in history. Every American, who knows anything of his country's history, knows that until the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency the representatives of the South exercised a controlling influence in the government of the United States. This fact has been admitted time and again by Northern men, and very probably it was on the authority of some of his New England friends that Mr. Dilke ventured on its assertion. Now, let us place this fact face to face with the charges brought by Mr. Dilke against Southerners, and, looking at them thus, will it not be apparent to every candid and intelligent reader, that he who asserts both to be true stultifies himself?

In the chapter on Virginia we have this sentence: 'There is no surer test of the condition of a country than the state of its highways.' After which follows a description of the wretched roads leading from Richmond, all of which is adduced to prove Virginia to be in a declining condition. If there is any justice in this we have failed to see it. Mr. Dilke's visit occurred in 1866, the year following the close of the war. Knowing as he did the complete desolation of the country around Richmond, and the exhausted condition of the whole State at the close of the war, he ought to have known it was simply impossible to put the roads leading from Richmond in good condition in the space of one year. But he was determined to look at the South only through New England glasses, and hence he saw Virginia in a hopeless decline; her F. F. V.'s, those 'not extinct before the war,' far off in Texas and California; the State given up to indolent, 'mean whites and negroes,' under whom it must rapidly sink, unless it be 'redeemed by New England capital and energy.' The present condition of Virginia emphatically falsifies these gloomy forebodings; and we are glad to add, that she is being redeemed by the active and persevering industry of her native white population.

We next have a chapter on the 'Negro.' As might have been expected from one of Mr. Dilke's penetration, we find several things quite new even to Southerners — at least, they are new to us, and we were born and reared in the midst of a

negro population. Of course Mr. Dilke is a friend to the negro. We have no fault to find with him for this, but only wish all who profess to be so were so in reality. Yet, is it not strange he cannot feel friendship for the negro without feeling, at the same time, personal enmity against every white man who has ever owned a slave? He would evidently take pleasure in seeing the Cotton States entirely in the possession of negroes. The spectacle of forty millions of half-civilized Africans settling down in England, dispossessing the people of their property, and taking possession of the government, would be to us a sight so sad that we should never cease to deplore it. Now, if this spectacle were possible, and Mr. Dilke were asked if he would like to see it, he would shudder with horror at the bare idea of such a thing. Yet he can, with calmness and evident satisfaction, speak of the negroes as 'being masters in seven of the rebel States.'

In the same chapter, but referring to the whites, he says: 'In the South you must take nothing upon trust—believe nothing you are told.' A sweeping accusation, and one needing no answer. We will, however, say this much in reply. In England we would believe much of what we heard, but we would be careful not to seek our information from bar-room loafers, from gypsies, or from the Dilkes.

We are next edified as to the 'great aptness at soldiering shown by the negro troops.' To show this, he quotes from Grant: 'In battle they displayed extraordinary courage, but if their officers were picked off they could not stand a charge; no more, he said, could their Southern masters.' Whether Grant ever made the remark attributed to him here admits of serious doubt. But we care not to discuss its. It conveys a charge which every Southern man must stoop to answer; we, therefore, refrain.

We think the majority of Southerners will be a little surprised at the bit of information next in order, viz.: 'The negroes have never been backward to learn.' In this part of the world those most capable of judging have had the impression that the negro *was*, just a little if you please, 'backward to learn.' When a child we, like almost every other child

whose parents were slave-owners, had our experience in teaching Cuffee his letters, despite the grim law forbidding it. The result of these juvenile efforts was, we remember, that of three receiving our instruction only one learned to read. But Mr. Dilke, being a man of very rare penetration, doubtless saw *at a glance* that the negro is by no means backward to learn. Though we are not able to perceive all that Mr. Dilke would have us to see in the negro character, yet we desire to see all the good there is, and would take the sincerest pleasure in seeing this 'good' so cultivated and expanded that the whole race would be morally and intellectually benefited and lifted up. We do believe that they can learn to read and write, if commenced with while young, but our faith is weak in the ability of a full-blooded African to advance beyond the rudiments of learning. The experiment, however, is being fairly tried in schools provided for them in every State, and presided over by those who freed them. A few years will determine definitely the intellectual status of the negro. Those dissatisfied with our decision can afford to await the issue. We take pleasure, however, in saying this much for the black race: by nature it is, probably, the less vicious of all the races. In those communities where they have not been under the influence of Northern carpet-baggers, they have conducted themselves as quiet and law-abiding citizens. We are glad to notice, too, that there is very little drunkenness among them, notwithstanding they nearly all have what seems an inherent fondness for alcoholic liquors. But the question which has the greatest bearing on the material interests of the South is, Will they work? They have now been free about seven years, and we see them still, especially in the Cotton States, the chief cultivators of the soil. Our verdict is, they have worked very well—not as well, perhaps, as English or German peasants would have done, but better than was generally predicted at the time they were freed.

In reviewing the labor question, as it regards the South, the keen eyes of Mr. Dilke have discovered a lurking and terrible enemy 'to the American Free States.' He says: 'The berries of this country are so large, so many, so full of juice,

that alone they form a never-failing source of nourishment to an idle population. . . . No one in this country, however idle he be, need starve. If he goes farther south he has the banana, the true staff of life. . . . At Pitcairn's Island the plantain has beaten the missionary from the field. . . . In the banana groves of Florida and Louisiana there lurks much trouble and danger to the American Free States.' Such an absurd fancy could have been entertained only by one determined to see evils. It is true there are various kinds of berries, but no where so abundant or nutritious as to sustain life for any length of time. As to the banana, we know it to exist only in the extreme southern limits of Florida. If in Louisiana at all, it is confined to the low lands along the coast, a region which can never be thickly settled by whites. So much for the berries and the banana. But what shall be said of his assertion about Pitcairn's Island? The facts of the case are simply these: A small and *uninhabited* island was settled by the mutineers of an English ship. By means of a Bible and prayer book, possessed by one of these mutineers, a pure form of Christianity was preserved among them and their descendants. As Pitcairn's Island has never had a heathen population since it became known to Europeans, how was it that the plantain there 'beat the missionary from the field'? Farther on in his book Mr. Dilke devotes a chapter to this same island, at which his vessel stopped on its passage to New Zealand. In this chapter we again find statements hard to reconcile with the latest information of the Pitcairn Islanders. His visit was made in November, 1866, and he asserts there were then fifty-two persons on the island. In 1856 all the Pitcairn Islanders were removed to Norfolk Island. But two years after, two families, becoming dissatisfied, returned to their old home. The number of souls on the island in 1869 was *seventeen*. This account is dated three years after Mr. Dilke's visit, yet he tells us there were fifty-two in 1866. We said it is hard to reconcile these discrepancies; but when we connect Mr. Dilke's account with his absurd statement about the missionaries, we are forced to the conclusion that he has a careless way of stating facts, little calculated to inspire confidence.

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Six years ago Mr. Dilke could see nothing promising in the future of the South. Let us see how his evil croakings have been verified. In the first place, the census of 1870 shows an increase of population in every Southern State, without a single exception, while we see a decrease in two of the Northern States. Even Virginia, which was described as giving evidences everywhere of age and decay, has very nearly regained the three hundred thousand who were cut off with West Virginia in 1862. This increase of population has occurred despite the losses of the war, and despite the most iniquitous legislation, both State and Federal, the result of which has been to keep off both immigrants and capital. Secondly, we see in every community, where the whites are in the ascendant, a new spirit of enterprise and energy. The Southerners have evidently determined to retrieve as rapidly as possible their late ruinous losses. Without waiting for New England men and capital, they have gone to work with their own brains and their own right arms to develop the resources of their country. In the accomplishment of this we see them establishing in many places cotton and woolen factories, foundries, and machine shops; we see them repairing their roads, and extending their railroad lines in every direction; we see them, too, everywhere forming into agricultural associations, that they may discuss and study to the best advantage the various systems of farming. While thus devoted to building up their material prosperity, they by no means neglect their educational interests. Though poor, they still find means to endow colleges, to establish schools, to meet in educational conventions, to sustain newspapers and periodicals, to gather libraries, and in every way to patronize learning. Though we rejoice in beholding these evidences of prosperity, yet we should rejoice more in the evidences we have of a deep and extended interest among her people in the higher cause of evangelical religion. Houses of worship have been repaired or rebuilt, the gospel has been preached to the poor, Sunday schools have flourished, while their mission work in foreign lands has been prosecuted with unflagging energy. It is in these, and other evidences of piety furnished by a large part of the people of the South, that we

can behold the brightest promise of her future prosperity and development. We are free to confess that our people are not what they should be, in fact, are very far short of it; yet, so long as we can discern among them any evidences of a growing desire to serve God, we have reason to hope and predict for them a bright future, for it is God's law of old, and it has never been repealed, that the nation which obeys him he will surely bless.

After the remarks already made, reflecting upon the accuracy of Mr. Dilke's work, it might be deemed a waste of time to proceed any farther with him in his travels. But considering that in his observations upon the remaining countries visited by him there were no such incentives to misrepresentation as existed in the case of the South, we will venture to follow him to those countries, noting very briefly their present status and influence among the nations.

Why are we interested in the prosperity of the English-speaking countries? This is a question quickly and easily answered. It is because we see that God is using our race, more than any other, in bringing all the nations of the earth to a knowledge of himself and his Christ. It is preëminently the English who are carrying the Bible into every land, and who are, with the greatest success, striving to obey that last command of our Lord, 'Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.' Mr. Dilke says: 'If the English race has a mission in the world it is the making it impossible that the peace of mankind on earth should depend upon the will of a single man.' This is, indeed, a noble mission; but it is, we think, only *one* of the many happy results which will follow from the accomplishment of its true mission — namely, the dissemination of the gospel of Jesus Christ among all people. In view, then, of the high honor and the great work to which God has called our race, does it not become every Christian member of it to feel an intense interest in the growth and prosperity of every section?

The future of Canada is a subject of great and increasing interest to the people of the United States. Here is a large territory, containing at the present time about four millions of



inhabitants, and increasing quite rapidly, both in population and wealth. Much of this territory is fertile, is generally well-wooded and well-watered, contains some mineral wealth, and is capable of sustaining a population of at least fifteen millions. The probabilities are, that long before it reaches this number it will cease to be a part of the British Empire, becoming either an independent power or a part of the United States. If Mr. Dilke represents the Canadians rightly, as hating the Americans, we need not expect them to voluntarily enter the Union. If, on the other hand, he is a representative Englishman, we may conclude that the English are not indisposed to relinquish their authority over this part of their dominions. He says: 'It would seem as though no one gained by the retention of our hold upon Canada. Were she independent, her borders would never again be wasted by Fenian hordes, and she would escape the terrible danger of being the battle-field on which European quarrels are fought out. Canada once republican, the Monroe doctrine would be satisfied, and its most violent partizans would cease to advocate the adoption of other than moral means to merge her territories in the Union. An independent Canada would not long delay the railway across the continent to Puget's Sound, which a British bureau calls impossible. England would be relieved from the fear of a certain defeat by America in the event of a war — a fear always harmful, even when war seems most unlikely.' But it is, perhaps, idle to make conjectures as to the future political status of Canada. The simple fact that it is a growing part of Anglo Saxondom is, or ought to be, of deep interest to every intelligent member of the English family.

Before leaving Canada we will notice the curious and interesting fact, that here 'the only real French colony in the world is protected from the aggressions of the English by British soldiers.' It is also curious to observe that these colonists are not the French of to-day, but of the times when the colony was founded. 'The American soil has left their physical type, religion, language, laws, and habits, absolutely untouched.' If this were all, we might still consider the French a colonizing people, but it seems they flourish nowhere save on French soil.

Though they may increase in population, as they have done in Canada, and preserve many of their distinguishing characteristics, yet they certainly lose in energy, without which there can be no prosperity. We have very recently noticed that large numbers of the French Canadians are emigrating to the New England States. Among the American people their national traits will, of course, speedily disappear.

Though we may regard with uncertainty the future of the eastern provinces of British North America, there are good reasons for speaking with more certainty as to the future of the western provinces, including Red River, British Columbia, and Vancouver's Island. When we consider that these provinces are already settled chiefly by Americans, that this emigration from the States will continue, that they are distant about eight thousand miles from London (though Mr. Dilke says, 'not less than *twenty* thousand,') and that the United States may soon find it inconvenient to have a piece of England cutting her off from her territory of Alaska, we may well expect the western portion of British North America to become, at no very distant day, a part of the Great Republic. On this subject Mr. Dilke says: 'If we take up the *British Columbian*, we find the citizens of the mainland-portion of the provinces proposing to sell the island (Vancouver's) for twenty million dollars to the United States.' And again: 'As Montana becomes peopled up, we shall hear of the "colonization" of Red River by citizens of the United States, such as preceded the hoisting of the "lone star" in Texas, and the "bear flag" in California, by Fremont, and resistance by the Hudson Bay Company will neither be possible, nor, in the interests of civilization, desirable.'

At the time of Mr. Dilke's visit the Mormon question was one of considerable interest. Since then great changes have taken place in Utah. These changes have been effected chiefly by three agencies—the Mormon reformers, the Union Pacific Railroad, and the discovery of her mineral wealth. The reformers were opposed to the general policy of Brigham Young—to his assumption of infallibility, and especially to the despotic manner in which he exercised authority over all the people,

both in their spiritual and temporal affairs. By a course of brave and persistent opposition, in which they were strongly aided by the Gentiles in their midst, they built up a very strong opposition to the hierarchy over which Brigham Young has so long presided without a rival. One object of the reformers was to develop the mineral resources of the Territory; another was to bring their country into closer relations with the outside world by means of railroads. Both these objects, so long opposed by the Mormons, have been accomplished. An influx of a Gentile population into Utah was one of the last things its self-constituted pope desired; but wherever the precious metals are found in abundance, there Anglo-Saxons will congregate. The changed condition of Utah may be stated in a few words. She has passed from under the authority of Brigham Young to that of the United States government. Possessing the richest silver mines in the world, she is rapidly filling up with a population opposed to the Mormon faith. The inevitable and speedy result of these changes will be the admission of Utah among the States of the Union, after which every vestige of polygamy will cease from her borders. Mr. Dilke thinks the Mormons, sooner than be absorbed in this manner, would again remove in a body, going either to British America, or to the table-lands of Mexico, where they would again prove the pioneers of Anglo-Saxon civilization. But the eagerness with which the Mormon elders have engaged in mining operations lead us to conclude that but few of them will be found ready to sacrifice their present prosperity and advantages to the preservation of their faith. A few of the more determined may make an exodus, but they will find it hard to get beyond the reach of the same power that is now destroying them—hard to get out of the way of the advancing Anglo-Saxons.

We will close these remarks upon the Mormons by one or two extracts from Mr. Dilke. 'The New Englander looks upon the Mormons not only as heretics, but as friends to the slave-owners. On the other hand, *if you hear a man warmly praise the Mormons, you may set him down as a Southerner, or, at least, a Democrat.*' In the very next paragraph this

*Englishman* says: 'In every ten immigrants (to Utah) the missionaries count upon finding that four come from England, two from Wales, one from the Scotch lowlands, one from Sweden, one from Switzerland, and one from Prussia; from Catholic countries, none; from all America, none.' From this, his own statement, we learn that out of every ten converts to Mormonism *seven* come from the island of Great Britain, while *not one* comes from the South; yet, 'if one is heard praising them he must be set down as a Southerner.' We were born and reared among Southerners, but we have never heard any one bestow as much of praise upon this sect as Mr. Dilke does in the following extract: 'The general moral question, whether Mormonism is to be put down by the sword, because the Latter-Day Saints differ in certain social customs *from other Christians*, is one for the preacher and the casuist, not for a travelling observer of English-speaking countries as they are. Mormonism comes under my observation as the religious and social system of the most successful of all pioneers of English civilization.' In admiration of the Mormons he certainly, for the moment, lost sight of his dear New Englanders. This man has the effrontery to rank as Christians a sect professing a faith every whit as sensual and degrading as the grossest form of Islamism, and yet aspires to be a leader in the British Parliament! Again, we hope, for the honor of our mother country, that Sir Charles Dilke is not a representative Englishman.

The future of Mexico is another subject full of interest to every American. But our limits forbid us giving it more than a passing notice. It has often been said, and with truth, that there is no finer country in the world than Mexico, and yet she is a cypher among the nations. It is not our present purpose to discuss the question why she is so, but will rather ask, will she remain so? It is our unhesitating opinion that she will, just so long as her territory is occupied by its present population of Indians and half-breeds. The Spanish race, never very good, has deteriorated in Mexico from amalgamation with the natives. But will this population always possess Mexico? It seems clear to us that it cannot. Just so soon as our southwestern territories are filled up, an Anglo-Saxon

population will begin to pour across the border into this inviting country. As these advance the Mexicans will recede or die out. Very soon the fine provinces of Chihuahua and Sonora, having received each its fifty thousand American population, will throw of their allegiance to Mexico, and ask at once for admission into the Union. What, then, is to prevent this Saxon wave from rolling southward over the Tablelands—a region as temperate, healthy, fertile, and rich in minerals as any in the world? Such seems to be the inevitable destiny of Mexico. Inhabited by the English race, her future greatness is assured.

There is no considerable party in the United States favoring the immediate annexation of Mexico *as she is*. An addition to our population of eight millions of Catholics, whose chief characteristics seems to be treachery and indolence, is one which no intelligent Protestant desires. No, verily, when all the chances are that she will come in after awhile very much in the same way that our territories are now doing, and with a vigorous, Protestant population.

California, in view of the importance given it by the author of *Greater Britain*, next claims our attention. Mr. Dilke says: 'Although the chief claim of California to consideration is her position on the Pacific, her fertility and size alone entitle her to notice. . . . The State has twice the area of Great Britain. The single valley of the Joaquin and Sacramento, from Tulare Lake to the great snow peak of Shasta, is as large as the three kingdoms. Every useful mineral, every kind of fertile soil, every variety of helpful climate, are to be found within the State.' When we consider that California is equal in area to any of the great nations of Europe, except Russia, that she is capable of sustaining a population equal to that of France, and that her position on the Pacific, in front of the populous empires of Japan and China, gives her facilities for trade unequalled, perhaps, by that of any other country, we are forced to predict a brilliant future for this portion of our commonwealth. Will not this single State one day become—it may be a century hence—the equal of France in wealth, population, and power?

In his last chapter on America Mr. Dilke notices, briefly, the religious aspects of our country. His remarks, we think, betray a superficial observation; they are certainly untrue when applied to the Southern States, and we hope, for the sake of their future prosperity, that the Northern States likewise have been incorrectly represented. He says: 'Throughout America the multiplication of churches is rapid, but, among the native-born Americans, Supernaturalism is advancing with great strides. The Shakers are strong in thought, the Spiritualists in wealth and numbers, Communism gains ground, but not Polygamy—the Mormon is a purely European church.' Now, we of the South were in happy ignorance of most of these facts, if they be facts. He elsewhere speaks favorably of the progress made by the Unitarians, also of the Anglican Church. Of the three most influential bodies of evangelical Christians—the Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians—he says little or nothing. We know that many strange heresies have taken root and flourished on American soil, especially in the Northern States; but we have reason to believe that the masses of the people are still influenced by the principles of evangelical religion. May this be, indeed, true, and may it always be the condition of our people, for in the day that we cease to be a God-fearing and God-obeying people will our prosperity cease. In the day that we turn from God and his word he will turn from us, after which we will begin to descend the heights we have been so long ascending—will begin to decline in wealth, in power, in population, in physical and mental vigor, and, in fact, in everything which now makes us a great people. In looking, then, for the promise of future prosperity to our country, the God-taught man will naturally look to see if the cause of Christ is prospering, if his gospel is still preached in its purity, and if the Bible is still read and revered by the masses of the people.

We will close these remarks upon America with a quotation from *Greater Britain*: 'After all, there is not in America a greater wonder than the Englishman himself, for it is to this continent you must come to find him in full possession of his powers. Two hundred and fifty millions of people speak or are

ruled by those who speak the English tongue, and inhabit a third part of the habitable globe; but, at the present rate of increase, in sixty years there will be two hundred and fifty millions of Englishmen dwelling in the United States alone. America is becoming, not English merely, but world-embracing in the variety of its type; and as the English element has given language and history to that land, America offers the English race the moral directorship of the globe, by ruling mankind through Saxon institutions and the English tongue. Through America England is speaking to the world.' If this be true, and who can doubt it, how great is the responsibility of American Christians!

The next English country that we shall notice is New Zealand, a group of islands lying about one thousand miles to the east of Australia. The area of New Zealand is about equal to that of Great Britain, and from her resemblance to the mother country in size, situation, and climate, she has often been called the 'Britain of the South.' This country has made rapid progress since her annexation to the British crown. In 1850 her whole population was about two hundred thousand, of which number only forty thousand were English. Her present population is two hundred and sixty-five thousand, of which number two hundred and twenty-five thousand are English. Here we see the Maori rapidly dying out before the advance of the Saxon, just as his brother, the red Indian, is doing in the United States. The above figures show an extraordinary increase, and 'many affect to believe that the future of New Zealand is destined to be as brilliant as has been the past of her mother country.' Mr. Dilke, however, fails to see the promise of such a future. He says: 'Her gold-yield is only about a fifth of that of California or Victoria. Her area is not sufficient to make her powerful as an agricultural or pastoral country, unless she comes to attract manufactures and carrying-trade from afar, and the prospect of her succeeding in this effort is but small. Her rivers are almost useless for manufacturing purposes, owing to their floods; the timber-supply of all her forests is not equal to that of a single county in the State of Oregon; her coal is inferior in quality

to that of Vancouver's Island, in quantity to that of Chili, in both respects to that of New South Wales. The harbors of New Zealand are upon the eastern coast, but the coal is chiefly upon the other side, where the river bars make trade impossible.' With all these disadvantages New Zealand possesses many attractions, which will continue to invite emigration from other parts of the English world. If she is capable of supporting only half the population of England her expectation of greatness will yet be realized, for twelve millions of Englishmen will be a power in the earth wherever they may be placed.

Australia lies next on our line of travel. Here we have a country three-fourths the size of Europe. More than half of it, however, is an uninhabitable desert. The habitable portion of this island, though small compared to the United States, makes after all a vast country. 'The progress of Australia has been singularly rapid. In 1830 her population was under forty thousand; in 1860 in numbered one million five hundred thousand.' At this rate of increase her present number of inhabitants must be about two millions. This population is composed chiefly of farmers, miners, mechanics, and sheep-raisers; but possessing, as she does, a large supply of coal, and that, too, of a good quality, there is nothing to prevent her becoming both a manufacturing and commercial nation. The Australians seem to be full of enterprise and energy, and, with the exception of West Australia, nearly all traces of convict blood have disappeared from these colonies. Churches and schools, we are glad to notice, appear to be flourishing. Mr. Dilke, however, does not appear to be very hopeful of the future of Australia. Immediately after speaking of her rapid progress, he says: 'Nevertheless, it is questionable how far the progress will continue.' His doubts are based on the fact that all of her best lands are already taken up by settlers. It is true they are 'taken up,' but, except in a few localities, they are settled pretty much like most of our Western States are, and as New York was in 1800. The fact that the area of land adapted to agriculture is limited to, perhaps, a fourth part of the island, is sufficient reason why Australia



can never be as great and populous as the United States. But, on the other hand, the facts that in Australia there is a tract of country sufficiently large and fertile to sustain a population of fifty millions, and that this country is already occupied by the pushing and energetic English, are enough to warrant us in entertaining high hopes of the future greatness of this part of Britain.

South of Australia is the island of Tasmania. This island was long used as a penal colony by Great Britain, and as late as 1850 her population included twenty thousand convicts. Fifty years ago there was found in Tasmania a numerous, though degraded native race. Now, according to Mr. Dilke, three old women and a lad are all who remain of the aboriginal inhabitants. We have quite a glowing description of the natural advantages possessed by Tasmania: her climate is delightful, her soil rich, and producing in great variety and abundance the grains and fruits of Europe. 'Even more than Britain, Tasmania may be said to present in a small area an epitome of the globe; mountain and plain, forest and rolling prairie land, rivers and grand capes, and the noblest harbor in the world, all are contained in a country the size of Ireland.' The account given us, however, of her present condition is rather gloomy. There seems to be little or no progress since 1858. This may be accounted for partly by the fact that she has never yet been able to rid herself of her convict population. But this obstacle to her progress will not always continue. Rome was founded by a band of outlaws. English outlaws are every whit as good material for founding an empire as were the followers of Romulus. Time and immigration will at length remove all traces of convict blood; the abandoned lands will after awhile be reclaimed, internal improvements will be pushed forward, and Tasmania will yet sustain her three or four millions of population. If the history of English colonization teaches anything, it is that an English colony, planted in a temperate region, cannot remain stationary.

With the exception of Cape Colony, in South Africa, we have now glanced at all the *true* colonies of Great Britain. Since the construction of the Suez Canal, Ceylon and India lie

almost on the direct route from Australia to England. Before parting company with Sir Charles, we will take a glance at these British dependencies—dependencies, because their climate forbids their colonization by Europeans. Our space will not permit more than a passing glance, and this shall be chiefly directed to noticing the effects on India of British rule.

There is nothing stranger, nor yet more interesting, in all history, than the occupation of India by the English; and that which gives it its greatest interest is the advantages it has brought to the natives of that country. For the first time, perhaps, in the history of nations, we see a country governed by a foreign power, yet governed in the interest of the conquered race.

It is true, that during the first years of their occupation of Hindostan the English were guilty of many and flagrant acts of injustice in their dealings with the natives. Their policy in the East, for a time, was very little different from that of their short-sighted neighbors, the Dutch. It was for some years characterized by cruelty, injustice, and greed. An immense amount of treasure was extorted from a poor and down-trodden people. But those who are acquainted with the history of British India know that, since the days of Warren Hastings, there has been a gradual change in the policy of England in the East. In the contest between justice and liberality on the one side, and injustice and selfishness on the other, victory has constantly leaned to the side of the former. In other words, the principles of the Christian religion have more and more influenced the administration of the government. One cause of this is to be found in the persistent and heroic labors of the Protestant missionaries in India. These labors were conducted at first under the greatest difficulties, one of which was the hostility of the government officials. If we estimate the success of missionary effort in Hindostan by the number of converts it has gained, we are obliged to confess that the result has not been proportionate to the labor and money expended. In a population of one hundred and seventy millions, the Protestant missionaries claim only about

one hundred and fifty thousand converts; and yet this is the work of twenty-three societies, having three hundred missionary stations, over three hundred native churches, five hundred European preachers, and all maintained at an expense of two hundred thousand pounds a year. 'Though the positive visible results of Christian teaching have been small, the indirect effects have been great.' The Catholics have succeeded in making a much larger number of converts than have the Protestants, but the reason is obvious: 'The native Protestant's position is a fearful one, for he wholly loses caste and becomes an outlaw from his people; whereas, the native Catholic continues to be a caste man, and sometimes an idol-worshipper.

Before the victories of Lord Clive subjected India to British rule, her people were oppressed by the most wicked and cruel despots that ever cursed a country. Under the rule of these native princes the mass of the people were nothing better than the most degraded serfs, alike incapable of accumulating property, and emerging from the night of ignorance and superstition which had so long enveloped them. Through so many centuries had they endured this terrible oppression, that it seems as if they had become totally destitute of every principle which makes man a moral being. Such being their condition, it was impossible that any decided reformation could take place among them from the labors of only a few years. It was impossible to undo completely in *one* century the work of *twenty* centuries. But we rejoice, in the evidences before us, that at last India's night is breaking. We rejoice that her people are protected in their rights, and have some higher incentive to labor than the mere preservation of life; that they are instructed, to some extent at least, in English learning; that the arts of more civilized communities are being introduced among them; and, more than all, that they have the Gospel preached unto them.

Mr. Dilke says: 'The many improvements in the moral condition of the people which the census chronicles are steps in a great march. Those who have known India long are aware that a remarkable change has come over the country in the last few years. Among the Sikhs and Marattas a spirit

of reflection, of earnest thought, unusual in natives, has been aroused. In Bengal it has taken the form of pure Deism; but, then, Bengal is not India. The spirit rather than the doctrinal teaching of Christianity has been imbibed.' These facts constitute some evidences, we think, that a rift has at length been made in the dark cloud which, for so many ages, has overshadowed India—a rift which, we trust, is destined to widen until it lets in the full light of day upon her now benighted people.

We have now briefly noticed the present condition of some of the most important of the English-speaking countries. But it is when we survey them as *one whole* that we are impressed with the power and the grandeur of our race. Though we feel an honest pride in its present exalted position, yet we should derive a higher joy from viewing it in the accomplishment of its twofold mission—in giving freedom to the nations, and in bringing them back to God.

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ART. III.—1. *The Philosophical Works of David Hume*; including all his Essays, and exhibiting the more important alterations and corrections in the successive editions published by the author. Boston and Edinburgh. 1854. 4 vols. 8vo.

2. *Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II*—(The Philosopher, David Hume.) By Mrs. Oliphant. London. 1870.

Probable convictions are, according to Hume, furnished by experience, and are derived from the comparison of ideas, and the observation of their customary conjunctions and associations. This comparison and these associations are limited to the relations of resemblance, contiguity, and causality. Where are the relations of identity and contrariety? Where is the category of substance or existence, which must precede the

possibility of relations? Substance, matter, existence, and virtually mind, are repudiated by Hume's system, which must be developed without recourse to their assistance.

With the relations of resemblance and contiguity, except in so far as they may be implicated with the relation of causality, we cannot concern ourselves. We have already called attention to the fact that the conjunction of ideas in verbal and logical propositions implies more than their concurrent consideration; and we have also called attention to the fallacy of assigning a custom as the origin of belief, or of anything more than a partial conviction. The question of the child, 'Father, what makes the fire burn?' whether taken in its active or passive signification, is a refutation of Hume's theory, that causation is an inference from customary experience. The curiosity unsatisfied indicates the presence of the notion in the mind of the child, and it receives satisfaction and precision from the explanation afforded by the customary observations and experience of ideas.

'Be ye as little children.' If this is a divine prescription in spiritual concerns, it is certainly a prudential direction in philosophy. We must go back in the investigation of mental operations to a period when custom or intellectual habit had not found time to influence the judgment, and must detect the natural laws of the human mind in the spontaneous tendencies of budding thought. We must be children ourselves, or examine the ways of children, to arrive at the only solution which those difficult questions admit, and the only accurate comprehension of the nature and extent of their difficulties. If Hume had not been an old bachelor he would have discovered the untenability of many of his hypotheses.

Thus he might have perceived that, besides the logical fallacy of attributing the origin of any class of judgments or beliefs to a mere conjunction of otherwise disconnected perceptions, there was a more fatal objection to the explanation of causality by the customary association of phenomena, in the fact that the notion of causation anticipates the growth of the custom. The interpretation is invalid, because it is chronologically erroneous.

The numerous objections alleged by Hume against the possibility of entertaining the notion of causation are all equally insufficient and illogical. It does not follow that cause and effect indicate a relation of observation and experience only, because power is not discoverable from the idea of the objects with which it is connected.<sup>1</sup> This would be the case if all knowledge were restricted to ideas and impressions deriving their whole character from sensations; but this position has been already refuted. It is not necessary to conclude that an idea is strictly limited by actual experience because occasioned by it. The mind—the functions and the characteristics of the mind—must count for something in the process of thought. It cannot be properly inferred that the idea of power is not suggested by the relation between objects, because it is not contained in the separate ideas of the objects themselves. This is another form of the fallacy of neglecting the copula or *tertium quid* in logical or verbal propositions.

It is a mere assumption, that the conception of efficacy must be derived from experience and a particular instance, because reason cannot originate it. The ground alleged for the conclusion is an arbitrary hypothesis, because merely a special application of the unfounded postulate, that reason can originate no new idea. Yet, granting this pretended axiom, it may still be possible to receive from experience the idea of a general relation without being able to give a particular instance of an idea which is not particular. This, of course, conflicts with Hume's doctrine of abstract ideas; but the contradiction may be disregarded by those who eschew the tenet which it violates. The difficulty, which Hume elevates into an ontological impossibility, is the consequence simply of verbal perplexities and logical distinctions unapprehended by him. A general term cannot represent a particular or individual instance. This is a truism. It is nothing more than the utterance, in the shape of a formula, of the logical distinction between general and particular names. But the artificial distinction, introduced for the more convenient discrimination and communication of thought, Hume employs as an argument

<sup>1</sup> Phil. Works, Vol. I, p. 96.

against the comprehensibility of abstract ideas, and as fatal to the idea of causation. He is always at the mercy of his vocabulary.

Conceding, however, the right to exact a particular instance of sensible efficacy as a foundation for the notion of power and the idea of causation, Hume's argument will still be untenable, for the origin of both the notion and the idea may be explained by experience. Sir John Herschel and Professor Whewell, in recognizing the muscular sense, have interpreted the origin of the idea of power, and by an impression, according to Hume's requirements. This, therefore, disproves the allegation, that 'We never have any impression that contains any power or efficacy.'<sup>1</sup> This is a very loose mode of expression: the impression does not contain the power, but it compels its recognition.

The muscular sense does not, in our estimation, give any adequate explication of the mystery of causation, but it furnishes an answer to many of Hume's cavils. It is not our purpose to discuss the tangled problem of causality, nor even to weigh the whole array of Hume's sophisms. The investigation would be too long and tedious to be introduced as an episode into this criticism.

We pass on to the consideration of Hume's application of his doctrine of Cause and Effect to Science, Philosophy, Action, Morals, Politics, and especially to Religion. On all these topics our remarks will be necessarily brief, except on the last, which is the most seriously infected by the heresy, and in which it generates the most pernicious consequences. The disturbance of religious convictions seems, too, to have been the principal object contemplated by Hume in the construction of his system. The negation of revealed religion was, apparently, the ultimate aim of his labors, and his theories were only the means devised by him for the accomplishment of that result.

'*Vere scire est scire per causas.*' This great dogma of Aristotle has been almost universally, and, perhaps, too absolutely, rejected by recent science, which restricts its investigations to

<sup>1</sup> Phil. Works, Vol. I, pp. 206-7.

the discovery of the relations between phenomena. The research of causes has been abandoned as futile and delusive, and has been replaced by the study of phenomenal laws. Many vain hypotheses are thus prevented, and the field of science is prudently and legitimately limited to observation, experiment, and the correlation of the facts observed. This change may be ascribed, in great measure, to the philosophy of Hume, and especially to the development of that philosophy in the hands of Kant. But, though science may judiciously eliminate the investigation of causes, it cannot safely forego the recognition of causation, or it must leave the truths and discoveries of science without substantial reality or intelligible coherence. The repudiation or disregard of causation renders all vital change, all organic alteration, all natural action, a mere phantasmagoria. Even observation and experiment can produce only conjectures. The stamina of all conviction are broken down—the support of all belief, even scientific, is overthrown—and no check is left to restrain the wildest divagations of fancy where a supposed observation or accredited experiment furnishes a basis for conjectural induction. All extremes are equally dangerous; and the delusions engrafted upon science by the feverish pursuit of undiscoverable causes may be recalled by the indiscreet abnegation of all cause. Of this peril a reasonable apprehension is excited by the present constitution of the sciences.

Yet it is in science that the doctrines of Hume are least pernicious, because the true procedure of the sciences is by way of observation and experiment. In philosophy the positions of Hume necessarily eventuate in unmitigated skepticism. The explicability of an alleged fact is with him the test of its verity, notwithstanding his admission of undemonstrable principles, which he turns to little use in his reasoning. Denying cause, effect, substance, matter, mind, general terms and abstract ideas, and reducing all knowledge to ideas and impressions, and the relations between them, thereby making ideas only transformed sensations, as they were designated by Condillac, the intellectual world is sublimated or attenuated into the mere consciousness of sensations without a sensorium and



without an agent. Language, which has been framed in harmony with the spontaneous instincts of humanity, cannot be wrested so far from its familiar usage as to supply the means of seizing and expressing the shadowy residuum which is alone left by Hume's system as the equivalent of the intelligible. Throughout the whole of his philosophical writings, indeed, there is an undercurrent of constrained admissions and undetected inconsistencies which is fatal to his reasoning, and felt by himself to be so. His instincts, his natural sentiments, the constitution of his mind, his daily experience, revolt at his conclusions, both final and interlocutory, and overturn his speculations. True, this discord only involves him in more hopeless skepticism, and has tempted successive schools along the same perilous road in a more dogmatic temper.

Hume attributed the errors and deficiencies of previous schemes of speculation to the foolish hope of erecting a complete theory of the universe on the basis of the known, thereby excluding the unknown altogether from their consideration, or violently compressing it into their systems.<sup>1</sup> Yet he himself commenced his inquiries with a profession of constructing a new philosophy, and a new circle of the sciences,<sup>2</sup> and has pursued throughout, in the most flagrant manner, the procedure which he condemned. Abandoning the position, which he had taken in company with all sober thinkers, that first principles are necessarily undemonstrable, he has rejected and ignored everything which transcended the range of complete explication. Are not most of the difficulties and paradoxes of philosophy due to the habit of requiring for the establishment of every point more evidence than the nature of things either demands or admits, and to the rejection of everything which is not comprehensible as well as apprehensible? Thus, in regard to identity, personality, continued existence, externality, reality, causality, substance, mind, space, and time, and all the stumbling blocks over which Hume staggers, do we not exact impossible evidence, and repudiate the possible and sufficient, and then draw an adverse inference from the impossibility which we have arbitrarily predeter-

1 *Phil. Works*, Vol. III, p. 174.

2 *Ibid.* Vol. I, p. 8.

mined?<sup>1</sup> Such is the method of Hume, and it has found imitators in nearly all his successors. It drives him into the desolating and bewildering excesses of the Later Academy, and it has seduced his followers into desperate, dogmatic, mystic, or Pyrrhonistic skepticism. Is it not superlatively ridiculous that there should be any believers in a system which the projector himself did not believe?

There was a considerable change in Hume's opinions relative to *Morals* between the early publication and the final revision of his *Essays*. The change, however, extended little beyond simplification in the exposition of his views, and the abandonment of over-refined and useless subtlety. In both the original and the later draft he insisted upon a Moral Sense, but assigned to it no active function in the system of *Morals* he proposed. Pleasure and Pain—the Epicurean principles—were the primary forces of his deontology; and necessarily so, for as emotions were only internal sensations, and experience the generator of the passions, as of thought, he could not admit any principles anterior or superior to the sensible impressions by which feeling was excited. The agreeable and the disagreeable, the useful and the pernicious, presented the sole conceptions of right and wrong, and dwarfed the prescriptions of Ethics to the narrow impulses of selfishness. It was only in obedience to a more sagacious and comprehensive selfishness that the canon of propriety could be transferred from the individual feeling to a sense of the public welfare. A link of transition is, indeed, supplied by the definition of virtue as a quality agreeable to every one.<sup>2</sup> But this is a doctrine which, however tolerable in poetry, is very unsatisfactory in philosophy. Yet even Pope, whose ethical speculations are neither profound nor pure, perceived that the quality ascribed to virtue was not a permanent, but a vanishing attribute. Moreover, this Epicurean definition of virtue, besides its variance from fact, is vicious as defining a quality by the allegation of a particular consequence. Hume, too, is inconsistent with himself, for, oblivious of this determination of the char-

1 *Phil. Works*, Vol. II, Appendix, p. 548.

2 *Ibid.*, Vol. IV. p. 327. Note, vide pp. 357, 360.

acter of virtue, he ultimately and inconsequently refers the standard of morals — the essence of morality — the moral sense — to the Supreme Will.<sup>1</sup> Such discrepancies are so habitual with Hume as to be characteristic of his philosophy.

Aristotle, or whoever else may have written that part of the confused, disorderly, and self-repeating treatise, current as the *Problems of Aristotle* says that 'good men see good, and bad men see evil, in their dreams, because their waking thoughts are occupied with good in the one case, and with vice in the other.'<sup>2</sup> But this difference would exist neither in waking nor in sleeping if virtue were a quality agreeable to every one. The celebrated allegory of the choice of Hercules, whose consonance with the duties, trials, and experience of life, has been universally appreciated, is of itself a refutation of Hume's dogma, and the theory founded upon it. Nor is any support acquired for the theory by exaggerating the contrasts between its earlier and its later forms. In both the essence remains the same. We may say of the later time what *Lais* said to the bewigged and rejuvenated philosopher — the son is not more acceptable than the father, for the change is only in the garments.

The moral principles espoused by Hume inevitably vitiate his political doctrine. Political science is the application of ethical rules to aggregate associations of men. Utility remains with him in this branch of philosophy the chief criterion of right, and is identified with justice. This is absolutely stated in the original essays; it is only suggested in their amended form.<sup>3</sup> Justice is asserted to be an artificial and not a natural virtue — both epithets being employed in a peculiar and unwarrantable sense.<sup>4</sup>

As justice is regarded as merely another name for public utility, the legal and the right are identical in this system. The narrowness and confusion arising from this view display themselves conspicuously in the remark that the rules of jus-

1 *Phil. Works*, Vol. IV, p. 808. Appendix I.

2 *Aristot. Prob.*, lib xxx, § 14, p. 975, p. 25. Ed. Bekkor.

3 *Phil. Works*, Vol. II, p. 240. Vol. IV, p. 245.

4 *Ibid.*, Vol. II, pp. 240, 248, 357. Vol. IV. p. 11, note.

tice are suspended in the case of a criminal, whereas, it usually happens that the criminal is suspended; and in the observation that equity, introduced for the benefit of society, is contrasted with justice, which is nevertheless represented as founded solely on public utility. Through such inconsistencies is Hume obliged to pursue his uncertain way, confounding at every step the varying applications of justice in varying circumstances with the essence of justice.<sup>1</sup>

It requires no very ingenious or circuitous induction from these premises to arrive at the conclusion that *Might makes Right*;<sup>2</sup> for, if the established law is necessarily right, the power that established the law must be right also. Sophistry and the diminution of moral obligations prepare the way for despotism. And yet the identification of utility and justice is less offensive and pernicious in politics than in any other department of morals. In accordance with that harmony which has been implanted by the Creator in the moral constitution of man, the virtue of individuals is identified with the public interest. But there is here an important distinction, which is entirely overlooked by Hume.<sup>3</sup> When moral qualities are considered in their social aspects, their utility is the most obvious and the principal point of view; when regarded as the attributes of an individual, it is the subordinate consideration. Hence the utilitarian theory, which is absolutely fatal to private morals, may suffice temporarily for the public weal, and fail to excite repugnance. In all cases, indeed, the propriety of any political measure depends upon its tendency to promote the substantial interests of society, because the general utility is the first aim of social combination. The same test should also determine the absolute truth of any proposition in political affairs, if Hume's argumentation were valid; but this position he, with his customary inconsequence, denies.<sup>4</sup>

It is to be observed that, in Hume's discussion of justice, he confines himself to the contemplation of propriety, and never rises above the question of pecuniary honesty.<sup>5</sup> He only

1 *Phil. Works*, Vol. IV, pp. 245-53, 404-14.      2 *Ibid.*, Vol. IV, p. 252.

3 *Ibid.*, Vol. IV, p. 243.

4 *Ibid.*, Vol. IV, pp. 347-351.

5 *Ibid.*, Vol. IV, p. 259; note, 261. Vol. II, p. 256.

endeavors to explain how justice arises, or comes to be applicable in the common transactions of business. Even here he only shows how the idea of justice is carried into practical effect in the relations of men, without attempting to elucidate its intrinsic character. The idea of justice exists above the sphere of his philosophy, dominates over it against his will and contrary to his supposition, and is not comprehended by it.

A theory of knowledge, which has no broader or firmer basis than sensible impressions, must accept the useful and the contingent as the sole foundation of *Morals and Politics*, and must be betrayed by such acceptance into inextricable inconsistencies. But the errors will be still greater and more dangerous when it undertakes to discuss the mysterious questions of religion.

It is much easier to determine what Hume's religious opinions were not, than to discern what they actually were. There is an affectation, a prudishness, in his skepticism, which renders it insincere and contradictory. Did he believe in anything? According to the tenor of his systematic creed, he should have no belief. According to both his language and reasoning, he does believe at times, and when belief is least compatible with his own doctrines. Did he believe his own doubts? His remarks on several occasions will scarcely permit the supposition that he did.<sup>1</sup> He perceived psychological difficulties which he was anxious enough to investigate and disingenuous enough to exaggerate, but which he had not the patience or the logical acumen to solve. He was able to perplex others, and to confuse himself, while conscious that the perplexity produced was unreasonable. He endeavored to revive the procedure of the Later Academy, without having the excuse of equal ignorance, or equal logical difficulties, which were not made apparent till they were evolved in the antinomies of Kant.

He attacks Christianity as credulity, but avows Polytheism to be so natural that it is probably a correct representation of

<sup>1</sup> *Phil. Works*, Vol. IV, pp. 170-88, 346, 498. Vol. I. pp. 825-87.

the divine government of some of the planets.<sup>1</sup> What does he mean by natural? and whence can any such probability be inferred? But if such may be the economy of any of the planets, why not of this which we inhabit, when it has been, and still is, so extensively believed? We have no intimation of the existence of such a creed in any other world; why should we assume it as a fact where it is wholly unknown, and repudiate it where it is known? What becomes of the canon of experience? How is the recognition or suspicion of the truth of Theism arrived at by Hume, when the general practice and experience of men have been in favor of Polytheism? Where is the credulity now?

The credulity is with Hume, as it is in regard to the position advanced by him, as an argument against Christianity, that the world could not decline from a purer to a coarser conception of religion.<sup>2</sup> This dogmatic asseveration is contradicted by history, in the case of the ancient Jews and Hindoos, by theory, and by himself.<sup>3</sup> The Theism, which he inconsistently professes, is assailed in the *Dialogues on Natural Religion*. These are exceedingly acute and ingenious; much more so, in our estimation, than any other portion of his philosophical writings, with the exception of his *Political Essays*. They evolve, naturally and easily, and with a considerable approach to true Socratic irony, the difficulties attendant on any systematic theory of the Divine nature and action. But, except by one or two allusions, they never rise above the dreary level of the vulgar prejudices of conflicting creeds; and, perhaps, this is all that could be expected from a professed skeptic. Nevertheless, the skepticism is abandoned, and the solution of all real difficulties suggested by the admission, that religion must ultimately repose, not on reason, but on faith,<sup>4</sup> and that the evidence, the witness, of the truth of religion, is found in the breast of every man.<sup>5</sup>

1 *Natural History of Religion*, Sec. XI, *Phil. Works*, Vol. IV, p. 463.

2 *Ibid.*, Sec. I, p. 428.

3 *Ibid.*, Sec. VIII, p. 453.

4 *Dial. on Natural Religion*, Part X, Vol. I, p. 506.

5 *Nat. His. of Religion*, *Introd.*, *Phil. Works*, Vol. IV, p. 419.

Wherever we turn new inconsistencies meet us. How can Hume pretend to discover a purpose, intention, and design, in all the works of creation,<sup>1</sup> while asserting cause and effect to be united in thought and apprehension only by uniform conjunction? Surely the conjunction is more variable and indistinct in these cases than in ordinary instances of causation; and between the Creator and the creation there is scarcely such a custom as man can pretend to discern. Furthermore, the obscurity and uncertainty, which must ever attend the determination of particular final causes, must produce a greater impossibility (if any comparison can be made) of recognizing the connection in this case than in the general dependence of effects upon their efficient causes. Moreover, if a miracle must be rejected on Hume's principles, because contradicted by general experience, why should final causes be acknowledged? What experience is possible in regard to them? The isolated phenomena may be apparent, but the aim contemplated must be conjectural, and must be suggested from some other source than impressions, external or internal.

The mention of miracles reminds us that the cardinal heresy of Hume is still untouched. We have postponed its consideration with the design of entering more fully into its criticism than we have done in treating the other parts of his Philosophy, and because we were desirous of unfolding, without break or interruption, but with brevity, the characteristic tenets and the characteristic defects of that Philosophy.

Hume's paradox on Miracles is his principal weapon against revealed religion; it is the base of all his operations. His whole philosophy is a preparation for the employment of this engine of warfare, and his whole purpose the overthrow of Revelation. Thus the essay on Miracles is, in a practical point of view, what the theory of causation is theoretically — the keystone of Hume's system. So it has been universally regarded. Every subsequent philosopher, or pretender to philosophy — the regular soldiers and the volunteers of metaphysics and theology — have all occupied themselves with its examination, and have strained every nerve to confirm or invalidate

1 Dial. on Nat Religion, Part X, Phil. Works, Vol. II, p. 494.

Hume's doctrine of miracles, or his doctrine of causation, for the two doctrines are only the different faces of the same problem. We do not think that either its assailants or its defenders have adequately achieved their task. It might be presumptuous to expect more assured success for a new effort, but there is little presumption in presenting a new line of argument, which may, perhaps, be improved and enlarged till it is irresistible. The examination of the principles of Hume's Philosophy was a necessary preliminary to the performance of this duty, because the philosophy is implied and applied in the argument against miracles; and it has been the tacit reception of some of the principles of that philosophy, or the failure to perceive and exhibit their invalidity, which has prevented the numerous refutations heretofore proposed from obtaining the desired success.

The tenth section of the inquiry concerning Human Understanding constitutes the celebrated Essay on Miracles.<sup>1</sup> It was an after-thought with Hume—at least his doctrine on this subject was not explicitly stated in the original publication of his theory. The essay commences with an argument from Tillotson against the Real Presence in the consecrated elements, which appears to have been borrowed from the philosophy of Locke, but which, if legitimately employed in this particular instance, is dangerous from its obvious tendency to undermine the foundations of the Christian religion. This argument accords exactly with Hume's own line of argumentation on previous occasions, and especially on the subject of probability, and, therefore, the only service it is competent to render in his hands is to give an archiepiscopal gloss to the infidelity of the essay which it introduces.

Every stage in this celebrated argument must be noted with care. Assuming experience to be 'our only guide in reasoning concerning matters of fact,' Hume proceeds to invalidate the testimony of this solitary witness, by noting the uncertainty of its testimony, by pointing out the varying shades of probability to which this uncertainty gives rise, and by dwelling upon the evanescent degrees of assurance in our inductions.

<sup>1</sup> Phil. Works, Vol. IV, pp. 124-150.



The stringency of the proof, or the amount of probability, in each case depends upon the nature of the testimony delivered, according as this agrees with, or varies from, uniform or habitual experience. Yet the example of the Indian Prince, adduced by Hume,<sup>1</sup> 'who refused to believe the first relations concerning the effects of frost,' completely overturns this argument. The uniform and habitual experience of himself and his countrymen was adverse to a belief in either frost or snow. 'They reasoned justly,' says Hume, in rejecting the asseverations of their existence and effects; and, on his principles, these declarations ought to be immediately acknowledged to be false and unworthy of belief.

But even if the testimony be otherwise admissible, its actual credibility is affected by the character of the witnesses in many ways. If they contradict each other, are few in number, are of doubtful reputation, have an interest in what they affirm, or deliver their testimony with hesitation, or with violent asseveration, their evidence will be suspicious. These objections are manifestly framed with especial reference to the inspired writers of the New Testament. They have received ample consideration and satisfactory replies from Paley, and the numerous other writers who have illustrated the evidences of Christianity. It would be an unnecessary repetition to renew the refutation here.

If, however, the fact and the witnesses are both credible, but are at variance with the inferences derived from observation and experience, the statement is not entitled to our confidence, because the evidence of one sort counterbalances the evidence of the other sort, and the two together require or justify an absolute suspension of opinion.

These are the separate links in Hume's chain of reasoning on the subject of Miracles. They are all implied or separately expressed in the original draft of his *Philosophy*, but it is only in the final exhibition of his speculations that they are combined together for an assault on the miracles which sustain the Revelation of Christianity. They are all plausible; they are all true, partially, and *sub modo*; but they are all untenable in the

<sup>1</sup> *Phil. Works*, Vol. IV, p. 129.

form and to the extent of their special application to the credibility of miracles.

On Hume's own principles, as experience only affords the assurance of customary and not of necessary conjunction, it can furnish no argument against what is confessedly extraordinary and has not been the subject of experience. It embraces neither the whole sphere of possibilities, nor the whole circle of events. It reaches only to the limited domain of actually and frequently observed phenomena. As it is a custom of belief, founded upon the habitual observance of the ordinary and regular conjunction of appearances, without implying any direct connection between them, it offers no grounds of positive presumption against the statement of any contrary relation of events. Nor will it warrant the inclusion of any singular or extraordinary fact in the same category with ordinary occurrences. The custom is originally founded on a single experience, though this obvious peculiarity entirely escapes the acumen of Hume. It is then extended by a repetition of the observation, or by the operation of those generalizing rules and appetencies, which he regards as not merely fallible, but fallacious guides to a class of events. In itself it can render no stronger evidence in favor of a particular order of things than results from the conflicting declaration of a single veracious testimony to a different order. Every particular fact rests upon its own evidence, and is not subject to the jurisdiction of customary observation and experience, until it is manifest that it is only an additional example of the customary order. That order itself is only the aggregation of such particular instances, and was originally a solitary, and, therefore, unusual event. Thus the new and isolated example may be legitimately conceived to be the commencement of a new series, of a new habitual experience, still, and perhaps indefinitely, incomplete; and it will possess the same characteristics of credibility which appertained to the first member, and to the separate units of the customary observation. Thus, the testimony of a witness to an unfamiliar or extraordinary fact does not conflict with the legitimate testimony of experience. They cannot come into collision. The only inconsistency is

between the novel asseveration and the hasty inference from a general rule, asserted by Hume to be always fallacious, and certainly fallacious in its application to cases which it does not comprehend. The rarity or singularity of an event is no disproof of its reality, unless we concede perennial omniscience to man, and grant that his habitual experience is coextensive with the cognizable and the possible.<sup>1</sup>

Hence, it is a most unwarrantable assumption — a pure *petitio principii* — to maintain that 'a miracle is a violation of the laws of nature.'<sup>2</sup> Hume's Philosophy, indeed, admits no laws of nature, except as fictions of the imagination; he is, therefore, illogical in alleging their violation. But, independently of his Philosophy, a miracle is not a violation of the laws of nature, but a suspension, or supernatural control of their operations.<sup>3</sup> There is no more inconsistency in this conception than there is in supposing a watchmaker to stop, quicken, or retard the movements of a watch made by his hands. He would not thereby violate the laws of mechanics, but, exercising over their operations that power and intelligence which appertains to him, he would simply arrest or modify their play.

It is an immediate corollary from these remarks, that it is not only begging the question, but doing violence to his own, and, perhaps, to every philosophy, when Hume asserts, that 'a firm and unalterable experience has established those laws' of nature. We waive any comment on the singular looseness and inaccuracy of this language, and ask, whence is the unalterable inferred? This incident of such laws cannot come within the domain of custom, experience, or observation. There is a repetition of the same *petitio principii* in Hume's

1 'Quare autem quicquam nobis insolitum est? Quia naturam oculis, non ratione comprehendimus, neque cogitamus quid illa facere possit, sed tantum quid fecerit.' Seneca. Nat. Quæst: Lib. VI, c. III, § 2.

2 Phil. Works, Vol. IV, p. 180, and see p. 181, note.

3 This point is logically, cogently, and learnedly discussed by the late Dr. Thornwell, in his Essay on Miracles. His employment of the ambiguous term, 'Nature,' is not altogether accordant with ours, but then it is a substantial agreement between his views and those here presented.

conclusion, that 'the proof against a miracle, from the very nature of the fact, is as entire as any argument from experience can possibly be imagined.' The laws of nature are not established by experience, they are only recognized by observation. This recognition is confessedly imperfect on any scheme of philosophy, but preëminently so on Hume's. The nature of the fact is no argument against a miracle, because it is the miracle itself. The subject and the predicate are in this case identical, and Hume's proposition is equivalent to the asseveration that A cannot be A — that the existenc of A is proof of the impossibility of A. If the real import of Hume's propositions was not disguised by the looseness of his language the invalidity of his reasoning would be immediately detected.

We will condense Hume's argument, and throw it into a syllogistic form, that its fallacies may be rendered glaring.

- A. {
1. What is at variance with, or unsupported by, human knowledge is absurd.
  2. Human knowledge is confined to experience.
  3. Therefore, what is contrary to common experience, or unsupported by it, is absurd.
- B. {
1. Whatever is contrary to common experience, or unsupported by it, is absurd.
  2. The violation of the laws of nature is contrary to common experience.
  3. Therefore, the violation of the laws of nature is absurd.
- C. {
1. Whatever violates nature is thereby proved to be absurd.
  2. The nature of a miracle consists in the violation of the laws of nature.
  3. Therefore, the nature of a miracle renders a miracle absurd.

These syllogisms are not in all respects logically correct in form, but the defects are not ours, they are implicated with Hume's reasoning. It will at once be obvious from their in-

spection, and from what has been previously said, that both premises in syllogism A, and the minor premises in syllogisms B and C, are pure assumptions. The major premises in the last two syllogisms are the conclusions of the syllogisms which precede them. They are, therefore, deductions from assumptions, and are in consequence essentially assumptions themselves. All the premises being thus actually or virtually assumptions, the conclusion is also an unwarrantable assumption, besides being a contradiction in terms.

So much for Hume's ratiocination. But what is the real state of the facts so much distorted, perverted, and disguised by him? We have observed certain successions of phenomena, in which certain particular effects habitually follow certain secondary causes, when the operation of these causes is not impeded by the interference of other causes. These relations of succession we term laws of nature, and regard as uniform and universal in their operation, because they present uniform phenomena to our ordinary observation. There is nothing here, however, to render impossible or unreasonable the conception of the interference of causes of a higher order, which is a phenomenon of daily occurrence. There is still less reason for gainsaying the intervention of a primary cause, or the agency of the Great First Cause, either directly in His own sacred Person, or by delegation to His ministers, or by a temporary change in the combination of the superior laws of nature.<sup>1</sup> We employ the terms, cause and effect, primary and secondary causes, and First Cause, for the sake of convenience and distinctness, and not with any present design of asserting the reality of their existence and action. Regard them as fictitious, or merely phenomenal, and admit only the relations

1 Nearly the same line of argumentation is employed by that greatest of mediæval philosophers, St. Thomas Aquinas. *Summa Theol.*, Ps. I, Qu. xxii, Art. ii. . . . 'Dicendum quod aliter est de causa universali, et de causa particulari. Ordinem enim causæ particularis aliquid potest exiro, non autem ordinem causæ universali. Non enim subducitur aliquid ab ordine causæ particularis, nisi per aliquam aliam causam particularem impediendam, sicut lignum impeditur a combustionem per actionem aquæ. Unde, cum omnes causæ particulares concludantur sub universali causa, impossibile est aliquem effectum ordinem causæ universali effugero.' . . .

of succession as attested by experience, and the reasoning remains equally valid.

Let us apply this doctrine. Witnesses, whose credibility has been assailed by Hume, but amply confirmed by more diligent investigations, inform us that the usually uniform line of succession in terrestrial events has been interrupted, on several occasions, by extraordinary phenomena, which indicated to them an extraordinary cause and extraordinary effects. This accords with the necessary limitations imposed on our conceptions of the laws of nature. There is no conflict between our experience, our observation, our legitimate inferences, and the testimony. In fact, such exceptions are virtually contemplated in our conception of the laws of nature; and all that is requisite for their acceptance is to be assured of the credibility of the witnesses. If this credibility be established on its own grounds, irrespective of the event attested,<sup>1</sup> that event may be miraculous, but is not, therefore, incredible, nor even difficult of belief, except so far as the customary habits and prejudices of the self-sufficient human mind create an artificial difficulty.

We are thus enabled to apprehend clearly the extreme clumsiness and fallacy of Hume's final inference — that no testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle, unless its falsehood would be more miraculous than the miraculous fact alleged, in which case the conflicting miracles would destroy the value of each other. But, deviating from the previous reasoning, we will examine this remarkable declaration by itself. If miracles be denied, how can one thing be supposed more miraculous than another? If miracles be credited, how can the miraculous admit of degrees, except in the loosest mode of metaphysical expression? If the admission of a miracle requires the falsehood of the testimony to be more miraculous than the fact, miracles must be admitted and accepted as possibilities before any such comparison could be dreamt of

<sup>1</sup> So Dr. Thornwell justly says, *So. Qu. Rev.*, Aug., 1856, p. 370. . . . 'The credibility of testimony is in itself, not in the object for which it vouches; it must be believed on its own account, and not on that of the phenomena asserted,' etc. See also p. 367.

or made.<sup>1</sup> Hume involves himself in a vicious circle, from which there is no escape. He recognizes the possibility of miracles by the very argument with which he assails their possibility. The secret of the apparent strength of that argument consists in the indefinite and illegitimate employment of his terms, which he contracts and expands, allegorizes and restricts, according as the current of his fancy and his caprice may dictate. In this way he substitutes certainty for probability, and uncertainty for assurance, phenomenal for real laws, and real laws for phenomenal coincidences, uniformity for necessity, and necessity for fallible experience, shifting and changing his ground, without changing his apparent meaning, according as the requirements of his sophistry may demand.

If there were sufficient leisure at present to abandon Hume and his arguments, it would be easy to show the entire conformity of miracles with the analogies of nature—and the only reasoning received by him is, in fact, analogical. It could be demonstrated that the operations of nature and the movements of mind presuppose and require a supernatural impulse, a supernatural support, a supernatural illumination, and a supernatural interference. Is not the fact, that the motions of the planets, and all other natural changes, take place, not in a strictly uniform and regular manner, but by oscillations within definite, though usually undefined, limits, so as to admit of perturbations without ruin, and to correct the effects of disturbing influences, an evidence that provision has been made in the economy of the universe for the interruptions of the regular procedure of the physical laws of nature, by miraculous interposition, or otherwise, without entailing destruction on the system of creation? Because we cannot readily understand how such intervention comports with the ordinary operations of the laws of nature and of secondary causes, it does not follow that it is either absurd or impossible. It might be

<sup>1</sup> This is consonant with Hume's own doctrine, borrowed from Descartes. 'To form a clear idea of anything is an undeniable argument for its possibility, and is alone a refutation of any pretended demonstration against it.' *Phil. Works*, Vol. I, p. 119. But did Hume have any clear idea of a miracle?

shown how secondary causes require, not from the form of the logical expression merely, but from the constitution of nature, a primary cause to guide, direct, and harmonize them; and how its action may be conceived — not explained — without recurrence to either occasional causes or a preëstablished harmony, which Hume seems at times to favor. He admits the inexplicable instincts of man and of animals,<sup>1</sup> and this admission not only facilitates, but necessitates, the admission of inexplicable facts. He declares the phenomenon of Belief to be in itself inexplicable — a fact transcending the interpretations of his Philosophy, and a perpetual miracle. Is it not a strange and short-sighted inconsistency to recognize the miraculous in the constitution of man, and to deny it in the divine government of the universe?

Having thus answered the sophism in regard to miracles, as stated in the abstract form by Hume, it is almost unnecessary to animadvert on the particular applications of his doctrine, which are employed for the purpose of assailing the evidences of Christianity. These turn principally on the credibility of the witnesses, and reënter the domain of theology or ecclesiastical history, rather than appertain to speculative philosophy.

But as new objections to miracles are insinuated into the criticism on the credibility of the witnesses, and as these objections, being popular and plausible, are more likely to have operated injuriously to Christianity than the abstract metaphysical argument which they are intended to confirm, and on which they are partially founded, they should not be left altogether without notice. Hume popularizes and specializes his argument against miracles by impugning the credibility of the witnesses by whom they have been attested. This he does —

1. By denying that miracles have been attested 'by a sufficient number of men of such unquestioned good sense, education, and learning as to secure us against all delusion in themselves; of such undoubted integrity as to place them beyond all suspicion of any design to deceive others; of such credit and reputation in the eyes of mankind as to have a

1 *Phil. Works*, Vol. IV, p. 122.



great deal to lose in case of their being detected in any falsehood; and, at the same time, attesting facts performed in such a public manner, and in so celebrated a part of the world, as to render the detection unavoidable.'<sup>1</sup>

This negation is in part a question of fact, in part a question of the degrees of a quality. In regard to the first, it may be remarked that the decision of the question, in all its divisions and subdivisions, has been adverse to Hume, notwithstanding the efforts of Strauss, Renan, and the rationalists to invalidate the testimony of the Evangelists and Apostles. In regard to the second point, it is only necessary to cite Hume's previous assertion, that there can be no argumentation about the degrees of a quality. '*De gustibus non est disputandum,*' which, being interpreted, means that the evidence which will satisfy an impartial inquirer may be insufficient for a professed and determined skeptic.

2. By alleging that in the ordinary course of reason we anticipate the unknown from the known, but in the case of miracles accept with most readiness that which is most extraordinary. That the extraordinary character of a miracle secures its acceptance may be doubted. There is a confusion in the language which must be eliminated. The extraordinary character of an event assists in producing the belief that it is a miracle, an extra-ordinary and not a natural effect. We believe a particular event to be miraculous, because contrary to general experience; but we do not believe in miracles in general because extraordinary phenomena sometimes occur. Hume's objection breaks down all distinction between miracles and other unusual occurrences.

It is a vulgar begging of the question — a coarse but dexterous appeal to ignorance, malevolence, and prejudice, to say, that 'if the spirit of religion join itself to the love of wonder, there is an end of common sense; and human testimony, in these circumstances, loses all pretensions to activity.'<sup>2</sup> Of the same complexion is the remark which speedily follows, that the numerous instances of falsely alleged miracles should fur-

<sup>1</sup> Phil. Works, Vol. IV, pp. 133.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., Vol. IV, p. 133.

nish a suspicion against all relations of the kind. By no means, unless the frequency of hypocrisy should render all virtue suspected, or the recurrence of error should justify the denial of truth, or the mistaken guesses in science should abrogate all science. These things only urge the necessity of caution; and the danger of credulity is not greater than that of incredulity. 'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.' It is the truth of real miracles, their belief and acceptance, which leads to the fiction of false ones.

3. By asserting that miracles chiefly abound among barbarous and ignorant nations. The prevalence of deception in some localities is no argument against the truth there or elsewhere. The only legitimate inference would be, that the numerous miracles credited among a rude and barbarous people render them questionable, not that all miracles are fictions.

Hume, however, endeavors to avail himself of the allegation, by representing the miracles of the Pentateuch, and insinuating those of the Gospel, to have occurred among a rude and barbarous people. This is historically unjust. Moses was learned in all the learning of the Egyptians, and the Jews were fresh from the civilization of Egypt, when they witnessed the wonders of Sinai, and the supernatural assistance vouchsafed in the desert. The life of Christ was contemporaneous with the maturity of ancient civilization, and with its most complete diffusion. There is the same ignorance or perversion of history in the assertions of Hume on these points as there is in speaking of the miracles of Mahomet and his successors. Mahomet refused to perform miracles, but Joe Smith claimed the power in our day, certainly not among a rude and barbarous people.

4. By maintaining that all miracles have been contradicted by infinite testimony. The contradictory testimony is merely that of infidel men, giving their inferences, conjectures, cavillations, opinions; but the multiplication of these *ad infinitum* furnishes no counterpoise to the minimum of direct testimony. It is an unwarranted assumption that every miracle alleged in favor of false religion is a contradiction of all the miracles

adduced for the support of the true creed.<sup>1</sup> A miracle is not the sole evidence of a true religion, nor is a religion proved to be false solely by the absence of miracles. There is no such logical or traditional connection between miracles and the truth of religion as to prevent the occurrence of the former, except as an irrefragable attestation of the truth of the latter. Taking the Bible merely as an historical narrative, the Egyptians performed miracles. Balaam prophesied the truth; there were four hundred false prophets found in Israel at one time; many true prophets sometimes prophesied falsely, so that the miraculous cannot be accepted as either the sole or the conclusive proof of the truth of Revelation. But the great defect of Hume's objection is against a *petitio principii*. He puts all miracles on the footing of the false.

5. By producing an array of modern miracles, which have been generally repudiated. These might invalidate the last objection, that miracles usually occur among a rude and barbarous people. But what else does their evidence amount to? That all alleged miracles are not to be received as such merely because so represented.

Hume attempts to give currency to his doctrine by stating that we give a very academic faith to reports favoring the country, family, or person of the reporter. This chariness of credit is right, if not carried too far. Are we to expect the attestation of miracles only from skeptics and strangers? The Christian miracles were, indeed, confirmed by the testimony of St. Paul, a disbeliever, a scoffer, an actual enemy; by the Evangelists and Apostles in opposition to the opinions of their times and country, and with the consciousness of inviting contumely and persecution by their declarations.!

It may be sometimes true that in the inception of religions the matters involved are too insignificant to attract the attention of the wise and learned, though this may be denied as a general rule. It is not true in regard to the miracles which

<sup>1</sup> So Dr. Thornwell says: 'We are far from asserting that miracles are so connected, in the nature of things, with a divine commission, that wherever they are proved to exist inspiration must be admitted as a necessary inference,' etc., etc.

preceded and attended Christianity. Paul was accused on account of his religion before Festus, Felix, and Gallio. These were all favorites of the imperial court of Rome. The great Apostle to the Gentiles preached, and was familiarly known, throughout Asia Minor, Macedonia, in Athens, Corinth, and Rome, as well as in Jerusalem and the cities of Judea.

The general principles, the special arguments, and the particular objections employed by Hume for the negation of miracles being thus refuted, there is nothing to sustain his maxim, that no human testimony can prove a miracle as a just foundation for a new religion.

When he ventures to intimate that proof of the miracles of the Bible may be derived from the inspiration of the holy volume, his statements are treacherous and hypocritical, as is manifest from the tone and tenor of his remarks, from the examples which he employs, and from the conclusions he deduces from them.

It is a very bald sophism to say that the ascription of a miracle to the Almighty does not render it more probable, because His attributes are known only from the ordinary course of nature. Why may not the attributes of the Divinity be known equally well, if not better, from the extraordinary interruptions of that course? Do we not derive our knowledge of Deity principally, if not entirely, from Revelation, a miracle itself, and from 'the mighty works which were done of old time'—the other miracles or extraordinary interferences with the ordinary course of nature?

The whole result of Hume's cavillations is, that miracles are not to be lightly credited. This is the sum total of what his argument, legitimately expressed and restricted, will sanction. As actually exhibited, his reasoning may be condensed into the following propositions:

Experience is the sole means of knowledge.

Whenever there is a conflict of testimony the fact in dispute must be false.

Our ordinary experience does not attest extraordinary events, therefore, extraordinary events cannot occur.

Some alleged miracles are unquestionably false, therefore,

all miracles must be discredited. So stated, Hume's positions and arguments are simply ridiculous, and we deem ourselves fully justified in having denied at the outset his pretensions to profundity and logical acumen.

The question of miracles is the cardinal point of revealed religion. It is the keystone of the celestial arch. If it is shaken or displaced, Revelation loses all authority. It was an unerring instinct which inspired Hume with the design of concentrating all his forces for an assault on this point, and induced him to create a Philosophy whose main function should be to serve as an engine of war in the attack. Concede the sufficiency of his Philosophy, and his argument against miracles, though still invalid, will appear almost irresistible. Deny his Philosophy, and his infidel positions cannot be maintained. Concede his argument against miracles, and Revelation must be renounced; we shall be compelled to accept the Gospel according to Strauss. Deny that argument, and Revelation acquires new strength from the refutation.

It is consequently unnecessary to examine his theology of disbelief which is expounded in three distinct forms. But we may ask, what is the aim, what is the result of all, and especially of the *Natural History of Religion*? The aim seems to be merely to string together covert sneers at Christianity — to interweave logical quibbles against Revelation, and to undermine the foundations of all practical religion, by destroying the belief in a personal and superintending God. The result is only dissatisfaction and 'confusion worse confounded.' Hume disturbs faith, reverence, and the sense of moral responsibility. What does he offer in their stead? A void — an aching void. Compassion may be justly extended to earnest and sincere error, entertained by men led astray in the ardent investigation of truth, and betrayed into false conclusions. But what toleration can be granted to that Mephistophilean temper, which unsettles belief for no purpose, and destroys conviction to leave nothing but dismay and bewilderment behind?

The system-mongers of philosophy — the philosophizing assailants of Christianity — are like the builders of Babel, but the tower with which they would scale heaven is built, not of

unburnt bricks and mortar, but of quips, and quirks, and quibbles. Their work is not once only, but continually overthrown; nor is there a single, but a constantly recurring confusion of tongues and dispersion of the builders. We cannot reach heaven by the labor of our hands, nor compass the universe by the speculations of our reason. Omnipotence and omniscience would both be requisite. Revelation — the revelation of creation, of instinct, and of religion — is necessary for thought as well as for the guidance of our conduct. Neither Christianity, nor any revealed religion, would have been possible, if the human mind had been competent to comprehend its own nature and to grasp the mighty secret of the universe. Science would have been an impossibility, if no higher assurance were attainable than that which the generalizations of science could afford; and that philosophy is deceitful and absurd which pretends to explain by observation and experience the series of developments which originated in conditions never submitted to observation and anterior to experience. But, until these important axioms are fully and habitually recognized, Hume's Philosophy, notwithstanding its inconsistencies and sciolism, will continue to vitiate speculation and contaminate society, because its strength lies not in any intrinsic cogency, but in the continual assumption and canonization of all the dilemmas, of all the antinomies, which the inquiring mind encounters in its reflections on the mysteries of mind. When these cardinal principles are, however, habitually accepted, and the day of their acceptance approaches too slowly, Hume's Philosophy, in its integrity and in its details, will be rejected as insufficient, inconsistent, and absurd. It will be repudiated, not for its subtlety and ingenuity, but for its shallowness and fallacy. The world will give Hume credit for having touched, without comprehending, the mysterious elements of discord which wage continual war in the domain of psychology; and it may remember him with gratitude for having given occasion for the discovery or reaffirmation of those principles which allay the discord, and reconcile reason with faith, by demonstrating the common dependence of both upon a power which our philosophy may enable us to welcome

and divine, but not to prove. Such a harmony has now become an imperative necessity. The exhaustion of purely rational interpretations of the universe promises an early satisfaction of the want, by the construction of a philosophy which shall be reasonable, because founded on faith, and not be any longer an illogical superstructure erected upon the shifting sands of observation and experience. The reign of Hume will at length be ended and we may hope that the sovereignty of Providence will be acknowledged in its stead.

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- ART. IV.—1. *Characteristicks of Men, Manners, Opinions, Times.* In three volumes. By the Right Honourable Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury. The Fourth edition. 1727.
2. *The Jest Book.* By Mark Lemon. London: Macmillan & Co. 1870.
3. *Bench and Bar: A Complete Digest of the Wit, Humor, Asperities, and Amenities of the Law.* New York: Harper & Brothers. 1871.
4. *Essay on Irish Bulls.* By Richard Lowell Edgeworth, and Maria Edgeworth. London. 1802.
5. *The Works of Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England.* A new edition, with a Life of the Author. By Basil Montagu, Esq. In three volumes. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1842.

Locke asserts, that 'Wit lies in an assemblage of ideas, and putting them together with quickness and vivacity, whenever can be found any resemblance and congruity, whereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions of fancy.' Addison limits his definition by observing, that 'An assemblage of ideas productive merely of pleasure does not constitute wit, but of those which to delight add surprise.' Sydney Smith, in his *Lecture upon Wit*, after a review of these definitions, and many others by inferior hands, pronounces them all imperfect. Mark Lemon, perhaps the latest authority, declares:

'The result of an anxious consideration of the various opinions that have been offered is the conviction, that to define wit is like the attempt to define beauty "which," said the philosopher, "is the question of a blind man."' Shaftesbury writes in the same strain: 'To describe true raillery would be as hard a matter as to define good breeding.'<sup>1</sup>

Barrow's account of our subject is the most famous. It is, however, a mere enumeration of the different phases of wit. But, while it has no value as a definition, it is useful as exhibiting the real difficulty in the case. Logical definition consists in the statement of *genus and differentia*. The differentia — the various species of wit — are so numerous that they cannot be compressed within the limit of a definition. Dryden says: 'A thousand different shapes wit wears.' Every effort to name them must expand into a catalogue.

The genus is incongruity. Sydney Smith fixes upon *surprise*; but it is more correct to make incongruity the genus, since this is the cause, of which surprise is merely the effect. It is hardly necessary to remark, that everything which produces a pleasant surprise is not witty. Sydney Smith has well defined the exception: 'It must be observed, that all the great passions, and many other feelings, extinguish the relish for wit. Thus, *lymphæ pudicæ Deum vidit et erebuit*, would be witty, were it not bordering on the sublime. The resemblance between the sandal tree imparting (while it falls) its aromatic flavor to the edge of the axe, would be witty, did it not excite virtuous emotions. There are many mechanical contrivances which excite sensations very similar to wit, but the attention is absorbed by their utility. Some of Merlin's machines, which have no utility at all, are quite similar to wit. A small model of a steam engine, a mere squirt, is wit to a child. A man speculates on the causes of the first, or on its consequences, and so loses the feelings of wit; with the latter he is too familiar to be surprised. . . . The sensations which wit has a tendency to excite are impaired or destroyed as often as they are mingled with much thought or passion.'

<sup>1</sup> Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour. Characteristicks, Vol. I, p. 65.



From the principle just stated in regard to incongruity, may be deduced the connection between wit and ignorance. Children, having a narrow range of words and ideas, are forced to make incongruous assemblages of them. Every mother is able to ladle out from the nursery innumerable jokes which she always interprets as signs of smartness, but which are unintentional on the part of the child, and unavoidable. This also explains the amusement which cultivated people generally derive from listening to the conversation of the illiterate. It is the incongruity of the metaphors of Sir Boyle Roach which accounts for their hold upon the jest books. He said of his opponents on one occasion: 'I know what they are at; I see the storm brewing; I smell a rat; and I'll nip it in the bud.' In one of the debates on the Union he concluded a speech in favor of it by saying, that it 'would change the barren hills into fruitful valleys.' Of the same kind were the utterances of Sampson Levy, the droll of the Philadelphia bar. One was: 'Gentlemen of the jury, his iniquity stares you in the face with gigantic strides.' Another: 'I want to amplify my remarks to a point.' And a third: 'Justice is to be dispensed *with* everywhere.'

The incongruity which is at the basis of wit is of two sorts: difference and opposition. What is opposite to that which was expected is, of course, different from it; but what is different from that which was expected is not necessarily opposite to it. This distinction is useful, as enabling us to do what no previous thinker on the subject has attempted — viz., to make an intelligent discrimination between different specimens of wit. Those which are founded on relations of opposition are the best. For instance, the best bull is that in which the meaning conveyed is exactly the opposite of the meaning intended. Not only are the finest specimens of the lower species of wit those in which surprise is produced by antithesis, but the species of wit which rank highest are those which embody in the most marked degree the principle of opposition. Thus, a retort labors to show that the charge made really applies to the person making it, or that it redounds to the credit of the one assailed, both of which are exactly the opposite

of what was intended. That sort of wit to which modern English critics have given the name of *quietism*,<sup>1</sup> produces pleasure by conveying ideas full of violence in the most placid words. The antithesis is between the thought and the style. This applies even to the communication of pleasantry. Addison quotes from Cicero the maxim, 'Say thy jest with a straight face.' Irony, which is the highest species of wit, is a perfect exhibition of incongruity in the form of opposition. It ridicules errors and faults by pretending to adopt or defend them. As our space will not allow many references, we will look to Sheridan alone for examples of the wit of antithesis. It is apparent in his repartee, 'The right hon. gentleman is indebted to his imagination for his facts, and to his memory for his jests'; in the fear he expressed that his opponents 'Would encumber us with their alliance, in order to reduce us to insignificance'; in his dinner-table speech, 'You import your music and compose your wine.' In *The Rivals* he represents Miss Lydia Languish as directing her maid, at the approach of Mrs. Malaprop and Sir Anthony Absolute, to 'thrust the "Innocent Adultery" into the "Whole Duty of Man."' Indeed, so high was his appreciation of wit of this sort that he was often betrayed into striving after mere antithesis of *epithet*. Moore, in his *Life*, notices this fact, and gives, as instances, the expressions, 'Men of tried inability and convicted deficiency'; 'Military power called in to aid contrived weakness and deliberate inattention.'

The distinction between wit and humor is this: In the former, pleasure is derived from the suddenness of the incongruity presented; in the latter, from the continued delineation of the peculiarities of character. These were formerly called *humors*, because the state of the mind was fancied to depend on the character or condition of the fluids of the body. In Ben Jonson's 'Every Man Out of his Humour,' Asper prom-

<sup>1</sup> Examples are 'Jim Bludso,' by John Hay, and the poem of Brete Harte, which describes a man's being knocked down at a public meeting, in the line—

'And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.'

ises to explain what humor means, whereat Cordatus is much rejoiced, since it pains him

‘Daily to see  
How the poor, innocent word  
Is racked and tortured.’

Ben’s own definition is —

‘When some peculiar quality  
Doth so possess a man that it doth draw  
All his effects, his spirits, and his powers,  
In their confluxions all to run one way.’

Mr. Shaw says: ‘Humors mean those innate and peculiar distortions and deformities of moral physiognomy, with which nature has stamped the characters of individuals in every highly artificial and civilized state of society, and which are afterward exaggerated and rendered inveterate by vanity and affectation.’ Collins indicates the distinction between humor and wit in the following lines:

‘But who is he whom now she views  
In robe of wild contending hues?  
O humour, thou whose name is known  
To Britain’s favored isle alone:  
Me, too, amidst thy band admit,  
There where the gay-eyed, healthful wit  
(Whose jewels in his crisped hair  
Are placed each other’s beams to share):  
Whom no delights from thee divide  
In laughter loosed, attends thy side.’

One writer, in drawing the distinction, does injustice to wit: ‘After one explosion the repartee is worthless. The shrunken firework offends the eye, but the quiet suggestiveness of Mr. Shandy is as interesting as ever, and the details of the great army in Flanders will last.’ Humor is the human-nature side of wit. Of the humorist, Douglass Jerrold, developing the ‘ways’ of that not altogether ‘hypothetic her,’ Mrs. Caudle, is the type. Of the wit, Sydney Smith, announcing and self-rewarding in his delighted and delighting chuckle, those ‘flashes of merriment which which were wont to set the table in a roar.’

Wit is addressed either to the mind or to the eye. Of that which is addressed to the eye there are two kinds—the wit of pictures and of pantomime. The latter is the characteristic feature of the modern stage. Clowns, in Merry-Andrew dress, are content to intersperse their comic evolutions with merely the catch-words of the day. The wit of pictures has received, perhaps, its best illustration in the graphic hyperbole of Gillray. Comic delineations, as aids to the perception of what is ludicrous in thought, have all the popularity which in this utilitarian age is awarded to labor-saving contrivances. Who is not indebted to John Leach for his full realization of Mr. Pickwick's rotundity? Pictorial wit has become a political power in the land. The fate of public men and measures has often been sealed with the masses by a newspaper caricature.

Of wit which appeals to the mind, the pun claims our notice first. This has been depreciated on all sides, being styled 'the wit of words,' 'the wit of those who have no real wit.' Shaftesbury writes: 'We have seen in our own time the decline and ruin of a false sort of wit, which so much delighted our ancestors that their poems and plays, as well as their sermons, were full of it. All humour had something of the quibble. The very language of the court was *punning*. But it is now banished the town and all good company. There are only some few footsteps of it in the country, and it seems at last confined to the nurseries of youth, as the chief entertainment of pedants and pupils.'<sup>1</sup> The last statement seems to have been true in Addison's time, for he says that St. John's College claimed the monopoly of puns in England. He fixes as the test of wit this question, Can it be translated? and elsewhere observes that a pun can no more be engraven than it can be translated. The last assertion is not correct. In his *Apothegms* Lord Bacon gives the following puns, which have not lost their point by being turned from Latin into English: At the trial of Clodius, Cicero gave in evidence upon oath, and the jury, which had been bribed by Clodius, passed against Cicero's evidence. One day in the Senate, the two being in

<sup>1</sup> Characteristicks, p. 64.

altercation, Clodius upbraided him and said: 'The jury gave you no credit.' Cicero answered: 'Five-and-twenty gave me credit; but there were two-and-thirty that gave you no credit, for they had their money beforehand.'<sup>1</sup> Cæsar would say of Sylla for that he did resign his dictatorship: 'Sylla was ignorant of letters, for that he could not *dictate*.'<sup>2</sup> We do not deny, however, that the puns which can be thus translated are very few. James and Horace Smith tell us, in *Gayeties and Gravities*, that the method of answering adopted by the ancient Oracles was substantially *punning*. The grade of this species of wit renders it inappropriate in anything higher than conversation. What can be more ridiculous than to find the author of the *Life of Mirabeau* heading one of his chapters with the pun: 'Arrest, but not a rest'? Henry Erskine is the only authority we can quote in advocacy of the pun. When he was told that it was the lowest sort of wit, he answered, 'Yes, for it is the *foundation* of all wit.' There is one kind of punning which we heartily reprobate—punning on names. Homer is guilty of this paronomasia in the *Odyssey*, where, by shouting 'no-man kills me,' the one calling for help does not receive it, *no-man* being the name of the assailant. Shenstone thanked God that his name could not be punned on. Goethe says, in his *Autobiography*, alluding to Herder's having punned on his name: 'A man's name is not like a mantle which hangs loosely about him, and which, perhaps, may be safely twitched and torn, but it is a perfectly fitting garment which has grown over and over him like his very skin, and which you cannot rake and scrape without wounding the man himself.' Prentice was accustomed to take the ridiculous liberty of *inventing* names to pun on. It was with very questionable taste, it seems to us, that Kossuth, in his oration at Mobile, punned on the name of the Senator from Alabama who had opposed his reception, by alluding to the *inclemency* of Mr. Clemens. Of course, the only witticisms on nomenclature which will escape oblivion are those which have historical associations. '*Non Angli sed angeli*,' will always be remembered in connection with the conversion of Great Britain.

1 Works, Vol. I, p. 109.

2 Ibid., Vol. I, p. 115.

Another of this kind is Brougham's informing Chief Justice Abbot, when Campbell had run away with Miss Scarlett, that his friend's absence from court was due to *Scarlett fever*. Of *sustained punning*, perhaps the best examples are to be found in Tom Hood. In the *Table of Critics* Mr. Lowell gives us a fine specimen :

'Just conceive such a change taking place in one's mistress!  
 What romance would be left? Who can flatter or kiss trees?  
 And for mercy's sake how could one keep up a dialogue  
 With a dull, wooden thing that will live and will die a log—  
 Not to say that the thought would forever intrude,  
 That you've less chance to win her the more she is wood?  
 Ah! it went to my heart, and the memory still grieves  
 To see those loved graces all taking their leaves;  
 Those charms beyond speech, so enchanting but now,  
 As they left me forever, each making its bough!  
 If her tongue *had* a tang sometimes more than was right,  
 Her new bark is worse than ten times her old bite.'

The word *bull*, as applicable to speeches in which the meaning expressed is different from or opposite to the meaning intended, is said to be derived from the contrast between the language of abject humility to be found in some portions of the papal edicts, and the arrogant assumptions of power in other portions. As we have already remarked, the best bulls embody opposition between the meaning designed and that conveyed; and since the essay on this subject which stands at the head of this paper contains only the best, we shall not lack for examples. 'An English gentleman was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and perceiving that an Irishman, stationed behind him, was taking that liberty which Parmenio used with his friend Alexander, instead of putting his seal upon the lips of the *curious impertinent*, the English gentleman thought proper to reprove the Hibernian, if not with delicacy, at least with poetical justice. He concluded writing his letter in these words: "I would say more, but a d—d tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write." "You lie, you scoundrel," said the self-convicted Hibernian.'<sup>1</sup> By pleading innocent he proved himself guilty. The essay

<sup>1</sup> Essay on Bulls, p. 29.

alluded to is written to show that the bull is no more indigenous to Ireland than to other countries, by citing instances of these incongruities which have been perpetrated by the English, French, etc. But we hold that no nation has a reputation for which there is no foundation in fact. Wooden nutmegs may be manufactured in Great Britain, but this circumstance does not make them less typical of Yankeedom. Among the fine specimens of the bull not to be found in the Edgeworth essay, is one told in the *Life of Dr. Sims* of a patient who, on being asked if an emetic prescribed had produced the desired effect, answered, *No; that he couldn't keep it on his stomach.* In his last novel Lever relates the story of an old lady, who declared that she could do without the necessities but not without the luxuries of life. Richardson, in his anecdotes of painting, gives us the best. 'Some years ago,' says he, 'a gentleman came to invite me to his house. "I have," said he, "a picture of Rubens, and it is a rare good one. Little H. the other day came to see it, and said it was a copy. If any one says so again, I'll break his head. Pray, Mr. Richardson, will you do me the favor to come and give me your real opinion of it."'

'*Burlesque* is of two kinds,' says Addison. 'The first represents mean persons in the accoutrements of heroes; the other describes great persons acting and speaking like the basest among the people.' The sensations of wit are generally excited by the mere exaggeration or diminution, independently of the aim of the burlesque. Thousands have chuckled over the Brobdingnags and Lilliputians who had no conception of what they typified. Scenes from Rabelais, such as Pantagrue combing the cannon balls out of his hair as he walks off the battlefield, have afforded amusement to many who had not the faintest idea of the ulterior purpose. No doubt our sapient critics have often fancied this purpose where it did not exist. Hallam's opinion is, that the first three books were written with scarcely any other design than to pour out the exuberance of the author's natural gayety. We venture that Rabelais has suffered from commentators, whose erudition, as was said of

Joseph Scaliger's, detected allusions where they were not intended.

Retort, as we have already said, aims either to show that the charge preferred redounds to the credit of him against whom it is urged, or that it really applies to him by whom it is made. Of the first kind, Waller's reply to Charles the Second is a fine example. He wrote an elegant panegyric on Cromwell when he assumed the protectorship. Upon the restoration, Waller wrote another in praise of Charles, and presented it to the king in person. After his majesty had read the poem, he told Waller that he wrote a better on Cromwell. 'Please your majesty,' said Waller, 'we poets are always happier in fiction than in truth.' Of the other kind, the retort which turns the accusation against the accuser, a reply of Prentice must be our illustration. A Kentucky editor had threatened him in the words—'I feel like slaying every rascally demagogue in the State.' 'That man's friends had better hold him,' said Prentice in his next issue; 'he has threatened *suicide*.' No man was happier in retort than Lord North. Lord Brougham says: 'If it would be endless to recount the triumphs of his temper, it would be equally so to record those of his wit.' A prosy orator reproved him for going to sleep during one of his speeches. 'Pooh,' said the drowsy premier, 'a physician should never quarrel with the effects of his own medicine.' Another on a similar occasion exclaimed: 'Even now, in the midst of these perils, the noble lord is asleep.' Came the response, 'I wish I was.'<sup>1</sup> On Mr. Martin's proposal to have a starling placed near the chair and taught to repeat the cry of 'Infamous coalition,' Lord North coolly suggested, that as long as the worthy member was preserved to

<sup>1</sup> These retorts remind us of another story in regard to his parliamentary slumbers. When he slept during the harangues of his adversaries, he commissioned Sir Grey Cooper to note down anything remarkable. During a debate on ship-building, some tedious speaker entered on a historical detail, in which, commencing from Noah's Ark, he traced the progress of the art regularly downward. When he came to build the Spanish Armada Sir Grey inadvertently awoke the slumbering premier, who inquired at what era the honorable gentleman had arrived. Being answered, 'We are now in the reign of Queen Elizabeth,' 'Dear Sir Grey,' said he, 'why not let me sleep a *century or two more?*'



them, it would be an unnecessary expenditure of public money, since the starling might perform his office *by deputy*. Less felicitous is his retort on Fox, who referred to him as 'that thing termed a minister.' 'The right honorable gentleman has called me "a thing," and an unshapely thing I am,—patting his round stomach. 'Taken by itself the term would have been neither polite nor parliamentary; but when he called me "that thing termed a minister," he called me that which he himself is most anxious to become, and, therefore, I take it as a compliment.' When Curran was making one of his first speeches at the bar, Judge Robertson, who was hostile to him, said of a principle he laid down, 'If that be law, Mr. Curran, I will burn my books.' 'Better read them, my lord,' was the rejoinder. Between Curran and Lord Clare it was 'diamond cut diamond.' On one occasion while Curran was speaking an ass began to bray. 'One at a time, Mr. Curran,' said the Chancellor. During the latter's charge the animal again commenced. 'Does not your lordship perceive a remarkable echo in court?' said Curran.

Stories are entitled to mention in an enumeration of the species of wit. As already stated, the best are those in which the result is exactly the opposite of what was expected. Dickens relates one of this kind: On a vessel bound for a long voyage were five young men and one young lady. Before they were ten days at sea all the young men were desperately in love with her. The captain urged her to marry one. She said she was willing, but could not decide between them. 'Jump overboard,' he advised, 'and take the one that plunges in to rescue you.' She consented. Accordingly, the next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking very devotedly at the young lady, she leaped into the sea head foremost. Four immediately jumped in after her. When they were all out again, the captain saw that the difficulty was no nearer solution than before. In his desperation he whispered, 'Take the dry one,' and—she did. Rogers used to relate this story: An Englishman and Frenchman fought a duel in a *darkened room*. The Englishman, unwilling to take his antagonist's life, generously fired up the chimney, and—*brought down the*

*Frenchman.* 'When I tell this story in France,' pleasantly added the relator, 'I make the *Englishman* go up the chimney.' Madame De Stael, in her *L'Allemagne*, writes: 'The talent of telling stories, one of the great charms of conversation, is very rare in Germany. The listeners are too complaisant; they do not tire sufficiently quick; and the narrators, relying upon the patience of the auditors, establish themselves at their ease during the recital. In France, he who talks is a usurper, who feels himself surrounded by jealous rivals, and wishes to maintain himself by dint of success. In Germany he is a legitimate possessor, who can peaceably enjoy his recognized rights.' Our American Yoricks adopt the German method. They haggle over names and places and dates and circumstances, which are not relevant to the point of the story.

*Satire* is defined 'a composition, generally poetical, holding vice or folly up to reprobation.' A fine writer observes: 'The satirist is only related to the poet when he beautifies the exhibition of real life with the lights of fancy, and ennobles invective into allegory; when he puts the crown upon some martyr of learning, or immortalizes a moral malefactor in fire. But as the mere outburst of passion, disappointment, or rivalry, satire is forever banished from the family of song. Even the mightiest word-combatants draw few eyes to the story of their struggles. The fierce controversy of Milton has left no deeper traces behind it than the feet of a Greek wrestler upon the dust of the arena.' This must be received with qualification. The *Dunciad* will never lack for readers. Byron has no more popular invocation than

'Let satire be my song.'

And Churchill is known to modern times only in the *Rosciad*.

*Irony* is the highest species of wit. The derivation of the word, *εἰρων*, dissembler, fully indicates its meaning. Like the asp that was brought to Cleopatra, it has the fatal sting, though embosomed in flowers. It is the Judas-betrayal with a kiss. What Disraeli attributes to the genius of Skelton is irony: 'The extraordinary combination of two most opposite and potent faculties—the hyperbolically ludicrous masking the invective.

He talks the language of drollery, but his hand conceals the poniard.' De Quincy thinks the finest specimen of irony in our language is the address of Elijah to the prophets of Baal. Sydney Smith prefers a pamphlet addressed by a loyalist to Cromwell. One sentence may give an idea of its style: 'O patriotic Protector! it must rejoice thee to know that Providence has in store for thy country so great a boon as thy death.'

Most people have an idea that the conceptions of genius are transferred to the rejoicing paper with unpausing rapidity. But the tell-tale scrawls and condensed passages of the manuscript convince us that what is apparently the product of the fine frenzy is really the result of critical deliberation. So wit seems so spontaneous that it is seldom thought of as the offspring of patient study; but that such it often is, facts compel us to believe. Sheridan's note-books, when examined by his literary executor, revealed the unsuspected truth that most of his brilliant witticisms were the fruits of laborious cultivation. Curran, the author of more *bon mots*, perhaps, than any man that ever lived, told his friend and biographer, Charles Phillips, that all the good things he ever said were thought of beforehand, and that he had laid awake many a night chuckling over jokes as he invented them, and thumping the head-board in his glee, to the infinite annoyance of other lodgers in the house. Washington Irving tells us: 'The elaboration of humor is often a most serious task; and we have never witnessed a more perfect picture of mental misery than was presented to us by a popular dramatic writer, whom we found in the agonies of producing a farce which subsequently set the theatres in a roar.' Jerrold's remark about one of his contemporaries, 'Why, he sweats at a joke like a Titan at a thunderbolt,' if interpreted with reference to the labor employed, is doubtless applicable to all jesters, from Hierocles to Mark Lemon. Wit often comes of 'inky thumbs and bitten nails.' Doubtless, the Comic Blackstone, by Gilbert Abbott a Beckett, cost as much labor as the original. Cicero says: 'It seems to me that this talent (*pleasantry*) is incapable of being *communicated by teaching*.' It will at least console the

aspirant for the honors of wit, who may be discouraged by this declaration from so high an authority, to see from the examples cited that a man may teach himself. Pleasantry can be cultivated as an art. By studying specimens of wit, and the law of the mind in obedience to which they were produced, the art may be acquired. This is what Bacon meant by saying that jests 'serve if you take the kernel out of them and make them your own.' Shaftesbury quotes the sayings of an ancient sage, 'That humour was the only test of gravity, and gravity of humour. For a subject which would not bear raillery was suspicious; and a jest which would not bear serious examination was certainly false wit.'<sup>1</sup> Not only is this serious examination a test of pleasantry, but it may be, as we have shown, the *source* of it.

'It is not in the power of every man,' says Sterne, 'to enjoy humor, however much he may wish it.' The clergyman, to whom Sydney Smith declared that he should like to eat a Quaker, remonstrated with the witty ecclesiastic against his profession of cannibalism. The lady to whom he made the oft-quoted remark, 'It's so warm that I take off my flesh and sit in my bones,' was simply horrified. Sometimes the wit takes effect slowly, as in the instance Sydney Smith relates of having cracked a joke, which was applauded by all present, save one, a Scotchman. Several minutes afterward the latter came up, grasping his hand, and chuckling, 'Now I see it, Mr. Smith, now I see it.'<sup>2</sup> Sometimes the power of appreciating a jest exists without the ability to communicate it. A Glasgow professor met a poor student passing along one of the courts, and remarked to him that his gown was very short. 'I will be long enough before I get another,' answered the student. The reply tickled the professor so much that he continued in a state of suppressed laughter after passing on.

<sup>1</sup> Georgias Leontinus, *apud* Arist. *Rhetor.*, Lib. 8, cap. 18. Τὴν μὲν σπουδὴν διαφθέρειν γέλωτι, τὸν δὲ γέλωτα σπουδῆ; which the translator renders, 'Seria Risu, Risum Seriis discutere.'

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps this incident suggested his remark, that a joke could not be got into the Scotch understanding by anything short of a surgical operation.

Meeting a brother professor, who asked him what was amusing him, he told the story with a slightly varied reading. 'I asked the fellow why he had so short a gown, and he answered, 'It will be a *long time* before I get another.' 'Well, there's nothing very funny in that.' 'Neither is there,' said the professor. 'I don't understand how it amused me so much. It must have been *something in the way he said it.*' At a certain dining the peas were of a suspicious color, and Burke remarked that they ought to be sent to Hammersmith, as that was the way to Turnham Green (turn 'em green). Goldsmith attempted to repeat this at a dinner party. He altered the last clause into, 'as that was the road to Turnham Green.' Nobody laughed, and poor Oliver, says Beauclerc, suffused with shame, left the table. Whateley tells us, 'There seems to be some persons so constituted as to be incapable of comprehending the plainest irony, though they have not in any other points any corresponding weakness of intellect. I have known persons read *Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon*, without perceiving it was ironical.'

Of jest books Macauley says, that the *Collection of Apothegms* is the best in the world. Bacon's preface is worthy of reproduction in these pages: 'Julius Cæsar<sup>1</sup> did write a collection of apothegms, as appears in an epistle of Cicero. I need say no more for the worth of a writing of that nature. It is a pity his book is lost, for I imagine they were collected with judgment and choice, whereas that of Plutarch and Stobæus, and much more the modern ones, draw much of the dregs. They are "*maucrones verborum,*" pointed speeches. Cicero prettily calleth them salinas, salt pits, that you may extract the salt out of and sprinkle where you will. They serve to be interlaced in continued speech. They serve to be recited upon occasion of themselves. They serve, if you take out the kernel of them and make them your own. I have, for my recreation in my sickness, fanned the old, not omit-

<sup>1</sup> Cæsar seems to have been a great wit. In Bacon's collection the following is related: 'There was a soldier that vaunted before Julius Cæsar of hurts he had received in his face. Knowing him to be but a coward, Cæsar told him, "You were best take heed, next time you run away, how you look back."'

ting any because they are vulgar, for many vulgar ones are excellent good; nor for the meanness of the person, but because they are dull and flat, adding many new ones that otherwise would have died.'

The collection of Mark Lemon is by far the most complete ever made. It is remarkable for its strict fidelity to the statement of the preface, that he has carefully eschewed the coarse and irreverent. In all the merry company of seventeen hundred jests he has brought together, not one need be excluded from family utterance.

Mr. Bigelow's book affords an example of every species of depravity of which such a compilation is susceptible. What is to be thought of the arrangement of a work in which anecdotes of the lawyers of Maine and Pennsylvania, Alabama and Texas, are grouped under the head of the '*Western Bar*'? What is to be thought of the rhetoric of a writer who tells us, 'The curses of Randolph turned the air blue'? But, barring these faults of method and style, we think we can demonstrate to Mr. Bigelow, that in attempting to compile the wit and humor of the bar he has missed his calling. His first disqualification for the task is a lack of even a tolerable knowledge of judicial history. For instance, he has adorned the Supreme Bench of Georgia with a man who never sat on it, 'the late Thomas W. Thomas.'<sup>1</sup> His next deficiency, as a teller of jokes, is his utter inability to remember when he has narrated a joke once. His theory seems to be that a witticism is 'a joy forever,' and he, therefore, reproduces certain favorites as often as three times in his volume. Served up in so many courses, it is possible for the best joke to pall upon the taste, especially when we consider the nausea that is apt to arise from the reflection that Mr. Bigelow has been book-making on the bread and butter principle, and that he repeats in order to swell the size of his work. Sometimes, in order, perhaps, to give a little variety to the repetition, he attributes the same jest to different parties. For instance, a witticism is ascribed once to Judge Underwood of *Georgia*,<sup>2</sup> and the second time to Judge Underwood of *Arkansas*.<sup>3</sup> A sly insinuation is first

1 P. 423.

2 P. 226.

3 P. 419.

put in the mouth of James T. Brady,<sup>1</sup> and then of John Van Buren.<sup>2</sup> The next evidence of Mr. Bigelow's unfitness for his undertaking, is an incapacity to ascribe the witticisms he relates to the proper sources. The scintillations of the lights of the bar are recklessly interchanged. Curran shines in the borrowed radiance of Scarlett's wit. American lawyers are credited with the time-honored jokes of their English ancestors. In rare instances (which no doubt Mr. Bigelow regrets, as they mar the beautiful symmetry of his uniform blundering), owing to unavoidable accidents, certain jests are fathered upon the proper parties. We make this admission to do justice to Mr. Bigelow, and to show that we have no intention to misrepresent him. Indeed, if principle did not deter, policy would not allow us to garble the book, for no alteration that we might introduce could fail to improve it. Any change would but destroy the full force of its absurdity. But if the three disqualifications just mentioned do not prove that Mr. Bigelow has mistaken his destiny in compiling a jest-book, we come now to one which will open even his eyes to the fact. He is too stupid to understand the point of the jokes he attempts to relate. Witness his miserable perversion of the famous judicial satire of Mr. Justice Maule: 'A man was convicted of bigamy, and the annexed conversation took place: Clerk of Assize—"What have you to say why judgment should not be passed upon you according to law?" Prisoner—"Well, my lord, my wife took up with a hawker, and ran away five years ago, and I've never seen her since, and I married this other woman last winter." Mr. Justice Maule—"I will tell you what you ought to have done; and if you say that you did not know, I must tell you that the law presumes conclusively that you did. You ought to have instructed your attorney to bring an action against the hawker for criminal conversation with your wife. That would have cost you about £100. When you had recovered substantial damages against the hawker, you should have instructed your proctor to sue in the Ecclesiastical Courts for a divorce *à mensa atque thoro*. That would have cost you £200 or £300 more. When you had ob-

1 P. 251.

2 P. 473.

tained a divorce *à mensa atque thoro*, you would have had to appear by counsel before the House of Lords for a divorce *à vinculo matrimonii*. The bill might have been opposed in all its stages in both houses of Parliament, and altogether you would have had to spend about £1000 or £1200. You will probably tell me that you never had a thousand farthings of your own in the world; but, prisoner, that makes no difference. Sitting here as a British judge, it is my duty to tell you that *that this is not a country in which there is one law for the poor and another for the rich.*"<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Bigelow's rendering is: 'Prisoner at the bar, you have committed a grievous offence in the eyes of the law and against the well-being of society, and punished you must, in consequence, be. You should have instructed an attorney to have brought an action at law against the fellow who had dishonored you, for *crim. con.* After obtaining a verdict in such action against him, your next should have been to have employed a proctor to take the necessary steps on your behalf in the Ecclesiastical Court. That done, you should have employed a solicitor and Parliamentary agent to bring your case before the House of Lords on petition for divorce, supporting such petition with the necessary evidence to get a bill for that purpose passed in that assembly. This done, the bill should then have been taken to the House of Commons to be passed there; after which the Queen's assent to the act of Parliament would have been obtained, which would have dissolved the marriage with your worthless wife, and allowed you to marry the woman with whom you have committed bigamy. All this you omitted to do; and, having broken the law, you must receive the sentence of the court. *It is, that you be imprisoned for one day, and then discharged!*'<sup>2</sup>

Now, there is no sense whatever in the words which Mr. Bigelow has put in italics. The whole address is a sarcasm upon the expense of the tedious process necessary to obtain a divorce — an expense so heavy as to make the law, in the language of Horne Tooke, 'a luxury for the rich, not a remedy to be easily and speedily obtained by the poor.' Mr. Bige-

<sup>1</sup> The Jest Book. By Mark Lemon. P. 266.

<sup>2</sup> P. 367.



a new meaning in the words of the wise man: 'the end of that mirth is heaviness.'

The wit of the *Bench and Bar*, though without point in Mr. Bigelow's tampering hands, is really the best in the world. The lawyers have never had reason to adopt the sentiment ascribed by Churchill to one of the victims of the *Rosciad*—

'Vain was my wit, for what is wit in law?'

On the contrary, Mr. Job Surrebutter was nearer the truth when he said—

'For wit, although the lot of few,  
All counsel think their lawful due.'

Bulwer's description of the Forum, in the *Last Days of Pompeii*, speaks of the 'lawyers, active, chattering, joking, punning, even as you may find them this day at Westminster.' Almost all the great advocates have waged war against the gravity of jury and of judge, and they have received ample encouragement. When a member of the bar apologized for a sally of wit which set the court laughing, Lord Chief Justice Erle replied: 'The court is very much obliged to any learned gentleman who beguiles the tedium of a legal argument with a little honest hilarity.' Walter Scott paid a tribute to the humor of the profession, by observing that a barrister was the most agreeable companion in the world. There is scarcely a great magistrate in all the scope of Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Chief Justices* to whom he does not assign a collection of *bon mots*. Even Coke, when the authority of Dr. Cowell was quoted against him, perpetrated a joke by speaking of him as Dr. Cow-heel. In wit, says Macaulay, Bacon 'had no equal—not even the author of *Hudibras*.' Lord Mansfield was very facetious. His passes with Sergeant Hill, the black-letter barrister, make a judicial comedy. Lord Eldon attributed his early rise at the bar to his pleasantry; and when on the woolsack frequently convulsed the bar with laughter.

'Well could they laugh with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.'

The remark made in regard to Lord Campbell's legal biographies applies to Mr. Flanagan's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors of Ireland*. Lord Plunket was especially a great wit.

The saying, that 'wit and judgment do not go together,' has been, Sydney Smith remarks, the Magna Charta of fools ever since its utterance. The truth is, that wit is an almost invariable accompaniment of good judgment. Sydney Smith's list of the great men who were witty includes almost every name distinguished in literature and philosophy. Of the witty ecclesiastic himself, a high authority has said: 'His wisdom was equal to his wit.' We must express the conviction, though it 'bewray' our profession, that the facts already given in regard to the wit of great lawyers are the best refutation of the fallacy, that wit and good judgment are incompatible. Whately has spoken wisely on this point. The Archbishop seems to be moved with an almost fatherly pity for the weak brethren he describes: 'The use of wit will not unfrequently have this disadvantage, that *weak men* perceiving the wit are apt to conclude that nothing *but* wit is designed, and lose sight, perhaps, of a solid and convincing argument, which they regard as no more than a good joke. Having been warned that "ridicule is not the test of truth," and that "wit and wisdom are not the same thing," they distrust everything that can possibly be regarded as witty, not having the judgment to perceive the combination of wit with sound reasoning. The ivy wreath completely conceals from their view the point of the Thyrsus.' We readily admit that the *habit* of looking *only* at the incongruous relations which constitute wit is injurious to judgment, which depends for its accuracy upon the ordinary laws of association. Dr. South gives us the truth in an epigram: 'It is good to make a jest, not a trade of jesting.' To say that the same mind cannot have the power of perceiving the fanciful and normal relations of thought is absurd. The ability to do this is almost invariably incident to the versatility which is one of the attributes of greatness.

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pleasantry from Milton's character, the lack of any element to relieve his austerity, has always seemed to us a grave defect. An acute sensibility to the awful is generally accompanied by an acute sensibility to the ludicrous. The union of these two in Jean Paul Richter has led Bancroft to confer on him the title of the *Sublime Harlequin*. Pathos and humor are twins. Hence, the imagination of Lamb, and Hood, and Dickens,

'Vibrates twixt a smile and a tear.'

Sydney Smith writes, in the lecture already alluded to: 'When wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it; who can be witty, and something much better than witty; who loves honor, justice, decency, good nature, morality, and religion; ten thousand times better than wit — wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, teaching age and care and pain to smile, extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the flavor of the mind.'

It must be noticed with how many conditions our author qualifies his praise of pleasantry. We can but admit that the possession of this faculty, like the possession of every other 'good gift,' is attended with dangers. One is the possibility of its leading to the adoption of the philosophy which Dickens ridicules in Dr. Jeddler — the theory that life is a farce to be laughed away — has no serious side. 'It is not good to live in jest, since we must die in earnest.' Another risk is, that the habit of looking at the ludicrous aspect of things is hurtful

to the growth of the delicate sensibilities. The man of much ridicule is never thought of as affectionate. Says Southey:

‘A man renowned for repartee  
Will seldom scruple to make free  
With friendship’s finest feelings.’

‘He that would lose a friend for a jest,’ Jeremy Taylor says, ‘deserves to die a beggar by the bargain,’ an allusion, perhaps, to those ‘intemperate wits,’ spoken of by L’Estrange, ‘who spare neither friend nor foe.’ But the greatest danger of wit is the temptation to irreverence. The humorists of our day are great sinners in this regard. They trespass ‘beyond the limit of becoming mirth.’ One styles his father ‘prince of fools’; another directs all his wit at the marriage relation; another speaks of the angels as ‘loafing around the throne’; and another has dared to burlesque the Judgment Day. Surely, all these topics should be sacred from ridicule. Dr. South delivers a wholesome caution on this point: ‘Jest not with the two-edged sword of God’s word.’ The great evil of the sensational preaching of the day is the flippancy with which pulpit themes are discussed. He is no friend to religion who aids the circulation of the miserable puns on Bible language, and the ludicrous stories upon the ministry, so current among irreverent people. Be jealous when the ark of God is touched. ‘Almost twenty years since,’ writes Thomas Fuller, ‘I heard a profane jest, and still remember it. How many pious passages of far later date have I forgotten? It seems my soul is like a filthy pond, wherein fish die soon, and frogs live long.’

We shall now proceed to discuss the advantages of wit. Its contributions to human happiness claim mention first. Shall we cite Boccaccio? ‘Leórne né lúcidí seréni sóno le stéllé ornáménto del ciélo, e nélla primavéra i fiori dé’ práti, e dé’ cálli i rivestíti arbuscélli; cosí dé’ laudévóli costúmi, e dé’ ragonaménti bélli sóno i leggiádri mótti.’ In the *Decamerón* a witticism is the uniform machinery by which heroes and heroines are rescued from dangers and difficulties. In the ascription of this magic potency to wit, Boccaccio may not be chargeable with very great exaggeration. It was given to man to ‘charm his pained steps over the burning marl.’ In an old

book, the *Optick Glasse of Humours*, it is called 'the philosopher's stone to make a golden temper.' There is scarcely anything in history truer than Buckle's description of Scotland, in the seventeenth century, when a morbid religion 'had nearly destroyed all innocent mirth and gayety.' 'The way of life fell into the yellow and sere leaf, its tints gradually deepened, its bloom faded and passed off, its spring, its freshness, and its beauty were gone; joy and love either disappeared, or were forced to hide in obscure corners, until at last the fairest and most endearing parts of our nature, being constantly repressed, ceased to bear fruit, and seemed to be withered into perpetual sterility.'<sup>1</sup> Who can fail to pity Mr. Honey-thunder, who declares 'a joke is always lost on me.' Of these rebels against the merry monarchy of old King Cole, Frederick Meier, Professor of Philosophy at Halle, has said: 'Hypocrites, with the appearance but without the reality of virtue, condemn from the teeth outwardly the laughter and jesting which they sincerely approve in their hearts; and many sincere virtuous persons also account them criminal, either from temperament, melancholy, or erroneous principles of morality. As the censure of such persons gives me pain, so their approbation would give me great pleasure. But as long as they consider the suggestions of their temperament, deep melancholy, and erroneous principles as so many dictates of real virtue, so long they must not take it amiss if, while I revere virtue, I despise their judgment.' The learned Professor evidently regards Eulenspiegel just as truly a representative of national character as Dr. Faustus. May we never have to lament, as Thackeray did: 'Alas! poor Yorick, divine solacer of weary hours, caster out of the devils of ennui, thou hast been shamefully and ungratefully abused of late years.' Wamba, Scrogin, Will Somers, Ailligrew, Heywood, Joe Miller, and other jesters, have no mean claim to the title of philanthropists. Joe Miller, did we say? Alas! remorseless historical criticism has decided that Joe was a dull, morose man, who died leaving a family in want, and that the *Jest Book* was collected and published by a kind friend who desired to relieve their poverty by the proceeds —

<sup>1</sup> History of Civilization in England, Vol. II, p. 814.

the joke of jokes being the connection of anything droll with the name of grave Joe Miller. Mark Lemon's remonstrance against this theory is eloquent: 'Modern research has been very busy with honest Joe's fame, decreeing the collection of his jests to Captain Motley, who wrote short-lived plays in the time of the First and Second Georges; but the same false medium has affected to discover that Dick Whittington did not come to London city at the tail of a road wagon, neither was he beladled by a cross cook, and driven forth to Highgate, when Bow Bells invited him to return and make venture of his cat, marry Fitzalwyn's daughter, and be thrice Lord Mayor of London, albeit it is written in city chronicles, that Whittington's statue and the effigy of his gold-compelling grimalkin long stood over the door of Newgate prison house. We would not have destroyed the faith of the rising generation and those who are to succeed it in that golden legend, to have been thought as wise as the Ptolemies, or to have been made president of all the *Dryasdusts* in Europe. No. Let us not part with our old belief in honest Joe Miller, but trust rather to Mr. Morley, the historian of Bartlemy Fair, and visit the great theatrical booth over against the hospital gate of St. Bartholomew, where Joe, probably, is to dance "the English Maggot Dance," and, after the appearance of "two harlequins, conclude with a grand dance and chorus, accompanied with kettle-drums and trumpets." And when the fair is over, and we are no longer invited to "walk up," let us march in the train of the great Mime, until he takes his ease in his inn—the *Black Jack* aforesaid—and laugh at his jibes and flashes of merriment, before the mad wag shall be silenced by the great kill joy, death, and the jester's boon companions shall lay him in the graveyard in Portugal Fields, placing over him a friendly record of his social virtues.'

Another good work of wit is the repression of social folly and eccentricity. The method of the Spanish drama seems to us a correct representation of life. Along with the main movement there generally runs an underplot, which furnishes the comedy. Now, in the important concerns of life—those which involve the 'law of duty'—men are not much influ-



enced by the fear of ridicule; but it is otherwise in the under-plot. The apprehension of the 'world's dread laugh' puts men upon their good behavior in small matters. 'Ridicule,' said Madame De Stael, 'is the sword of Damocles.' This apprehension prunes down the little social gaucheries of men. It makes them ask, 'What says Scrogin?' 'What will be posted on the statue of Pasquin?' Cousin has the warrant of justice for saying, that 'ridicule, which is the dread of opinion in small matters, is as immortal as the distinction between what is beautiful and ugly, proper and improper.' Accordingly, there will always be a class of writers whose pages photograph the follies and foibles of their time. They improve the world by laughing at it; but they should always laugh with a spirit of sympathy for the follies they wish to destroy—laugh at Wieland, who, says Madame De Stael, 'having commenced by irony, finishes by tenderness'; not as Voltaire, who 'mocks as an ape at the miseries of men with whom he has nothing in common.'

Another value of wit consists in its use as a weapon against error and vice. Pascal literally laughed the Jesuits out of Europe by his *Lettres Provinciales*, and of his employment of ridicule wrote an ample justification. Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away. By Gifford's satire the Della Cruscan school was, as Carlyle has vigorously put it, 'blasted into space.' Stevens, in his *History of Methodism*, ranks the influence of Addison's writings as a great moral power. Trumbull's *McFingal* converted more Tories than 'all the glittering and sounding generalities of natural rights,' so much in vogue at the time of the Revolution.

The value of wit to the orator seems to have been fully appreciated by Demosthenes, if we may judge from his strenuous but unsuccessful efforts to employ it. Cicero prided himself upon his happy and effective use of pleasantry, both in conversation and public speaking. There has never been a great debater in the British Parliament who did not possess wit. One of its lights, Sheridan, possessed scarcely anything else. There is nothing in the records of that body more thor-

oughly ridiculous than Sheridan's rebuke to Courtenay for using wit in debate. Had Sheridan followed the advice he gave, his reputation would never have risen above that which he acquired by his first appearance in the House of Commons, for his rhetoric was notoriously flimsy, and to call him a statesman of any sort, says Lord Brougham, is simply a misnomer. Brougham says of Fox: 'There was no weapon of argument which this consummate debater employed more frequently and successfully than wit.' Superiority in powers of sarcasm is generally conceded to Pitt. Windham's speech in opposition to Erskine's 'Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' is one of the happiest specimens of ridicule in our language. He was especially successful in hyperbole. Referring to Pitt's wonderful facility of talking for hours in general terms, without ever committing himself by a definite statement, he declared that the minister could '*deliver a king's speech off hand.*' It is said that no utterance in the House of Commons ever called forth as much laughter as the following: 'The noble Lord, however, says it was intended to take Antwerp by *coup de main*. Good God! 'Sir, talk of a *coup de main* with forty thousand men and thirty-three ships of the line! Gentlemen might as well talk of a *coup de main* in the Court of Chancery!'<sup>1</sup> Bell, in his *Life of Canning*, says: 'His wit transcended all comparison with any orator of his time. His humor was irresistible. Wilberforce went home crying with laughter after his account of Lord Nugent's journey to lend *the succor of his person* (Lord Nugent being, as everybody knows, not a very light weight) to constitutional Spain. The light horseman's uniform — the heavy Falmouth coach — threw the House into convulsions, just as if it had been an assembly of pantomimic imps lighted up with laughing gas. The passage will stand by itself, without introduction, as a capital specimen of the best-humored political raillery. There is not a particle of ill-nature in it; and it had no other effect on Lord Nugent (whose own nature was incapable of a small resentment) than that of increasing his high opinion of Mr.

1 Speeches of Windham and Huskisson, p. 235.

Canning's great powers. Lord Nugent was long afterward one of Mr. Canning's warmest supporters:

"It was about the middle of last July that the heavy Falmouth coach (loud and long-continued laughter), that the heavy Falmouth coach (laughter) was observed travelling to its destination through the roads of Cornwall with more than its usual gravity. (Very loud laughter.) There were, according to the best advices, two inside passengers (laughter), one a lady of no considerable dimensions (laughter), and a gentleman, who, as it has since been ascertained, was conveying the successor of his person to Spain. (Cheers and laughter.) I am informed, and, having no reason to doubt my informant, I firmly believe it, that in the van belonging to the coach (gentlemen must know the nature and uses of that auxiliary to the regular stage-coaches) was a box, more bulky than ordinary, and of most portentous contents. It was observed that, after their arrival, this box and the passenger before mentioned became inseparable. The box was known to have contained the uniform of a Spanish general of cavalry (much laughter), and it was said of the helmet, which was beyond the usual size, that it exceeded all other helmets spoken of in history, not excepting the celebrated helmet in the 'Castle of Otranto.' (Cheers and laughter.) The idea of going to the relief of a fortress blockaded by sea, and besieged by land, with the uniform of a light cavalry officer, was new, to say the least of it. About this time the force offered by the hon. gentleman, which had never existed but on paper, was in all probability expected—I will not stay to determine whether it was to have consisted of 10,000 or 5,000 men. No doubt, upon the arrival of the general and his uniform, the Cortes must have rubbed their hands with satisfaction, and concluded that now the promised force was come, they would have little more to fear. (Laughter.) It did come, as much of it as ever would be seen by the Cortes or the king; but it came in that sense and no other, which was described by a witty nobleman, George, Duke of Buckingham, whom the noble Lord opposite (Lord Nugent) reckoned among his lineal ancestors. In the play of the *Rehearsal* there was a scene occupied with the

designs of the two usurpers, to whom one of their party, entering, says,

‘Sirs,  
The army at the door, but in disguise,  
Entreats a word of both your majesties,’

(Very loud and continued laughter.) Such must have been the effect of the arrival of the noble lord. How he was received, or what effect he operated on the counsels and affairs of the Cortes by his arrival, I do not know. Things were at that juncture moving too rapidly to their final issue. How far the noble lord conduced to the termination by *plumping his weight into the sinking scale of the Cortes*, is too nice a question for me just now to settle.” (Loud cheers and laughter.)’ Of Canning we might say with more truth than Moore said of Sheridan:

‘His wit’ in the combat as gentle as bright,  
Ne’er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.’

Brougham was incapable of this good natured raillery. Spleen was the inspiration of his wit. His sarcasm was terrible, the best instance of its employment being the speech in defence of Queen Caroline; and his invective, Christopher North, who despised it as ‘foul-mouthed faculty,’ confessed was a ‘devouring flood.’ We do not know a finer example of the use of ridicule in our times than Mr. Evarts’ reply to Mr. Boutwell in the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. Mr. Boutwell had said: ‘Travellers and astronomers inform us that in the southern heavens, near the Southern Cross, there is a vast space, which the uneducated call the hole in the sky, where the eyes of man, with the aid of the powers of the telescope, has never been able to discover nebula, or asteroid, or comet, or planet, or star, or sun. In that dreary, cold, dark region of space, which is only known to be less than infinite by the evidences of creation elsewhere, the Great Author of celestial mechanism has left the chaos which was in the beginning. If this earth were capable of the sentiments and emotions of justice and virtue, which in human mortal beings are the evidences and pledge of our divine origin and immortal destiny, it would heave and throw with the energy of the elemental forces of

nature, and project this enemy of two races of men into that vast region, there forever to exist in a solitude as eternal as life,' etc.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Evarts spiced the logic of his argument with the following notice of the 'astronomical punishment which Mr. Boutwell thinks should be applied to this novel case of impeachment of the President. Cicero I think it is who says, that a lawyer should know everything, for sooner or later there is no fact in history, in science, or of human knowledge, that will not come into play in his arguments. Painfully sensible of my ignorance, being devoted to a profession, which "sharpens but does not enlarge the mind"<sup>2</sup> (laughter), I can yet admire, without envy, the superior knowledge evinced by the honorable manager. Indeed, upon my soul, I believe he is aware of an astronomical fact which many professors of that science are wholly ignorant of. But, nevertheless, while some of his honorable colleagues were paying attention to an unoccupied and unapproached island on the surface of the seas, Mr. Manager Boutwell, more ambitious, had discovered an untenanted and unapproached hole in the region of the skies, reserved, as he would have us think, in the final councils of the Almighty, as the place of punishment for convicted and deposed American Presidents. (Laughter.)

'At first I thought his mind had become so "enlarged" that it was not "sharp" enough to discover that the Constitution had limited the punishment; but, on reflection, I saw that he was as legal and logical as he was ambitious and astronomical (laughter), for the Constitution has said, "removal from office," and has put no limit to the distance of the removal (laughter), so that it may be without shedding a drop of his blood, or taking a penny of his property, or confining his limbs—instant removal from office and transportation to the skies. (Laughter.) Truly, this is a great undertaking, and if the learned member can only get over the obstacles of the laws of nature, the Constitution will not stand in his way. He can contrive no method but that of a convulsion of the earth that shall project the deposed President to this infinitely distant space;

<sup>1</sup> Impeachment of Andrew Johnson, Vol. II, pp. 116-117.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Boutwell had so described the law.

but a shock of nature of so vast an energy, and for so great a result on him, might unsettle even the footing of the firm members of Congress. We certainly need not resort to so perilous a method as that. How shall we accomplish it? Why, in the first place, nobody knows where that space is but the learned manager himself, and he is the necessary deputy to execute the judgment of the court. (Laughter.)

‘Let it, then, be provided that, in case of your sentence of deposition and removal from office, the honorable and astronomical member shall take into his own hands the execution of the sentence. With the President made fast to his broad and strong shoulders, and having already essayed the flight by imagination, better prepared than anybody else to execute it in form, taking advantage of ladders, as far as ladders will go, to the top of this great Capitol, and spurning, then, with his foot the crest of liberty, let him set out upon his flight (laughter), while the two Houses and all the people of the United States shall shout, *sic itur ad astra*.

‘But here a distressing doubt strikes me. How will the manager get back? (Laughter.) He will have got far beyond the reach of gravitation to restore him, and so ambitious a wing as his could never stoop to a downward flight. Indeed, as he passes through the constellations, that famous question by which Carlyle derides the littleness of human affairs upon the scale of the measure of the heavens, “What thinks Bæotes as he drives his dogs up the zenith in his race of sidereal fire?” will force itself upon his notice. What, indeed, would Bæotes think of this new constellation? (Laughter.)

‘Besides, reaching this space, beyond the power of Congress even “to send for persons and papers,” how shall he return, and how decide in the contest, then become personal and perpetual, the struggle of strength between him and the President? In this new revolution, thus established forever, who shall decide which is the sun and which is the moon? Who determine the only scientific test which reflects the hardest upon the other.’ (Laughter)<sup>1</sup>

There is no finer cause of the triumph of wit over an absurd

<sup>1</sup> Impeachment of Andrew Johnson, Vol. II, pp. 297-298.

and unprincipled movement than Hon. Proctor Knott's speech of Duluth. This was the proposed terminus of a grand railroad, for the benefit of which an immense appropriation was asked of Congress. It was a mammoth land-stealing scheme of speculators. They had worked up the 'job' according to the most approved methods of Congressional 'embracery,' but the burlesque of the witty Kentuckian was a stab from which it never recovered—a stab far more fatal than could have been inflicted by invective or argumentation.

Wit is the legitimate and most effective agent for the destruction of sophistry. To meet an absurd fallacy with reasoning is to grant it undeserved honor, and to adopt a tedious method of refutation; it should be 'speared with a jest,' routed with all the 'rash dexterity of wit.' Ridicule is, then, in debate, a great economizer of time. Tennyson seems to have had this thought when he wrote:

'Nor trenchant swords nor martyr flames  
Can do away that ancient lie;  
*A greater death shall falsehood die,  
Shot through and through with cunning words.'*

Bulwer very properly represents a humorous stroke from Leonard Fairfield, as destroying in an instant the whole effect of Randal Leslie's artful but insincere harangue. Some who have possessed the faculty of ridicule have hesitated to employ it. This was the case with Wilberforce. Upon one occasion only, when he had been styled the 'honorable and religious member,' did he exhibit his perfect mastery of the wit of sarcasm. The scruple is not well-founded. For the overthrow of error and wrong, wit is a legitimate weapon. 'He that's merciful unto the bad is cruel to the good.' A judicious scruple does not counsel a total rejection of invective, but merely a limitation of its use to those subjects which deserve it.

A great many writers have industriously abused Shaftesbury for saying that ridicule is the test of truth. If they had been equally industrious in searching his works, they would have found that he holds no such view. The only passage that could possibly give color to the idea that he entertained this opinion is the following: 'Truth, 'tis suppos'd, may bear *all*

lights: and *one* of those principal lights or natural mediums, by which things are to be view'd, in order to a thorow recognition, is *ridicule* it-self, or that manner of proof by which we discern whatever is liable to just raillery in any subject. So much, at least, is allow'd by all, who at any time appeal to this *criterion*. The gravest gentlemen, even in the gravest subjects, are suppos'd to acknowledge this: and can have no right, 'tis thought, to deny others the freedom of this appeal; whilst they are free to censure like other men, and in their gravest arguments make no scruple to ask, *Is it not ridiculous?*'<sup>1</sup> The key-note of the paragraph is in the words, 'by which we discover what is liable to *just* raillery.' He does not mean that whatever is true cannot be ridiculed at all, but that it is not liable to *just* raillery. Accordingly, he writes in another place: 'There is a great difference between seeking how to raise a laugh at everything, and seeking in everything what *justly* may be laughed at.'<sup>2</sup>

The failure of Voltaire demonstrates the impotency of wit against truth and religion. Of his mockery Macauley says: 'It was the most terrible of all intellectual weapons which have ever been wielded by man. Bigots and tyrants, who had never been moved by the wailing and cursing of millions, turned pale at his name. Principles unassailable by reason, principles which had withstood the fiercest attacks of power, the most valuable truths, the most generous sentiments, the noblest and most graceful images, the purest reputations, the most august institutions, began to look mean and loathsome as soon as that withering smile was turned upon them. To every opponent, however strong in his cause and his talents, in his station and his character, who ventured to encounter the great scoffer, might be addressed the caution which was given of old to the archangel —

"I forewarn thee, shun  
His deadly arrow: neither vainly hope  
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,  
Though tempered heavenly, for that fatal dint,  
Save Him who reigns above, none can resist."

1 Characteristicks, Vol. I, p. 61.

2 Ibid., Vol. I, p. 128.



Yes, always, save Him who reigns above! How harmless was that dint against His cause, the following passage, from the first number of the *Southern Review* (January, 1867), thus describes:

‘The progress of Christianity is the progress of man. This religion was once the least of all seed; it is now the greatest of all trees. Having its roots in faith, its vital principle is love, its blossoms are immortal hopes, and its fruit is life. Its very leaves are for the healing of the nations. Having withstood the storms of all ages, it is this day stronger, and grander, and more glorious than ever before. Amid the fiercest blasts and the blackest blasphemies of hell it has struck its roots still deeper into the earth, and threw its branches still higher into the heavens. Yet, in the dark hour of her infidelity, the great intellectual chief of France boasted, that ‘in less than thirty years this religion should be no more.’ But his famous war-cry, *écrasez l’infame*, only recoiled on himself, and the wretch was crushed. Poor, puny mortal! blow out the sun with thy breath, stop the great wheel of nature with thy finger, and then try thy might on the progress of Christianity. Shoot thy raillery at the stars, and when these are all extinguished by thee, then try thy wit on the ‘Sun of Righteousness.’ Grasp the adamantine pillars of heaven and earth, and when these, and all material things, are laid in ruins at thy feet, then try thy hand on that Spiritual Temple which God himself has built, and in which the wise and good of all ages have worshipped him as the One, Invisible, Almighty, and Everlasting Architect of the universe.’

ART. V.—1. *The Bible in the Public Schools.* Arguments in the Case of John D. Minor *et al. versus* the Board of Education of the City of Cincinnati *et al.* Superior Court of Cincinnati. With the Opinion and Decision of the Court. Cincinnati: Robert Clark & Co. 1872.

2. *The Bible and School Fund.* By Rufus W. Clark, D. D. Boston: Lea & Shepard. 1870.

Portions of the Christian community are charging the Constitution of the United States with ungodliness and atheism. Regarding themselves as personally responsible for suffering such a wrong, and hoping for a new instrument to Christianize the nation, they are agitating for a sixteenth amendment, which shall recognize not only a Supreme Being, but the Christian religion.

We have also numerous conflicts in Legislatures and courts of law touching the use of the Bible in public schools. From whatever point these similar controversies may start, they logically end in this question, What are the just limitations of religion and civil government toward each other respectively? Until this question be solved such controversies are incapable of settlement.

Our present endeavor will, therefore, be to ascertain what is the just *Connection Between Religion and Civil Government.* By the word religion, as here used, we do not mean the Christian religion exclusively, but any spiritual authority supposed to have its seat in the invisible world, with an executive Head who knows all things and judges all things, and will punish whatever is wrong. Desiring to exhibit impartially whatever may bear upon the connection or severance of this idea from the conduct of the State, we find the lights of history shining almost exclusively upon a single side, since, in point of fact, there has never been a human government administered wholly apart from religion. The civil institutes of the ancient world were informed by a most effective religious belief.

The Roman Empire, whether Pagan or Christian, from Romulus to Charlemagne, never dreamed of executing its functions without a divinity.

The Mahometan power, which started in the seventh century, and mastered the degenerate Greeks, with the provinces of Western Asia, made religion the most vigorous element in its administration, both civil and military.

From the year 325 Christianity becomes visible in the legislation of the then chief power of the world — impressing itself upon the civil law, as in the codes of Theodosius and Justinian, the Pandects, Institutes, and novels, or more recent enactments, and thence onward through all the States of modern Europe, reaching, in every instance, an organic alliance with the government. Although in the United States such alliance is forbidden by the Constitution, nevertheless we find here Christian institutes coincident with statute laws.

Thus, we have laws against the profanation of Sunday — laws against profane swearing — laws against polygamy, the last founded wholly on the New Testament — and we have national and State fasts and thanksgivings (not, indeed, compulsory, but appointed by the civil authority) — and we have disqualifications for the judicial oath on account of religion — and we have chaplains to Congress, chaplains to State Legislatures, and chaplains to State prisons, and the reading of the Bible in public schools enforced by law — points which will severally come under review in the course of this discussion.

Under some of these restrictions large portions of the community are becoming restive, debate grows ardent, suits are instituted in courts, resulting in conflicting judicial decisions. The laws of the different States are subjected to annual modification; and it is not unlikely that at no distant day some of them may be brought before the general government, under which centralization of power is so rapidly taking place, and carried over the heads of the States in such form as may please the majority in Congress for the time being, and this majority, so far as school literature is concerned, bought up by the great publishing houses and speculators in books. Hence the importance of a thorough discussion of the question, in all its

bearings, before the people, since the continuance of liberty depends not upon the forms of government, but upon the extent of their knowledge of the subjects submitted to popular suffrage. Demagogues appeal to 'the intelligence of the people,' when, alas! there is no such intelligence to appeal to, and often as little in the speakers as in the parties spoken to. The people are compelled to vote in the dark, having no knowledge of the history or philosophy of the subjects in controversy, and have, consequently, over and again, through their representatives, converted problems into statute laws, and voted away their liberties at the instance of interested deceivers.

Hence, we say again, the importance—nay, the absolute necessity—of discussion, either *viva voce* or by means of the press. Let political economists and statesmen, or the representatives of the Church, bring forth their strong reasons, for truth is the result of all intelligent conflict. We are told that such discussion, by the ablest men of different parties, before the people, as addressed from platforms, court house steps, curbstones, and store boxes, were among the most valuable schools of political learning in the Old Dominion, insomuch that statesmen from abroad declared the people of the commonwealth of Virginia better acquainted with political subjects than, perhaps, any other people in the world.

If inquiry be made touching the standpoint from which we write, we answer that we are Christians, but yet, as representatives of Christianity, we ask nothing of the State, and protest against its interference. We are members of the Church, but, as representatives of the Church, we ask nothing for it from the State, except such protection of property as other corporations enjoy. However pure in its own sphere, the State's patronage of the Church is corrupt, and its embrace is defilement. Cæsar must keep his hands from the ark. While those who ally the Church to political parties not only prove false to the most sacred trust, but, betrayed like Samson through their own lusts, they will be ultimately compelled to make sport for Dagon, and grind in the Philistines' mill.

Again, the State has no right to know members of the

Church in any other capacity than as *citizens*, or to discriminate in civil or political rights for or against its ministers. A *Church* may rightfully decree that its ministers shall forfeit their ecclesiastical status by becoming members of a Legislature, or accepting other civil office, but for the *State* to pass laws *excluding* them from the Legislature, as was long the case in Virginia, is simply persecution. The State has no right to inquire of one presenting himself for office whether he is the minister of a church, the master of a Freemason's lodge, or the president of a railroad company.

The State's relationship to the Church begins and ends with the protection of *rights*, corporate or individual. So far all are probably agreed. But with respect to *religion* the question becomes much more difficult. Two theories are advocated. The first begins with this proposition: 'A nation is the creature of God — derives its authority from him, and, therefore, as such, owes him recognition and obedience.' The rule of this obedience is the Bible, and hence it is inferred that not only should the morals of the Bible be enforced by the State, but the worship which it enjoins be, to some extent, connected with the forms of government, and its doctrines taught in the public schools by State patronage. This was the theory of the later Puritans, from the reign of Charles I until after the Restoration. It was transferred to New England, where it still survives, and to some extent elsewhere. The fallacy underlying this whole scheme consists in taking the State or nation to be a moral entity, amenable as such to divine justice; or as if, like the individuals of which it is composed, it had a posthumous existence, in which it will be judged according to the deeds done in the body. It is also encumbered with many other difficulties, which the more they are examined the more formidable they appear. It must assume that the State is a body well calculated to ascertain the truth upon disputed points of Christian duty, and to decide questions of doctrine and worship; also, that it has a commission in spiritual things, legislative, judicial, and executive. If this can be shown, it must be further made to appear that the State, as such, and taken as a unit, apart from the members of which it is com-

posed as individuals, can be held to account for the discharge of its spiritual functions. Otherwise it is an anomaly in all delegated authority. It is in this notion of the State as a moral being, with corresponding obligations, that we find the error which leads so many good people astray, producing in them conceptions of a government which, while in theory it would be the purest upon earth, in practice it would be most corrupt and disastrous to religion. And when and where could such a government ever be brought to an account? We may well say with Castellar, the Spanish orator, in one of his great speeches touching his own country: 'I wonder where in the valley of Jehoshaphat, at the great day, will be found that entity called the United States of America, giving up its account.'

The other theory is, that the functions of civil government, or the State, are simply and exclusively *secular*, and that however the members which compose it may be bound as *individuals* to be religious, to be members of the Church, to attend public worship, to be baptized, to pray, to sing hymns, yet, in their associated and political capacity, they are no more bound to any one of these things than to them all, for the same authority which enjoins any one of them enjoins them all; that, *politically*, they are organized for the protection of persons and property, and that, as such, they do not stand otherwise related to Christian doctrine than does any other secular corporation; and, further, that persons associated for mining gold, or the manufacture of cotton, would be quite as likely to discharge spiritual functions with propriety as the Congress of the United States.

Take the officers of a bank — they are bound as individuals to be religious, and to do nothing, in any capacity, which is contrary to religion. But the bank, corporately, is not bound to be religious, or to have the meetings of its directors opened with singing and prayer; nor with any justice can it be called irreligious because it does not.

And so of a civil legislature. Its province is in things temporal, and obedience to its decisions is compulsory, and must be so by common consent. Things spiritual come under a

totally different constitution. Membership in the Church is voluntary, and no discipline for disobedience to its laws can reach beyond exclusion from the body ecclesiastic. Christians are comparatively a small society, and will probably so continue to the end of the world. The political governments of the world are like the world itself, lying in the wicked one.

Such is the second theory, against which it has been argued, that civil government being a divine institution, to which Christianity enjoins obedience as a duty, therefore civil government must owe some reciprocal duties to Christianity. It is granted that civil government is, in some sense, a divine institution, just as family government is a divine institution. But what was it instituted for? That is the question to be considered, and which has been already answered.

And as to the Christian duty of obedience to civil government, as laid down in the thirteenth chapter of Romans, of which political preachers and preaching politicians have made so much — what is it? The meaning of the chapter, so corruptly treated in the late war, is plain enough. The first converts to Christianity took up the notion that the new polity under which they come freed them from obligation to obey the civil magistrates. Not so, said Paul. As citizens you are to demean yourselves as heretofore, for the civil magistrate, adhering to the constitution or rule of right, rules in his own sphere not less *jure divino* than the spiritual magistrate in his. By 'the powers that be,' he did not mean any usurpation or tyranny, which might happen to be afloat, to be submitted to under the slavish maxims of passive obedience and non-resistance, but civil government in the abstract, for the proper *ends* of government. This their very religion bound them to obey.

But as to when any particular civil polity, or administration under it, ceased to subserve the *ends* of government, or what were or were not justifiable causes of revolution, was a question not raised. But if it had been raised the Apostle would, doubtless, have said, by all the analogies of his argument, Christianity was not intended to settle such questions. You must judge of them as citizens, along with the rest. So the

politico-religious tyrants and fanatics can make nothing out of that chapter for their purposes.

But how was it when the State, going beyond its sphere, undertook to meddle with religion and conscience? St. Paul preached resistance, and practiced it. He preached to Christians a higher law, the consequences of obeying which was not to be political honors, but death. And this was one of the distinguishing glories of the new religion — the supremacy of conscience in holding all powers to their rightful exercise, and one of its chief elements of success and forerunners of victory, beyond all other systems of religion or philosophy.

Plato made three voyages to Sicily, and endeavored, with all the pomp of his eloquence, to make some impression upon the mind of its Prince, but without success. Whereas, the governor, Felix, trembled in the presence of a Christian captive, and before a heroism so godlike the Roman Cæsars surrendered at last.

Let us, then, test this second theory in connection with the institutions of the United States, less intermixed with religion than any other in the world, whether in present or past ages; and first with respect to Sunday.

Is the State bound to forbid labor thereon because God has forbidden it? It is not. He has forbidden the worship of idols, and many other things, which he will punish in the next world, and for which he has commanded the Church to exercise discipline in this; but has the State any commission or right to say what the Chinese in California shall worship? If it can prohibit the Chinese from the adoration of Joss, it can prohibit the Romanist from praying before a crucifix.

The difficulty with most of those in this country who find themselves suddenly in the position of legislators, even though they should be quite honest, is that they have never studied principles, especially such principles as determine whole classes of subjects. On the contrary, they know nothing but tradition, or expediency, or the supposed wish of their particular constituency.

To apply this: The legislator can make statute laws of such of God's commandments as relate to temporal concerns,



and none other. He can prohibit homicide, theft, false witness, but nothing which concerns God solely. He can prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors, not because no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God, but because they imperil the temporal interests of the community, and for the same reason that he can make a quarantine law.

The State can deal with crime only, not with sin. Such of the ten commandments as have become State laws, have become so for civil, and not for religious, reasons, and that concerning Sunday among the rest.

It has been demonstrated by facts in physiology, that a seventh day rest is required by the necessities of labor, whether bodily or mental, animal or human. More work can be done, and done better, by working six days and resting one, than by working on perpetually. Even religious skeptics are satisfied of this, as also that Sunday is an important element in civilization.

Here the theologian may come forward and say, upon his own ground, that this stated interval for rest being indispensable to the spiritual interests of the soul, and the conservation and propagation of religion in the world, the constitution of nature was so formed by its Divine Author that the temporal welfare of the world, which coincides with and demands this rest, makes it a proper subject for human legislation. Hence we find Sunday, so far as the State is concerned, a civil, and not a religious, institution.

Take, again, the question of State fasts and thanksgivings. The present writer was once exceedingly anxious that these should become the stated appointments of the national government, supposing that religion would be a gainer thereby. But further reflection has led to the belief that civil government, from the very nature of its functions, has nothing to do with them. And observation has shown that religion suffers more than it gains by them.

In times of high excitement, when one party's success is another party's disaster, and *vice versa*, one-half of the people are set to thanking God for their misfortunes and the other to bewailing their mercies; so, at least, they think.

These appointments have become, increasingly, the occasions of demoralizing the pulpit, by the introduction of matters which are utterly foreign to the province of the ministers of religion, dealing out their political animosities in the name of the Lord, fostering conceit on the one side, and stirring up indignation and contempt on the other.

We find in the construction of public liturgies, that one great object is so to frame them that nothing shall be prayed for or prayed against which all who are expected to join in the prayer are not known to regard as in accordance with the divine will.

As to forcing prayer, it is something which the Almighty himself has never undertaken, and yet we have in our possession a military order commanding us to pray for the army and navy of the United States, then making war upon the South. Did we dream of obeying it? A prayer offered in words for one thing, when the heart desires another, can only bring a curse upon him who offers it, and a double curse upon the party which would enforce such hypocrisy.

Take next the case of government chaplains. Our own views have here also undergone a change, as the result of a deeper investigation of principles, and observation of the actual working of our present system.

When persons by enlisting in the public service — the army or navy — would thereby be deprived of their religious privileges, they are doubtless entitled to have them supplied. But how? At their own cost, upon the voluntary principle, as all other citizens. Chaplains will then be chosen by religious men, for religious purposes, and on account of their supposed religious character, and their influence may be counted on for the spiritual good of all with whom they may have to do.

But to think of this office coming in as a part of the spoils of a political party triumph! — the scramble of competitors, so disgraceful to any minister of religion — and then to see what professes to be the religion of the Sovereign of the universe forced into the corrupt channels of party politics, and sermons and prayers made to reflect the sentiments of the majority for the time being! There have been worthy civil chaplains in

times past, and doubtless there are now; but of those of whom we happened to have particular knowledge, there has not been one whom we should like to have as our pastor.

We know that Christians are mostly in favor of their appointment, and that infidels are their chief opponents, and God will reward each according to their motives; but the question is, whether religion has not suffered from its connection with the State in this form? and whether the voluntary system here, as elsewhere, in religion be not the true one?

Again, the civil law imposes a penalty upon profane swearing, but not because God has prohibited it in the third commandment, but as an offence against society. The British government in India for a long time, if not at present, punished any wanton insult to the God or religion of the Hindoos. It is there an offence against society.

We have next to consider the more important, more frequent and practical relationship which the State courts with religion for its own purposes in the judicial oath. The State finds it impossible to conduct the business of life without reposing a certain degree of trust in individuals upon their promise of fidelity. When the betrayal of this trust can be detected, the State can provide a penalty, and society be as safe as from other crimes. But in numberless cases detection is impossible, and it is known beforehand to all parties that it will be impossible. A witness may lie away the life of his neighbor without the possibility of detection or punishment. The State for once views the situation in the light of orthodoxy. It assumes the depravity of human nature, the corruptibility of the men it has to trust. They will lie; they will sell their votes; they will steal. In office, instead of serving the public, they will serve themselves, and there are no means of detection and punishment. What safeguard can be devised, under such circumstances, against individual and public ruin?

Statesmen in counsel have declared, with one consent, that resort must be had to conscience. But what *is* conscience? A very important question, upon which we read much that is erroneous or unsatisfactory in works upon moral science, and

in the published speeches of great lawyers, made within a year or two past, in one of the most important trials ever had in the country. The bar quarreled for three days over a question of conscience, which none of them, apparently, understood. But there seemed to be a general agreement, that conscience was something very sacred, that must not be invaded — some sense of right and wrong, which all men are born with. But the truth is, that no man is born with a conscience, for whole tribes have been discovered who have no conscience, and never had any. No moral sense — no notion of a God — no idolatry — no superstition even.

All that the Betchuanas of South Africa, or, in fact, any other, are born with, is the capacity of conscience, or, rather, capability of its operations under instruction. These tribes, under instruction, even those of adult age, have *come* to have enlightened consciences, and tender consciences. What is conscience, then? Conscience is the inward monitor or judge which prompts a man to do, and condemns him for not doing, what he believes to be right, whether it be so in reality or not. It subjects the moral delinquent, by his own standard of right, to moral suffering, which is capable of being made more intolerable than fine, imprisonment, or death. The dictates of conscience, therefore, being the creature of education, it is of the utmost consequence to the public safety that this faculty be educated under a law which is absolutely right, and from whose jurisdiction there is no possibility of escape.

The judicial oath, then, supposes a conscience, and that amenability to a future judgment upon perjury is acknowledged. It is, in fact, an imprecation of the wrath of God upon a man's own soul, if he tells a lie after having sworn that he would tell the truth; and the real belief and expectation of that wrath, combined with a conviction of the moral turpitude of perjury, is considered the best security which society can have for truth in courts of justice and fidelity in office. And the agency herein made use of by the State is certainly *religion*, for religion is that which relates to God, in distinction from morals, which relate to man. But it is not exclusively the *Christian* religion.

When, in the progress of national infidelity in Greece, there was no accredited divinity to swear by, every official of government became corrupt, and the republic fell; whereas, in Rome, during the republic, as related by Polybius, and under the earlier emperors, the most enormous sums were disbursed in the public service with scrupulous integrity. It was then that individual interests were secure, and the colossal power of the Cæsars and Consuls arose, directing the energies of a population of a hundred and twenty millions with almost military precision, and with irresistible force—a discipline attained under the authority of conscience, founded upon religious convictions, and a believed responsibility to the immortal gods by whom they swore.

For the violation of the sacramentum, or military oath, the Roman soldier could not escape by being slain in battle. His crime followed him into the spirit world, and would there, in his belief, confront him at the tribunal of his infernal judges, Minos, Radomanthus, and Eacus, whose sentence it would receive to eternal perdition. No wonder that, under a physical and religious discipline like this, a national grandeur was attained never reached before or since.

And what security can there be for truth, or the promised discharge of public trusts, if the oath, which in all jurisprudence is held to rest upon religious convictions, has no authority from conscience. And what security would there *not* be if, on the part of every man who takes an oath, there were the assured conviction, under stronger evidence than ever Greek or Roman possessed, that the perjurer will be punished by eternal justice, and pay in the next world the penalty of the crime which he has committed in this.

But the question recurs, what relationship of the State to religion is hereby indicated? Does the State hereby profess or teach any religion? Not at all.

What is the process? A man offers to qualify for a public office of trust, or as a juror or witness in a court of justice. If no questions are asked, he is presumed to be of some religion, and is commonly sworn upon the book in which its doctrines are contained. If a Christian, he is sworn upon the

Bible; if a Mahometan, as in the English foreign courts, he is sworn upon the Koran; if a Hindoo, upon the Shaster; if a Jew, upon the Old Testament; if a Roman Catholic (and any doubt arise), upon some edition of the Bible authorized by the Pope; or in some cases the Irishman cannot be trusted unless he sees the book marked with a cross. It may be by the book-binder, or with a piece of chalk at the clerk's table, it matters not; he can then be fully trusted, and not otherwise. If a Protestant, he is sworn upon the four Gospels, or upon the whole Bible in any edition.

But suppose the question be raised, whether the proffered witness be of any belief. The judge is compelled to inquire, Do you believe in a God? If he says no, he is rejected. Do you believe in a state of future rewards and punishments, or that you will be punished in the world to come for a false oath? and if he says, 'No, I do not believe there is any punishment for anybody in another world,' he cannot be sworn; for the suppositions upon which an oath is based do not, in his case, exist, though in some of the States a substitute for Universalists is attempted.

It is manifest, then, that while the oath commits the party taking it to some religion, it does not so commit the party who administers it. It is a mere expedient, to which the State resorts to insure the fulfillment of promises without itself being necessarily supposed to have any religion at all.

The obligation of oaths, though not in the direct line of our subject, is sufficiently related to it to warrant a passing notice. It was much discussed during the late war. What is the civil law or practice of the courts, and what the divine law or absolute rule of right?

Oaths are of two sorts — promissory and assertory. Promissory oaths are ordinarily those taken as the conditions of office, as by all executive officers, legislators, judges, jurors, etc., in which something is promised to be done in future time. This class of oaths is binding in all cases before God and man, for it is put to every man's choice, without constraint, whether he will take them or not; and the man who voluntarily accepts this condition of office, and then pleads conscience for

not doing what he swore in that oath that he would do, is a perjurer, and will be punished as such as certainly as the justice of heaven or earth can reach him.

But suppose a man, arrested by military power, and, under threats and in duress, swears allegiance to the United States, or the Confederate States, which may be thus imposed. The courts decide that such oaths are forced and null. The party taking them is not guilty of technical perjury. But if the thing sworn to be not unlawful in itself, the oath is binding before God, for he holds one to an oath to do a lawful thing, though unwillingly taken, whatever may be the inconvenience to the party taking it. If the thing sworn to was unlawful or wrong in itself, like that of the Jews to kill Paul, it is not binding. The sin is in the taking, not in the breaking, of such an oath.

Take next the case of assertory oaths, like those of witnesses in court, or any other. Take a strong case: A man is brought before some provost-marshal, an upstart, and a tyrant, it may be, and put upon oath cruelly and unlawfully to tell whether at heart he is a rebel; has he a right to swear falsely to save his life? No. Terrorism is no excuse. Let death come as often as it may come; it matters not. The divine Author of our religion might have saved his life by a falsehood. Suppose he had done so; or suppose that the martyrs, under ancient or modern persecutions, had done so; they might have saved their lives by burning incense to the gods, or by declaring their belief in transubstantiation. But would they have been guiltless? No. Assertory oaths are obligatory under *all* circumstances, no matter what the consequences, before God and man, *in foro conscientiarum, et in foro cæli*.

We have lastly to consider the relationship between religion and civil government, existing, or supposed to exist, through the reading of the Bible in government schools ordered by law. The storm of controversy which this question has produced at the North is morally certain to overtake us, though at a later period, on account of the more partial presence in the South of the two elements which have produced it—infidelity and the Roman Catholic religion.

The history of the controversy thus far is brief and easily understood. When the government schools were started in the different States, the question of religious instruction was raised, so far as we are informed, by the order to open the daily exercises of the school by reading some selection from the Bible. But after some time complaint was made by Roman Catholics, because King James' *version* was used, which they called a *Protestant* version; and as they could not allow their children to hear this read, they complained of being *taxed* to support 'sectarian schools.' To this it was replied, that that could hardly be called a sectarian book which the whole English world received except themselves, and which their own learned men admitted to be substantially the word of God; and, furthermore, that their peculiar doctrines could not be readily derived from the Douay version itself without commentary, which always accompanies it. Again, as the law said nothing about *versions*, where the Roman Catholics happened to be in the majority, Protestant school commissioners directed the Douay version to be used. And where they happened to be in a minority, and pleaded conscience against their children hearing King James' version, it was allowed that such children need not come until the reading was over. But this would not do, and they agitated and agitated until some of the Legislatures were induced to expel the Bible, in all versions, from the schools, for the sake of peace.

But Roman Catholics were as far from being satisfied as ever, for they pleaded conscience about sending their children to these very schools, which they now called '*Godless* schools.' They must have religious instruction, not only in the general, but in the particular, and would trust none to give it but themselves. They withdrew their children, complained of being taxed for what they could not in conscience enjoy, and demanded their portion of the school fund, to be expended as they saw fit. The Catholic vote was pledged and given as a unit to any party who would grant their demands. By this means they won the Legislature of New York on that particular question, and *their* demand was also granted; and as the result, in the *city* of New York, in 1870, they drew from the school



fund \$170,000, while all the Protestants combined, who constitute a large majority of the population, drew but \$43,000. The apathy of the people to these facts still continues. This abundance of the public money enables them to offer superior inducements to Protestant children to go into their schools, where the Bible is not read at all, in any version, but the peculiar superstitions of the Romish Church are taught as diligently as arithmetic and grammar.

Now, there can be no question that in *such* schools, so supported, there is an alliance, not only between the State and *religion*, but between the State and the Church, and, as it turns out in point of fact in this case, one particular Church as against all other Churches.

Suppose the Episcopalians should plead conscience for having their children taught, in connection with arithmetic, the Apostolical Succession, the Presbyterians Election and Reprobation, and so of the rest, then there would follow either a Church and State in a worse form than that now in process of dissolution in England, or a disruption of the whole system of government schools, which would be much the less evil of the two, or than letting, as now, a particular denomination withdraw and teach its sectarian peculiarities against all others at the expense of the State—those others doing nothing of the sort, since no book is permitted in the remaining schools which contains anything sectarian. Thus the Roman Catholic schools in the State of New York have effected the most advantageous alliance with the State which it could desire.<sup>1</sup>

Denying, then, as we do, any connection between civil government and the Church, from reading the Bible in public schools, the question is, what sort of connection does it imply with religion? and ought this reading to be continued by law, or discontinued under all the circumstances? That religion has been taught in secular schools, from the earliest ages, is beyond

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Döllinger states that the principal means by which the Jesuits were enabled to pass the blasphemous dogma of Papal Infallibility, in the late Vatican Council, was the introduction of class-books which taught it in their schools and seminaries during the past generation.

dispute. In the great States of antiquity science was cultivated under the shadow of Paganism. The highest branches of education among the Grecian philosophers treated of the nature of the gods and the spiritual constitution of man. The schools of Pythagoras taught the harmony of the universe and man's immortal destiny, and the paramount importance of morals over all other branches of knowledge. Aristotle repaired to the Lyceum to teach the Athenian youth his philosophy, in which theology had a conspicuous place. Neither groves nor academies were ever dissociated from ethics.

And from the third century of the Christian era, where our knowledge upon this point begins, sacred and secular knowledge was communicated in concert. Through the middle ages the portals of the schools bore this inscription, *religioni et artibus sacra*. Throughout modern Europe it is still the same, founded upon the general conviction that secular education, carried on and completed apart from religion, is incompatible with public safety.

It seems also to be the general conviction among ourselves, that a State without moral education cannot possibly stand. It is also the opinion of our teachers of morals, that there is no effective system of morals to be found outside of the Bible; and, furthermore, that it is impossible to separate the morals of the Bible from the religion of the Bible. Is it, then, the province of the State to teach the Bible in connection with secular education? There are grounds for serious doubt, whether it be the province of the State to teach either, or that there is any more propriety in taxing us to give our neighbor's child an education than in taxing us to give him a farm. Agrarianism in education is the same in principle as agrarianism in land.

But this is not the common opinion; and the majority, being able to get education for their children in this way cheaper than by paying for it themselves, will no doubt continue to vote for it, and education at the public expense continue a popular measure, and probable means of further congressional interference with the States. At a late session a national school bill was introduced from Massachusetts, under which

the teaching of the New England Primer might be made compulsory in every school in the South, and the question of how much religion, and of what sort, our children shall be taught in connection with science, be determined by an act of Congress.

The question before us is, not whether we have the true ideal of political government, or whether, if we have, the teaching of religion in State schools would be practicable under its rule; but the question is, what ought the State, constituted as it is, to do in the premises? We answer, just nothing at all. There should be no law upon the subject, but the voluntary principle here, as elsewhere, be allowed free course. But as this is not the usual opinion, at least in the Christian part of the community, the grounds on which it rests must be stated in brief.

The city of Cincinnati has a large foreign population, the majority being either infidels or Roman Catholics. The Roman Catholics are opposed to State schools altogether; but if we must have them they would expel all religious teaching from them, taking that in charge for their own children, and as many more as they can induce to receive it. The infidels, many of them said to be downright atheists, were, of course, opposed to having the Bible read. It so happened that these two classes found themselves a majority in the Board of Education for the city, and each, for their own reasons, voted to prohibit the reading of the Bible in the public schools.

An appeal was taken to the courts, which decided against the Board of Education. An appeal was taken from this decision to the Legislature of Ohio, which, by a large majority, affirmed the decision of the court. Both the Legislature and the court were, undoubtedly, right.

No earthly power should dare to prohibit the reading of the laws of God by anybody, in any capacity, no matter what, if they choose to read it. But, then, does the civil right exist to say, you shall read the Bible, whether you choose to do so or not? In reply to this question it is said, if a Legislature can rightly undertake the secular education of the people, for the

public good, can it not as rightly undertake its moral education for the same reason ?

But here comes in the admitted impracticability of separating morals from religion, and hence the difficulty which this question, in every form, has encountered, and to the solution of which no approach has yet been made; and hence the conclusion at which we have come, that it is inexpedient for the legislature to pass any law upon the subject. The following are our reasons for this opinion :

1. It is beyond the wit of man to frame a law touching any form of religious instruction which an adroit teacher, who dislikes it, cannot and will not evade. Such teachers are not uncommon, and they are, we fear, increasing in numbers; and although the Bible be read in their schools, according to law, it would be better for religion, under such circumstances, that it should not be read.

2. Though it be an insult to high heaven to pass any law prohibiting the reading of the Scriptures in schools, yet the matter being left free, many communities, perhaps the majority, will have religious teachers, and the Bible will be read, as all, of course, believe it ought to be in the conduct of general education. Here, as elsewhere, under our institutions, at least, religion must take its fortunes through the world, aided only by the friendship of those who love it under the conduct of its divine Author.

Civil government is the arm of flesh, on which the Church has been too prone to rely; even the friends of spiritual religion, weary of toil, have looked to it for that which it has neither the power nor the disposition to bestow.

The question, then, occurs, what are we to do? The morals of a State are more essential to its temporal prosperity than education; and morals, apart from religion, if allowed to exist in particular individuals, have never yet characterized a community. What, then, are the instruments by which religion and morals shall be secured to the world? We answer, they are persons, not laws. They are men, moved themselves by the Spirit of God, and relying upon moral suasion, and not upon pains and penalties imposed by human authority.

What guarantee for life and liberty can written constitutions give when those who administer them are corrupt? What guarantee that the course of legislation will not be corrupt, when the politicians themselves have become so? Or if we look to the judiciary itself, that last resort for justice, what chance have rights for protection there, when the bar from which the judiciary is selected has become demoralized and corrupt? It is then that the death-smell of the body politic becomes perceptible, when the courts themselves can no longer be depended on for justice.

Lord Campbell speaks more as a moralist than as a lawyer, in the picture he has drawn of the Court of Queen's Bench when Tenterdon was Chief Justice. 'Before such men,' says he, 'there was no pretence for being lengthy or importunate. Every point made by counsel was understood in a moment, the application of every authority discovered at a glance. The counsel saw when he might sit down, his case being safe, or when he might sit down, all chance of success for his client being at an end.

'But I have practiced in courts where no case was secure, and none was desperate, and where good points being overruled, it was necessary for the sake of justice that bad ones should be taken,' humiliating as it was. 'But in that golden age law and reason prevailed;' *i. e.*, intelligence and moral virtue, and beyond all else the last, 'the result was confidently anticipated before the argument began, and the judgment approved by all, including the vanquished party. Before such a tribunal the advocate becomes dearer to himself by preserving his self-esteem, and feels himself to be a minister of justice, and not a declaimer, a trickster, or a bully.'

With so high a moral tone in the judiciary, the sublime ideal of law, as drawn by the immortal Hooker, would be realized upon earth: 'Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men, of what condi-

tion soever, with uniform consent admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.'

What is law but the embodiment of justice — duty between man and man — never realized upon earth save under a controlling apprehension of man's duty to God. And what but the dissolution of States has ensued when the sense of moral obligation has been dissolved? And when has that sense failed to be dissolved when all sense of religion has faded from the public mind? What but such failure, and the influx of atheism, was the cause of the almost unheard of calamities of France through the closing decade of the last century, and onward to the closing scene at Waterloo, in 1815? And what else has caused her present miseries and degradation — a great and proud people, not long since, literally begging for charity in all the churches of Christendom. Such was the insane cry for war by the people themselves, without a shadow of justice, that the only statesman who dared to protest, even feebly, and that upon the score of policy only, could find personal safety only in silence and a hasty retreat from public observation.

Look at the same thing, as exhibited on the largest scale in the world's history, when the Christian religion, superseding the pagan virtues, imperfect as they were, without a substitute, and allied, under Constantine and his successors, with the civil power, and propagated by its edicts, became a new organ of despotism. The great officers of the Church made merchandise of its religion, while those who had some better apprehension of the new institute, sought more and more to cultivate it in monastic seclusion. And what was the result, not only to religion, but as to the State itself? Read it, not as described from afar by the philosophic Gibbon, but by St. Jerome, who looked out from his cell in the Syrian deserts upon the tragedy itself. For although it was more than three hundred years after the body politic was struck with death before it breathed its last, yet in his day the dying process had begun, in the course of which there were agonies and groans, such as in the range of our reading there is no other record.

'I am horror-struck,' says he, 'with the heaps of ruins which

everywhere meet our eyes. For now twenty years the vast space separating Constantinople from the Julian Alps has been saturated with Roman blood. Every rank of society, the rich, the poor, the bishops, the ministers and their flocks, slaughtered or carried into captivity; churches burned with fire, or converted into stables; the whole land turned into mourning. Everywhere is seen the image of death multiplied by a thousand shapes. From one end of the world to the other the Empire crumbles into dust. Had I a hundred mouths and a hundred tongues, with a voice as sonorous as brass, it would not suffice to set forth such a host of evils.'

To divide, impartially, at this day, the responsibilities of such events is beyond all human discrimination; but the Church was far from guiltless. She madly threw away her power to prevent the dissolution of society, even in the last days of the decadence of the civil constitution. Her first duty was to maintain her attitude of independence of the State—nay, if rendered necessary by persecution, an attitude of *defiance*. It was the next duty of her great preachers, like St. Jerome himself, capable of a Ciceronian eloquence, and of their hearers, instead of rushing in multitudes into the deserts of Egypt and Syria, to cultivate there a factitious religion in dens and caves of the earth, to plunge into the corrupting masses of Roman society, preaching righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. So had the utter dissolution of morals and discipline been prevented, and the Roman armies, as in the age of the Antonines, have driven Goths and Vandals before them as chaff before the wind.

Here—if we may be allowed a word in the line of our profession as public teachers of morals and religion—here is the lesson to be learned by the men of this generation, to-wit: the futility of all supports for religion external to itself. Put not your trust in princes. Have no reliance upon constitutions of human device. They will not long avail against corrupt majorities. Put no confidence in laws, depended upon, as with the French philosophers, to work mechanically from without inward, but upon principle in the individual heart, which may be depended upon to work morally from within outward. Put

no confidence in oaths for the conservation of truth between man and man, or for official integrity. Look at the men who have taken the oaths of office. Put no confidence in State schools, as manipulated by politicians and sectaries, for the conservation of public morals, or in any system whatsoever which mere law can enforce. Nowhere upon earth can confidence be reposed with ultimate safety but in individual men, who are themselves under the government of the first and great commandment of the law.

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ART. VII.—1. *Changes of the English Language between the Publication of Wyclif's Bible and that of the Authorized Version, A. D. 1400 to A. D. 1600.* By H. T. W. Wood. London. 1870.

2. *Sir Philip Sidney: An Apologie for Poetrie.* (English Reprints.) London. 1868.

3. *George Puttenham: The Arte of English Poesie.* (English Reprints.) London. 1869.

4. *William Webb: A Discourse of English Poetrie.* (English Reprints.) London. 1870.

The vernacular tongue of the modern nations of Europe only slowly acquired that recognized respectability which permitted them to claim comparison with the classical languages of antiquity. The treatise of Dante, *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, the title of his *Divina Commedia*, and his original purpose of composing in Latin that splendid monument of mediæval genius and learning, show the low estimate in which the sweet Italian speech was held, at the moment of its loftiest triumph, by the great poet by whom that triumph was won. A like testimony is rendered by Petrarch's expectation of enduring fame from his long-forgotten Latin epic, *Africa*, and not from the native graces of those Sonnets which have been the admiration and the despair of all subsequent generations. Lord Bacon expected his philosophical speculations and his memory to be



preserved only by his Latin works, or by the Latin versions of his English treatises; and he was more solicitous about procuring accurate and elegant translations of his productions into Latin than about his own rich and stately English, in which nearly all his writings were originally composed. In the next generation, special reasons induced John Milton to compose in Latin his *Defensiones pro Populo Anglicano*; but he hesitated, notwithstanding the youthful expression of admiration for his mother-tongue, whether he should indite the great poem of his life in the language of his own England, or in that of ancient Rome. It was very slowly that the English won even such regard as was accorded to French and Italian. It had scarcely attained such consideration when Gibbon commenced his unrivalled History, and contemplated composing it in French. It is only within the present century that this noble speech has gained its present proud position of being generally esteemed superior to all other modern tongues; at least equal to the classical languages in vigor, variety, and comprehension, while surpassing them in brevity, directness, simplicity, and abundance. It is needless to allege Camden's quaint commendation, or Gwinn's notable eulogy, which was cited by Archbishop Trench, and has been so frequently adduced since. Similar testimony has been rendered by many other recent scholars, who have converted into praise the reproach of Leibnitz, that English was like the jay in borrowed plumes, and that it would be naked, indeed, if its fine feathers were restored to their original owners.

This copious and admirable language, enriched with a vast amount of the most precious literary treasures, was for ages little appreciated by those who employed it as the daily vehicle of their thoughts, sentiments, wishes, and daily intercourse. Occasionally a poet might appreciate the powers of his instrument of song, and might anticipate its great destiny as the cosmopolitan language of the future. Chapman might declare—

‘That no tong hath the Muses’ utterance heyred  
For verse, and that sweet musique to the ear  
Shook out of rime so naturally as this’;

and Dryden might respond by commending ‘the large dimen-

sions of the English tongue'; but few were they who admired, or who understood the admiration of the few. The intrinsic excellences and capacities of this language were unnoted by those who received its inspiration. It was the atmosphere which they dwelt in, which they breathed, which sustained their intellectual and moral life, and which afforded continued exhilaration, without attracting regard to the ever-present source of numerous blessings. It was despised because it was familiar. The censures of foreigners were deemed just for want of intelligent and affectionate examination. English was esteemed for its indispensable services, not honored for its great and varied merits. It was, in consequence, as little studied as admired. Yet it is inexcusable for any liberal and educated mind to remain heedless or incognizant of the mother-tongue which infuses or corroborates so much of our mental and moral habits and associations; which exercises so potent, often because so unconscious, an influence upon both the individual and the national temperament; which is the main '*vinculum societatis*'; and which fosters veracity, candor, and integrity, or falsehood, deception, and dishonesty, according to its hereditary genius and the fidelity with which it is used.

It is only within very late years that the thorough, systematic, and extensive study of English has attracted any considerable regard. The Greeks and the Latins, the French and the Italians, treated their language with no such neglect as was long the lot of the English. Those nations carried their reward in the improvement of their daily and their literary speech, and in the constant recognition and observance of the beauties and graces which characterized them respectively. The study of English has scarcely been even a native growth. It was provoked by the successful linguistic investigations into the history, forms, changes, and fortunes of foreign tongues; and we must still turn to German or French scholarship for many of the best works which elucidate the language of Shakspeare, and Bacon, and Milton. It is a strong proof of native remissness that the stymologies of *Webster's Dictionary* issued from

Berlin, and from the brain of a German philosopher, Dr. Mahn.

If, however, long generations elapsed without witnessing any adequate prosecution of English philology, the protracted inattention seems at length to have passed away. The English language and the English literature, so recently made the subject of special study, have already been introduced as branches of liberal education into many academical and collegiate institutions, and have become the exclusive and earnest care of several literary associations. The daily-extending investigation into the history, growth, structure, changes, and idiomatic peculiarities of the language has been pursued with such eager perseverance that English philology may already take rank with the older learning devoted to the Greek and the Latin. The number of essays and more elaborate works in this new department, issued within the last twenty years, would already constitute an ample library. The popular demand may have favored the production of numerous treatises of narrow range and small merit, but, nevertheless, a very large and valuable addition to our sources of authentic knowledge has been made by most competent and zealous inquirers. The peculiarities of the Early English Text Society, of the English Ballad Society, of the Shakspeare and the Chaucer Societies, etc., etc.; the instructive and interesting reprints of early authors, due to the intelligent enterprise of Edward Arber; the discussions and criticisms which gathered round this increasing body of philological materials; the researches and the systematic labors of Latham, Garnett, Marsh, Whitney, Alford, Moore, Matzner, Koch, Kellé, Skeat, Bosworth, Child, Ellis, Thommérel, etc., have both given a powerful impulse, and supplied important aid to the enthusiastic pursuit of English scholarship.

The data are scarcely as yet complete for the full appreciation of any era of the language and literature; but every period, down to the age of Queen Anne, has received more or less copious illustration. If the materials, now accessible in convenient form, be compared with the rarity and inaccessibility of those available to the Parkers, and Youngs, and Shuyds, and Skinners, and Lyes, and Hickeeses, and Pegges, of

former generations, there is every reason to congratulate our contemporaries on their increased advantages, as well as to augur most favorably of the coming years. The very incompleteness of the published documents, and the inadequacy of the deductions hitherto drawn from them, may augment both our satisfaction and our hopes; for such deficiencies may be, in great measure, ascribed to the extent of the subject requiring elucidation, the vast tract of time during which the vicissitudes of the language must be traced, the abundance of the records to be examined and reproduced, and the amount of preliminary labor to be performed. The English people are fortunate above other nations in possessing an unbroken series of legal and political documents from the reign of Richard I, a continuous chain of contemporary annals or chronicles from King Alfred, and a repertory of literary specimens and of critical notices of the language from the close of the twelfth century. No other people can boast of equal advantages for the illustration of its fortunes and its speech; but the very multitude and diversity of the reliques that have been preserved require time for their publication, and a further delay for their judicious employment. Considering how recently the enthusiasm for such studies manifested itself, how gradually the taste for them is propagated through expanding circles, there is more reason for surprise and gratification at the amount of work already accomplished, than for disappointment at finding that what has been achieved is still imperfect, and that much more remains to be done. The difficulties to be overcome, and the public languor still to be surmounted, may be apprehended from knowing that the Early English Text and the Chaucer Societies are retarded in their progress only by the paucity of their subscribers, and that a similar calamity has, up to this time, prevented the publication of Prof. Corson's *The Sources of Archaic English*, specimen pages of which were circulated several years ago.

A thorough and satisfactory body of English philology would supply a full and adequate exposition of the fortunes, forms, and changes of the English language for more than a thousand years. The tongues which have coalesced, the times

and modes of their amalgamation, the races by which they were introduced, the political and social circumstances determining and coloring their combinations, their relative proportions and reciprocal interaction, all demand careful appreciation. The task must be performed with respect to all the separate constituents of the language, and their joint results. The vocabulary, the spelling, the pronunciation, the accidence, the syntax, the arrangement of words, the idioms and their justification, the principles of the versification and the metrical schemes, all need copious discussion. These careful investigations must be prosecuted for each separate period; and it is only when all the periods shall have been as fully illustrated as the circumstances may permit that the introductory task will have been satisfactorily accomplished.

Naturally enough, certain periods have heretofore attracted much more attention than others. The conversion of King Alfred's English, and his 'Frenche of Stratforde-alte-Bowe,' into the King's English of Chaucer, has been very diligently traced. Latterly the diversities of dialect in different localities, in the century preceding Chaucer, have received much consideration; but there are very important periods in which changes less sudden and notable occurred, which have received little attention. A few passing observations only have been accorded to the influence of the Wars of the Roses—to the changes produced by the great Rebellion—by French predominance after the Restoration—by the Addisonian circle—by the wars and revolutions of the last century. How many references are made by the historians of the language to Swift's *Polite Conversation*, or to his notes on the current language of his time? Who has examined the changes of the literary tongue which may be ascribed to deliberate innovations of Ben Jonson, John Milton, and John Dryden? But among the periods which are most important, and which have met with no sufficient treatment, is, singularly enough, the commencement of the Elizabethan age.

It is this last limited but instructive topic which will engage our attention on the present occasion; not with the purpose of exhibiting in detail the alterations which the language then

underwent, for such an attempt would require a goodly volume; nor with the design of commenting upon the works selected for a text, since they are but examples of the authorities to be consulted; but with the hope of showing the character of the labors then undertaken, the necessity of their execution, and the agencies by which they were effected.

The eminence of the Elizabethan age, in nearly all departments of speculation, culture, and enterprize, has been universally acknowledged. The literary splendor of the period has never been called in question. All will regard it as the most brilliant era of English literature, and many will acquiesce in Lord Jeffrey's estimate of it, as the noblest literary age in the history of the world. But the glories represented by the names of Sydney, and Spenser, and Hooker, and Bacon, and Shakspeare, and Raleigh, however sudden they may appear from the difficulty of looking through and beyond the blaze that surrounds them, had been painfully and deliberately prepared by the previous cultivation of the language.

The designation of the Elizabethan age is extremely vague, and, in some respects, infelicitous. It is frequently made to include Sackville, whose *Mirror for Magistrates* belongs, in its inception, to the last year of Queen Mary, and John Milton, whose *Paradise Lost* appeared under Charles II. Whatever limits may be assigned for the close of the era which honors the name of the Maiden Queen, its real commencement cannot be placed earlier than the decade between 1580 and 1590. In 1586 Sir Philip Sidney, the liberal and enlightened patron of letters and of men of letters, was slain. His *Apologie for Poetrie* was composed in 1582, though not published till 1595. That celebrated essay was a reply to Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse*, and both productions show that English literature was still struggling to obtain public recognition and the graces of art. Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* issued anonymously from the press in 1579, and was never acknowledged by its reputed author, who, says Webbe, in 1586, 'In my judgement principally deserveth the tittle of the rightest English poet that I ever read.' To this commendation he adds, 'Sorry I am that I can find none other with whom I might couple him

in this catalogue, in his rare gyft of poetrie.' He had previously said, 'I know no memorable work written by any poet in our English speeche until twenty years past.' But the names which he mentions as illustrating this score of years, all within Elizabeth's reign, are either those of translators, or such as would not now be accepted as illustrations of the Elizabethan age. They are Master George Gascoyne, 'a wytty gentleman, and the very cheefe of our late rymers'; Norton, Edwardes, Tyler, Churchyard, Hunter, Haywood, Phaier, Golding, Fleming, Barnabe Googe, Whetstone, Munday, Graunge, Knight, Witmott, Darrell. 'If I let passe,' says Webbe, 'the uncountable rabble of ryming ballet makers and composers of senseless sonets, who be most busy to stuffe every stall full of grosse devises and unlearned pamphlets, I trust I shall with the best sort be held excused.' . . . 'I scorne and spue out the rakebelly rout of our ragged rymers (for so themselves use to hunt the letter), which without learning boaste, without judgement jangle, without reason rage and fume.' . . . *Marlowe's Tamburlaine* must have been produced subsequently, and Shakespeare's dramatic career, if possibly commenced, could not yet have attracted notice. With this determination of the period Ben Jonson's declaration corresponds. Having remarked that Sir Thomas Moore, Wyatt, Surrey, etc., 'began eloquence with us,' he proceeds: 'Sir Nicholas Bacon was singular and almost alone in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's time. Sir Philip Sidney and Mr. Hooker (in different matter) grew great masters of wit and language, and in whom all vigor of invention and strength of judgment met.' Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* was begun about 1590. It may, therefore, be justly, as well as conveniently, assumed that the literary glories of Elizabeth's reign date from the year 1586.

But the first twenty-five or thirty years of Elizabeth were an idle time for the fraternity of poets and literary aspirants. They were zealously employed in various literary efforts, which were much encouraged by the learning, accomplishments, and even vanity of the Queen, who had herself pretensions to poetic skill, which received the professional plaudits of Puttenham. The court was a college of wits. *Love's Labors Lost* is no

unfair representation of the royal circle. The nobles, the gentlemen, and the sprightly dames, who assembled at Greenwich and Nonsuch, or disported themselves in the meadows of Richmond, and by the lovely banks of the languid reaches of the Thames, talked high courtesy, exchanged quips, quirks, sonnets, and madrigals, and framed their speech to high-flown elegance. Lady Jane Gray, Queen Elizabeth, Anne Cooke, and her sisters, were types of the culture of their times, not prodigies. Nor did the courtiers confine their zeal to mere holiday ostentation. They practiced themselves assiduously in all the graces and varieties of composition. The refinement and majesty of the Elizabethan style was largely due to the propitious circumstance, that it had been in great measure nurtured in the soil and atmosphere of a gallant, intellectual, and learned court. 'In her Majestie's time that now is,' remarks Puttenham, between 1584 and 1588, 'are sprong up an other crew of courtly makers, noble men and gentlemen of her Majestie's own servauntes, who have written excellently well, as would appear if their doings could be found out and made publicke with the rest, of which number is first that noble gentleman, Edward, Earle of Oxford; Thomas, Lord of Bukhurst, when he was young; Henry, Lord Paget, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Rawleigh, Master Edward Dyer, Master Fulke Greuell, Gascon, Britton, Turberville, and a great many other learned gentlemen, whose names I do not omit for envie, but to avoyde tediousnesse, and who have deserved no little commendation.' This testimony is corroborated by the similar declaration of Sir Philip Sidney, and other contemporary evidence. The like diligence was exhibited by more retired students; and during those years of painstaking, and, for the most part, unostentatious preparation, all the constituents of the language were remoulded, tested, and refined. Without recurring to the testimony of Ben Jonson, so recently cited, and leaving out of consideration writers whose commanding genius may have occasioned the characteristics of their style, it will be sufficient, for the recognition of the great change in composition under Elizabeth, to compare the treatises of Roger Ascham, the sermons of Thomas Lever, and the later poems



in *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557), with the *Fragmenta Regalia* of Sir Robert Naunton, and the prose and poetry of the unfortunate Robert Southwell.

Languages form themselves and grow, for the most part, by gradual accretions and almost unconscious development. This statement, however, is applicable only to the main body of the vulgar speech. To adapt the tongue, in the first instance, or after serious internal perturbation, to literary employment, requires patient effort, and the repeated experiments of both plodding industry and happy genius. Hence the early poets are the first legislators of polished expression, and much of their poetic invention is expended in discerning, applying, and commending appropriate models of word, and phrase, and structure, and suitable metrical combinations. The importance of the service is apt to be overlooked or underrated after it has been performed. It was in the discharge of this function that Chaucer earned the praise of being 'the well of English undefiled.' The more striking merits of his poetry were things apart, though requiring the fit instrument which he devised for himself and for the coming time. It is difficult to discover other claims to the high reputation which 'ancient Gower' enjoyed than those which are derived from his vocabulary, his phraseology, and the precision of his versification. The creative faculty must provide the apt medium of communication, before it can be employed successfully to convey bright images, suggestive thoughts, glowing descriptions, and ennobling sentiments.

This task requires to be repeated whenever any great change in the constitution of the language has shattered the previous moulds of expression, unsettled the pronunciation, and destroyed the earlier rhythms. Many such periods occur in the career of any long-descended literature. At a comparatively recent date, much of the contemporary fame of Dryden, and Pope, and Addison, may be attributed to the service which they rendered to the language after it had been Gallicized by the Restoration.

This function is not, however, uniformly or exclusively discharged by poets or prosaists of high renown. In the inter-

mediate transitions between the more illustrious eras, critical inquiries, or the obscure experiments of poetical and other aspirants, precede or unite with the labors of great bards in preparing the constituents of song. This was notably the case throughout the reign of Elizabeth, as will become apparent in reviewing the linguistic history of the time. Scarcely ever were so many and such varied efforts made for the adaptation, expansion, and reconstitution of a language as were deliberately undertaken in behalf of the English during the second part of the sixteenth century.

Such labors were imperatively required to introduce order and harmony into the confusion of the past hundred years, to provide for the multitudinous needs of the approaching destiny of the tongue, and to frame it for the large purposes of statesmanship, diplomacy, war, industry, commerce, discovery, and adventure; philosophy, theology, oratory, poetry, and miscellaneous literature.

When Elizabeth ascended the throne the English language was in a thoroughly disorganized and unsettled condition. The disorder is veiled from us by the preluding strains of such rare poets as Wyatt, Surrey, and Sackville, who heralded the still remote glories of the Elizabethan age. But the vocabulary was heterogeneous and unascertained, the grammatical structure unregulated, the mode of arrangement awkward and incongruous, the pronunciation fluctuating, the metrical principles and combinations undetermined. The aptitudes of the noble but shapeless speech were unknown, for the appropriate adaptations had not been made. An occasional notice in Caxton may inform us in regard to the untempered mortar of the 'broad and rude English' at the close of the fifteenth century. Equally instructive indications in regard to the condition of the English, after the turn of the sixteenth century, are afforded by Puttenham in the chapter *Of Language*, in his Third Book.

The prevalent discordances and '*disconvenances*' of the speech were due to numerous potent influences which may be readily discerned and appreciated. The old literature and the old utterance of Mandeville and Wyclif, Chancer, Gower, and

Lydgate, had become thoroughly antiquated south of the Tweed or the Humber. The forms of words, the inflections, and the syntax—even the sounds themselves—had been altered during the long slumber of letters, and by the turmoil and violence of the sanguinary wars of York and Lancaster. Battle had raged over the land from Hexham to the Thames, and from the Severn to the Wash. Marching and countermarching armies had traversed nearly all the counties; foraging and marauding bands had penetrated into the most secluded spots; the gibbet had been busy with the notabilities of every shire; and for more than thirty years the country had been harried with ravage, and the population mingled in endless confusion by the vicissitudes of war. The effect of this long agitation and various interfusion of masses of men from various districts was, of course, to bring provincial dialects into contact and connection with each other, and with the previously cultivated speech; and to modify that speech by rubbing off the remnants of inflection, obliterating niceties of syntax, disregarding elegance, altering the accentuation and the pronunciation, and forcing in metic forms and vocables, while rendering the new conglomerate more widely intelligible than any former dialect. This is the ordinary result of such commotions and coalescences. The constituents of the language were augmented and simplified, but the language was left vague and disorganized.

During the fierce intestine discords the art of printing was invented on the borders of Germany; before they were closed it was established in England by Caxton. This was a new cause of disturbance, though it tended to produce ultimately order, uniformity, and elegance. The early productions of the English press were chiefly translations from the French, and added new Gallicisms to the old. Greater confusion was, however, occasioned by the fluctuating orthography which represented variously an unsettled orthoëpy. In the matter of spelling, every writer, printer, and type-setter 'did that which was right in his own eyes,' and thus gave the sanction of apparent authority to endless anomalies. Some of the immediate consequences of the new invention are judiciously indicated in

Wood's *Changes of the English Language*. The multiplication of words, identical in all copies of the same impression, tended to form a uniform language out of the various intermingled dialects, in which the dialect of London and of the court naturally predominated. It aided in extending the disuse of inflections, and thus necessitated considerable alterations of construction. It gave prominence to punctuation, an auxiliary of composition previously little noticed or regarded, and ever since greatly exaggerated and abused. It favored the diffusion of learning, and the benefits derivable from the study and admiration of classical exemplars; but this tendency was much retarded by counteracting agencies.

Almost simultaneously with the introduction of printing into England came the study of classical, and especially of Greek literature. Its earliest results were not improvements of the native speech, though Sir John Chekes, Professor of Greek at Oxford, and several of his pupils, were its earnest cultivators and premature purists in its use. On the contrary, the language was encumbered with a strange progeny of ancient lineage: there were awkward imitations of classical terms of expression; the English construction, simplified by the renunciation of nearly all grammatical inflections, was tortured into unnatural, uncongenial, and pedantic shapes; and English thought was as little at ease in its unfamiliar dress as the ladies of the Japanese mission are reported to be in Parisian fashions.

These ungainly classical distortions were aggravated by the literary consequences of the Reformation, which soon followed the invention of printing and the revival of classical learning. It is a delusion to suppose that the great religious innovation promoted culture and scholarship in the immediately succeeding period. The adverse testimonies are too numerous, positive, and unimpeachable to be discredited. It provoked theological controversy, which is never propitious to polite letters; it narrowed the range of intellectual pursuits, and exacerbated the feelings of the contending parties; it concentrated attention on the engrossing and all-important topics of religious dissension. It thus discouraged elegant literature; it imported

new shoals of foreign words and phrases, ancient and modern ; it rendered zeal and confidence much more effectual aids to authorship than art or the graces of art. These consequences may be well illustrated by Bishop Bale's works.

The disorganizing agencies are not yet fully enumerated. The Reformation in England led to some familiarity with the treatises and language of the German reformers ; it incited numerous translations from the French and Italian, as well as from the contemporaneous Latin. The wars between the Empire and France, and the connection of England with these wars, invited our acquaintance with foreign tongues, and engendered a special admiration for the splendid productions of the Italian muse. Thence followed the fashionable affectation of Italian fashions, Italian manners, and Italian peculiarities of speech. The extent to which such imitation was carried in the early reign of Elizabeth, and in the preceding years, may be estimated from Roger Ascham's severe and repeated censure of 'Italianated English,' and 'Italianated morals'; from many touches in Lyly's *Euphues*; from the critical study of the writings of the times, and from frequent allusions of contemporary, or nearly contemporary, authors.

It was a strange medley that was produced by the combined action of so many potent agencies on a language in a state of deliquescence, but enriched by vast accessions of heterogeneous materials of domestic origin, and only waiting for rest to satisfy its avidity of recrystallization. Butler's celebrated description of the eloquence of Sir Hudibras might justly be applied to much English writing during the first half of Elizabeth's reign. All languages, not wholly insulated, self-sufficient, and endogenous, contract this distemper at some stage or other of their growth. Horace proves it for the Latin, Rabelais for the French, and the Gongorists for the Spanish.

Before indicating the labors by which order was brought out of this chaos, and an ampler, nobler, and more plastic speech was evolved out of this apparently hopeless Babel, it may be expedient to allude to another cause of alteration in the language. This was the recent and contemporaneous extension of geographical knowledge, and the enthusiasm of the English

navigators and soldiers of Elizabeth's reign for maritime and military adventure, for foreign travel, and for the exploration of remote, strange, or unknown countries. The anxiety for information in regard to new lands and novel transactions was fully shared then by 'the gentlemen of England who lived at home at ease, as Edward Webbe, Chief Master Gunner, *His Travailes*,' and the collection of Richard Hackluyt, may assure us. The prophecy of Daniel was realized, that 'many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased'—a passage employed by Bacon for the motto to his *Advancement of Learning*. To this spirit, and to the experiences gathered by its operation, must be ascribed the excitement, the exaltation of the time, the prosecutions of enterprise and inquiry in all directions, the acceptance of words from nearly every language under the sun, the acquisition of names for almost everything capable of being named, and the enormous wealth of words then added to the language, and not yet fully registered. To note but one example: it is said that the multitudinous vocabulary of Philemon Holland has never been precisely ascertained.

The disintegrating agencies which rendered the English 'a Babylonish dialect' have now been indicated. It remains to be shown by what process of reintegration the English of Shakspeare was fashioned out of this confusion in a single generation.

We must first recall what has been already said of the learning, literary pretensions, and example of the Queen, and of the nobles and gentry of her court. There is an honest warmth in Roger Ascham's attestation of his royal studies which permits no deduction on the score of supposed adulation. An impulse was thus communicated, a fashion was set, and dignity was conferred upon literature and scholarly pursuits. Admiration of the Greek and Latin, and the desire to rival or reproduce the triumphs of the French, and especially of the Italian, inspired frequent imitations. Watson's *Antigone* and *Hecatompattia* may suffice as witnesses. These dispositions cherished an eager diligence of translation, not simply or mainly to transfer the thought and substance of ancient or

modern masterpieces to home use, but for the sake of domesticating acknowledged beauties, and of training the luxuriant redundance of the rambling vernacular to the discipline and decorous shape of artistic composition. Roger Ascham, in his *Scholemaster*, commenced in 1563, strenuously commends the practice of translation for the acquisition of style, and for the correction of errors in the still unregulated tongue.

. . . . 'Surelie the mynde by dailie marking, first, the cause and matter; than, the wordes and phrases; next, the order and composition; after, the reason and argumentes; than, the formes and figures of both the tonges; lastelie, the measure and compas of everie sentence; must nedes, by litle and litle, drawe unto it the like shape of eloquence as the author doth use which is red.' . . . .

. . . . 'A true touchstone, a sure metwand lieth before . . . their eyes. For, all right congruitie: proprietie of wordes: order in sentences: the right imitation to invent good matter, to dispose it in good order, to confirme it with good reason, to expresse any purpose fitlie and orderlie, is learned thus both easelie and perfitlie.'

The benefit expected from this procedure had been previously contemplated in his *Toxophilus*, when apologizing for the employment of his native tongue in the composition of that treatise.

Sir Thomas Hoby, in his epistle appended to his version of *Il Cortegiano* of Baldassaro Cortegiano (1561), manifests the same design of improving the English language. Sir John Cheke, in acknowledging the work, responds:

'I am of the opinion that our own tung should be written cleane and pure, unmixt and unmangled with borowing of other tungen, wherein if we take not heed in tijm, ever borowing and never paying, she shall be fain to keep her house as bankrupt. For then doth our tong naturallie and praisablie utter her meaning when she bouroweth to counterfeitnes of other tungen to attire herself withall, but useth plainlie her own with such shift, as nature, craft, experiens and folowing of other excellent doth lead her unto, and if she want at ani tijm (as being imperflight she must), yet let her borow with such

bashfulness, as mai appeer, that if either the mould of her own tong could serve us to fasain a word of our own, or if the old denisoned wordes could content and ease this neede, we would not boldly venture of unknown wordes.'

'This maister Cheekes' judgement,' says Sir Thomas Wilson, in the dedication of his translation of *The Olynthiacs of Demosthenes* to Lord Burleigh, Chekes' brother-in-law, 1570, 'was great in translating out of one tongue into another; and better skill he had in our English speech to judge of the phrases and properties of wordes, and divide sentences, than any else that I have knowne.' . . . .

Similar declarations as to the value of translations for the improvement of the English might be multiplied without difficulty. Such, then, were the opinions of eminent men in those times, who were statesmen, ambassadors, courtiers, as well as scholars and authors. Their strong commendations of the practice of translation, and of the services to be thence expected in the needful culture of the indigenous speech, may have been in part the expression of a prevailing sentiment, but they must have fostered and guided the procedure accordant with that sentiment. Hence it resulted, that at no period in the history of our language, or, perhaps, of any other language, were so many and such notable translations of the masterpieces of Greece and Rome, of France and Italy, made by men of marked genius and attainments. Nearly all the greater or more interesting authors of antiquity were furnished, during the reign of Elizabeth, with a close-fitting garb of domestic fabric, and the best productions of foreign growth were transplanted into the English soil. A formal enumeration of the labors thus undertaken would occupy more space than could be accorded to it, and would be otherwise inappropriate; but it may be expedient to indicate a few of those versions which contributed most efficaciously to enrich, systematize, and adorn the vernacular style.

A passing reference to the several versions of the Holy Scriptures should not be omitted, though, with the exception of Parker's or the Bishop's Bible, they preceded or followed the reign of Elizabeth. Early in her reign appeared—



*The Phœnissæ of Euripides,* by George Gascoyne and Francis Kinwelmarsh.

*Seneca's Agamemnon,* by John Studley, and his other tragedies by other hands in subsequent years.

*Ovid's Metamorphoses* were turned into English fourteen-syllable iambs between 1565 and 1575. Earlier translations of detached episodes had been produced by Thomas Pund and others. *The Heroides*, by George Turberville, appeared in 1567. *The Ibis*, by Thomas Underdowne, in 1569; and the first three books of the *Tristia*, by Thomas Churchyard, in 1580.

A version of Epigrams, principally from Martial, by Timothy Kendal, was issued from the press in 1577.

*The Satires of Horace* were rendered into English verse by Thomas Drant, and were dedicated to the learned sisters Lady Bacon and Lady Cecil. Next year he added *The Art of Poetry* and *The Epistles*.

The translation of Virgil was commenced earlier than any of these authors, but it was slowly brought to completion. Nine books of *The Æneid*, and the beginning of the tenth, were rendered by Thomas Phaier, between 1555 and 1560, and completed in 1584 by Thomas Twyne.

'Phaier undertook this translation,' says Warton in his *History of British Poetry*, for the defence, to use his own phrase, of the English language, 'which had been by too many deemed incapable of elegance and propriety, and for the "honest recreation of you, the nobilitie, gentlemen, and ladies, who study in Latyn."'

Boccaccio was translated by William Paynter. The novels of Bandello by William Warner. Other French and Italian tales by Geoffrey Fenton, who also introduced *The Histories of Guicciardini* to the English public.

Harrington's Ariosto, Fairfax's Tasso, Marlowe's Musæus, Sandys' Ovid, and Chapman's *Iliads of Homer*, belong to the later years of Elizabeth. Florio's Montasqui is assigned to her last year, and Philemon Holland's versions of Livy, Pliny, Plutarch, Suetonius, Ammianus, Marcellinus, and Xenophon, cover the years from 1600 to his own death in 1636.

These examples, hastily gleaned, may show how much aid was afforded to the culture of the English language and of literary taste by the efforts made to introduce the best works of other times and of other lands to home readers.

Besides the discipline thus afforded to the translators by the execution of their tasks, the enlargement and elevation of the range of examples presented for imitation, and the modifications which the language experienced in being adapted to the expression of alien thought, further and equally valuable assistance was simultaneously received from systematic treatises on the English tongue itself, and on its employment for literary purposes. It is from the numerous works of this character that the most satisfactory evidence may be obtained of the kind and amount of deliberate effort that was made to harmonize the native speech, to reduce it to order and symmetry, and to endow it with that fulness, breadth, power, plasticity, and grace which it displayed before the century came to an end.

In the faithful reconstitution of the language which was then commenced, scarcely any grammatical or rhetorical characteristic of the tongue was overlooked. Each was reexamined, and nearly all received some amelioration.

The earliest work of this type that attracts regard in this connection is Sir Thomas Wilson's *Rhetorike*, first published in 1553, and several times reprinted in the ensuing years.

The second part of Roger Ascham's *Scholemaster*, which was finished in 1566, is chiefly devoted to rhetorical precepts for the study of Latin, which long continued to be the language in connection with which the art of composition was taught.

*The Arcadian Rhetorike* of Abraham Fraunce, printed in 1588, was, however, furnished with English illustrations, as well as with examples from the 'Greeke, Latyne, Italian, Frenche, and Spanish.'

But a work of greater name, if not of greater value, than any or all of them, was John Lyly's *Euphues*, with its continuation, *Euphues, and his England*, whose dates are respectively 1579 and 1580. Few books have ever acquired a more sud-

den or more extensive popularity than this. Few have ever been more commented upon and ridiculed, without being read, since its transitory dominion was ended. Its nature and its aims are utterly misapprehended by Sir Walter Scott in his grotesque portraiture of Sir Piercie Shafton. The ordinary reader derives from Scott's *Monastery* his conception of euphuism. The less incurious student usually regards the euphuistic style, not only as a bold innovation, but also as a pedantic exaggeration of pedantic phraseology. There is little validity in either opinion. There is no more pedantry of expression in Lyly than there is in Sidney, or in many of the older contemporaries of Sidney. There is an endless reduplication of learned allusions, of far-fetched analogies, of overstrained conceits. There is an irrepressible rage of antithesis, which surpasses even Macaulay's excesses in that way. But the mere expression is simple, easy, and clear. The construction of the sentences is less elaborate than is customary even now; and they exhibit a neatness which makes us oblivious of their age by reminding us of Addisonian graces. The peculiarities of euphuism, which won court and popular favor, were the affectations in thought and sentiment, which some years later, when the fashion was more subdued, were satirized by Shakspeare in the person of Holofernes. That erudite Bœotian thus declares his faculty:

'This is a gift that I have, simple, simple: a foolish, extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, notions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.'

What Lyly appears to have done, and which rendered him a legitimate object of admiration and imitation, was to moderate both the rudeness and the extravagance of speech, to discountenance the habitual employment of Latin, Greek, French, and Italian words and phrases, and of Latinized, Hellenized, Gallicized, and Italianated forms of expression, to simplify and modulate the language, and, still more, to abridge sentences and to regulate their structure. *Euphuus* is a treatise

of rhetoric — art-teaching by example — designed for the regulation of the language, and rendering much good service in this respect, however tedious the story may be, however superfluous and fatiguing the constant embellishments of the thought by redundant similitudes. It is in its character of a rhetorical looking-glass, to adopt one of the habitual images of that time, that it has claimed commemoration here; and it is a significant proof of the care and interest excited in behalf of English style that such a work was welcomed with such acclamation. This evidence is unaffected by the diverse estimates which may be entertained of the merits or demerits of the composition itself.

George Puttenham's *Arts of English Poesie*, 1589, furnishes additional indications of the current of English inquiry during these years. It will claim further notice hereafter. It is now named only to mention that it devotes most of the third book, and almost half of the whole volume, to the discussion of the figures of speech, and some other rhetorical topics.

While attention was thus directed to the requirements of elegant composition in general, earnest treatment was also bestowed upon its several constituents. The history, the vocabulary, the orthography, the orthoëpy, the prosody, and the whole grammatical constitution of the English language were curiously handled.

Archbishop Parker's antiquarian collections, and his editions of the quarto-English chroniclers, were the commencement of British archæology, while his devotion to Anglo-Saxon learning laid the foundations, too long neglected, for the historical and philosophical appreciation of the later speech.

The numerous dictionaries of other tongues, produced between 1559 and 1599, contributed much to settle and to make known the abundance of English vocables. The names of Cooper, Withals, Higgins, Baret, Waddington, Rider, Percivale, Hollybard, and Florio, attest both the active prosecution of lexicography and the extent of the linguistic studies which demanded such assistance.

Many endeavors were made to ascertain or to establish the

correct spelling and pronunciation of English words, and schemes of phonography were as numerous and elaborately set forth as they have been in recent times since the ingenious projects of Mr. Pitman.

Salesbury's works, *A Dictionarie in Englishe and Welshe*, 1547, and *A Playne and Familiar Introduction, Teaching how to Pronounce the Letters in the Brytische Tongue*, 1567, are immediately concerned with the Welsh, but elucidate for us, and noted at the time, the current pronunciation of English. This is signally the case with his *Account of English Pronunciation*, prefixed to the earlier work, and reproduced in Ellis' invaluable treatise on *Early English Pronunciation*. The second work was succeeded in the next year by Sir Thomas Smith's essay, *De Recta et Emendata Linguae Anglicae Scriptione*. 1568.

The ensuing year brought out a book composed twenty years earlier: John Hart, *On Orthographie*. (1569.) In this production new symbols for the sounds were invented and employed instead of the familiar letters of the English alphabet. It was, accordingly, a phonetic treatise.

Of the like character is *Bullokar's Book at large, for the Amendment of the Orthographie of the English Speech*. (1580.) Instead of new symbols for the sounds, Bullokar employed combinations of the customary characters, or adds diacritical marks to them.

More notable than these works for actual service rendered, though scarcely more indicative of the spirit of the day, are the tractates on English metres, or on the whole subject of English poetry. To this period we owe the first rhyming dictionary of English—Peter Levins' *Maniplus Vocabulorum: A Rhyming Dictionary of the English Language*. (1570.) It has been included among the republications of the Early English Text Society. Levins informs the reader that 'the quantitie is small, so that the price being little, the poorer sorte may be able to bie it.' Whereupon his recent editor observes: 'It cannot but surprise us to find that so early as 1570 there was a demand for such assistance to the poetasters of the time.' The chief value of this book now is, to show the contempo-

rary pronunciation and accentuation of a large number of English words; but, in the preface, Levins affords some instruction in regard to the condition of the language from which he so industriously culled out the rhymes.

Notwithstanding this demand, and the aid thus afforded, no great progress was yet made in poetic composition. The heaven-sent genius had not yet descended to file the language to its highest polish, and to tune it to its truest purpose of 'high thoughts best describing.' Sir Philip Sidney observed: 'I have just cause to make a pittiful defence of poore poetrie, which from almost the highest estimation of learning is fallen to be the laughing stocke of children.' The essay from which this citation is made is Sir Philip Sidney's *Apologie of Poetrie*, which may be assigned to the year 1582. It was not published till several years after the author's death, but was, doubtless, circulated previously among his friends, and only reproduced thoughts and sentiments uttered in conversation with the acolytes patronized by him. Contemplated in this light, and taken in connection with otherwise known characteristics of that age of preparation, it is very instructive for us. We find that the aptitudes of English for poetical composition (and with Sir Philip all fiction was poetry) were the subject of anxious investigation and experiment. Sir Philip and his *protégé*, Edmund Spenser, were, for a while, seduced by Gabriel Harvey's zeal for the naturalization of the classic metres, a project neither first entertained by Harvey nor confined to his little school. Nevertheless, Sidney recognized the greater congeniality of English rhyme, and the intrinsic excellences of rhyming verse, if worthily handled. He, furthermore, discerned that the metrical capacities of English rhyme were fully comparable to those of the Latin, or even of the Greek metres. Many objections, then habitually made to the English, are judiciously refuted in this remarkable tract; and the alleged blemishes are declared to be imperfections only in consequence of want of skill in those who had used the still untrained instrument. Doubtless Sir Philip, by his example, by his position, by his social charms and chivalrous graces, by his passion for letters, by his patronage of learning and genius,

communicated a main impulse to the magnificent fruitage which ripened so soon after his decease; but he himself received the impulse, which he transmitted with augmented force to his successors.

Of those successors Puttenham was the chief. His *Arte of English Poesie* is singularly full and complete for the period. It is a methodical treatise on nearly all parts of 'the poet's high vocation.' Its notices of the language, and of early and recent poets, reveal the tastes, attainments, and aspirations of the time; and, though his examples are by no means felicitous, they show the current of contemporary thought. One of the most precious indications furnished by the work, is the proof that it affords of the constant investigations and experiments then undertaken to domesticate all foreign graces, and to determine the metres, the metrical combinations, and the metrical principles best suited for the development of English verse. His taste is often grievously at fault, but bad taste cannot disguise the anxiety entertained for the cultivation of taste, and for the creation of a worthy literature.

Webbe's *Discourse of English Poetrie* (1586) is an additional testimony to the same effect. It is intermediate in time between the treatises of Sidney and Puttenham. It possesses much less interest than either. It aims to discountenance rhyme, and to recommend the imitation and adoption of the classical versification. The author's ludicrous exemplifications of his doctrine are not calculated to strengthen his arguments. The proposal has been often renewed since, and has always failed. It has been revived in our day, with a delusive appearance of feasibility, by Longfellow, Kingsley, Ellis, and numerous other artists of less merit than theirs.

These notices furnish a very brief exhibition of the labors, deliberately and conscientiously performed in many modes, during the first half of Elizabeth's reign, for the re-formation of the language, which became such a potent instrument in the hands of the great authors, who were the glory of her later years. It is a still more inadequate exhibition of the evidences which illustrate in detail the character of those labors.

Enough, however, has been said to make it manifest that, at the commencement of the period, the English language was in a rude and disorderly state; that it required regulation and culture; that there was little congruity or assimilation between its parts; that its vocabulary, pronunciation, structure, and prosody, were wavering and indistinct, and needed fresh determination; that these demands were felt and appreciated; that in every department they were so far satisfied by conscious, long-continued, intelligent, and diversified efforts, as to generate the sweet, comprehensive, flexible, vigorous, and majestic utterance of Spenser, Shakspeare, Hooker, Raleigh, Bacon, and the rest of 'the early gods.'

Much more extensive changes took place in English in other ages; more violent and startling alterations occurred in the Latin between the Scipios and Cicero, and in the French between Rabelais and Descartes; but it may be questioned whether any tongue was ever so happily expanded, ameliorated, and recast, by persistent design, as was the English during the first thirty years of the Maiden Queen.

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ART. VIII.—*The General History of the Christian Religion and Church.* By August J. W. Neander. From the German. Eight volumes. Edinburgh. 1852.

The visible church catholic of the Protestant world presents diversity in unity. In this respect it has nearly reproduced the primitive state of Christianity at that post-Apostolic age, when synodical meetings of the clergy became the recognized bonds of union and regulators among the churches. The only difference is, that the distinctions are less geographical and somewhat more denominational. But the several ecclesiastical provinces of the primitive Christendom then bore toward each other the same amicable relations of independence and correspondence which now unite the Reformed and Lutheran Churches. Whence, the famous maxim of the Bishop of Hyppo now finds the same recognition as when it was uttered:



*'In necessariis unitas: in indifferentibus libertas: in omnibus caritas.'* It does and should result from this constitution of things, that each denomination of Christians manages its own particular interests for itself. But it also follows that there are other interests common to all. Such is the topic named at the head of this article. It once received the intelligent and watchful care of Protestant statesmen and Christians; it now seems likely to present another of those instances, of which history is so full, of intermitted knowledge and concern, resulting in the forfeiture of precious rights, understood and won for us by our ancestors, and by us enjoyed, misunderstood, and lost.

In discussing the tendencies of ecclesiastical wealth, we will first take a rapid review of its history. We find the sacred Scriptures, while calling abused wealth 'the mammon of unrighteousness,' yet recognizing its utility in promoting the cause of God. This followed unavoidably from the selection by God of incarnate men, instead of angels, as the ministers of his religion. For, as they require subsistence, just as others do who pursue less sacred avocations, and can employ human arts of printing and such like for their sacred ends, some money obviously finds its legitimate use in their labors. Hence the divine ordinances: 'They who serve the altar shall live of the altar'; 'Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel.' Under the Old Testament, the ministers of religion were provided for out of the tithe and the first fruits. (Deuteronomy xiv. from 22 to end.) These revenues, as we apprehend, were divided between the priests and Levites, the widows, orphans, beggars, and foreigners, and the hospitalities of the donors themselves, and their families, during the annual festival at which they were paid over.<sup>1</sup> These tithes and first fruits, if we may believe the learned Rabbi, David Levi, were only a free-will offering, so far as the right of the ministers went, although matter of positive injunction as to God. They could not be forcibly collected by the priests or Levites by any process

<sup>1</sup> We discard, as wholly untenable, the theory of a 'second tithe,' held by some archæologists, to be distributed to the latter classes.

of law. They were also paid usually 'in kind,' and were, therefore, perishable; or if converted into money, for convenience of transportation, their reconversion and consumption were positively enjoined. (Deut. xiv. 22 to 27.) In Numbers xxxv. 2 to 5, we read that the priestly tribe, which had no territory allotted to it, was provided with homes in forty-eight villages, to each of which was attached a rectangular 'suburb' of pasture and arable land, of about eleven hundred and sixty yards' extent on each side, containing, probably, about two hundred and eighty acres. This was no very lavish allowance for a community which (Numbers iii. 43 to 46) was found to include twenty-two thousand males over a month old. The whole territory amounted to but twenty-one square miles, each of which must have had a population of two thousand and ninety-five residing on, but not, indeed, wholly sustained by, these little tracts. According to the Hebrew agrarian law, no land could be alienated from the posterity of its original owners for more than forty-nine years. See the law of the Jubilee, by which all land reverted at the fiftieth year. John Selden, in his treatise, *De Successionibus Hebræarum*, affirms that this law as strictly inhibited the alienation of lands to sacred persons and places as to secular purchasers, so that there was no opening for the sacred tribe to attain the possession of more land or revenues through bequests to them or to the sanctuary. Such was the modest provision designed by God for his ministers in the Hebrew Church.

Under the New Testament He assigned no homes to the ministers of religion, probably because the missionary character of the dispensation forbade so permanent a residence. But, as we have seen, from 1 Cor. ix. 13, 14, He provided for them a just application of the law of our Savior, that 'the laborer is worthy of his hire.' They which preached the gospel lived of the gospel. The weekly oblation of the faithful, contributed into the hands of the deacons as an act of worship and gratitude during the public worship of the Lord's day, was the common income, out of which the ministry and the poor were maintained. In the primitive ages it was found adequate. Much of it was contributed 'in kind,' and all of it

was used for current needs, so that the ministry had no vested source of subsistence, save in the hearts of the saints.

On the accession of Constantine to the sole Cæsarship, he began his legislative favors to the Christian Church, incited, probably, by policy. The ordinances of restitution, by which he sought to repair the cruelties of persecution, imply that some churches had already received donations and bequests of revenues, and even of lands, unsanctioned by any law of the Empire. The Edict of Milan, A. D. 321, expressly legitimated such vested gifts, authorizing bequests in perpetuity to churches and episcopal sees. Henceforward this became a recognized feature of the 'civil law,' thus applying to Christianity its old usage as to the pagan shrines and priests. And here began that course of pecuniary aggrandizement, which taught the Church so clearly that wealth is to her (like fire to the household) 'a very good servant, indeed, but a very bad master.' The result was, that the churches speedily began to grow rich by gifts and bequests of lands, rents, revenues, mines, and every species of property, real and personal. Subsequent Emperors attempted, indeed, to repress these accumulations, but in vain.

The power of ecclesiastical persons and corporations to take property, both by purchase and bequest, was fully engrafted upon the laws of the mediæval kingdoms into which the Western Empire was partitioned. When monasteries became corporate institutions, the process was greatly accelerated. Not only did all monastic foundations and cathedral seats have power to hold in perpetuity, but in many of the European States the parish priests became corporations sole, with all the powers of an undying person, to buy, inherit, and transmit to their successors in office, both real and personal estate, for the use of the parish, without limit as to the amount. Besides those potent moral influences, which we shall hereafter explain, the Romish religion armed its priests and monks with several weapons for conquering wealth to itself, peculiar to a superstitious creed. It was taught that alms given to the poor (of whom the Church was held the most proper almoner), and to pious uses, had much virtue to atone for guilt. At the

approach of death to a rich and grasping sinner, this doctrine was, of course, peculiarly operative. It was also taught that when episcopal penance was remitted to the infirmity and penitence of an erring Christian, a sum of money was a most suitable return to the Church, and expression of gratitude for her grace. Thus was opened, first for the bishops, and ultimately for the Popes, when they usurped the whole dispensation of indulgences, a fountain of wealth, with whose abundance all are familiar. The supposed virtues of relics were also compensated by rich gifts, and thus the shrines which were the fortunate possessors of these miracle-working bones and rags made them more fruitful than the richest lands and mines. During the crusades, the donations and vows of the pious soldiers of the Cross (with the less legitimate usurpations of the property of those who died in the holy wars) transferred many a manor to the Church. Every monk and nun, upon assuming the vow of poverty, must alienate his property, and it was usually bestowed upon the monastery to which he consigned his own body and soul. A more universal source of wealth was the custom of buying masses for the souls of the dead—an invention of which Romish priests, then and now, may say, with more truth than the Ephesian, Demetrius, ‘Ye know that by this craft we have our wealth.’ And last came the claim, which was successfully established in several of the European States, of the tithes according to the Hebrew law. But the Western Church was already fatally enriched before these superstitions had expanded themselves; a fact which shows that the dangers of undue ecclesiastical wealth are not peculiar to the Romish religion.

Not only Roman emperors, but yet more European kings, endeavored to check this enormous process. Hallam’s *Middle Ages* informs us that Louis IX, of France (saint as he was reputed), the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who had such peculiar motives to think ill of the Popes, and several kings of Castile, legislated against these accumulations. But the statesmen of our mother country, England, were especially watchful. The first effectual barrier against the Church’s engrossment of property was that raised by the ‘Statute of Mort-

main,' passed in the seventh year of Edward I. Rapin relates its passage thus: 'It was demonstrated to the king that in process of time all the lands would be in the hands of the clergy, if the people were still suffered to alienate their estates to the Church. And, indeed, the Church never dying, always acquiring, and never alienating, it could not but be that her riches should increase immensely, and, in the end, all the lands in the kingdom should be in her hands. Edward, having maturely considered this affair, summoned the Parliament, and proposed the making of a law to reform this abuse. The proposal was received with joy, and a statute was made whereby all persons were forbid to dispose of their estates to societies which never die, without the king's consent.' This consent must be by written license, or patent. 'This was called the "Statute of Mortmain," because it was intended to prevent estates from falling into dead hands, *i. e.*, into hands of no service to the king and the public, without hope of their ever changing their owners.' Blackstone explains the term by the facts, that monks (the chief heirs of pious bequests) were held 'dead in law.' Angel and Ames, more probably, think that the tenure was called *in mortua manu*, because it was 'the dead clutch of ecclesiastical corporations.'

The ecclesiastical or canon lawyers in England, however, soon found a way to evade the Statute of Mortmain, by the famous '*Doctrine of Uses*,' which has been the source of so much of the common and statute laws of trusts. The property was bequeathed to a secular person, but its revenues were to be for the perpetual use of the Church corporation. When this was limited by legislation, a score of other evasions was invented by the churchmen. Indeed, for many reigns, the legislation of Parliament about bequests and law tenures was a continued strife against the tricks of the canon lawyers. Thus the law of 34th Henry VIII at length made any devise of land to the use of any corporation absolutely invalid, except for a '*charitable use*.' The monasteries were now annihilated, and the Reformation in progress. But in the reign of Elizabeth it was found that the perverse ingenuity of superstition was not estopped; bequests were made to secular persons,

which claimed that it was a 'charitable use' to expend the revenues of an estate for perpetual masses for a soul in purgatory. To close this final gap the statute of 43d Elizabeth was passed, clothing the Queen's judges with power to decide whether a 'use' was superstitious or truly 'charitable,' and, in case it was found of the former sort, to substitute, of their discretion, a truly charitable use '*cy pres.*' Under this law some curious decisions are said to have been made in the English Chancery. A clergyman bequeathed to Richard Baxter £40, to circulate his *Call to the Unconverted*. This was holden a superstitious use, and yet the intent of charity was good, and it was decreed for the maintenance of a chaplain in Chelsea College. A sum of money, bequeathed to found a Jews' synagogue, was taken by the court and judicially transferred to the benefit of a foundling hospital. Even this statute of Elizabeth was found inadequate, and the statute 9th George II cut off all power to bequeath to any corporation, whether for a 'use' or not, and enacted that even a conveyance by indenture, executed by a donor or vendor himself, should be invalid, unless concluded twelve months before his death, and in the presence of two disinterested witnesses. The common law usage of England had always held that no corporation could buy land, save by special license of the king.

Yet, despite these attempted checks, the ecclesiastical estates in England, at the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII, are estimated to have included one-third of all the land in the kingdom. At the Reformation in Scotland they engrossed one-half. The same enormous proportions prevailed in some of the other kingdoms of Northern Europe. M. Neckar, as quoted by Sir Archibald Allison, states that in France, as late as the Revolution, the Church held nearly one-half of all the lands, besides factories, bridges, ferries, and mines, and collected an annual tithe of one hundred and thirty millions of francs. Of these, forty-two millions went to the support of the laborious parish curés; the remainder was engrossed by monks and higher clergy, and was wasted chiefly in ostentatious and corrupt luxury. And all this paid no tax into the nation's treasury! In Mexico, previous to the recent

secularization of the Church property, the Church endowments, treasures, and tithes, represented a capital of one hundred and seventy-nine millions of dollars.

The fathers of the commonwealth of Virginia understood the history of this subject, of which our public men are now so oblivious, for it was taught them in the school of experience. Hence we find that their early legislation swept away the whole system of half-measures, statutes of mortmain, doctrines of uses, and doctrine of *cy pres*, and established the very strictest exclusion of the very existence of ecclesiastical corporations. The termination of the old Establishment is known to every student of the history of Virginia. It is true that the General Assembly of 1784 (the very year before Mr. Jefferson's immortal act, providing for absolute religious liberty, became law), resolved that incorporation ought to be given by the legislature to every denomination of Christians asking for it. They were still acting under the impulse of those old colonial statesmen, like Pendleton, who feared to cut society loose from the Establishment. This Assembly did incorporate the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia, constituting every rector and vestry a body corporate, with power to take and hold property, real or personal, not exceeding an income of £800 per annum, to sue and be sued therefor. But the Assembly of 1799 (the fame of which every intelligent reader will remember as the expounder of the foundation principles of our government) repealed all this, with every remnant of similar legislation, and brought the laws of the State into full conformity with the 'Act of Religious Liberty,' passed in 1785. In this Assembly sat James Madison, John Taylor of Caroline, William B. Giles, and many other eminent men. The preamble to their act of repeal declares that, 'The incorporation of religious sects is inconsistent with the principles of the Constitution and of religious freedom, and manifestly tends to the establishment of a national church.'

In the Convention of 1829-30, for remodeling our Constitution, the amiable General Broadnax moved the introduction into the new Constitution of a clause empowering the Legislature to incorporate the trustees of any theological seminary,

or other religious society, or body of men created for charitable purposes, or for the advancement of piety and learning, so as to protect them in the enjoyment of their property and immunities, in such case and under such regulations as the Legislature may deem expedient and proper. After discussion, this amendment was promptly negatived, only twelve rising in its favor. Such was the jealousy with which those patriots, taught their rights in the school of suffering, regarded the danger of ecclesiastical wealth.

Until 1842 no Christian association of men for religious purposes, from a congregation of worshippers up to a theological seminary, could gain in this State any legal recognition for their property. The expedient to which they all resorted, was to have their property conveyed to individual trustees, by name, for the use of the religious body. But that body had no security except the personal integrity of these trustees, their heirs at law, and their creditors, with the vengeance of an outraged public opinion. These safeguards were, in point of fact, almost always sufficient, and no period of time, in any country, ever witnessed fewer perversions of sacred endowments. In the eye of the law, however, all property conveyed to such trustees vested in them as their own estate, and in theory could descend to their heirs, and be made subject to their creditors. While the trustees had legal remedy against any intruders, against them the congregation or society, for whose behalf the property was conveyed, had no legal remedy whatever in case of perversion. Even a chancery court would have refused to them the comprehensive process of the '*cestui que trust*,' open to all others when thus aggrieved. The law refused to know the religious society, in any way, as a legal possessor of an estate. Thus it was decreed, for instance, by Judge William Leigh, in the case of the 'Trustees of the Cumberland Church Fund,' A. D. 1838.

In 1842 the Assembly at length applied the sufficient remedy to this injustice, so far as all congregations are concerned, by passing a general law, enabling a trustee, or trustees, recognized by a circuit superior court, to hold in the country thirty acres, and in an incorporated town two acres of land, in perpe-



tuity, for the purpose of a house of worship, cemetery, school, and manse. And these trustees were now made responsible for fidelity in exercising the trust. The occasion of this just action was an occurrence at the old 'Augusta Church,' the venerable scene of the pastoral labors of Dr. Conrad Speece, which, by the lapse of its informal board of trustees, was in imminent danger of becoming the private property of a usurping person, in the face of the protest of a large and flourishing congregation, which had occupied it continuously for a century. It is a curious commentary upon the previous state of the Virginia law, that this new act was held to have no '*ex post facto*' force to rescue this church and manse from the clutch of the usurper; and, notwithstanding its passage, they were only saved to the congregation by the act of a public spirited citizen in enticing him to give them up for a more lucrative tenancy. The author of the law was the lamented Judge Baldwin, of Staunton. As soon as it went into operation all subsequent usurpations became unlawful.

Since the great upturning of the recent war, Virginia seems to have 'taken a new departure' in the matter of ecclesiastical corporations. The law of 1842, as to particular congregations, has been retained and fortified. But charters have also been given with facility to theological and such like institutions, enabling them to take, and hold in perpetuity, both personal and real estate within certain limits specified for each case. And, 'the ice being once broken,' it is presumed that similar privileges would now be given to any society asking for them, and that the limit of acquisition would be extended to almost any moderate degree, in the same incurious and accommodating spirit.

As specimens of the state of opinion and usage out of Virginia, we will refer to the great Southern State, Kentucky, and to the 'Empire State of the North,' New York. Each of these has virtually a general law of church incorporation, giving perpetual succession, and the power to take and to hold property, to the trustees of any worshipping congregation, of any name, upon complying with certain forms. In Kentucky such trustees are allowed to hold fifty acres of land for one congrega-

tion. In New York they are nominally limited to property yielding an annual income of \$3000 in the country, and of \$6000 in the cities. But the collegiate Reformed (Dutch) Churches, in Albany and New York city, are permitted to hold \$9000 annually. In both States these trustees are permitted to increase the value of houses of worship, cemeteries, schools, and manses, with all their appliances, without limit. And, in both States, not only are colleges, theological seminaries, and eleemosynary institutions, clothed with much fuller corporate powers, by special act, but many congregations have special charters, giving wider privileges. Thus Trinity Church, New York, the richest of all these corporations, has real estate valued at not less, certainly, than a hundred millions, the whole being the proceeds of what was a bequest of a few acres of land.

This review makes it manifest that, in the United States, the era of intelligent caution has passed, and that of heedless liberality has again set in.

We propose, in the second place, to consider, briefly, the principles upon which this matter should be dealt with. The safe and righteous policy as to religious endowments is a *strict mean*. On the one hand, we have seen that God (as also common sense) has recognized, by the tithe of the old dispensation, and the oblation of the old and new dispensations, the utility of some wealth in the service of Christianity. We may go farther, claiming that there are departments of gospel work in which something of permanent endowment is desirable for the fullest efficiency. Such are the maintaining of great libraries, and of schools of higher learning, and the printing of Christian books. It would be difficult to carry on these, and such like works, so economically, efficiently, or continuously, if they were provided for only by the current gifts of the pious. On the other hand, the growth of such endowments in corporate hands, under the protection of the law, cannot but involve that grave danger which history has illustrated. Hence faithful and wise legislators will never leave those accumulations unchecked and unwatched.

But some inconsiderately ask, 'Why need any difficulty be made, or any curb be imposed, on these religious corporations? Why should they not have all the facilities of any secular corporation? Are not their objects more elevated and praiseworthy? It is odious partiality to give all others corporate privileges for objects less noble — for mining coal, for navigating the seas, for smelting iron, for carrying commodities by land, for spinning cotton, and even for pursuing art and amusement, while similar protection is refused to wealth which we choose to give to the holy purposes of Christianity.' One answer would be, that our American policy toward secular and industrial corporations is unwise, unjust, and fraught with consequences ruinous to the rights of the people. It is a flinging to the winds of some of the foundation principles of British legislation and liberty. It is the founding, in the midst of our nominal democracy, of the sure bases of the vilest oligarchies; and a future experience will, doubtless, teach our children to rue our heedlessness, just as our forefathers did the permission of the tenure in mortmain.

But a second and just answer is, that the cases are essentially different between secular and ecclesiastical corporations. We will not argue that when the State finds it necessary to its welfare, it may justly discriminate against a certain species of corporate body, because 'property is the creature of the State.' From this proposition we most emphatically dissent. Property is the creature of *our Maker*, who, by his authority, instituted both the existence of the commonwealth and the duties of civil allegiance, and the rights of personal property in individual families. But we claim such right of discrimination for the commonwealth, because *corporations are its creatures*. If it appear that spiritual corporations must possess peculiar powers of accumulation, and that the perversion of their hoards must be peculiarly certain and peculiarly mischievous, then the State is bound to refuse such opportunities to these creatures of her own creation. God, not the State, creates the Church, as a spiritual power; the State, not God, creates its secular, property-holding character. Witness the fact, that the New Testament gives no church any estate, save the current oblations of the

pious. We hold, then, that even where it is judged proper to grant an existence to a spiritual corporation, it should be the object of sleepless vigilance and rigid restraint.

First, because, like other perpetual corporations, it holds *in mortmain*. It never dies and distributes. It possesses an *entail* of the most rigid character. The mention of this word, *entail*, should be enough to suggest to every advocate of republican government a crowd of objections to all exorbitant accumulations in permanent hands. For wealth has a power to attract wealth. As soon as an accumulation passes a certain mediocrity it begins to create a vortical suction of other wealth to itself. It also suggests, while it furnishes the means of unproductive consumption in luxury. Wealth is power, and the possession of power fosters the greed for more. Thus, all permanent and monopolizing accumulations are mischievous and dangerous to the general welfare. It is the wisdom of the commonwealth to repress them, and to encourage their redistribution. Thus, the parental affection of wealthy men does good, when it prompts them to divide their accumulations among numerous children. And all mercantile legislation is mischievous which tends to give to any individuals or classes a monopoly of the means of acquiring wealth. Even aristocratic England understands this truth so well that her whole policy is to restrict the entail of property in the hands of her hereditary nobility, and we are informed that no legal devise is valid to create a new entail beyond the second generation.

Second, both the gracious and the natural principles of a Christian people surely prompt them to give, and especially to bequeath, wealth continually to ecclesiastical persons and bodies. But these, being deathless, always acquiring, and never distributing, must ultimately acquire an inordinate hoard. Suppose a sincere Christian actuated by the most laudable motives in the disposition made of his wealth, he is likely to feel the most praiseworthy impulses to devote it to the cause of God. His most sacred principles teach him that he is a 'steward' of the wealth Providence has dispensed to him, and must give a strict account for its use; that the ends

designed by the Christian Church are the noblest and most beneficent known on earth; that her ministers are the most zealous, disinterested, and philanthropic of almoners; and that their advice and wishes are his best guides in selecting the objects of his benefactions. Hence he most conscientiously sanctifies the impulse which prompts him to bequeath or give his wealth to pious uses through these clerical agents.

But suppose to these motives are superadded those selfish and superstitious feelings which assume the garb of religious affections, and which are, unfortunately, so nearly universal. These are often strongest in the worst men. We have, under the mask of zeal for the truth, party spirit, and with it the lust of applause. As death approaches, especially, a guilty conscience craves reconciliation with the dread Judge it must soon meet, and almsgiving to his cause is then peculiarly seductive, because it can combine the gratification of selfishness with the satisfaction of self-righteousness. The property given to God must be surrendered at all events. The need of some propitiation to offer heaven is the strongest and most universal want of the soul. The worldly and the wicked feel it in the hour of the awakening of conscience just as acutely as any; and having no practical knowledge of the divine sacrifice, they are only the more eager, in the hour of their remorse, to find some ransom for the sin of the soul. It is the most probable and natural of all results, that they should bethink themselves of that which has been hitherto most precious to them, and which has been so sinfully acquired—their wealth—and propose to make an expiation by its sacrifice. Some one may exclaim: 'But this delusion cannot have place under the light of evangelical Christianity!' We know that it will have more currency under a corrupt creed, which teaches that alms have an atoning virtue. We know how clearly the Christian Scriptures teach us that the redemption of the soul is too precious for any such price as gold, and that it ceaseth forever. But the ether is the theology of the natural heart, and all our protests cannot explode it. The guilty and self-righteous heart will obstinately harbor it, and in the hour of its anguish will attempt to practice it.

Third, the principles of the purest and most truly disinterested clergy prompt them to encourage continual gifts to pious uses, and persistently to husband all that are bestowed. Good men are not insensible to the love of wealth and power, to party spirit, to the pleasure of success; and what is more probable than that the plea, 'It is for Christ and for souls,' should render them unconscious of these sentiments? But even let us grant that these natural feelings are dead in their saintly minds, still clergymen cannot but make an exalted estimate of the excellence and beneficence of those labors and plans of religious amelioration, to which their own lives are so generously devoted. Hence, they will most honestly and earnestly advise their confiding people, that the worthiest use of wealth is to devote it to these objects. Again, the field is the world; the wants of the Church must properly be boundless, so long as she is charged with this almost immense task, and there is a sense in which she can never have enough of means. But the pastoral functions of a godly clergy necessarily arm them with an influence over their flock which their genuine virtues enhance. Their opinions and advice are venerable. They wield truths and inducements which, however slighted by men in the hour of prosperity, are omnipotent with saint and sinner in the solemn hours of calamity, remorse, and death. The ministers of Protestant Christianity are but 'servants of all,' and not priests, armed with the ghostly powers of making, or at least dispensing, expiation for guilt and remission of sins. True, this mitigates the mischief. And the power claimed on the other theory is so enormous, and, in any hands but those of divine wisdom and perfection, so liable to the most frightful abuses, that this view alone convinces us Christ never mean to entrust it to corrupt hands, and makes us wonder that any civilized community has ever endured the usurpation. But here, again, we must remark that this monstrous theory is precisely the theology natural to man's blind and guilty heart. The earnest disclaimers of the Protestant clergy cannot eradicate it from those unenlightened from above; and in Protestant communities the superstition still

operates with many hearts, that to propitiate the clergy is somehow or other to propitiate God.

In like mode we argue, that the most pure and disinterested minister of the gospel is sure to sanctify to his own conscience his tenacity of the Church's goods. 'The money is Christ's, not his own. It is a sacred trust. It is consecrated to holy and beneficent ends. It is his sacred duty to stickle for every penny.' Thus it is manifest that if experience proves that there should be a limit somewhere to the growth of spiritual wealth, it is vain to expect that even the godly clergyman will impose that limit of himself. His position incapacitates him for the duty. The best of us are not to be trusted with this task, and it is one which a wise secular government will not commit to our direction.

Fourth, these remarks may suggest the illusory nature of the argument from the present purity and disinterestedness of the Protestant clergy. We often hear such language as this: 'Were our ministers the corrupt, greedy, deceitful impostors of the Middle Ages, operating amidst an ignorant, superstitious, priest-ridden laity, then the wealth of the Church would again be dangerous. But the laity are now intelligent and independent, and the clergy too pure to be capable of abusing their trusts. In such a condition the Church cannot have too much wealth.' One who, like the writer, belongs to the class thus complimented, is, of course, ready to accept the favorable estimate of clerical character at the present time. But *it is not a sufficient safeguard.* One ground on which we assert this is, that overgrown wealth may injure the disinterestedness of even pure men. In saying this we do not second the injurious idea of those who deem that a minister, like a hound, never hunts well unless he is half starved. But is not any man's spirituality endangered by great wealth? The minister of the gospel is but a man, and enjoys no official exemption from infirmity. His official duties, however, are spiritual, and hence the public has a high concern in his personal sanctity and sincerity. He works by his piety, as the artizan does by his fingers, or the engineer by his brain. It is as essential to his official usefulness that his piety be healthy as that the arti-

zan's fingers and the engineer's brain be healthy. Of all men, then, the minister should pray, 'Lead us not into temptation,' and the people should unite with him in the petition.

But when men speak of 'the integrity of the ministry' now, as a safeguard, they are under an illusion. The persons who now compose the ministry are mortal; in a few years they will all be gone. Of what kind will be their successors? Men deceive themselves by using a general term—'the Protestant ministry'—as though the body were one in successive ages, and had a necessary continuity of attributes. But history and reason both answer, that if the Church be much enriched, a succeeding generation of Protestant ministers will surely be men of different character from the present. For wherever wealth and gain are largely accessible, there will the greedy and mercenary congregate. 'Wheresoever the carcass is, thither will the eagles gather together.' It is always easy for a designing man to ape the appearance and language of sincerity sufficiently to gain access among the sincere. The unhallowed greed of the former will, of itself, be sure to render them more forward than the disinterested in grasping the office they covet. Only permit the Church to enrich itself permanently, to such a degree as to render her emoluments a large prize in the eyes of the worldly, and at least the partial corruption of her ministry is as certain as any other moral effect. Many ministers themselves are probably so much under the power of the illusion exposed above that they will resent this conclusion as a reproach against their order and against Christianity. But we reply, that these supposed successors will be unworthy men, precisely because they will be an opposite sort of men to them, and will be brought into the order from mercenary motives, exactly opposite to their motives. They will be the result, not of Christianity, but of that carnal selfishness to which Christianity is exactly antagonistic. Some, again, may point us to the saintly names which enrich the rolls of some Protestant Churches, whose higher clergy have been splendidly endowed. The reply is, that these godly prelates existed, not because of, but in spite of, the injudicious amounts of their endowments. Will any one who knows history deny that they have been



the exceptions among the higher clergy of their churches? Moral causes scarcely ever operate unmixed. In these exceptional instances wholesome causes countervailed the bad ones. But the tendency of inordinate church endowments is, doubtless, what we have asserted; and we repeat, it is the nature of worldly men to follow the worldly prize.

And, now, what shall we have after a few generations? These tremendous ghostly powers will be in the hands of unscrupulous men, who will use them more unsparingly than ever to collect wealth, while they abuse the previous collections, which were a tribute to the virtues and merits of their predecessors. Again, shall we see arguments of superstition and arts of priestcraft, in some forms, new or old, applied to the terror-stricken conscience, and to the blind zeal of the devotee, to gather in hoards of wealth to the Church's treasury. And, again, shall we see these lavish hoards abused to purposes of political ambition and sensual luxury, by those who are, in profession, exemplars of godliness, until truth, piety, and liberty are wrecked in a common vortex.

Fifth, money is power. The possession of power naturally begets a desire to use it. The permanent endowment of religious societies is, therefore, if it becomes inordinate in amount, dangerous to free government. It tends to convert the clergy, who should be servants of all, into political usurpers. One ready road to secular power is at once suggested by the maxim of Solomon, 'The borrower is servant to the lender.' Wealth seeks investment and employment, for the sake of its own increment, and is eagerly sought by candidates who aspire to use it. Is it in the form of ready money? Then it must be lent, or it is useless. Of real estate? Then it must be leased. Thus the clerical holders of these endowments become an aristocracy, with a body of retainers, over whom they can exert a political control through their interests. Again, we remind the reader that it is vain to plead that our present clergy are incapable of abusing such an influence. These disinterested men must go hence; and the mere fact that such power attaches to their office will insure their having successors, who will have sought this power because they are corrupt. It is

a lesson of history, that when usurpations are finally established, clerical oppressors are the most ruthless of all. The reasons are patent to the reflecting mind.

Two conclusions follow — one as to the duty of legislators, the other as to the duty of church rulers. It may be said that in a free commonwealth, where the State and religion are properly independent of each other, civil legislators have no duty in this behalf, and no concern with it; and that it is the right of the people to dispose of their wealth as they please, and in any forms of combination they please, provided the ends are not *per se* criminal. This is erroneous. The State is properly clothed with power to abate nuisances, as well as breaches of the peace. And, in the same spirit, the State is entitled, at least, to withhold all the assistance of her authority and power from any exercise of individual or associated license which threatens the secular welfare and rights of the whole. Hence it is clearly the right and duty of the State to withdraw all protection of law from such ecclesiastical corporations and their inordinate hoards as involve this danger to virtue and liberty. This qualified oversight of the State may be compared to that of a parent over his children's use of fire. Some fire is very useful to their comfort and health; too much is very dangerous, and may result in a ruinous conflagration. The fathers of the commonwealth of Virginia, impressed with the latter fact, went to the extreme of caution, and left their Christian children with no provision for this fuel. This appears to have been a dereliction of duty; the prudent and faithful parent should have allowed his household a *modicum* of fire, and then have taken effectual precautions that they did not get too much, or abuse the dangerous element. Yet, were we shut up to that alternative, we would far prefer the rigid jealousy of the Virginian legislation between 1799 and 1842, to that heedless policy in the opposite direction, which is now introducing again the tenure of *mortmain* virtually without check. It should be said, also, in favor of the Virginia statesmen, that the period embraced between these dates was one of great progress and prosperity in Christianity, and that, during this period, there was less loss and perversion of sacred funds than in any other

commonwealth under different rule. They might also argue, with great plausibility, that their rigid position was the only safe or practicable one, because if the existence of ecclesiastical corporations is once legalized, it is utterly vain to expect legislatures, as they are usually constituted, to understand the modest limits within which the wealth of those bodies should be kept, or to exercise the sustained wisdom and firmness which are needed to curb them. Indeed, when we reflect who are our legislators now-a-days, and on what grounds they are chosen, it must strike every mind as a sheer absurdity to expect any such fidelity from them! What do they know or care of these high questions, once the finest art of the statesman? What do they know of Church history? We have exposed the natural and moral causes which inevitably concur to swell the wealth of ecclesiastical and spiritual corporations. We have seen how futile it is to look within those bodies themselves for a barrier to their undue aggrandizement. Will our legislatures, after creating those spiritual corporations which deserve to exist, restrict them within those modest bounds which the welfare of all demand? As well expect 'the bull to keep the china store.' What we see is this: After 'the ice is once broken,' by the erection of one such corporate body, there is no longer any check upon the number of others which follow it. The plea of impartiality is sufficient to secure the same grants of power 'to all comers.' When such a body has, by hard teasing, persuaded a legislature to allow the tenure of one hundred thousand dollars for its pious uses, it is a great deal easier to persuade another legislature, some years later, to extend the limit to a half million, and then still easier to push it to five millions at a later period. The corporation has now gotten too rich to be refused. It is the old story of the axe petitioning the forest, so modestly, for one yard's length of dead wood. But of this little stick was made an axe-helve, and then, woe to the forest! Acres of timber fall before its own gift.

The conclusion as to the duty of the Church is clear. She should conduct her evangelical operations with the least possible of hoarded wealth. She should rely, as largely as possible,

upon current gifts, fresh from the hearts of the people. When a continental diplomatist ventured to remark to Queen Elizabeth upon the smallness of her exchequer, she replied: 'My exchequer is in the hearts of my people'—an answer worthy of 'Glorious Queen Bess.' It would be still nobler for a spiritual commonwealth. The people of God should, on the one hand, be encouraged to give liberally for his service, and the rulers of the Church should distribute as liberally. The Church, after receiving lavish gifts of sanctified wealth, should still be poor in this world's goods, and rich only in generous deeds and glorious charities. All spiritual guides ought, also, to instruct rich Christians against the policy of pious testamentary bequests, save in exceptional cases; and they should urge the rich to be their own almoners and executors, being, while yet alive, 'rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate.' We remember no instance of a pious bequest in the Scriptures.

ART. IX.—*A Constitutional View of the Late War between the States: Its Causes, Character, Conduct, and Results.* Presented in a Series of Colloquies at Liberty Hall. By Alexander H. Stephens. Two volumes. National Publishing Company. 1870.<sup>1</sup>

In a previous number of this periodical, we reviewed the first volume of Mr. Stephens' *War Between the States*, treating of the causes of the controversy, which he regarded as springing out of the fundamental differences that had divided and agitated the country, North and South, from the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution—differences relating to the rights of the States and the powers of the Federal Government, and which, at length, culminated in the war. In his first volume, Mr. Stephens attempted to show that the Government created by the Constitution was a federal government, or, more strictly speaking, a federal agency, resulting from a compact between sovereign States, which parted with some of their original sovereign rights by creating such an agency, but only resorted to a convenient method of exercising a portion of them; and that the States, in virtue of their sovereignty, could, at any time (as several of them did in 1860), resume the exercise of the delegated powers, whenever they, the contracting parties, or any of them, discovered that the agency had abused the trust committed to it. In other words,

<sup>1</sup> The following article, from the pen of an able writer, was received and accepted before the publication of Mr. Stephens' work, entitled *Reviewers Reviewed*, and would have appeared in the last number of this *Review*, if that publication had not called for a notice at our hands. Great as was the outrage, however, perpetrated by Mr. Stephens in the publication of *Reviewers Reviewed*, we shall not permit it to alter our previous determination to insert the following article from the pen of one of his friends, as private feelings should never, if possible, be permitted to interfere with the calm and dispassionate decisions of our judgments. In what respects Mr. Stephens has, by said publication, violated the most sacred principles of fair dealing, and a regard for truth, we shall hereafter have an occasion to show and to signalize.

that secession, and a consequent dissolution of the compact of union, was not only a sovereign right, but one the exercise of which was, in such cases, not only justifiable, but rendered imperative in order to the preservation of liberty and the ends of government. Mr. Stephens, in the first volume of his history, attempted to show, and, we are of opinion, did most conclusively show, that such was the true theory of the American Government, as asserted by the leading statesmen of the Convention who formed the Constitution of the United States, and as interpreted by its most learned, consistent, and distinguished expounders, since the date of its first adoption, by the several States, down to the present time.

A considerable interval elapsed between the publication of the first and second volumes of Mr. Stephens' history, and a still longer period between the publication of the second volume and the present time. It is due to Mr. Stephens, as a Southern statesman and an historian of the war, that this second part of his history, in which he treats of the character of the war, the manner in which it was conducted, and the consequences which have flowed from it, should receive from the press of the country, and from this *Review* in particular, the consideration to which it is entitled. Both the volumes have been commented on, with more or less favor, at home and abroad. In our previous remarks on the first volume, we thought it our duty to differ from Mr. Stephens in some respects—not, however, without stating our reasons. We now address ourselves to the task, which properly devolves upon us, of weighing the merits of his second volume, which we trust we shall do without prejudice, and with a sacred regard to what Mr. Stephens is himself pleased to call 'the truth of history.'

There is one feature in the author's account of the late conflict which wins the favorable consideration of readers in advance. He is disposed to consider the war, as we should expect from a statesman and a patriot, simply in the light of the Federal Constitution. He takes a 'constitutional view' of his subject in all its aspects. After treating of the causes of the war, he addresses himself to its character, and asks, Whether such a

war was justifiable under the Constitution? Did the States enter into covenant to make war upon each other, under any circumstances? Could they have done it without stultifying themselves? Peace, at least at home, is one of the great ends of government. A nation may be compelled to take up arms against a foreign country, but who is silly enough to suppose that free and independent States would ever enter into a solemn confederation to make war upon each other for any cause whatever? Is any such power granted to the President or Congress of the United States under the Constitution? None whatever. Had there been, would the States have ratified the Constitution? Certainly not.

No power, says Mr. Stephens, is given to the Federal Government, or to any branch of it, to coerce the sovereign States of this Union. Yet Mr. Lincoln exercised this power, knowing it to be unconstitutional — utterly so. Every one of the half dozen proclamations which he issued, inaugurating the war, was clearly an unconstitutional proceeding. That he was prompted to issue them, as Mr. Stephens informs us, and as every one knows was the case, by mischievous counsellors, does not justify the Executive in violating his oath to protect, maintain, and defend the Constitution. He called out troops, placed the Southern States under blockade, and commenced the war without a tittle of right or authority to do so; and, after having directly violated the Constitution by these several acts of usurpation, asked Congress, on its assembling, to endorse his measures as constitutional. That body very properly refused to do so. How could it make acts constitutional, which, both in letter and spirit, were contrary to the Constitution? The thing was equally absurd and impossible. Mr. Douglas, in the extra session of the Senate that met before both houses convened, having heard it intimated that Mr. Lincoln intended to resort to war measures against the South by blockading its ports, declared, in his place, that the proceeding, if attempted, would be as unconstitutional as it was preposterous and suicidal — that the President could not, without usurpation, exercise any such power. Notwithstanding this announcement, coming from a distinguished member of the Senate, and, *æ*

*officio*, a constitutional adviser of the President, the latter did issue one proclamation after another, blockading the ports of the Southern States, thus virtually declaring war against them, and against their sovereignty, which act, when consummated, became an act of treason against the States, of which the offensive character was not diminished, but increased, by the pretence that he acted in his capacity of Executive of the Federal Union.

Had the Southern States declared war against the federal body? No! They had only seceded from it, which, as distinct sovereignties, they had a perfect right to do, when they found themselves aggrieved by its action. As Mr. Lincoln could not call this proceeding treason, and hang the States that resorted to it as their remedy against an infringement of their constitutional rights, he called it an 'insurrection,'—'a formidable insurrection in certain States of the Union, which had arrayed itself in armed hostility to the Government of the United States, constitutionally administered.' Was this true? No! The statement was utterly false in every particular. There was no insurrection at the time 'in certain States of the Union'—none whatever. If the people had arms in their hands (and they generally carried them in those days of peril), it was not to assail a government constitutionally administered, but to maintain their rights and liberties against the insidious or overt acts of cut-throats, tyrants, and usurpers.

They had, throughout their entire history, respected the constitutional rights of the other States of the Union. As the other States were not disposed to respect their constitutional rights, they were determined, in the exercise of their sovereignty, to sever the connection, and they did so—not by a resort to arms, but by solemn, quiet, deliberate acts of their people, in convention assembled, just as they were assembled on the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Mr. Lincoln had been conversant enough with the law, and had a sufficient share of common sense to know that such proceedings on the part of States, acting in their sovereign capacity, were not insurrectionary, but, on the contrary, conservatory in their character—not aimed against governments constitutionally



administered, but designed to maintain and perpetuate them, while they looked to the overthrow of all governments not constitutionally administered. If Mr. Lincoln had maintained and defended the Constitution of the United States, he would have had no quarrel with the Southern States. The people of those States, on the other hand, had no quarrel with constitutional statesmen, but only with tyrants and usurpers.

Had there really been 'an insurrection in certain States of a formidable character,' as was pretended, the course of Mr. Lincoln on the occasion was, as Mr. Stephens shows, exceedingly irregular and wholly without warrant. Any attempt, on the part of a President of the United States, *suo jure*, to put down an insurrection, is an usurpation. It is not among the enumerated powers granted to him by the States under the Constitution. It is a function which, under the terms of that instrument, can be exercised by Congress alone, and then only 'on application of the Legislature or the Executive (when the Legislature cannot be convened)' of the State where the insurrection exists. The representatives of all the States, and not the Executive, are the umpires in such cases; and 'what better umpires,' asks Mr. Madison, in commenting on this part of the Constitution, 'could be desired by two hostile factions, flying to arms and tearing a State to pieces, than the representatives of confederate States, not heated by the local flame?' It was such kinds of insurrection in the bosom of a commonwealth, and not the solemn proceedings of sovereign States, sitting in convention, which the States intended, when they entrusted to Congress the power 'to call forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, *suppress insurrections*, and repel invasions.' It is obvious that the intention of Mr. Lincoln, in issuing his proclamation, calling upon the several States for large bodies of troops, was not to suppress 'formidable insurrections in certain States,' since no such insurrections existed, but that his sole object was, by force of arms, to destroy the liberties and independence of the Southern States, or to punish them for their assertion of them.

He could not, under the Constitution, declare war for any cause against a foreign enemy. That was the special duty

and prerogative of Congress, another department of the government. Neither the President nor Congress could declare war against the States, for that was a blow aimed at sovereignty—the life of the States, whether separated or united. He, however, virtually did declare war against the Southern States, treating them as a foreign enemy, by blockading their ports—distinctly a war measure, and which was in direct conflict with that provision of the Constitution which declares that ‘no preference shall be given to any regulation of commerce or revenue to the ports of one State over those of another.’ A blockade was at once a regulation of commerce and a measure of war. Congress was prohibited from making this discrimination. The President had nothing to do with it. Yet he assumed the responsibility of making it, *i. e.*, of destroying the commerce of the South, if its States still belonged to the Union, which in one breath he positively asserted, and, in the next, as emphatically denied.

More than this, he arbitrarily issued proclamations for the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*—one of the great muniments of civil liberty—a power which could only be exercised in cases of rebellion or insurrection, of neither of which were the people of the Southern States guilty. If treason or rebellion were chargeable to any party, or to any individuals in the country, it was chargeable to that party, and to those individuals only, who had, by iniquitous legislation, trampled on the constitutional rights of the South, or who had usurped and exercised ungranted powers. The President, with an utter disregard for his constitutional obligations, had plunged the country into a war, from which Congress, do what it then might, saw that there was no retreat. Had he called that body together for the purpose of consultation, immediately on his entering upon his office, which, in the extraordinary circumstances in which the country was placed, he was fully justified in doing, the war might, and probably would, have been prevented; but, under the influence of sectional feelings, bad counsel, and an indifference to the sanctity of the oath he had recently taken to maintain the Constitution, he postponed an extraordinary call of Congress for two months, and, in the

meantime, rashly, and on his own responsibility, precipitated the measures in which Congress was forced to acquiesce, and which soon involved the whole country in war.

The probability is, although Mr. Stephens thinks otherwise, that Mr. Lincoln had coolly determined on a sanguinary conflict between the Northern and Southern States, as the only method of settling their political differences, immediately after his election to the Presidential office. We are led to this conclusion by the tenor of a letter which he addressed to Mr. Stephens, three months before he entered upon that office, in which, among other things, he takes occasion to say, 'that the South need entertain no apprehensions that a Republican administration would, either directly or indirectly, interfere with the slaves, or with the people of the South about their slaves,' by which declaration he probably meant nothing more than that the administration, of which he had now become the head, did not propose to incorporate emancipation into its platform, but that the relation of master and slave would remain undisturbed, and would continue as it ever had done under the Constitution. He adds, however, and his words are very significant, that 'the South thought slavery was right, and ought to be extended; while the North thought it wrong, and ought to be restricted.' His allusion was to the right of the Southern citizen to carry his slaves out of the States into the Territories of the Union, and have them protected there under the authority of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Dred Scott case. This decision was still a cause of dissension between the sections, and the intimation, though not directly, seems indirectly given, that 'a Republican administration' would not submit to it.

Mr. Stephens replied, that 'the people of the South entertained no fears that the administration, about to be inaugurated, would interfere, directly or indirectly, *with slavery in the States*; but that slavery had become the central idea in the platform of principles announced by the triumphant party, and had enlisted a fanatical opposition of the most dangerous character in the Northern States, of which it was impossible to predict all the mischievous consequences.' He instanced

the passage of what were called Liberty Laws in many of them, and the recent John Brown raid into Virginia, and concluded his letter by saying :

‘Conciliation and harmony, in my judgment, can never be established by force. The Union was formed by the consent of sovereign, independent States. Ultimate sovereignty still resides with them separately, which can be resumed, and will be, if their safety, tranquillity, and security, in their judgment, require it. Under our system, as I view it, there is no rightful power in the General Government to coerce a State, in case any one of them should throw herself upon her reserved rights, and resume the full exercise of her sovereign powers. *Force may perpetuate a union. That depends upon the contingencies of war. But such an union would not be the union of the Constitution. It would be nothing but a consolidated despotism.*’

The italicised sentences in the the above paragraph singularly foreshadow the course which events have taken since the late war. The Southern States are members of a Union ‘perpetuated by force,’ and the Government seems rapidly approaching the character of ‘a consolidated despotism.’ Mr. Lincoln did not answer Mr. Stephens’ letter, and the inference, which we think justified by his silence, is that ‘the Republican administration,’ about to be inaugurated, would resist the decision of the highest judicial tribunal for the interpretation of the Constitution, and would appeal to the sword for the settlement of the differences that existed between the North and the South.

The same conclusion was drawn from the declaration made by Mr. Chase (appointed afterward Chief Justice of the United States by Mr. Lincoln), in a speech delivered by him at the Peace Convention at Washington, in respect to the surrender of fugitive slaves, required by a distinct clause of the Federal Constitution, and by laws passed under it in 1850, when Mr. Chase said : ‘The people of the free States, who believe that slavery is wrong, cannot, and *will not*, aid in the reclamation of the slave, and the stipulation becomes a dead letter.’ The same interpretation was given to the Liberty

Laws enacted in most of the Northern States, through the influence of the fanatical abolitionists of that section. The party of resistance to the Constitution, at first small, in process of time assumed large proportions, until it at length embraced nearly the entire Northern population, including all classes and both sexes. Leading abolitionists in Congress and elsewhere had, for several years, declared their obligations to 'a higher law' than the Constitution. Nothing seemed likely to quiet the consciences and subdue the scruples of the malcontents but an appeal to arms. These incendiaries were in the majority as to numbers, and they seemed resolved to resort to force as the last and most efficient of arguments.

The Southern States, which had seceded, still held out the olive branch. They regarded secession in itself a peaceful remedy, and had no desire to involve the country in war. Up to the time of the arrival of their Commissioners in Washington there had been no overt acts of hostility on the part of the Federal Government, although the busy hum of a deadly conflict was heard on all sides. The Commissioners from the Southern Government were prepared to make, and did make, overtures for an amicable adjustment of the difficulties which existed between the two sections, and of the relations which the Southern States desired should afterward subsist between them. Their first communication, addressed to Mr. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States, dated March 12th, 1861, was couched in language at once dignified and courteous. They were instructed, they said, by the Government of the Confederate States, 'to make overtures for the opening of negotiations, and to assure the Government of the United States that it was neither the interest nor the wish of the President, Congress, and people of the Confederate States to make any demand which was not founded on the strictest justice, nor to do anything to injure their late confederates.'

This letter was sent to Mr. Seward on the day on which it was written, and three days thereafter—viz.: on the 15th day of March, an answer to it was placed on file in the Secretary of State's office, but not sent to the Commissioners till twenty days had elapsed from the filing of it. In his reply Mr. Sew-

ard says: 'The Secretary is prevented altogether from admitting or assuming that the States referred to by them' (the Commissioners) 'have, in law or in fact, withdrawn from the Federal Union, or that they could do so, in the manner described by them. Of course, the Secretary of State cannot act upon the assumption, or in any way admit, that the so-called Confederate States constitute a foreign power with whom diplomatic relations ought to be established.'

A verbal, but unofficial, message was, however, immediately sent to the Commissioners, to the effect, that 'the Secretary found himself placed in circumstances of great embarrassment by their communication; that he was not prepared at present to reply to it; that he had a strong disposition for peace; and that Fort Sumpter, then in possession of United States troops, but which was claimed by the Confederate Government, would shortly be evacuated.' Two Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, who believed that they were carrying an honest message, were the parties employed by Mr. Seward on this occasion to communicate with the Commissioners. Had they imagined that, by undertaking this service, they were to be made the instruments of the Secretary in conveying to the Commissioners a deceptive statement, they would, undoubtedly, as men of honor, have promptly and indignantly declined his proposal. They were not aware that at the very moment Mr. Seward was employing them to communicate to the Commissioners his peaceful disposition, and the speedy evacuation of Fort Sumpter, active preparations were being made by the Federal Government to reinforce that fort with men and provisions. A formidable fleet was already on the sea, and was in a few days seen bearing down on Charleston harbor for this very purpose. At the same time the Commissioners at Washington received renewed assurances from Mr. Seward that 'faith as to Sumpter would be fully kept. Wait,' exclaimed the Secretary, 'and see!' But there was no time for delay. The game was finished, and the first news that flashed along the wires from Charleston to Washington informed the Commissioners that the war had commenced! The capture of Fort Sumpter, built by the Federal Government at an immense

cost, and which had always been regarded as impregnable, after an engagement of only twenty-four hours, evinced the skill of the distinguished General Beauregard, who commanded the Confederate troops, and has justly been considered one of the most brilliant achievements of the war.

How the Federal Secretary of State was able to settle this matter with his conscience, and reconcile his conduct with those principles of justice and honor which regulate the intercourse of gentlemen with each other, whether enemies or friends, will ever remain a mystery to the world. It is certain that Judge Campbell, one of the distinguished gentlemen who acted as a mediator between the parties on the occasion, endeavored in vain to obtain an explanation of his strange conduct from Mr. Seward. It was a hopeless task. The Commissioners, who had for weeks waited on his dilatory motions, and been deluded by his specious preterces of a desire for accommodation, and his positive pledges that the Federal troops would shortly be removed from Fort Sumpter, felt that they, too, 'had been atrociously deceived,' and the States, under whose commission they acted, treated with contempt; and that it would be utterly useless to attempt longer to enter into negotiations with a government, or the agents of a government, who, in their dealings with honorable men, resorted to a purely Machiavelian policy, and, under the guise of peace and friendship, concealed the most hostile purposes. History, probably, does not furnish another instance of a high minister of State who, in circumstances demanding the utmost candor and integrity, has resorted to such an exhibition of subterfuge, equivocation, and utter violation of good faith, as was made by Mr. Seward on this occasion.

In considering the character of the war, the reasons assigned by Mr. Seward for not treating with the Commissioners at all, and for not recognizing them in the capacity of Commissioners of an independent government, must strike every reader as equally curious and untenable. Mr. Seward could not possibly deny that the Southern States had, in *fact*, withdrawn from the Federal Union in the manner described. That they *could* do so, was evident from the knowledge which everybody

in the community, including Mr. Seward himself, possessed that they actually *had* done so. The fact was patent to the whole world. The rumor of it had been borne upon every breeze for weeks and months. Besides, it was the remedy which the States had, from the beginning, proposed for unconstitutional proceedings not within the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of the United States. Several States had threatened to resort to it on several occasions—Constitution-loving Massachusetts more than once. The purchase of Louisiana and the annexation of Texas had nearly provoked a resort to secession, as is well known, in several of the States. The Union men of South Carolina, in 1832-3, regarded secession as the only remedy for the unconstitutional tariff of 1828. The right of a State to resume the exercise of all its sovereign powers, in case of a violation of the federal compact, was the only condition on which the Virginia Convention would consent to the adoption of the Federal Constitution. The same condition was annexed by the State of New York (a fact which Mr. Seward certainly ought to have known), as a *sine qua non* to the adoption of that instrument. He ought to have known equally well, that a condition attached by these States (and accepted by the other States) to their adoption of the Federal Constitution, was a benefit thence accruing to all the States, if at any time any one or several of them chose to avail themselves of it, and that it belonged to them to fully as great an extent as if the right of secession had been expressly named and guaranteed to them in that instrument.

Secession had a significance. It was a possibility. In the case of the seven States that had withdrawn from the Union at the very time Mr. Seward reluctantly, we may presume, and quite dogmatically and unadvisedly, we are sure, wrote the note in question to the Commissioners, it was a grave actuality. Mr. Douglas admitted the fact in the Senate. He regretted it, but he could not deny, he said, that there was a Confederate Government. Mr. Seward had the same means of information on the subject that Mr. Douglas had, and yet, with a degree of hardihood that awakens surprise, he denied that the Southern States had withdrawn from the Union—he denied



that there was a Confederate Government. The truth is, as a Northern agitator, who had contributed his full share to bringing about the existing calamitous state of the country—who had been one of those transcendental statesmen who acknowledged the authority of 'a higher law' than the Constitution—he did not wish to believe that that they had withdrawn, or that there was any such thing as a Confederate Government. He did not wish to admit that the fierce sectional agitations of half a century had at length brought to pass such lamentable results—had produced such bitter fruits; and what he did not wish to believe, because the idea was painful to him—because it revived unpleasant memories and suggested disagreeable anticipations, he positively denied as existing at all. Secession—that fiction of a diseased Southern imagination—did not, he thought, exist; it could not exist—it was an utter impossibility. If possible in fact, yet it was certainly illegal, unconstitutional, and could not exist in law. He had never himself been a secessionist. He did not believe in secession as a remedy for political evils—as a conservative element of the American Government. This, he thought, was a grand heresy, and if any of the States had withdrawn from the Union, or thought that they had withdrawn, they had not legally withdrawn. But, neither in fact nor in law, had any of them withdrawn. He was not prepared, he said, to assume or admit either proposition. And yet, if secession is one of the resulting rights of sovereignty, and more especially if any of the States entered into the Union only on the condition that that right should be accorded to them (as was the case with New York and Virginia), the Southern States, which withdrew from the Union in 1860 were not only out of the Union in fact, but also in law.

The reason, as it seems to us, why Mr. Seward, Mr. Lincoln, and others of their party, so pertinaciously insisted that the Southern States had really not left the Union, and that there was no Southern Confederacy at all, was because the admission of the fact would be fatal to the existence of the Union itself. Secession, it was plain, if it was only the secession of one State, dissolved the Union of States. It broke up the com-

pact. It destroyed the existing Government. Congress could no longer be the veritable Congress required by the Constitution, and the laws passed by such a body, in which all the States were not represented, would be illegal and unconstitutional. The evils which secession, supposing it really to have taken place, would involve, presented an alarming prospect.

If the Union was really dissolved, what became of the executive head of it? What became of the Secretary of State, and of the other Secretaries who made up the Cabinet, and of the members of Congress, which was no longer a Congress of States under the Constitution? These arguments were personal. They were arguments which their own consciousness of personal dignity, and the fear of losing it, suggested to them as all important. They would, therefore, hold on to the Union, if not for the sake of the country, yet for their own sake. What (we may imagine them as arguing) were great fundamental principles of government—what the rights and liberties of independent States, and of their people through all time, compared to the triumphs of a party, or the success of an administration embodying the principles of that party! Beyond all question, the Union was dismembered by the dereliction of several of the States, but it would by no means answer to allow that acknowledgment to go forth to the country. It must be maintained and insisted on by the Government, and the Northern people, at all times and everywhere, that the Southern States had not seceded at all, but still made parts of the Union as much as ever, and that the secession talked of was nothing but ‘an insurrection,’ such as occurred in Massachusetts during Shay’s Rebellion, and was easily to be put down by a little federal energy.

This was the policy which the circumstances of the case and of the country, and the difficulties which surrounded the Federals on all sides, compelled them to adopt, and which they probably did adopt in Cabinet council, and in consultation with the Governors of the Northern States who had come, officially, in hot haste to Washington, as a kind of advisory body, to recommend measures to the President, now in his place, and doubtful as to the course he should pursue;

who had offered him adequate supplies of troops to put down what he and they were pleased to style 'a formidable insurrection in certain States of the Union,' and whom Mr. Stephens, in consideration of their mischievous designs, and still more mischievous counsels, very aptly compares to the 'Beast with Seven Heads,' mentioned in the Apocalypse. This was the meditated expedient, which, having once adopted it as plausible, if not perfectly satisfactory, led Mr. Seward to be exceedingly cautious in the language he employed in writing to the Commissioners, and induced him to say, 'he was not prepared to assume or admit'—like an adroit sophist, who, in arguing with a skillful antagonist, is afraid to make known his position clearly. Had he and Mr. Lincoln admitted more, viz.: that the Southern States had actually seceded from the Union; that they no longer formed a portion of the family of States; that the original compact of union was consequently dissolved, and the Union itself dissipated to the winds—facts which none but persons completely blinded by their fears, driven to desperation by their circumstances, or utterly bereft of their senses, could possibly deny—a duty would have instantly devolved on the Northern States of the Union, which had been left to themselves by the secession of the Southern States, to reorganize a new Union, by the adoption of the old, or the formation of a new Constitution—that is to say, if they wished to have a Government at all, and to assume their place among the nations of the earth as a Government, either *de jure* or *de facto*. This was a troublesome acknowledgment to make, and one which imposed new and herculean tasks, which, in the agitated state of the country, they were not prepared to assume. If they did assume them, it would be necessary, in accordance with Mr. Greeley's suggestion, and General Scott's recommendation, to 'allow the erring sisters,' without war, without a single blow struck, 'to depart in peace'—a result too mortifying to the pride of the Northern States to be contemplated, even as a possibility.

Besides, the Federal flag, stripped of some of its stripes by secession, required to be bathed and deeply dyed in the blood of Southern disunionists, as an atonement for the indignity

offered to it. It was necessary, at once and forever, by force of arms, and by force of superior numbers—both of which they could command—to put down the secession of States, claiming to be sovereign, and, while doing it, call it ‘insurrection.’ It was necessary to raise armies, equip fleets, proclaim martial law, suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, blockade Southern ports, and wrest from the Southern States their forts, and, while doing it, not to call it war, but the exercise of an unquestionable right, and the performance of a solemn duty devolving on the President to put down ‘a formidable insurrection,’ *nequid respublicæ detrimenti caperet*. At all events, if the Union was actually dissolved by secession, it was absolutely necessary to retain the name of it, to pretend that it still existed, to prosecute the war they were about to inaugurate, in the style and under the title of ‘the United States of America,’ bearing the motto still of ‘*e pluribus unum*’—one and indivisible, whether the substance or only the shadow of the former Union remained—whether the body politic called the United States retained all the members that previously belonged to it, or only a part of them. The States which had seceded from the Federal Union by solemn acts of their people, in Convention assembled—first seven, afterward swelled to eleven, in number—had not, it must be insisted, seceded at all. It was, it must be argued, an utter impossibility, equally contradicted by law and by fact, that they had done so. This was the ground taken by Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Seward, and the seven Northern Governors, when the first hostile demonstration against the South was made, and throughout the whole of the bloody controversy. The issue made by them was, that secession was a falsity—that it did not exist—that it could not exist; that the Union remained intact, as at the beginning; and they appealed immediately to arms—a singular tribunal for the arbitrament of such a question—in proof of the bold assertion.

A subservient, partizan Congress, finding the country precipitated into a war by the rash and unauthorized action of the President, committed the unutterable blunder of approving his course and endorsing his infatuated measures. They also

would not admit that secession was a fact, and that the Union was dissolved by it. They only affirmed that the Union was in danger, and that it was necessary to its integrity and its harmony that the States which had pretended to withdraw from it should be forced back into it; and now, that their passions were fully roused, they were willing to raise, and did raise, more troops to carry on the war against the South than were demanded by the Executive himself. So herculean an army was never raised in any age or nation for the mere purpose of putting down, and, if possible, obliterating from the memory of man, the political creed of a free people, and the action of that people in consequence of that creed, as was summoned into the field by the soidisant Federal Government on this occasion.

‘From its beginning to its end,’ says Mr. Stephens, ‘nearly, if not quite, two millions more of Federals were brought into the field than the entire force of the Confederates. The Federal records show that they had, from first to last, two millions, six hundred thousand men in the service, while the Confederates, all told, in like manner, could not have much, if any, exceeded six hundred thousand.’

Mr. Stephens adds, with great truth: ‘No people on earth ever maintained the right of self-government as the Confederates did in this contest, with such sacrifices of blood and treasure, against such odds.’

The following was the position overtly taken by Congress, in respect to the objects of the war, after that body was fairly committed to it. A joint resolution was introduced by Mr. Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee (successor to Mr. Lincoln in the Presidency), to the following effect: ‘That this civil war is not prosecuted, on our part, in any spirit of oppression, nor for any purpose of conquest or subjugation, nor for the purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of the Southern States; but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution, and all laws made in pursuance thereof, and to preserve the Union, with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several States unimpaired;

and that as soon as these objects are accomplished the war ought to cease.'

In this resolution Mr. Johnson abandons the idea of 'an insurrection,' to be put down by calling out the military, and speaks only of a war for the maintenance of the Constitution and the preservation of the Union. He calls it, not a war between States, as it really was, but a *civil* war, fought within the Union, to save it from disintegration. He seems to be of the same opinion with Mr. Seward, that no States had really left the Union. He does not go with him so far as to say that it was out of their power to do it, but he insists that they shall be prevented from going out of it. If, by any possibility, they had left the common family of States, they must be forced back into it, that the Union might remain unbroken. The idea was never abandoned by him or by Congress, that the Union was actually indissoluble and perpetual.

The object of the Confederates, on the other hand, in resisting their opponents, was to maintain, as Mr. Stephens says, 'the right of self-government,' asserted by the Fathers of the Revolution — the right of disunion for a sufficient cause; the right to separate from the old Union when they thought it necessary or advisable, and to form a new Union for themselves, adopting substantially the Constitution of the old Union, and maintaining it in its integrity.

These were the great issues between the belligerents from the beginning to the end of the war — admitted to be so by Mr. Lincoln in all his public manifestoes, by the Federal Congress in all its acts, and never denied by the Confederates themselves. Had the Confederate States triumphed in this great controversy, as they seemed likely to do (though with greatly inferior numbers) during the first two years of the war, they would have maintained the position they had first taken, of a separate, independent, federal Government. Inasmuch as they were overborne, at length — not by superior valor, but by the force of numbers — they were entitled, if good faith had been observed by Congress, on the surrender of the Southern forces, to be restored to the Union; 'with all the

dignity, equality, and rights of the several States.' Mr. Lincoln admitted as much in his conference with the Southern Commissioners at the Hampton Roads, when he said, that, upon the surrender of the Southern forces, he saw no reason why the Southern States should not be restored 'to their practical relations to the Union'—a result which would naturally have followed from the theory entertained, throughout the war, by Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, Mr. Johnson, and the whole body of Congress, in both of its branches, viz.: that they were never, by their so-called act of secession, out of the Union for a single day, but were, all the time, members of it. Hostility on their part having ceased, they were to be recognized as members of the Federal fold, and treated accordingly. Such were actually the conditions of surrender contained in the Sherman-Johnston Convention, which, it is supposed, received the approval of Mr. Lincoln, and which would, doubtless, have been carried into effect had he lived. The reconstruction of the Southern States—which was a new war proclaimed against their rights and liberties, when they were deprived of all means of resistance—was an after-thought, and displayed equally the cruelty, the tergiversation, and the tyrannical disposition of its authors.

It would be an egregious error to suppose that, because the Southern States in this controversy took up arms to maintain the right of self-government, and were beaten in the contest by mere brute force, that the right of self-government was, therefore, destroyed, or that the right of independent States to resort to any proper method to maintain their independence—such as their withdrawal from a compact of union, when the compact was flagrantly violated by other parties to it—was taken away by the issue of a battle. In a word, that the principles on the basis of which society rests for its support and preservation, and which are as immutable and imperishable as truth itself, and form a part of its substance, can be annihilated by the mere accident of the victory of one of two hostile forces on the battle field.

On this subject Mr. Stephens expresses himself with much force and eloquence. He says:

‘The cause that was lost at Appomatox Court House was not the federative principle, upon which American free principles were based, as some have erroneously supposed. This is far from being one of the results of the war. The cause which was lost by the surrender of the Confederates was only the maintenance of this principle by arms. It was not the principle itself that they abandoned. They only abandoned their attempt to maintain it by physical force. This principle, on which rest the hopes of the world for spreading and perpetuating free institutions by neighboring States, in my judgment, like the principles of Christianity, ever advances more certainly and safely without a resort to arms than with it. Its teachings are peace, harmony, and good will to all, and it is much more sure of attaining its end when the actions of its advocates conform to its teachings. This principle, therefore, though abandoned in its maintenance on battle-fields, still continues to live in all its vigor, in the forums of reason, justice, and truth, and will, I trust, there continue to live forever!’

We are not sure that the maintenance of the federative principle may not provoke another war some time in the world’s history. The United States fought for this principle in the Revolutionary War against Great Britain; and obtained the victory. The Southern States fought for the same principle in the recent war between the States, and were defeated. The issue of a war, whether victory or defeat, does not decide the merits of the cause which provokes it. Had the parties, in the late controversy, been more equally balanced, the result might, and probably would, have been very different. The side assumed by the Southern States was truly American, and, come peace or come war, should never be abandoned. That of their adversaries was as certainly English, in the ante-Revolutionary sense of the term, and resulted in a successful attempt of might to put down right — a result which has often heretofore happened in the world’s history. Is right, therefore, brought to the scaffold, and guillotined? By no means. It still lives, and will long outlive the machinations of all the enemies of Constitutional liberty.



No doubt can now be entertained, by those who recall the circumstances of this most melancholy portion of American history—we mean the late war—that the great design of those who originated it was to destroy the federative principle, so far as developed in the Federal Constitution. They had become tired of its original compromises, especially of those which protected the rights of the Southern States. They did not hesitate, in the high council-chambers of the nation, to denounce it as perfectly abominable. The total disregard which Mr. Lincoln manifested to its requirements through the whole course of his administration, first, in making war upon the Southern States, in blockading their ports, in emancipating their slaves, in suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*, in condemning to dungeons honest and upright citizens without a trial by jury, all without warrant, and many other acts of his equally without warrant, show the utter indifference of that high functionary to the Constitution and to the oath he had taken to support it. The concurrence in his arbitrary measures by his subservient Congress, and the ready assistance they afforded him in raising large bodies of troops for the purpose of coercing sovereign States, were blows equally aimed at the federative principle and at the Federal Constitution which those States had contributed to form, and of the violation of which, as high contracting parties, they had the right to judge in the last resort.

It is idle to say that the federative principle was not put in issue by the late war. It was a desperate conflict between consolidation and centralism on one side, and the right of sovereign States on the other, to enter into a compact with each other, and appoint for their own purposes a special agent, with specific trusts, to be withdrawn by the principals, or by any of them, whenever, in their judgment, the utility of the compact had ceased to exist. It was to oppose this very principle—the federative principle, the right of sovereign States to enter into such compacts, or withdraw from them at pleasure—that the Northern States, whether with or without a legitimate government, it matters not, made war upon the Southern States with a legitimate government; and it was to defend this

same federative principle, as essential to the very existence of a free government, that the armies of the Southern States met the armies of the Northern States in battle array, and contended, to the best of their ability, for their rights, as the ancestors of the American people, both North and South, had done in the war of the American Revolution.

On the part of the North, which inaugurated it, the war was without provocation, without authority, without cause, without justification; a war of offence and not of defence; an indefensible, brutal, malignant, murderous, treasonable war, in which not foreigners but citizens, not strangers but acquaintances — men whose fathers had fought side by side with each other for civil and religious liberty — imbued their hands, without conscience and without mercy, for four long years, in the blood of their countrymen, descendants in common of British ancestors, and by family ties often of the same lineage; a war equally alien to the spirit of Christianity and civilization — equally offensive in the sight of God and of man.

On the other hand, in this war, the South stood only on the defensive, to maintain the principles of the Constitution — of the whole Constitution, and nothing but the Constitution. She had always been satisfied with that monument of the wisdom of the fathers of the American Revolution. It was, in her judgment, the result of the labors of patriotic, broad-minded, meditative, painstaking men, the representatives of thirteen sovereign States, in convention assembled, and who, in all their efforts and deliberations, had only one object in view, viz., to create for the States which they represented in that grand convocation a common government, in which the sovereignty or government-making power should be recognized, and by which it might be protected in the enjoyment of tranquillity, order, justice, and general welfare at home, and commanding the respect and confidence of foreign nations abroad. Once framed, once adopted, receiving at first the hearty approval of all the States, being, as it was, the result of compromises fairly made and fully assented to by all of them, the Southern States were every way contented with it, and determined, with perfect unanimity, whatever new theories in the

future history of the country might be started by ambitious men, to adhere inflexibly, not only to the spirit but the very letter of the Constitution, and to resist, at all risks and hazards, any abuse of delegated, and any assumption of undelegated, power by the federal agency they had established, usually styled the *Federal Government*, because it was the common or general government which the States, each concurring with each, and each with all the rest, had, under a solemn compact, determined to establish, and, therefore, *federal* in its nature.

The Southern States, from the date of their entering into a compact with the Northern States, and the adoption of the Federal Constitution, never desired to transcend, and never did transcend, by any opinions expressed or acts done, by their people at home or by their representatives in Congress, the limitations of federal power agreed upon by all the States, and distinctly declared in that instrument, which to them had all the force of a sealed covenant; and they made it a *sine qua non* that all federal officers should take a solemn oath to protect, maintain, and defend it. They never desired to receive, and never solicited, from the Federal Government any public favor, and never insisted upon the passage of any law which it was not strictly within the province, and a part of the duty, of that Government to grant or to enact. They were strict, not latitudinarian, constructionists of the Constitution. That they did not desire to maintain the principles of the Constitution such as it was first established, that they were not anxious and resolved to maintain among themselves an Union such as the framers of the Constitution formed and wished to perpetuate, is false and libellous. No people were ever more ardently attached to the great principles of the Federal Union under the Constitution, nor more zealously championed them, under any and all circumstances, than the people of the Southern States.

When, therefore, they discovered that the Federal agency, which, in common with their other copartners, they had appointed for the benefit of all the States, was disposed to abuse, and did abuse, its opportunities, by the passage of laws which

accrued to the benefit of a portion of the States—the majority of them—to the injury of another portion of them—the minority—in violation of one of the great and expressed ends of the formation of the Union itself, viz., the promotion of ‘the general welfare,’ by the passage of the acts usually known as the Compromise acts of 1820, 1833, and 1850, under which the Southern States were compelled to surrender the exercise of rights of a vital character, secured to them by the Federal compact, and that, too, in each and all of these compromises, without any correspondent equivalent rendered for the surrender, the South always being the losing party; when tariff laws were passed, especially for the protection of the manufacturing, at the expense of the agricultural, interests of the country, imposing restrictions on the intercourse of the South with Europe, which amounted to prohibition—laws equally conflicting with the general welfare clause of the Constitution; when, in 1832, General Jackson threatened to make war on South Carolina, for the veto which, in the exercise of her unquestionable sovereignty (argument having failed), she placed upon that unconstitutional proceeding; when the same agency, without any authority for the act under the Constitution, incorporated a bank of the United States, in order to control and regulate similar institutions in the States, contrary to the interests of the latter; originated vast schemes of interal improvement in the States for the enhancement of Federal power, for which it had no warrant in the Federal Constitution, and which were inconsistent with the maintenance of the legitimate power and independence of the States, and the performance of the duties that devolved upon them; when it kept up a perpetual agitation in Congress, and out of it, by the discussion of the right which Congress had to receive petitions to do an unconstitutional act, viz., the right to abolish the institution of slavery in the District of Columbia, ceded to Congress by the States of Maryland and Virginia, on conditions which rendered such discussions equally irrelevant and improper, and which were destructive of ‘the public tranquillity,’ another of the great objects for the promotion of which ‘a more perfect Union’ was originally formed; when, in fine, all the Northern States,

by the passage of what they called 'Liberty Laws,' severally determined to resist the execution of salutary and necessary laws constitutionally passed for the promotion of the ends of 'justice' and the fulfillment of one of the compromises of the Constitution: when all these treasonable efforts to undermine the principles on which the Federal Government, properly administered, rested for support were consummated, and the control which the Southern States legitimately exercised over matters of legislation was utterly destroyed by the fact that they were in a hopeless minority, a sense of what was due to themselves as sovereign States led them, after much deliberation and unintermitted effort to correct existing evils, to withdraw from all participation with a Government so shamefully administered, and all connection with an Union that had been so utterly reckless of its pledges. Who shall deny that they had the power to pursue the course they did? Were they not free and independent States? Who shall blame them for the course they pursued? Christianity or civilization? They were engaged simply in maintaining the right against its assailant, and their cause was holy. Had they not pursued the course they did under the circumstances, they would justly have incurred the charge of poltroonery and cowardice, and an utter indifference to the interests of truth, justice, and honor committed to their keeping. To the whole civilized world they may safely appeal for the integrity, uprightness, and manliness of their conduct throughout the whole of their proceedings; and the whole civilized world, when the motives which have influenced the misrepresentations of interested partizans are traced to their selfish origin, and the tyranny, usurpation, cruelty, and perjury of an unjust government are brought to the bar of judgment, will acquit them of all wrong, of all infidelity, done or meditated, to the Federal Union.

But it may be, as it has been insisted, that the Southern States, by secession, broke up the Union and destroyed the government, and that this was a crime committed, on their part, of so aggravated a character that it stopped little short of treason itself, and was, in fact, constructive treason, embracing, as it did, all the guilt of that highest of offences.

Such was not the opinion entertained of the act of secession by the framers of the Constitution, nor by the most distinguished statesmen, North as well as South, who had expressed their opinions on the subject from the origin of the Government. All the political rights which the several States, separate or united, ever claimed, or ever expressed, is directly traceable up to this much disputed right of secession, a right practically and fully exercised before they organized any independent government whatever, and which, consequently, may be said to lie at the foundation of the government which they organized. Tall and massive as was the structure of the central government which they erected, and magnificent and splendid as were the proportions which, in the hands of the latitudinarian constructionists, and latterly of unprincipled reconstructionists, it subsequently assumed, it originally rested on the basis of secession alone, as is distinctly affirmed by the proem to the Declaration of American Independence, known to every tyro in politics. The first word uttered by the Convention of 1776, which sundered the connection of the American Colonies with Great Britain, was *secession*. The first right they asserted was the right of secession. The first battle they fought was a battle to maintain the right of secession. The doctrine of secession is American doctrine — the doctrine of civil liberty — of a free people instructed in their rights — a doctrine only dreaded by tyrants and usurpers.

Secession, it is true, is not the issue of the day, but it may become some day the issue of a down-trodden, insulted people, not crippled by war, who have the ability to maintain their position. It is not the remedy for the political grievances of the Southern States only, but the remedy of all the States of the Union for the moral corruption pervading the entire body politic, arising from the falsehood, treachery, perjury and recklessness of utterly unprincipled rulers. These are pestilent mischiefs, which sometimes undermine, and ultimately effect the ruin of, the best organized governments, and reflect dishonor on the very name of liberty. The States should never abandon, as worthless, the remedy for them which they have in their own hands.

The charge has frequently been made, by Radical declaimers, of treason and rebellion against the Southern States, and against those who acted under their authority, during and since the occurrence of the late war; but there is no foundation for it whatever. A sovereign power, whether called a state, a kingdom, an empire, or a republic, cannot, in the nature of things, be guilty of treason or rebellion, because there is no higher power than itself against which such offence can be committed; neither can the citizen or subject, whose allegiance is due to his sovereign, be guilty of treason by obeying his behests, whatever they may be. The thorough conviction of the Federal authorities that it would be impossible to sustain in the Federal court a charge of treason against a State, or against those who acted under the authority of a State, led, doubtless, to the abandonment of those prosecutions which were instituted against various individuals in different parts of the country, after the termination of the war, including the case of Mr. Davis himself, whom they would gladly have convicted of this high offence had it been possible to do so. Another reason which led to the quashing of all such indictments was the certain knowledge possessed by eminent Northern jurists, acquainted with the true theory of the Government, that secession actually carried the Southern States out of the Union, dissolved the Federal compact, destroyed the Government, and that no treason could be committed against the United States when the United States no longer existed over them. An admission of this kind would, undoubtedly, be very uncomfortable to those who assumed the regulation of affairs at Washington, when it would be sure to follow, as a necessary consequence of the admission, that, upon the withdrawal of the Southern States from the common body, no constitutional Congress could be convened, and that all the acts of the so-called Congress would be null, void, and of no effect. To prevent any such startling conclusions from being actually drawn from the secession of those States, Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, and the abettors of their designs, asserted that secession was a myth; that the States referred to had not seceded at all, and were as much in the Union as ever.

*Credat Judæus Appela!* Notwithstanding the unblushing effrontery with which it was attempted to make these baseless assertions pass current with the unreflecting masses of the North as postulates, secession was a fact patent to the whole world; the Southern States were really out of the Union; the Federal Government was dissolved; and treason could not be committed against the United States, because the United States no longer existed.

It might be committed, however, against the Confederate States, which had an organized government, and which had taken care, in the third section of the third article of their Constitution, to define the offence of treason, as follows: 'Treason against the Confederate States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court.' Was this offence committed against the Confederate States in the late unfortunate controversy? Yes, in thousands and tens of thousands of instances, commencing with the high officers of the so-called United States, and including the myriads upon myriads of rank and file which composed their thronging armies. They had levied and carried on a causeless, unjustifiable, malignant, exterminating war against the Confederate States and their independence. Virtually they had denied their sovereignty by denying to them the right and the power to do what sovereign and independent States may, and of right ought to do, viz.: the right and the power to secede from an union of States when the compact of union is grossly violated, and the right and the power to form another union, for the purpose of maintaining the principles of civil liberty. This they had done, and, in doing it, had committed treason against the Confederate States, as defined in their Constitution; and for this offence, if not now responsible to human tribunals, they are responsible to God and to their own consciences. More than two witnesses, nay, twenty thousand, and twenty times that number, if necessary, may be found to the overt act; or, if they choose to make confession of their guilt in open court,



they can do it without stifling the voice of their own consciences or proving themselves derelict to the truth. Pardon! Who requires pardon? Not, surely, they who took up arms to defend their constitutional rights, but rather they who made war on those rights— who violated the express conditions of the Federal compact, and made secession an absolute necessity.

When the war was over, and the armies of the Confederate States, after having fought well and brilliantly in many a battle field, surrendered to overwhelming numbers, gathered from the four quarters of the globe, without any regard to their nativity— mingled masses of aliens, and American born, and adopted citizens— according to the theory, asserted before the war actually commenced, by Mr. Seward, and by Senator Johnson, and the whole so-called American Congress, during the continuance of the war, the Southern States were still in the Union, and had never gone out of it. Upon the surrender of their armies, accordingly, Mr. Lincoln had virtually pledged himself that the Southern States would be immediately 'restored to their practical relations to the Union.' This result was generally expected by the Southern States at the close of the war, and was acquiesced in by them as the best course they could pursue under existing circumstances. In truth, hemmed in as they were on all sides by a victorious and exultant foe, they had no election in the matter. It seemed, indeed, to be a strange abuse of language to speak of the *restoration* of the Southern States to the Union; of their *readmission* into the Federal fold, if, as had all along been obstinately maintained in Federal quarters, they had never been out of it— no, not for a moment; if the herculean war that had for so many years been prosecuted with vindictive violence and murderous effect, was merely a punitive measure, adopted by a vigilant, conservative government to put down 'a formidable insurrection'; if, in fine, the Southern States, 'with all the dignity, equality and rights of the several States unimpaired— the great object to attain which Congress had formally announced the war was originally undertaken and prosecuted— were still in the Union, still protected by the

broad folds of the American flag, and looked down upon with pride by the American eagle, holding in his beak the motto of *E Pluribus Unum*. With the consent of the Southern States, their readmission into the Federal Union was already *un fait accompli*.

Possibly the phrase, *restoration to the Union*, adopted by Mr. Johnson on this occasion — not to probe his motives with too much severity, as he once professed to be a Democrat of the Jeffersonian State Rights school of politics — was a tacit concession on his part, made rather by acts than words, that secession was a fact — a fact meditated and done by the Southern States, and that there really was no assignable reason for bringing those States back into the Union but the grave and undesirable one, that four years previously they had actually gone out of it. Heterodox the doctrine might be, and inconsistent with his theory of the absolute perpetuity of the Union, but it would, at least, evince the respect he entertained for the King's English. However this may be, Mr. Johnson, now President, in virtue of his executive authority (but by usurpation, as Congress subsequently declared,) undertook to be the restorer of the American Union, by the readmission into it of those rampant States, which Mr. Greeley, with a lingering affection and pity for the sex, had called 'the erring sisters,' and whom, in this age of easy divorces, he would fain have released from the bonds, hard and fast, of an inconvenient, unhallowed, miserable wedlock. The restoration of the States to the Union, inasmuch as they were never separated from it, was not, it would seem, a very difficult problem, but there was a certain glory, in Mr. Johnson's judgment, attached to its solution. Washington had been the father of his country; he, Mr. Johnson, would accumulate his own fame, and transmit it to posterity by being its preserver — the restorer of the Union. If he accomplished nothing else during his administration, this one fact would sanctify it, and render it forever memorable on the pages of American history. The expectation, so fondly entertained by him on this subject, was, unfortunately for his fame, never realized.

He, however, took all the steps necessary, as he supposed, to restore the States to their former places in the charmed circle of Union, over which he presided as Executive Chief. He was resolved, now that the war was over and victory achieved, and peace, as with brooding wings (how much crime was perpetrated to attain it!), hovered over the Western Continent, that no star should be missing from the Federal Flag. Accordingly, he sent General Grant as a commissioner to the South to ascertain the tone and temper of its people, and, upon his reporting that they were loyal and quiet, he ordered an election of Representatives to the Congress to take place on a day certain, when the Union being fully restored, and all the Representatives in their places, there would no longer be room to doubt the competency of Congress to proceed to business under the formularies and requirements of the Constitution. On the arrival, however, of the Senators and Representatives at Washington, and upon the presentation of their credentials, they were refused admission to their places, first, on the ground that President Johnson had no constitutional (!) right to order the election under which they were returned; and, secondly, that they, and the States they represented, were so deeply tinctured with disloyalty that it was necessary that the entire body of Southern States should be reconstructed and purged of their treason by test oaths and other expedients, and that amendments to the Constitution should be accepted by those States before they would be regarded as republican States, or the Representatives they might elect be deemed fit persons to take seats on the floors of Congress.

Mr. Johnson had declared, in his famous resolution as to the objects of the war, and the motives with which it was prosecuted, that as soon as the Southern forces laid down their arms 'the war ought to cease.' There is no doubt that he earnestly wished for peace, and that he would have secured it, if possible, by the immediate restoration of the Southern States to the Union. But Congress, animated by the vindictive and unhallowed spirit of Milton's Moloch and his compatriots in pandemonium, loudly declared war—war against the Executive—war against the Southern States; not a war of physi-

cal violence, to drench the earth with blood, but a war of measures under the semblance of laws—the most dastardly, cruel, despotic, and inhuman that ever disgraced the annals of legislation in any country or in any age—foul blots upon the escutcheon of liberty, which caused tears to flow and groans to be heard all over the land.

Mr. Stephens regards it as ‘a singular oversight on the part of the President,’ that he did not, at once, cease to recognize the loyalty of a body, and of its acts, which had refused to admit the constitutionally elected Senators and Representatives of so many States. Firmness and decision on the part of the Executive on this occasion, he says, would have compelled Congress to recede from its false position. Mr. Johnson would, in such case, have really become the restorer of the Union, and the Southern States been saved from the humiliation and misery resulting from the long-continued persecution of an unprincipled partizan Congress, which, in the enactment of laws, had no regard for their constitutional rights, nor for the restoration of harmony to an agonized country, but whose sole object seems to have been to wreak their vindictive fury on honorable men, and to perpetuate their own party organization, power, and ascendancy.

A joint committee of fifteen, of both Houses, in furtherance of their designs, was, accordingly, appointed at an early day of the meeting of Congress, under the designation of ‘the Reconstruction Committee,’ whose special duty it was to reconstruct the sovereign States of the South, to root out of their Constitutions everything that they deemed obnoxious, and incorporate into them everything that they regarded essential, making them thoroughly republican in their form, with a view to fit them to adorn the places they were afterward to occupy in the grand central republic of the United States at Washington. The functions of this Committee, and the manner in which they conducted their inquiries with a view to ascertain the loyalty of certain States, were very similar to the functions possessed, and the methods adopted, by the celebrated tribunal of the Spanish Inquisition to extort confessions and elicit avowals from their victims, except that the former operated only

by means of test oaths, while the latter applied the thumb-screws, the boot, and the rack. Both tribunals, the civil and the ecclesiastical, were equally intrusive, merciless, and intolerant.

From this time forward Mr. Johnson became, politically speaking, the mere shadow of a President, wholly without power in the Federal Government, as much so as if the executive department had been altogether abolished. It is true that, from time to time, he recommended, *ex officio*, the adoption of such measures as the exigencies of the country required, but it is certain that, in the great majority of instances, both branches of Congress turned a deaf ear to his recommendations, and always, if they did not totally ignore them, they treated them with a captious spirit, while the President, on his part, uniformly vetoed their unconstitutional acts. In the absence of the Southern States from the federal council-chambers, those acts were readily passed over his vetoes by a constitutional or two-thirds majority.

This disgraceful controversy between the executive and legislative departments of Government, each party being inflamed by vindictive rage, and both ceaselessly occupied in endeavoring to thwart each other's movements, continued during the entire term of Mr. Johnson's administration. Crimination and recrimination were continually interchanged between the warring parties, and, if both were to be believed, both were engaged in the most treasonable practices. The ferocity of passions which they displayed toward each other, and the vituperation of their language, exceeded all bounds. The courtesies of life and legislative decorum were thoroughly ignored. At length, articles of impeachment were brought against the President, who, having been placed on trial before the Senate, escaped the disgrace of conviction only by a single vote cast in his favor; but his influence as a politician, a statesman, and as the President of the United States, was no longer recognized, and nowhere felt.

Under the mendacious assumption that 'no legal State governments, nor adequate protection for life and liberty, existed in what Congress still impertinently styled 'the rebel States,'

that usurping and tyrannical body, intoxicated with the possession of temporary power, proceeded to divide those States into five military districts, subverting all civil authority among them, and subjecting their entire population to the despotism of martial law! 'Not even a Federal Judge,' says Mr. Stephens, 'was permitted to interfere or to redress any wrong, whether small or great, inflicted by either of these five satraps, among whom the several military districts were divided. The ostensible object of this unparalleled measure, with those that have followed (amendments or supplements), was to compel the Southern States to submit to degrading conditions before being allowed future representation in either branch of Congress.' This was the first decided step taken by that body, after the war, to establish a military despotism over independent States, of which the many-headed monster, Congress, was the head.

Mr. Stephens passes under review the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the Federal Constitution, gotten up by Congress—the last two through the agency of the Reconstruction Committee. Of these amendments, it appears that the thirteenth, whereby the Southern States prohibit, of their own accord, the further continuance of slavery in their midst, was adopted by them as a measure absolutely indispensable to their restoration to the Union. The other two amendments, the fourteenth and fifteenth, have never, says Mr. Stephens, been constitutionally adopted by the requisite number of States. These three amendments materially change the character of our federative and social system, and are each and all of them the offspring of sectional spite and party manoeuvre.

Although all the Southern States are now nominally restored to the Union (after passing through the crucible to which they were subjected by the Reconstruction Committee), yet there has really been no representation of the South in Congress, and no political power, worthy of mention, exercised by her since the war. Her nominal representation has consisted wholly of an alien element, with which she had no sort of sympathy. One of the most mischievous consequences

resulting from the war, was the vast influx into our Southern communities of Northern and European adventurers, 'waiters on Providence,' or, rather, waiters on a lucky turn of the dice—men who, having everything to gain and nothing to lose, established themselves among us after the war, and aspired to, and almost immediately exercised *ad libitum* all the rights of our disfranchised citizens, adding to these the further right to plunder everybody that they pleased. These new comers, popularly known as *carpet baggers*, from their utter destitution, combining with unprincipled Southerners, and with emancipated, illiterate slaves, have constituted the staple of our Southern federal Representation since the war, playing into the hands of the Reconstruction Committee at Washington, and becoming the subservient tools of their pleasure. In short, the whole social system of the South, under such influences and agencies, has been thoroughly changed, and a people, once distinguished for their chivalry and refinement, have been thrust aside to make way for gathering throngs of vulgar spoilsmen, whose apprehension of right and wrong is quite as obtuse as their sense of common decency. Votes, offices, salaries, committees, governors of States, have notoriously been bought and sold under the new regime; laws have been manufactured merely for purposes of speculation, and disposed of to the highest bidder; while bribery and corruption have become so common in the high places of Government that they have ceased almost to awaken a smile or provoke a sneer. In a word, the efforts made by an inquisitorial committee at Washington to reform affairs at the South and reorganize its governments have served only to disorganize Southern society, and divest it of all those attractive characteristics which were formerly inseparable from a high state of civilization.

The presence of troops sent South to maintain order and enforce obedience in localities where not a solitary voice was raised to question the behests of Government, has been justly regarded as a constant and intolerable insult, and, in process of time, has evoked, as might have been expected, some of those manifestations of disgust and indignation which it was well calculated to produce. These evidences of restiveness

under unjust suspicion have been magnified by the Government into overt acts of turbulence, only to be repressed by the military arm; and the exercise of the same kind of despotism over entire communities, inaugurated by a partizan Congress, during the administration of Mr. Johnson, has been continued during that of his successor, who is an unit with Congress, the unresisting echo of its will, the representative of its temper, and who, for the purpose of repressing such imaginary disturbances, has invested himself with all the powers of a military dictator. That combinations have existed in some parts of the country, organized for purposes of self-defence, and with a view to resist the tyranny and oppression exercised toward unoffending citizens by the paid agents of a heartless Government, is highly probable, nay, certain; but, in all such cases, it is not the combinations that are in fault, but the conduct of the Government itself, that rendered those combinations necessary for the defence of the citizens against every species of outrage.

The great majority of the people of the United States, embracing the Southern as well as Northern sections of the country, are not dissatisfied with the Federal Constitution established by our ancestors. Properly enforced, with a strict regard to the lines of demarcation which separate the Federal from the State jurisdictions, they are as fully convinced now as at any previous period of our history that it is every way adequate 'to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and to their posterity.' It is the abuse of delegated, or the assumption of undelegated, power by faithless, incompetent, unprincipled men, entrusted with the administration of affairs, which has now brought the Federal Union to the very brink of ruin; and it is only, Mr. Stephens thinks, by thrusting these officials from the high places which they have long occupied and dishonored, that we can hope for any real restoration of the Union to its original integrity, and be assured of its continuance for any great length of time to come.



A favorable opportunity, it is believed, approaches for effecting this highly desirable result. If the people, throughout all the States, at the presidential election now near at hand, rising in their strength, shall lay their hands on those great political offenders, who have violated their oaths and grossly abused the trusts committed to them, and, hurling them from their places without any particular ceremony, shall elect in their stead real statesmen, who will honestly and faithfully discharge their whole duty to the country and the Constitution, the latter may still be maintained in its original purity and the Union be preserved. But if they fail to do this, and the same misgovernment, usurpation, inhumanity, tyranny and injustice continue to mark the administration of Federal affairs which have disfigured it during the last decade, in such case, nothing, we apprehend, can prevent the dismemberment and overthrow, at no distant date, of the American Union of States, and, along with it, the downfall of the first great experiment of political self-government in the New World. It becomes the sacred duty, therefore, of the friends of individual liberty and State rights, of whatever section — North, South, East, or West — laying aside local prejudices, and disencumbering themselves, if possible, from party trammels, to come up promptly, boldly, and in as large numbers as possible, to the rescue of the Federal Constitution, now seriously imperilled, by ejecting the present incumbents, and placing in the Federal watch-towers faithful sentinels, and, in the most important offices of the Government, true patriots, honest men, able statesmen, who will earnestly apply themselves to the reform of the political abuses of which the people everywhere justly complain, and to the duty of administering the Government strictly in accordance with the requirements of the Fundamental Law.

## ART. X.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

1. THE ANNOTATED BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER; being an Historical, Ritual, and Theological Commentary on the Devotional System of the Church of England. Edited by the Rev. John Henry Blunt, M. A., F. S. A., Editor of the 'Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology;' Author of 'The History of the Reformation,' etc., etc. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1872.

This royal octavo of 610 pages, double columns, contains a vast amount of learning — historical, ritualistic, theological, and so forth — respecting the Book of Common Prayer. The author truly says: 'Perhaps there is no one book, except the Holy Bible, which has been so much written about as the Prayer Book since the Reformation, and perhaps *so much was never written about any one book which left so much still unsaid.*' This last expression is emphatically true. Nor has our author supplied the most important of all the omissions respecting the history of the Prayer Book; for, seeming to forget that it is a human production, he celebrates its excellencies and glories, and leaves 'still unsaid' all that relates to its defects and imperfections. A real friend to the Prayer Book would, it seems to us, wish to see its defects and imperfections removed, as earnestly as he would to see its excellencies appreciated and admired. But the Prayer Book seems to have no such friends (unless we are such); and we shall certainly be accounted its enemies, by its *partial* friends, if we only tell the plain, honest truth respecting its faults. But, however painful such a duty, shall we shrink from the faithful discharge of it, and thereby show ourselves very cowards? We have long since made the promise,<sup>1</sup> and the reader may, in our next issue, look for the performance.

'Much research and study,' says Mr. Blunt, 'have been expended upon this subject during the last quarter of a century; and the Prayer Book has been largely illustrated by

<sup>1</sup> See Art. I, for Jan., 1871.

the works of Sir William Palmer, Mr. Maskell, and Archdeacon Freeman. Many smaller books than these have also been published, with the object of bringing into a compact form the results of wide and learned investigations—the most trustworthy and complete of all such books being Mr. Proctor's excellent *History of the Book of Common Prayer, with a Rationale of its Offices*. No wonder there has been, during the last quarter of a century, such increased literary activity on the subject of the Prayer Book; for during no previous quarter of a century has there been such profound dissatisfaction with some of its teachings, even among its truest and most devoted admirers. But it is all to no purpose. Those of its teachings must be changed, or else it must give way to the irresistible march of events. If the time shall ever come when Churchmen shall be so filled and inflamed with the love of the only infallible Book on earth as to consume the faults of the Prayer Book as in a furnace seven times heated, then will those who have most earnestly labored for so glorious a consummation be honored as its truest and best friends.

In turning over the pages of Mr. Blunt's volume, we find there the backbone of the High Church system, namely, the doctrine of Apostolical Succession. That Epaphroditus was 'the Apostle to the Philippians,' he proves as glibly as if there could be no rational doubt on the subject; although, as we have shown,<sup>1</sup> he is, in this respect, at war with the great authorities of his own Church, as well as with history, reason, and Revelation. In like manner he proves, by the same, everlasting, superficial arguments, which we have examined in this *Review*,<sup>2</sup> that both Timothy and Titus were Apostles. He must not expect us to yield to arguments which have been rejected, as superficial and false, by all the great authorities of his own Church; from Cranmer down to Barrow, and from Barrow down to Alford. Mr. Haddan, in his recent work,<sup>3</sup> has most signally failed (as every one must do) to show that the dogma of the Apostolical Succession is 'a doctrine of the Church of England.'

<sup>1</sup> See leading article of this number of *Southern Review*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Apostolical Succession in the Church of England. 1870.

We wish we could say as much for that Church in regard to the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. It has, indeed, for thirty years or more, been a matter of wonder to us, how any one can read the Prayer Book, in connection with its history, and yet doubt that it most clearly, distinctly, and emphatically sets forth the doctrine of 'Regeneration in Baptism.' Hence, on this point, we agree with our author, that 'Regeneration in Baptism' is 'most distinctly held by the Church of England.' p. 229. But more of this hereafter, when we come to review Proctor's *History of the Book of Common Prayer*.

2. THE HOLY BIBLE, according to the Authorized Version, A. D. 1611. With Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation. By Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church.

This revised translation of the Bible, with a new commentary, has been projected and undertaken on a grand scale. We have before us the first volume, in two parts—each part bound as a separate volume—making, in all, no less than 928 large octavo pages. The whole will consist of eight Sections, and the volume before us—the Pentateuch—constitutes the first Section. The remaining Sections are as follows:

Section II.—The Historical Books: Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther.

Section III.—The Poetical Books: Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon.

Section IV.—The Four Great Prophets: Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel.

Section V.—The Twelve Minor Prophets: Hosea and Jonah, Amos and other Prophets, Joel and Obediah, Zachariah and Malachi.

Section VI.—The Gospels and Acts: St. Matthew and St. Mark, St. Luke, St. John, the Acts.

Section VII.—The Epistles of St. Paul: Romans, I and II Corinthians, Galatians, Philippians, Ephesians, Colossians, Thessalonians, and Philemon, Pastoral Epistles, Hebrews.

Section VIII.—The Catholic Epistles and Revelation: Epistles of St. John, Epistles of St. James, St. Peter, and St. Jude, Revelation of St. John.

In the execution of this grand work, there have been engaged for the last seven years, and there are still engaged, many of the most learned divines and prelates of the Church of England — a Church which, whatever may be thought of its imperfections or faults, has done more than any other for the progress of Christianity in the world. Our readers will, we are sure, feel a deep interest in the words of the General Editor in relation to the origin and design of this last grand enterprise of the English Church.

‘It is about seven years,’ says he, ‘since the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Right Hon. J. Evelyn Denison, conceived the idea of the present Commentary, and suggested its execution.

‘It appeared to him that in the midst of much controversy about the Bible, in which the laity could not help feeling a lively interest, even when they took no more active part, there was a want of some commentary upon the Sacred Books, in which the latest information might be made accessible to men of ordinary culture. It seemed desirable that every educated man should have access to some work which might enable him to understand what the original Scriptures really say and mean, and in which he might find an explanation of any difficulties which his own mind might suggest, as well as of any new objection raised against a particular book or passage. Whilst the word of God is one, and does not change, it must touch, at new points, the changing phases of physical, philological, and historical knowledge, and so the comments that suit one generation are felt by another to be obsolete.

‘The Speaker, after mentioning the project to several prelates and theologians, consulted the Archbishop of York upon it. Although the difficulties of such an undertaking were very great, it seemed right to the Archbishop to make the attempt to meet a want which all confessed to exist, and, accordingly, he undertook to form a company of divines, who, by a judicious distribution of the labor among them, might expound each the portion of Scripture for which his studies might best have fitted him. The difficulties were, indeed, many. First came that of treating a great and almost boundless subject

upon a limited scale. Let any one examine the most complete commentaries now in existence, and he will find that twenty or thirty ordinary volumes are not thought too many for the exhaustive treatment of the Scripture text. But every volume added makes the work less accessible to those for whom it is intended; and it was thought that eight or ten volumes ought to suffice for text and notes, if this Commentary was to be used by laymen as well as by professed divines. Omission and compression are at all times difficult. Notes should be in proportion to the reader's needs, whereas they are more likely to represent the writer's predilections. The most important points should be most prominent; but the writer is tempted to lay most stress upon what has cost him most labor.

'Another difficulty lay in the necessity of treating subjects that require a good deal of research, historical and philological, but which could not be expected to interest those who have had no special preparation for such studies. In order to meet this, it was resolved that subjects involving deep learning and fuller illustration should be remitted to separate essays at the end of each chapter, book, or division, where they can be found by those who desire them. The general plan has been this: A committee was formed to select the editor, and the writers of the various sections. The Rev. F. C. Cook, Canon of Exeter, and Preacher of Lincoln's Inn, was chosen editor. The work has been divided into eight sections, of which the present volume contains the Pentateuch. Each book has been assigned to some writer who has paid attention to the subject of it. The editor thought it desirable to have a small committee of reference, in cases of dispute; and the Archbishop of York, with the Regius Professors of Divinity of Oxford and Cambridge, agreed to act in this capacity. But in practice it has rarely been found necessary to resort to them. The committee were called upon, in the first place, to consider the important question, which has since received a much fuller discussion, whether any alteration should be made in the authorized English Version. It was decided to reprint that version without alteration, from the edition of 1811, with the marginal references and renderings, but to supply in the notes amended

translations of all passages found to be incorrect. It was thought that in this way might be reconciled the claims of accuracy and truth with that devout reverence which has made the present text of the English Bible so dear to all Christians that speak the English tongue. When the Prayer Book was revised, the earlier Psalter of Coverdale and Cranmer was left standing there, because those who had become accustomed to its use would not willingly attune their devotions to another, even though a more careful version. The old Psalter still holds its place, and none seem to desire its removal. Since then knowledge of the Bible has been much diffused, and there seems little doubt that the affection, which in the middle of the seventeenth century clung to the Psalter and preserved it, has extended itself by this time to the authorized Version of 1611. Be that as it may, those who undertook the present work desired that the layman should be able to understand better the Bible which he uses in church and at home; and for this purpose that Bible itself gives the best foundation, altered only where alteration is required to cure an error, or to make the text better understood.

‘This volume is sent forth in no spirit of confidence, but with a deep sense of its imperfections. Those who wish to condemn will readily extract matter on which to work. But those who receive it, willing to find aid in it, and ready to admit that it is no easy matter to expound, completely, fully, and popularly, that Book which has been the battle-field of all sects and parties, which has been interpreted by all the ages, each according to its measure of light, will do justice to the spirit which has guided the writers. Such will find in it something that may help them better to appreciate the Sacred Text.

“As for the commendation,” says Coverdale, “of God’s holy Scripture, I would fain magnify it as it is worthy, but I am far insufficient thereto, and, therefore, I thought it better for me to hold my tongue than with few words to praise or condemn it.” Our English Bible has come down to us, won for us by much devoted labor, by persecution, by exile, even by blood of martyrdom. It has still much work to do, and

when we consider the peoples to whom we have given our language, and the vast tracts over which English-speaking peoples rule, we feel how impossible it is for us to measure the extent of that work. We humbly desire to further it in some small measure, by removing a stumbling block here, and by shedding light upon some dark places there. Such human efforts are needed, but the use of them passes, whilst the word of God, of whom they treat, will endure to the end. Yet it is permitted to offer them with an aspiration after the same result that attends the word of God itself; and that result is, in the words of inspiration, "that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name." (John xx. 31.)

3. A TREATISE ON THE PREPARATION AND DELIVERY OF SERMONS. By John A. Broadus, D. D., LL. D., Professor in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Greenville, S. C. Third edition. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1871.

Seldom have we read a book with a more intense and absorbing interest than the one now before us. No competent judge can, indeed, dip into the book anywhere, and read a portion of it only, without perceiving that it is from the hand of a master, whose thoroughly trained intellectual powers, rich stores of learning, and plain, practical, good sense, have most admirably qualified him for the important work which he has so wisely undertaken and so well executed. It is, perhaps, the best work on Homiletics in our language. We have never read one comparable to it, *as a whole*, though we have studied several of the most celebrated treatises on the same subject.

Having completed, at the University of Virginia, the best training or discipline of mind which is desired for the careful and successful study of the ancient languages—Hebrew, Greek, and Latin—as well as of every department of the mathematics, from the lowest to the highest, Mr. Broadhus soon became, under the strong impulse there received, or there put forth, a thoroughly ripe classical scholar, and a truly learned theologian. The two titles of D. D. and LL. D., which have been so often and so shamefully disgraced in this country, are restored to something of their rightful honors in being appended



to his name. We rejoice that such a scholar, and such a writer, is an American, and an alumnus of the University of Virginia.

‘This work is designed,’ says the author, ‘on the one hand, to be a text book for classes, and on the other, to be read by such ministers— younger or older — as may wish to study the subjects discussed.’

‘As a teacher of Homiletics for ten years, the author had felt the need of a more complete text-book, since a course made up from parts of several different works would still omit certain important subjects, and furnish but a meagre treatment of others, leaving the class, to a great extent, entirely dependent on the lectures. The desire thus arose to prepare, whenever possible, a work which should be full in the range of its topics, and should also attempt to combine the thorough discussion of principles with an abundance of rules and suggestions. When the labor involved in teaching this, and, at the same time, another branch of Theology, became oppressive, and it was necessary to relinquish Homiletics — though always a favorite branch — the author determined, before the subject should fade from his mind, to undertake the work he had contemplated.’

Such is the design of the work as conceived by its author, and such is its character as executed by him. The promise is amply fulfilled by the performance. Feeling, as we do, that both the merits of the work itself, and the great importance of the subject it discusses, deserve at our hands an extended and elaborate review, we deeply regret that we have, at present, time only for this very brief notice.

4. **HISTORICAL THEOLOGY: A Review of the Principal Doctrinal Discussions in the Christian Church since the Apostolic Age.** By the late William Cunningham, D. D., Principal and Professor of Church History, New College, Edinburg. Two vols., 8vo. Edinburg: T. & T. Clark. 1870.

This is the title of one of the most interesting works that has issued from the press during the course of the present generation. The author, having been appointed to the Professorship of Church History in the New College, Edinburg,

instead of confining himself in his prelections to the ordinary routine of narrating mere historic facts, such as may be gathered from any of our published works on Church History, struck out for himself a course altogether new in the department of study over which he presided, and a course as singularly instructive and inviting as it is new and hitherto untrodden. Taking the ground that what is most important in the history of the Church is, not the narrative of events, or the biography of men, but the history of God's revealed truth in its gradual development, and its struggles with infidelity and error — that the lives of men, the sittings of Councils, the decrees of emperors, the rise and refutation of heresies, &c., all have their chief importance as they bear relation to this living and abiding truth, he has devoted his life to the work of tracing the history of Theology as a body of systematic truth through the successive ages of the Christian era, showing the manifold phases under which it has been held, the various controversies to which it has given rise, the different forms of error with which it has come in contact, the perversions and distortions to which it has been subjected, the heresies by which it has been for a time obscured, 'the various arguments by which its fundamental articles have been both assailed and defended — a review of that sifting and winnowing process through which not only truth has been separated from error, but what is essential and non-essential in the truth itself has been distinguished and put apart.'

It will be evident at a glance that such a review of the discussions and controversies through which the fundamental truths of Christianity have passed, gives admirable opportunity for establishing and illustrating two great points: First, the divinity of this system of revealed truth, as seen in the fact that even the fierce controversies of which it has been, from age to age, the great battle-ground, have only served in the end to bring forth into clearer light its unity and consistency, and to cause it to be more accurately defined, more clearly understood, and more cordially embraced by the great body of Christian believers. Second, to show that in direct proportion to the clearness with which these great truths have been

apprehended, and the living power which they have been permitted to exert upon the soul, have been the vitality, progress, and power of the Church. Neither of these points escapes the attention of the author, but with graphic pen he portrays, from time to time, the superhuman vigor with which the truth emerges in fresh purity from the heat of controversy as from a baptism of fire, and with which it runs into its own divine mould (Rom. vi. 17), the character and lives of those who yield themselves up to its teachings.

It is scarcely necessary to say that with many of the peculiar views of Dr. Cunningham, and of the school of theology to which he belongs, many, if not most, of the readers of this *Review* would take decided issue. A Calvinist, and a *jure divino* Presbyterian, it must follow that in those controversies which involve points of difference between Calvinists and Arminians, and between the advocates of Prelacy on the one hand and Presbyterianism on the other, he takes strong and decided grounds on the side of that creed which he believes to be Scriptural and right; yet even here he is always moderate in the statement of his own views, always fair in the statement of the views of his opponents, whilst through all his discussions there runs such an earnest vein of piety, such candid attachment to truth, and such temperate and charitable language toward those who differ with him, that these volumes may well commend themselves to every earnest student of Church History, and especially to every minister of the gospel who would be thoroughly furnished for his work. We would particularly commend those chapters which have reference to the Trinity (ch. ix.), the Person of Christ (ch. x.), and the Romish Controversy (chs. xix., xxi., xxii.), in which there will be found a storehouse of information upon all these topics of Christian doctrine.

We conclude this notice with a few words from the pen of the gifted and lamented author:

‘The grand object of all men who rightly understand their condition and responsibilities, must be to acquire such a knowledge of Revelation as may guide them to salvation and eternal blessedness: the great end of the gospel ministry is to

aid them in acquiring this knowledge, and in applying it to effect this result. . . . In dealing with the history of the Church, I am persuaded that that department of it most conducive to this end is the history of the Church since the completed revelation of God's will was put into its hands, and especially the history of the principal discussions which have taken place in regard to its meaning and import, . . . thus aiding us to ascertain where the truth, the Scriptural truth, in the leading controversies which have been carried on, really lay, and to discover how the truth upon the particular subject controverted may be most successfully defended, and how the opposite error may be most conclusively and effectively refuted.'

5. **OUR TIMES AND OUR DUTIES.** An Address delivered at the Annual Commencement of the Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of Virginia, June 27, 1872. By William Sparrow, D. D., Professor in the Institution. Philadelphia: Office for the sale of the Leighton Publications.

The title of this Address is very like that of Dr. Palmer's oration. But the subjects are different, the one relating to 'the present crisis and its issues' in the political affairs of this country, and the other to 'our times and our duties' with respect to the divided and distracted condition of the religious world.

The Address now before us is the production of a great and good man. In reading the Address of Dr. Palmer, we are scarcely able to resist the impression, *at times*, that he has bestowed more labor and painstaking on the dress of his thoughts than on the thoughts themselves. No suspicion of the kind ever crosses the mind in reading the production of Dr. Sparrow. His words evidently grow out of his thoughts, and not his thoughts out of his words. Upon every topic discussed by him he has obviously reflected calmly, cautiously, patiently, and earnestly, until his thoughts, blazing all over with the light of truth, have burst into the language most appropriate for their utterance. Indeed, in following the clear current of his thoughts, we do not think at all of the transparent medium through which they shine, and it is only by a voluntary effort

of the mind that we become conscious that he has a style. The more closely his admirable style is examined, however, the more clearly will it be seen that it is a model for the discussion of all great and important themes. It is a striking illustration of the aphorism of Buffon, that 'the style is the man'; or, more properly speaking, it is the shadow of the man. The substance of his thoughts is the man. In the contemplation of these we behold the author's moderation of tone and measured wisdom, no less than that elevation of spirit which is as catholic as Christianity itself, as comprehensive as the universal Church of God. 'No pent up Utica confines his powers.' Though devotedly attached to his own branch of the Church, yet the narrowness, the bigotry which calls that glorious branch *the* Church, is infinitely remote from the spirit and the wisdom of 'the man.' If our limits permitted we should be glad to follow our author in the discussion of the great themes of his discourse, but, as it is, we must necessarily confine our attention to one or two topics only.

'In commending our peculiarities to others,' says he, 'we should give heed to *our logic* and to *our spirit*: deficient in either, our labor will be in vain.' (p. 28.) 'As to the first,' he continues, 'we should be sure of the *premises* from which we start.' . . . 'We should be equally self-observant in the *process* of our reasoning, not sliding into the delusive notion that inferences, however regular in form, can be drawn as safely in theology as in mathematics, or that all the mere inferences in the world cannot put palpable facts out of countenance. And in regard to the *position* we would make good, in doing so we should take heed and not separate ourselves from the base-line of vital, practical Christianity and common sense; for to advance too far, *i. e.*, to try to establish too much, is often worse than to establish too little: we may proffer help to the Lord as the God of truth, which in his eyes is worse than a vain oblation, a weariness, and an abomination.'

Admirable canons for the regulation of thought! If they had only been observed by the Kips, the Chapins, the Onderdonks, and other champions of High Church Episcopacy, as they have been by himself, how much better it had been for

the Church of God, as well as for their own communion ! How much disgraceful literature had it spared their own Church ! and how much more glorious, at this moment, would be her attitude and her power as one of the grand divisions in the armies of the living God !

'*As to the spirit,*' says he, 'in which we should advocate our peculiarities: ah ! it is almost everything. In science it may not be important, but here it is essential. God's work must be done in God's way. God is the God of love, and he tells us, as we are not called to judge men, whilst he is judge of quick and dead, of men and angels, that for *us* the greatest of all gifts is love. Whatever, therefore, we do, even in the advocacy of truth, if we would please him, must be done in this spirit ; otherwise, which is a further consideration, it will only frustrate its own object.' (p. 29.) All this is good, very good ; but, then, might it not be just a little better, if we had no peculiarities at all *to advocate*? We are inclined to believe, indeed, that just in proportion as our minds and hearts are enlarged by the love of God and man, and fired into rapture by the ineffable glories of the eternal scheme of Redemption, as conceived by the Father, as executed by the Son, and as enforced by the Spirit, the fewer will be our *peculiarities*, and the less disposed will we be to *advocate* them. And if our love were only perfect, we should, perhaps, have no peculiarities at all, or, at least, none we should deem worthy of controversy.

Passing over in this connection what seems to us a few harmless platitudes on the subject of love (who can write on such a theme without platitudes?), we can, and do, most heartily approve the following noble and beautiful sentiments :

'I have said we should give heed, as theologians, and especially as advocates of our denominational peculiarities, to our *logic* and our *love*, distinguishing between them. Though distinguishable, they are intimately connected : they act and react on one another. Love observes proportion. It is not a blind and doting fondness, which cannot distinguish between the essential and the less important. Its powers, as finite, it

is not disposed to waste. In its benevolence and beneficence it distinguishes necessarily between the soul and body of man, and between the vital and secondary interests of both. It emphasizes what is emphatic, and slurs what should be passed over lightly. Thus instinctively acting in the *moral* sphere, it fosters in the mind a habit, in a strictly *logical* way, favorable to a due regard to the proportions of truth. It acts the man, and, therefore, puts away childish things, so far, at least, that they shall be kept in their place, and not usurp a regard which is due only to things manly. But it is in another way, chiefly, that love helps logic. What are the causes of error among individual men? Are they not *ignorance* and *prejudice*, especially the latter? But what is the chief source of prejudice? As manifestly, *selfishness*. Yea, is not even *self-love* a fruitful *occasion* of this evil? The mere fact that anything is, or is not, *of us*, has a tendency to create a bias, often very strong, and quite aside from the merits of the subject, for or against anything which is offered for our acceptance, or which we are offering to others. Cicero tells us that "*hostis*" originally meant the same as "*peregrinus*." How happened it that a word which first stood for *foreigner* came to signify enemy, but because of that egotism of human nature which can bear with nothing which is not of its own part? Do we not see the same thing in the disciples of our Lord? "*We forbid them,*" said they, with marvellous naivetè, "*because they followed not with us.*" It was nothing that these persons were casting out devils, and so doing a good work; nor casting out devils in Christ's name, so putting honor on him, whether professing to do so or not: it was all of no account with the disciples, simply because these persons followed not with them; although, as we know, and as they then must have known, though dimly, perhaps, that the mission of Christ to our world was "*to destroy the works of the devil.*" Here, then, was prejudice sadly blinding the eyes to "the true, the beautiful, and the good," and perverting the logical judgment, so that it could not look beyond local connections and outward relations, to *truth*, which is ubiquitous, and not local; nor to *holiness*, which may exist anywhere under the truth, through the power

of that Spirit who uses truth as his instrument, and who claims to be everywhere "free." And this evil influence of selfishness on logic is often increased tenfold by special causes, by hereditary bad training, by pernicious accidental associations, by a perverse temper, and ambitious competitions. But in whatever way the evil works, it is plain that the best remedy is the divine gift of charity. This will kill those unreasoning antipathies out of which prejudice grows; will make us recognize Christ's image everywhere; make us say heartily, "*Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity;*" will rejoice that Christ is preached by any: and will make Christ himself "*the way, the truth, and the life,*" and the love of him the sum of actual human salvation here and hereafter.'

Lofty and heroic sentiments! Glorious confession of faith! Every word, and every syllable, finds a glad response in our inmost hearts. If, indeed, there were any chord of prejudice, or bigotry, in our bosoms, which did not respond to them without the least recoil, or without exquisite pleasure, we should deplore its existence as an incalculable calamity to our souls. We do, and will, rejoice to recognize Christ's image everywhere, in every Church under the sun; we do say heartily, '*Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ;*' and we do count the love of him the sum and substance of all salvation. It is the salvation of men and of angels. For, if we have read St. Paul correctly, it is by Christ that God 'reconciles all things unto himself'—that is, *keeps all things in society* with himself, 'whether they be things in the earth or things in heaven,' so that there shall be no more fall in the Universe of God. It is by the love of Christ, then, 'the brightness of the Father's glory,' that the very angels are preserved in their allegiance, and bound to the throne of the Most High.

But others have peculiarities to advocate, and peculiarities, too, that cut off all Protestant denominations, except their own, from the 'covenanted mercies of God,' and leave them without hope. They may, perhaps, commend them to the *uncovenanted* mercies of God; but, if we understand the



Scriptures, there can be no such mercies. The mercies of the New Covenant are the only ones vouchsafed to mankind, and beyond them there are none whatever, except those 'tender mercies' on which infidels and scoffers rely for salvation. Hence, to cut us off from the 'covenanted mercies of God,' which are so free, so full, and so glorious, as set forth in the gospel, and consign us to his 'tender mercies' outside of the gospel, is to leave us absolutely without hope. What shall we do with such a 'peculiarity,' such a prejudice? What does the spirit of Christian love dictate? This is the grave question.

It was only the other day that a young clergyman—'a high and dry Churchman,' as he called himself—solemnly advised us to let all such peculiarities and their advocates alone, and direct all our powers to the object of a grand union among all Christian men. We were too polite to laugh in his face. We did, on the contrary, listen very respectfully, as we had promised to do when his advice was proffered. But it did, indeed, seem to us extremely laughable, that such 'a high and dry Churchman' should take the glorious words *Christian union* upon his lips. Why, what in the world can it mean but a union of all Christian men on the narrow basis of his *syntagma*? Plead for such a union! How, in the name of common sense and common honesty, could we ask all Christian men to lay aside the deepest and most earnest convictions of their souls respecting the glory of Christ and his gospel, to unite with 'high and dry Churchmen' in the reprobation of all who differ from them?

Let such a dogma alone! We should, indeed, be perfectly willing to let it alone, if it would only let the Church of God alone, in this great hour of her darkness, and distress, and longing for union. But if it will go about, sowing the seeds of discord and disunion, we shall meet it as an enemy of Christ and his gospel. Let such a dogma alone! Why, our young friend might just as well have turned a wild bull, or a mad dog, loose upon the world, and then asked us to 'let it alone.' He may love his dog better than his neighbor, and preach a thousand fine sermons about charity and Union;

but he need not say to us, 'If you love me, love my dog,' and let his teeth alone, even when you feel them in your own flesh and blood. We shall most assuredly break them all, if we can.

In opposing such a monstrous dogma, however, we shall intend no sort of injury, or harm, to its advocates. We shall, on the contrary, aim to render them a very special and very great benefit. We shall aim to enforce on them the most salutary and admirable advice of the great Dr. Sparrow — 'Be sure of your *premises*,' and see to your '*processes* of reasoning.' They pray to be delivered from their 'secret faults'; and we shall aim to bestow on them, as far as possible, the blessing for which they pray, by bringing to light the 'secret faults' of their '*premises*' and logical '*processes*.' Why, then, do they not thank us? Why, on the contrary, do they accuse us of being uncharitable in our judgments, and harsh in our language? However harsh our judgments, or severe our language, one thing is certain: We do not unchurch all Protestant denominations except our own, and consign them to that baseless fabric of a vision, 'the uncovenanted mercies of God.'

But they mistake. We are 'not mad, most noble Festus.' Our convictions are, it is true, deep and earnest; but they are the parents, not the offspring, of our passions. It is only after we have thought slowly and long, calmly, and patiently, and conscientiously in the sight of God, that the fire burns within us, and the live coals come leaping from our lips. When these happen to strike errors of the head merely, or mistakes of the understanding, they give no offence; but when they come into contact with prejudices of the heart, then the vipers never fail to raise their heads and hiss. The more they lack in reason, the more they indulge in rage; the more clearly they are 'convinced against their will,' the more fiercely are they of 'the same opinion still.' Hence, instead of argument, they pour forth a torrent of vituperation and abuse; and nothing seems more uncharitable to them than the man who convicts them of a want of charity. They do not, and they cannot, distinguish between a live man and an angry one.

But, whether they can see it or not, there is such a difference. For, we are ourselves profoundly conscious, and do absolutely know, that our utmost vehemence against what we believe to be deadly error is not mingled with the turbulence of unholy passion or anger. It is the love of Jesus — the most beautiful object in the universe — which burns within us as we muse, and bursts into flames of indignation against all that obstructs the light of his soul-saving glory. It would not hurt the hair of any man's head. But it does, and will, emulate the spirit of Rhamdas, which has been so highly eulogized, in 'the wish that his body were a great ball of fire to burn up all the evil in the world.'

'In many respects,' to adopt the pregnant words of Dr. Sparrow, 'this nineteenth century is very peculiar. . . . 'It is not with a view to feed the vanity and egotism of this nineteenth century that we assert it to be altogether peculiar, in the influences which have been brought to bear upon it, and the events that have sprung out of its bosom. The next hundred years, for aught we know, *may* bring powers into play, and exhibit providential phenomena to the world, which shall throw all that we now witness into the shade. But thus far, at least, the world has seen nothing like the present, since the beginning of our era, except, perhaps, the period of the Reformation.'

Over how many minds, indeed, have these or similar sentiments darkly brooded, though never before, perhaps, so clearly expressed by any one! Who has not also felt that this nineteenth century, so like the sixteenth in some respects, needs its Luther as well as its Melancthon? Dr. Sparrow is, as we have often thought, its American Melancthon; but where is its  
\* (American Luther? We do not know. But we do know that whenever he shall appear, or whoever he may be, he will receive from his century curses, loud and deep and bitter, as did the great Luther himself from his own century. He will be deemed the harshest and the most uncharitable of men. But, thank God! the demon of persecution will not possess his old instruments of torture, or hellish means of terror.

*Lib. of the University of Toronto, 1873*

6. A PASTORAL LETTER; being a part of the Annual Address of the Bishop of the Diocese of Alabama, to the Convention thereof— assembled in the Church of the Nativity, Huntsville, May 10, 1871 — now issued in the form of a Pastoral Letter, at the request of the Clergy and Laity in attendance.

In the above long title we have the history of Bishop Wilmer's Pastoral Letter, which, it seems to us, needed no such introduction to its readers. It speaks for itself. The design of the writer is a noble one, being no less than to suggest a remedy for the rampant ritualism of his own Church, or denomination. This design does not appear at first. On the contrary, he seems to be engaged, at the outset of his Pastoral, with 'the postures proper at certain parts of the Church service'—a subject which seems to have exercised both the clergy and laity of the diocese of Alabama, as the Letter before us is sent forth in compliance with their 'frequent inquiries' in relation to 'postures.' (p. 1.) We do not see why this should be a subject of so much solicitude in Alabama. We have certainly never been in an Episcopal Church (and we have been in many) that we did not admire how decently everything is done, even as to the posturing of the body. We do not deny the importance of such things, nor the value of *some* of Bishop Wilmer's suggestions; but it does seem to us that he thinks a little too highly of the subject of 'postures.' He gives it, if we may venture to judge, rather too high a place, and too large a space, in his theory of holy living and dying. A short epistle might, perhaps, have been well enough; but first an 'Annual Address' to his Convention — a solemn charge to the Clergy of his Diocese — and then this long Pastoral — is not all this rather too much of a good thing? If postures must be attended to, why could not a deacon, or a dancing master, be appointed for that purpose, and allow the Bishop to give himself 'continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the Word'? (Acts vi. 4.) Why could not some master of ceremonies be appointed, so that the Bishop might give himself wholly to 'the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith'? (Mat. xxiii. 23.) Most assuredly, his 'Letter,' to say nothing of his 'Annual Address,' is very unlike, both in its tone and in its theme,

