MONTHLY REPOSITORY.

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JUNIUS REDIVIVUS ON THE CONDUCT OF THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY.

The insertion of the following letter, from a popular writer, is due to the interest which it manifests in our concerns; and opportunity is thereby afforded for a few words of explanation with our subscribers and the public, which we shall append to it by way of comment. We readily avail ourselves of this occasion; for, not only is there none of that mystery about the conduct of the Repository which some journals affect, but there are certain peculiarities in our position which will, we apprehend, the more they are known, attract to us the kind of support, both from contributors and readers, that we are desirous of obtaining. For a statement of these, an appropriate preface has been furnished by the friendly remarks of our unknown correspondent.

To the Editor of the Monthly Repository.

Sir,—Several Numbers of the periodical you conduct having lately fallen into my hands, I was as much pleased as surprised to discover that its by-no-means inviting exterior was not a true index to its valuable contents. I had, it is true, heard the work casually named before, but the impression had arisen in my mind—how, I cannot now ascertain—that it was the mouthpiece of a portion of 'sour sectarianism' upheld more by dogmas than by reasoning. I did it injustice, and, therefore, beg to make the *amende honorable* thus publicly. The difference between your periodical and those of your more aristocratic contemporaries, appears to me to be, that your contributors are mostly *thinkers*, and those of your neighbours, *writers*—the former, striving to engage the judgment, the latter the imagination. Time out of mind it has been asserted, that deep thinkers are very commonly slovens; and the outer garb of the Repository, as well as its inner clothing, would seem to have been selected for the purpose of keeping up the truth of the old saying. You do it an injustice, to let it go thus about the world, like a poor child belonging to nobody, with coarse garments and an unwashen countenance. Physical beauty is ever an admirable assistant even to mental perfection, and should by no means be despised. Rowland Hill, when talking of music, was accustomed to say, that he saw no reason for suffering the devil to monopolize all the pretty tunes for his own especial use; and there was sound philo-

sophy in the remark. Many persons who are accustomed to take in the Magazines of the month, tempted by their showy exterior, will not have anything to say to the Repository, because they imagine, that if it were the child of any important person, it would of a surety be better dressed. It is not invited out, because it is not fit company for its neighbours. I do not mean to assert that its intrinsic value is thereby lessened, but that its power of utility is thereby much circumscribed. There are two parties most essential to books of all kinds—persons to *write* them, and persons to *read* them. Without the latter, the time of the former would be entirely thrown away. Therefore, it is highly essential, that all reasonable pains should be taken to tempt the readers. Had the poems of Byron been published in the *fac-simile* of his handwriting, I question whether he would have found many readers; and even thus a bad print and coarse paper are frequently fatal to the lucubrations of genius. It is true, that real genius will no more be deterred by the difficulties of reading, than by the difficulties of writing; but, unfortunately, for one reader of genius—whom nothing could prevent from reading—there are fifty without genius, who require to be coaxed to read. This gear should be attended to. There is another point. One shilling and sixpence is a most unfortunate price as regards the mechanism of distribution amongst the public. Magazines are purchased to a great extent by circulating libraries, and let out to persons at threepence and fourpence each for reading. For one person who purchases there are a score who hire. Those who hire are willing to pay threepence for the use of a recent half-crown book, but not so for that of eighteenpence; and those who *hire* at threepence only to read once, will not buy at eighteenpence only to read once. It is too dear for the purposes of the reader, and not dear enough for the purposes of the librarian.

It seems to me, then, that it would be desirable to elevate the Repository to the dignity of the Magazines, and to combine beauty with utility,—refinement with sense,—to make it a popular work, advocating the true interests of the people; at the same time that it seeks in all ways to humanize them, and elevate their perceptions of refinement, if possible, to the standard of elder Greece, in all that relates to physical as well as mental excellence;—to create, in short, a more widely-extended public than that word has ever yet signified in England,—to awaken the sense of beauty, which lies dormant in the noble Saxon race,—to give to literary men, and to artists, both painters and sculptors, a career for glory such as they have never yet contemplated, even in their most high and palmy state,—to set forth in a manner, not to be misunderstood, the incontrovertible fact, that a free and educated nation presents the only fair field for that patronage, which men of talent have been too much accustomed fruitlessly to seek, in playing the part of sycophants to the great ones of the earth.

I remain, Sir, very truly yours,

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

November 2, 1832.

The notion that the Repository is a sectarian publication, has, we apprehend, got possession of the minds of many who will not, so easily as our correspondent, disabuse themselves of it, or be

disabused by others. His independent and unprejudiced testimony may, perhaps, have more weight on this matter than our own disclaimer could be expected to possess. If it be supposed that any property, patronage, or influence, exists in any quarter, to render this publication the mouthpiece of any class or party, it is time that the mistake should be corrected. There was a period during which the (then) proprietors were aided by subscriptions and donations, and the work was avowedly not so much the organ of the person or persons conducting it as of those of the same persuasion who made it the vehicle of their communications. Various circumstances have changed this state of things. The short, gratuitous communications which used to make up the *copy* of a magazine are no longer in vogue: the old 'Gentleman's' is perhaps the only one now which is so supported; and the specimen, not unamusing in its way, yet makes few readers long for the restoration of the *ancien régime*. Communications of this kind had failed from the pages of the 'Monthly Repository' long before the present editor and proprietor had any connexion with it; nor is he indebted for pecuniary aid to any person or class of persons whatever. This distinct declaration is called for by the circumstance, that some who had formerly subscribed to the work, are known to imagine that he derives some kind of benefit, and that they are entitled to some kind of influence, on account of such contributions. He derives none whatever; and the fact that they were ever made is to him a disadvantage. The work was purchased of its late proprietors, without either favour or incumbrance, at its fair and full worth in the literary market, as impartially estimated by umpires chosen for that purpose. It is now the sole property of the individual by whom it is conducted; and the writers in it are chiefly his personal friends, or those whom similar views of politics, literature, and morals, have induced, on public grounds, to afford him their co-operation.

While an avowed editorship, backed by such support as has been just indicated, induces some inconveniences, it has also advantages—and those greatly preponderant advantages—we mean as to the character and independence of the work; certainly not as to the pecuniary profit or the private ends which might be promoted by a different course. We have no proprietary to control us, and to put to the vote what side our work shall take on any question. There are no political or bookselling schemes which we hesitate to promote at our peril. Our contributors are justly described by our correspondent as *thinkers*, and not merely *writers*; they become the latter because they are the former, and they have at heart the instruction of the public on the topics which they have qualified themselves to discuss. We feel the worth of their co-operation, and one of the pleasantest results

of more extended success would be the consequent ability to put them on the same footing as the contributors to other periodicals, which derive their superior means of pecuniary remuneration not so much from superior circulation as from their advertisements,—the capital possessed by their proprietors, and the profitableness of other schemes to which they are rendered subservient. The proprietor owes it to the public spirit of his contributors, to regard the profits of the Repository, so far as they shall exceed a fair allowance for the outlay and labour of its purchase and management, as their property, and purposes to place those profits, proportionately, at their disposal. And, on this principle, he is willing and desirous to invite a more extended co-operation from writers of similar principles and views, who are willing to submit, as they must, to his judgment of the accordance of their productions with the spirit of his periodical, and their fitness for insertion in its pages.

The volume which is now completed—the first in which the work has been properly our own—must be regarded rather as an imperfect indication of our wishes than a realization of them; the next will, we hope, show further improvement. A short but interesting portion of the account of Goethe's works remains, which, when thus completed, will supply a desideratum in English literature. The commencement is in hand of a series of articles on the character and works of Dr. Priestley, which will deserve the attention of our readers: and we have reason to expect an accession of strength, which will enable us to penetrate into some regions towards which we have yet scarcely ventured to look.

Hoping to produce, from time to time, articles which deserve better than the hasty perusal bestowed on what is hired from a circulating library,—desiring a permanent abode, rather than a casual meeting, with that portion of the public to which we can obtain access,—we must put a negative on the suggested advance of price. We would much rather reduce it, could we afford to do so without contracting our already narrow limits. As to the slovenliness of our outward man, this 'gear' shall 'be attended to,' though we cannot promise much, and must mainly rely on having 'that within which passeth show.'

The concluding remarks on what a periodical should be, and do, and aim at, have our hearty concurrence. The degree of public attention and encouragement which we have received during the year, and which has carried us forward while most of our contemporaries have retrograded, cherishes the hope of our being gradually enabled to approximate towards our own standard. However that may be, we shall continue to do our best to expose cant and sophistry, and demolish prejudice in every department; and gladly shall we combine, with the needful

agency of destruction, the better work of renovation, exerting ourselves to create or to diffuse a correct taste in literature and art,—a spirit of freedom in politics, and of rationality in religion,—and in all things, so far as we can, to accelerate the improvement and multiply the enjoyments of our fellow-creatures.

ED.

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

ART. II.

WHEN we consider the great acquirements of Reinhard, and the active duties in which he was incessantly engaged, we are astonished how he could find time to write so much; and that, in addition to a great number of disquisitions in Latin on various topics of ancient literature and criticism, which were collected, in two volumes, under the title of *Opuscula Academica*—to commentaries in Latin, on Genesis, Isaiah, and the Psalms, and on some parts of Plato's writings—and to the great work which occupied, in its successive editions, a very large portion of his time—his System of Christian Morality—he should have left behind him not less than thirty-nine volumes of sermons, which form, as it has been well observed, a kind of religious library, and may be considered as the development of the fundamental principles communicated in his work on morality. For the greater part of his life he preached every Sunday; every sermon was composed a week in advance, and committed to memory previous to its delivery. To effect all this, he was, as may well be conceived, a most rigid economist of his time. Boettiger gives us an account of the mode in which his day was distributed during his residence at Dresden.

'He rose, summer and winter, at six o'clock; and employed the first hour, from Monday morning, in learning off the sermon which he was to deliver the following Sunday, and which he had composed during the preceding week. Whilst he dressed he went over in his mind what he had already committed to memory. After this, he read some portion of the Scripture in the original, and frequently added to this a prayer. His favourite books in the Old Testament were the Psalms and the prophet Isaiah. The ensuing hours were devoted to the different duties of his office—to meditation, composition, reading over the papers of the Ecclesiastical Council and of the Upper Consistory, of which he was a member, and thrice during the week to assisting at these two councils. He usually composed his sermons on the mornings of the three last days of the week, on which there was no sitting of the Councils. The last hour of the morning of the two first days in the week was set apart for those who wished to confer with him. During his dinner, which was never long, he hastily read the gazettes. After dinner, twice in the week he ran over the journals, and on other days usually read something historical. He distinguished between the books

that were to be read and those that were to be only turned over; and extracted or noted down only such passages as had a bearing upon his system of Christian morality. About three in the afternoon he resumed his labours, and generally took exercise of some kind in the evening. The summer months he spent at a country-house, where his garden was a favourite scene of recreation. A part of his evening was occupied in conducting a very extensive correspondence, and in replying to a number of persons, who consulted him about their works or on cases of conscience. After a very frugal supper at nine, he usually resorted to a little music. The harpsichord was his instrument; and often, when fatigued with labour, or when his ideas were dull, he would play for a few moments, and feel himself revived: music, too, was his recreation after preaching. His day terminated in listening to something light, which his wife read to him. Only extraordinary circumstances could induce him to prolong his labours beyond the usual hour, or deviate from a plan of life, which he followed with the greatest regularity.'—pp. 89, 90.

What a contrast between the simple mode of life, the assiduous studies constantly directed to some practical object, the truly pastoral character and professional labours of Reinhard, and the luxurious indolence of some of the richly-beneficed and aristocratical dignitaries of our own Church! And yet the princely incomes, with which they a rehardly satisfied, would have maintained in comparative affluence many Reinhards!

In his first letter Reinhard informs us how he came to publish so many volumes of sermons. At an earlier period of his career, he had published successively a couple of volumes; and in 1795, after his removal to Dresden, he was strongly urged to permit every sermon which he should thenceforward preach to be printed. With this very extraordinary request he certainly would not have complied but for a circumstance which rendered compliance almost inevitable. Such was the interest which his sermons excited, that they were taken down during the delivery, and copies of them afterwards sold throughout the country in a very imperfect and mutilated form. Some of these copies fell into Reinhard's hands; and he was mortified to perceive the nonsense which he was made to utter, but which did not seem at all to interfere with their sale. In self-defence, and as the least of two evils, he was induced to allow the publication, through a regular channel, of every sermon which he preached; and this arrangement, subsisting without interruption for fifteen years, was the occasion of the voluminous collection which he left behind him.

It was the ancient practice of the Lutheran churches for the minister to take the subject of his discourse from the short portion of the New Testament, which is read immediately before the sermon, and which forms the lesson for the day. Thus limited in his choice of texts, the wonder was how Reinhard contrived to draw out of them such a variety of subjects. He describes his method of proceeding in his tenth letter. After insisting on the

indispensableness to a preacher both of a philosophical and a practical knowledge of human nature, he remarks—

'The necessity I was under for so many years in succession of preaching from the same texts, and sometimes more than once in the year, excited and perfected in me the spirit of invention. As all my sermons were printed, and might be compared, I was compelled, every time I came again upon the same text, to find out something new to say; and I cannot deny that this necessity may have suggested to me many ideas which I should not otherwise have thought of.'

He had a practice of putting down thoughts that appeared suitable to the pulpit, just as they occurred to him in the course of his reading; and often, he tells us, on consulting this collection of scattered thoughts, he was able to attach an important subject to a text, which at first seemed either barren or exhausted:—

'Nevertheless (he continues), I never had recourse to this expedient till reflection on a text had failed to furnish me at once with a suitable topic. Commonly, to find one or more topics, it is only necessary to understand the text and fathom its meaning. Allow me to explain to you, in what manner I found both historical and didactic texts might be studied and treated, in order to make the most advantageous use of them. For an historical text, the essential point, as it seems to me, is to know how to transport ourselves to the scene of the transaction—to conceive it vividly with all its circumstances, and to make it, as it were, pass before the eye. With this view, the narration must be examined in its connexion with what precedes and what follows it. We must form the distinctest image possible of the time and the place, and search into the causes of the fact, and the circumstances which brought it on; we must call to mind the events which happened at the same time, together with their effects, so far as they have any bearing on the point under consideration, or may serve to elucidate it; and, in one word, we must, conformably to the rules of historical interpretation, judge every particular in reference to the spirit and character of the age to which the fact related belongs. If, after these general preliminaries, we fix our attention on the actors in the transaction, and mark the opinions, the sentiments, the desires and the wants which they express, and the manners and character, which they exhibit; if we examine the impression and the effects of their words, their actions, and all their movements; and if, finally, we look into the general result of the whole,—it is scarcely possible that we should not find something worthy of being offered to the meditation of an audience.

'At the same time, it is equally necessary for a preacher to know well what suits the age in which he lives, and the flock which he has to instruct, and to have these considerations incessantly present to his mind. When many subjects present themselves to his thoughts, if he has a strong sense of duty, he will not consider which is the most easy or the most agreeable to treat; but he will choose that which, under actual circumstances, and according to the known wants of his hearers, will prove *most* useful and best adapted to produce a salutary impression on their heart and conduct; and he will treat it with all the care of which he is capable. In this way, every sermon will have all the pertinence and utility of an occasional discourse; and the writer more-

over will avoid the usual error of retracing continually the same circle of commonplaces, without benefit to any one.'

Reinhard then gives some examples from his own sermons of the mode in which he applied the foregoing principles. We extract a single specimen. On the seventh Sunday after Trinity, the Gospel for the day is from Mark viii. 1—9, the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves. This passage, considered in the way just described, furnished Reinhard with the following subjects for as many sermons: 1. *God can employ, and in fact does employ, feeble means and feeble instruments for the diffusion of rich blessings.* 2. *Contentment is a virtue much more essential than is commonly supposed.* 3. *In the manner in which God provides for our wants, there is always something marvellous.* The transaction recorded took place in an uninhabited country; and this leads to the inquiry *why Jesus preferred gathering his disciples round him in solitary places;* which formed the subject of a fourth sermon *On the perfecting of the moral sentiment.* It was a difficult thing, under such circumstances, to preserve order among so many thousand people,—hence a 5th discourse *On the secret empire exercised over men by the presence of virtue.* On this occasion Christ had only himself to depend on. 6. *Under all circumstances, the Christian should reckon more on himself than on others.* In the multitude many followed Jesus from impure motives, yet all were treated with the greatest kindness. 7. *Christians should give their full due even to the imperfect endeavours of others in good.* The people imprudently tarried in a place where no means of subsistence were at hand. 8. *How miserable we should be if God did not incessantly obviate the consequences of our own imprudence.* Our Lord, on this occasion, satisfied at once the bodily and spiritual wants of his followers. 9. *On the connexion which God has established between the need of nourishing the body by food, and the attention which is due to the culture and improvement of the soul.* 10. *On the remarkable circumstance, that the Apostles never asked for miraculous assistance from their master.* The people in their zeal to hear Jesus ran the risk of famine, but were happily preserved from it. 11. *The time which is wisely bestowed on the exercises of piety is not lost for our temporal interests.* Our Saviour having detained the people three days, dismissed them at the time and in the manner most convenient: hence, 12. *How necessary it is to know when to stop even in the prosecution of a good work.*

Here are twelve perfectly distinct subjects for sermons, drawn from the consideration, under various points of view, of one short passage of Scripture. In order to acquire this facility in the discovery of subjects, Reinhard recommends a close and constant study of the history of the Bible, a comparison of the recitals of the different Evangelists, an exact knowledge of the geography of Palestine, of the state of the country, and of the general history

of the time, together with assistance from those writers who have successfully developed the facts of the gospel history. Among the writers of this description, he particularly specifies Chrysostom in his Homilies on the Gospel, Hess in his different works on sacred history, and Paulus in his Commentary on the Evangelists, regretting, however, in the last-mentioned writer, the introduction into his otherwise useful work of such a vast number of forced and improbable conjectures.

In regard to didactic texts, it is often necessary to adhere more strictly to the original words than in the case of such as are historical; and yet many of the rules, which are followed with so much advantage in developing the latter, are also applicable to the employment of the former. Reinhard furnishes an example from Romans xii. This chapter is divided into three sections, which are read respectively on the three Sundays following the feast of Epiphany. Placing himself in the circumstances of the infant church, Reinhard seems to discover that the reigning idea of the Apostle, in this series of apparently unconnected precepts, is to delineate the proper and distinctive character of Christians, as the elect of their time. Having seized this general idea, he considers Christians, in the first section, as members of the community; in the second, as beings ennobled and perfected; and in the third, as gifted with prerogatives which distinguish them above the rest of mankind.

Some of these distinctions must be admitted to be more ingenious than just; but they illustrate the skill with which Reinhard, under the fetters imposed on him by custom, adapted Scripture to the purposes of public instruction.

Reinhard lived at a time when theological controversy was carried on with extreme vehemence, and the established systems of faith were strongly shaken in every part of Germany. Brought up in habits of profound reverence for the Scriptures, and made deeply sensible of the vagueness and uncertainty of philosophy by the studies and speculations in which his first professorship at Wittemberg led him to engage, he took, after some deliberation and a careful weighing of both sides of the question, the decided part of standing by the Confession of Augsburg, as the purest exposition, in his judgment, of the doctrine of Christianity. 'It seemed to me,' says he in his seventh letter, 'that of all Christian churches the Lutheran is that whose system of doctrine is most consonant to Scripture, when its expressions are not tortured or turned from their natural sense by strained or subtle commentaries. Hence, notwithstanding the doubts and the agitations with which I had for a long time to contend, I not only always felt that I could teach the doctrine of the Evangelic Church, but my conscience made it a duty to me. Doubtless, I professed it in the sequel with more force and satisfaction, because I became more

and more convinced that it is, in its essential points, the true doctrine of Scripture.'

Without meaning to approve the conduct of Reinhard in this unconditional assent to the articles of a prescribed and traditional creed, we can conceive that the fixedness and precision of his faith on controverted points of doctrine may have contributed to the success and efficiency of his preaching. A spirit of searching and scepticism is essential to the discovery of error, and therefore a pre-requisite to the ultimate establishment of truth; but the influence of such a spirit breaks down the imaginative force of the mind, and is unfavourable to the cultivation of ardour and eloquence. It is only by pursuing principles to their consequences, and establishing, in their whole order and connexion, the positive facts in which they terminate, that those who have renounced popular errors can hope to give consistency and force to their opinions, and wield them as a powerful means of popular influence and instruction. The transition state, which cannot however be escaped, between the partial detection of error and the full and perfect comprehension of truth, is a state necessarily painful to the individual, unfriendly to a spirit of social harmony and activity, and barren in all great and splendid efforts of philanthropy and eloquence. The best men's hearts are chilled by the endless task of detecting error, exposing absurdity, and destroying what is venerable from its age. It is only when the scattered elements of opinion are recombined, and form themselves anew into a harmonious system of positive doctrines, that the heart resumes the tranquillity which is essential to its moral perfection, and burns again with creative energy. The tendency of the theological world, when Reinhard entered public life, was to explain away and destroy rather than to enforce and establish. He thought he perceived an inconsistency in the attempts of his contemporaries to reconcile the principles of the new philosophy, which had been recently promulgated by Kant, with a continued belief in Christianity; and feeling that there could be no middle course—that it must be either simple Deism or a positive Christianity—he courageously chose his part; and in spite of the sneers of some, of the suspicion openly expressed by others that his real sentiments were different from what he preached, and of the attacks of the journals, which were all in favour of the new ideas—continued both to write and to preach in support of the orthodox Lutheran doctrine. His opinions became more decidedly orthodox as he advanced in years; yet his orthodoxy was very different from what often passes under that name; it was mild, tolerant, and rational—recognizing the fullest right of every man to judge for himself, and consistent with the most elevated views of human nature and of the character of God. He has stated with uncommon force and clearness the inconsistencies that are involved in attempting to reconcile Chris-

tianity with philosophy—the empire of reason with the authority of faith: and, upon the usual principle of considering Christianity as a system of doctrine, which is to be believed as the appointed means of salvation, rather than as a statement of facts, proved to be authentic, from which every one is at liberty to draw whatever inferences appear to him fairly deducible from them—it is not possible, we think, to evade the conclusiveness of his reasonings. Reinhard was at least consistent with himself—honest and faithful in the application of his principles; and, were his reputed orthodoxy more widely at variance with our reputed heresy than, perhaps, it really is, we should not the less reverence the intrepidity and single-mindedness with which he held on in the course dictated to him by conscience in an age of intolerant liberalism:—

'In my search after truth (he remarks)*, I could not but perceive that, in order to have a consistent system of religious belief, we must adhere exclusively either to reason or to Scripture; and that there are no consequential reasoners but the Deist and the partisan of revelation. With the former, it is reason which decides everything; what reason cannot comprehend or admit cannot form any part of his belief; in his system everything is connected and homogeneous:—he, on the other hand, who believes in revelation is not less consistent with himself nor less faithful to his fundamental principle. In matters of faith and religion, Scripture is to him what reason is to the other: the office of reason is solely to explain and investigate the meaning of the former. If reason finds in Scripture doctrines unknown before, which it could never have discovered, and for which it can furnish no proofs, it does not on that account feel itself authorized to reject them, provided they have nothing in themselves contradictory: it recognizes in them the voice of God, and submits to his authority.'

There is nothing in these principles to which any Christian can object; but they still leave a question undetermined, which has been the grand source of all the disputes of Protestantism,—how the true sense of Scripture is to be ascertained, and what must be the universal principle of Scriptural interpretation? The truths of Revelation come to us through a human medium, and were adapted in their original delivery to the existing state of manners and opinions in Judea. Reinhard himself admits this in his programm: 'Utrum et quando possint oratores divini, in administrando munere suo, demittere se ad vanas hominum opiniones?' which he decides in the affirmative. Now once acknowledge this principle, and if we go beyond the facts of the Scripture history, it is not very easy to decide in all instances how far it should be carried; and the vagueness and uncertainty with which the line is fixed between what is strictly divine and what is merely human, in the minds of different interpreters, is one chief cause of the interminable disputes of theology.

* Lettre ix. p. 99.

Before we part with Reinhard, we should observe, that in the preface to the third edition of his 'Christian Morality,' he pointed out what seemed to him radical defects in Kant's Philosophical System; and that the publication, by Lessing, of the celebrated Wolfenbüttel Fragments (a posthumous work of Reimarus, in which the human origin of Christianity was attempted to be proved) drew forth from him a defence of Revelation, entitled, 'An Essay on the Plan formed by the Author of the Christian Religion for the Happiness of the Human Race;' of which excellent work a translation has been made into French by M. Dumas.

In conclusion, we cannot help expressing our conviction, that no young divine—no one, in short, intent upon eminent usefulness in his profession,—can read the Letters of Reinhard without feeling himself improved and stimulated,—without a deeper sense of the extent and variety of attainments indispensable to a thoroughly furnished teacher of religious truth,—without forming a determined purpose, by a rigid economy of time, and the most assiduous improvement of means and opportunities possessed, to endeavour to combine, as he did, the solid learning of the divine with the eloquence of the preacher; and at once to sanctify literature, and to secularize theology, by uniting usefully, gracefully, and conscientiously in one character, the endowments of the man of letters and of the Christian minister.

M—. T.

TAGART'S MEMOIR OF CAPTAIN HEYWOOD *.

The Mutiny of the Bounty was a fortunate and fertile event for literature. It has been served up in twenty different ways, and scarcely yet does it pall upon the public appetite. We have had it in books of travels and of trials,—in faithful history and fanciful fiction,—in prose and in verse; it has been Byronized and Mitfordized; and now Mr. Tagart appends to all that has gone before a personal and practical improvement, in the shape of a biographical delineation of an excellent man, who was an unlucky boy on board, at the period of the catastrophe.

And well does the well-known story read again, thus individualized in its interest. The first three chapters, which describe the mutiny, the surrender of young Heywood to the captain of the Pandora, his brutal treatment as a prisoner, and shipwreck on the passage home, the trial, the condemnation, and the pardon, are full of excitement. Intermingled with the letters and memoranda of the young midshipman himself, we have those of his friends and relatives,—of his mother and sister. The interest, of necessity, declines afterwards, in the fourth chapter, which

* A Memoir of the late Captain Peter Heywood, R.N.; with Extracts from his Diary and Correspondence. By Edward Tagart. 8vo.

details his professional career, though the impression is highly honourable to his character; but, in the fifth and last, it somewhat revives, though in a different form, and adapted to a different taste, in the survey of the moral qualities and religious feelings which developed themselves in his mind and heart, as he awaited, in his peaceful retirement, the summons to his last voyage. He died in his fifty-eighth year, his frame aged by sufferings, and his character matured in worth.

And such was the man whom court-martial justice, in all the promise of his youth—for his youth did plainly promise the excellence of his riper years—sentenced to be hanged! And why? Not for raising his hand in rebellion against a captain whose coarse malignity must have been most goading,—not for taking the strongest side in an unequal conflict, even after the victory; but simply for not jumping into a boat which he thought was about to sink, before he was apprized that his remaining on board the ship might be misconstrued. When so apprized, he did attempt it, but was prevented. During the first part of the affair, his mind was in the state of confusion consequent on suddenly awaking out of sleep, amid the strangest and most unexpected circumstances. He separated himself as soon as possible from the mutineers, and came out spontaneously to the first vessel that appeared on the coast of Otaheite, where he had remained about two years.

The biographer has dealt gently with the court-martial; he seems to have extended his mercy to them, in virtue of their having recommended the prisoner to the king's mercy. To us the trial seems to be the barbarous administration of barbarous law. The discipline which must be sustained by such means, cannot be necessary when a government does its duty by the community. We demur to letting the case pass as 'only one instance amongst many of the imperfection of human laws.' It is not an instance of imperfection but of evil design. Martial law is law framed for the reduction of men to machines. 'Be a good tool, or I will destroy you;'—that is its spirit. For no legitimate and honourable purposes,—for no purposes of national defence merely, can such severity be needful. Its aim is the creation of an engine, with the direction of which no power on earth can be safely trusted. The attempt is presumptive evidence of designs hostile to the freedom and well-being of a community.

It is said that a large portion, both of the army and navy, consists of men so hardened that only by severity can subordination be secured. If it be so, the subordination of such men is all the more perilous. They are wild beasts to all but their keeper, who may at any time 'cry havoc, and let slip the dogs.' The combination of severity on the one hand, with privileges and immunities arbitrarily bestowed on the other, tends to foster a spirit most in-

compatible with the interests of civilized society. The military spirit in its full maturity is characterized by an obedience at once blind and proud;—contempt for public and private right, and insensibility to the infliction of suffering. There is no hell upon earth like the presence of a hostile army, unless it be that of a friendly army. They are much the same when a country is the seat of war. Find one of the Spaniards who lived in St. Sebastian when their British allies *delivered* it from the French, and ask him of this matter. Or ask the Irish, who remember the Rebellion, which behaved worst when they entered a village,—the wild rebels, or the disciplined troops? The wealthy and the beautiful of Bristol may rejoice that their city was for three days in the possession only of vulgar rioters, and not of gallant soldiers. Individual and public rights are the same to a thoroughly-drilled army. What considerations of natural right or formal treaty would stop an Austrian or Russian army when the word to march was given? Even a British officer would say, 'Let the government see to that.' What has the captain to do with the Constitution? His colonel says 'Charge,' and he charges. Has the soldier violated the law—not the military, but the civil law—go, constable, and pick him out from five hundred more, all dressed up as like as the devilish duplicates of Faustus. But does the soldier dabble in politics? Nothing more easy than to pick him out for the halberds. It was time for the keen eye of Reform to glance into the cabin and the guard-room. That searching look will not be, and has not been, in vain. For any country to be free, safe, and happy, soldiers must be citizens. Discipline must stop the moment it begins to alienate them, in spirit, from the mass of the community. They ought not to be permanently separated from it by their profession; they should part from it only when the impending peril requires an organized force, and dissolve into it as soon as the peril has passed. The military art requires no very exalted talent. Wellington is its master; and the marshals of France were few of them bred to the trade. The armed citizens of France routed the veterans of Europe. There is no fear for an intelligent population and a country worth defending. Courts-martial, and the laws which courts-martial administer, have not done their worst in this country; they have been kept in check by our free institutions and the progress of knowledge; but they have done worse things even than hanging young Heywood would have been,—they have helped to generate feelings (though happily to a very partial extent both amongst the higher and lower military grades) of dislike, contempt and hatred, towards the people and the people's rights, which sufficiently show the nature and tendency of the system. They have contributed to form the men who, in a great popular struggle, can speak, with a smile, of a 'little dust to be laid in blood!' We honour those whose enlightened minds and sound hearts remain uncontami-

nated by such influences; but we would not have any exposed to them.

We are glad to see, by the preface, that a passage which somewhat surprised us, as coming from Mr. Tagart, does not belong to him, but to Mr. Barrow. The loan of the following remarks did not deserve to be reckoned an 'obligation' :—'Christian was too good an adept not to know that seamen will always pay a more ready and cheerful obedience to officers who are *gentlemen,* than to those who may have risen to command from among themselves. It is, indeed, a common observation in the service, that officers who have risen from *before the mast* are generally the greatest tyrants! It was Bligh's misfortune not to have been educated in the cockpit of a man-of-war, which is to the navy what a public school is to those who are to move in civil society.' The similarity of the public school and the cockpit, we have no intention of disputing. There is, no doubt, excellent training in both. What we admire is, the beautiful provision of nature, and its harmony with the practice of the British constitution—the one having endowed the sailor with an instinctive preference of being commanded, flogged, and perhaps sacrificed, by a young 'gentleman,' over obeying an officer who has risen solely by his fitness for the post; and the other furnishing young gentlemen in abundance, not guilty of merit or aptitude, ever ready for a vacant commission. The fact is an illustration of the doctrine of final causes. The nautical instinct and the juvenile aristocracy must have been made for each other, and both intended to disprove the St. Simonian heresy, that 'every man should be placed according to his capacity, and rewarded according to his works.' Let the American navy look to it. What would be its fate in war, with vessels only officered by men who know how to navigate and fight? They should petition instantly for a supply of young gentlemen for their cockpits: we can spare some.

The Heywood family had one serious failing from which even the captain's interesting sister, Nessy, was not exempt; they made twaddle verses,—'very tolerable, and not to be endured.' What is worse, they made them under circumstances which strongly excite our sympathy; and it is not pleasant when, in spirit, we make our call of condolence, to find the supposed mourner busily spinning a yarn of Bysshe. The author should have thrown a veil over this infirmity. De mortuis nil nisi bonum;—and such lines as the following are not 'bonum:'—

'ANXIETY.

'Doubting, dreading, fretful guest,
Quit, oh! quit this mortal breast.
Why wilt thou my peace invade,
And each brighter prospect shade?
Pain me not with needless Fear,
But let Hope my bosom cheer;

While I court her gentle charms,
Woo the flatterer to my arms;
While each moment she beguiles
With her sweet enlivening smiles,
While she softly whispers me,
" Lycidas again is free,"
While I gaze on Pleasure's gleam,
Say not thou, " 'Tis all a dream."
Hence—nor darken Joy's soft bloom
With thy pale and sickly gloom:
Nought have I to do with thee—
Hence—begone—Anxiety!

'NESSY HEYWOOD.

'*Isle of Man, September 10th.*'

Gently should the biographer have touched, if he touched at all, the fact that such lines were ever written; but what shall we say to his statement, that they were indited by a fond sister, after she had been informed that her brother was condemned to the yard-arm, and while expecting the letters and newspapers which were to communicate the full particulars? It is strange that Mr. Tagart did not feel the incongruity. Surely no one of our readers would like a sister of his own to have written so, if he were going to be hanged. Happily there is a misrepresentation here, or rather a mistake; and the 'charming Nessy' can be vindicated, though at the expense of the biographer. He unconsciously corrects himself by the dates. The lines are dated September 10th, when the sittings of the court-martial, instead of being terminated, had not commenced. This makes them much more excusable. Instead of being, as he states, the composition of one who was 'harrassed by agonies of mind which no language can express,' they were written while 'Mrs. Heywood and her daughters were fondly flattering themselves with everything being most happily concluded.' That makes all the difference;- thanks to chronology.

In p. 174, a disgusting anecdote is very properly put on record:—

'It was on board the Dédaigneuse, too, that he (Captain Heywood) had the mortification of discovering, among the very first things which came into his hands belonging to a younger brother, whom he had taken out with him, and who died on board, a paper containing a discussion of the question, " Whether Captain Heywood, after all the circumstances of his trial and condemnation, could possibly succeed to the family property?" A singular instance of that ingratitude and unaccountable baseness of feeling, which appearing, as in this case, in a family distinguished by so much of an opposite character, seems to render human nature a strange and dark enigma!'

With submission, it does no such thing. Human nature is a very good nature, when human art does not interpose for its perversion. Was there anything strange or dark, base or ungrateful

in Captain Heywood's wishing to inherit the family property, provided it fell to him in the order of succession? If not, the negative assumes his *legal* right to it. But the fact of this legal right was that on which the younger Heywood speculated. He thought —and there was some plausibility in the notion—that the legal right might be in himself. Moral right, in the succession of property, there is none anywhere. The only right in the case is created by law. It is in the eldest; the same power might vest it in the youngest. It is in the son; the same power might vest it in the daughter. It is in the child; the same power might vest it in the uncle, the cousin, the nephew, or even in the king or the community. If the condemnatory epithets be applied to a younger brother's taking advantage of an elder brother's misfortune, to possess himself of what otherwise would be the elder brother's legal right, it may be asked whether the elder brother does not always avail himself of the younger brother's misfortune (his birth-misfortune) to possess himself of what else would have been the younger brother's legal right? There are many who would think a fortnight's uncertainty about being hanged, by no means an equipollent calamity to that of being born a younger brother. A severer condemnation than that on the individual should fall on the legal and social system which makes money the great interest of life, and sets up that interest in an antagonist position to filial, fraternal, and benevolent feelings. It would probably be best for the legal and moral right to coincide, and for no individual to receive money, or money's-worth, without having rendered proportionate service for it to society. At any rate, it must be bad to manufacture, by legal machinery, natural death or arbitrary incapacitation into the pecuniary advantage of son or brother. Captain Heywood himself was not the first-born, nor the eldest then living, though he seems to have become so soon after. The heir was about to die, and the question was, which of the two younger brothers was entitled to the legal bonus on his decease. The captain would have been too pure-minded to moot such a question. The midshipman was a young rascal, no doubt. But the iniquity of ancient and hoary law excited, perhaps generated altogether, the evil in his soul. The old rascal led the young rascal into temptation.

It has been mentioned, that Captain Heywood lived two years at Otaheite, *i. e.* the interval between the return of the mutineers to that island, and the arrival of the Pandora off the coast, in 1791. He and many of the natives became mutually attached; he learned their language; conformed to many of their customs, even so far as to be 'tattooed in the most curious manner;' and seems altogether to have made himself very comfortable. The recollection of that time was not the worse for having been followed by a shipwreck in irons, and a trial for his life. His memory dwelt on it with tenderness and complacency. Five-and-

twenty years afterwards, when in command of his Majesty's ship Montagu, off Gibraltar, an incident occurred which made the thoughts, feelings, and recollections of his youth gush forth in a most beautiful and touching manner. His own language is best, and we give the description (from a letter) entire :—

'*Montagu, Gibraltar, Feb.* 1, 1816.

'An event of rather a singular nature occurred to me two or three days ago, and I confess I have still so much of the *savage* about me as to have been in no small degree interested by it. I heard accidentally, last Sunday, that there were two poor unfortunate Taheiteans on board the Calypso, who had been kidnapped, and brought away from their island by an English ship about thirteen or fourteen months ago. Thence they went to Lima, and in a Spanish ship were conveyed to Cadiz, where, soon after their arrival last June, they made their escape, and got on board the Calypso, where they have remained ever since, unable to make themselves understood, and hopeless of ever revisiting their native country, to which they ardently long to go back; and God knows, and so do I, *that* is not to be wondered at. As I thought they would be much more at their ease and comfortable with me, I ordered them to be discharged into the Montagu, and they were brought on board. Never, as long as I live, shall I forget the emotions of these poor creatures, when, on entering the door of my cabin, I welcomed them in their own way, by exclaiming,—

'"Mă nōw, wă, Ehō, māa! Yōwră t'Eătōōa, tē hărrĕ ă mye! Welcome, my friends! God save you in coming here!"

'They could scarce believe their ears when I accosted them in a language so dear to them, and which, except by each other, they had not heard pronounced since they were torn from their country. They seemed at the moment electrified. A rush of past recollections at once filled their minds, and then, in a tone, and with an expression peculiar to these people, and strikingly mournful, they sighed out together and in unison:—

'"Attāye, huōy āy! Attāye huōy tō tāwă Vēnōōă, my tyē āy! Ităă rōă ye hēŏ āy! Alas! Alas! our good country, we shall never see it more!"

'I took each by the hand, and told them, that if I lived they should be sent home to their country, and assured them, that in the mean time they should remain with me, and that I would be their countryman, their friend and protector. Poor fellows! they were quite overwhelmed—their tears flowed apace—and they wept the thankfulness they could not express. They looked wistfully at me and at each other. God knows what was passing in their minds, but in a short time they grew calm, and felt comforted; and they now feel contented and happy. It was a scene which I would not have lost for much more than I ought to say. But there is no describing the state of one's mind in witnessing the sensibilities of another fellow-being, with a *conviction*, at the same time, that they are *true* and *unaffected*. And, *good God!* with what ease *that* is discovered! What an amazing difference there is between these children of nature and the pupils of art and refinement! It was a scene worthy of being described by a better pen —a sincere expression of Nature's genuine, best feelings, such as we

sometimes read of in many of our *pretty novels*; but rarely, very rarely see, in this civilized hemisphere of ours, and which, indeed, I do believe *I* very seldom have seen wholly unsophisticated by some selfish passion, which interest mixes with them, but polish teaches to conceal, except among the poor untaught *savages* of the island which gave these men birth—where plenty and content are the portion of all, unalloyed by care, envy, or ambition—where labour is needless, and want unknown; at least, such it was twenty-five years ago. And after all that is said and done among us great and wise people of the earth, pray what do we all toil for, late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness, but to reach, at last, the very state to which they are born —ease of circumstances, and the option of being idle or busy as we please? But if I go on this way, you will say I am a *savage*, and so I believe I am, and ever shall be in *some* points; but let that pass.

'As these poor fellows appear to be very wretched in a state of existence so new to them, so foreign to their original manners and habits, and as their ignorance utterly disqualifies them for enjoying what they cannot comprehend the value of, and renders them useless members of a state of civilization and refinement such as ours, I have written a public letter to Mr. Croker, and a private one to Admiral Hope, to beg they may be sent out to their own country, should the newspaper reports be true, that our government intends to send a vessel to Pitcairn's Island with articles of comfort and convenience for the new-discovered progeny of the Bounty's people. This discovery naturally interested me much when I first heard of it in 1809, at the Admiralty; but still more has the information, given us since by Sir Thomas Staines and Captain Pipon, interested me. A very lively and general curiosity seems to have been excited to know more about a race of beings so new and uncommon in the composition of their character, and not the less so from its purity. And even my curiosity (gratified as it has been already by seeing man in every stage of society, from the miserable savage of New Holland to the most cultivated and refined European) has been awakened by the accounts of these officers; so that, were I on the spot, and anything were going out that way, it is not at all clear to me but that I should be tempted to endeavour to go and look at this new species, as well as to judge whether the natives of Taheite have, upon the whole, been benefited, or the reverse, by their intercourse with Europe for the last twenty-five years. I know what they were then, and I believe there are few persons, if any, now living, who possess the same means of judging of the change that may have taken place, because all those who saw them about that time were but casual visiters; and if I may be allowed to judge from what has been written, these visiters *knew* just as much about the people as they did of their language; and a man must have a strangely-constructed head who can believe that anything which it is most interesting to know concerning a strange people, can *possibly be known* (correctly at least) without the latter. Yet we meet with many descriptions of their manners, customs, religion, and ceremonies, of their government and policy (if they have any), that must have been comprehended. How? Why, by the eye alone. Now is this possible? No: and I can only say, that more than two years and a half's residence among them, and a very competent knowledge of their lan-

guage, never enabled me to discover the truth of *nearly* all the descriptions of those matters before the public, most of which I, at this moment, believe never to have had existence except in the heads of the writers! But, fortunately for those who feed curiosity with a goose-quill, there is no lack of credulity in Great Britain, whatever there may be of faith. To us, however, it is very immaterial what stories we are told about them; and to know more or less of these *savages* will neither add to nor lessen our stock of *happiness*. Happiness, indeed, does not seem to be our object of search, so much as wealth, distinctions, and power, where alone we most of us suppose it to reside, notwithstanding half a thousand old fellows, from Solomon down to Dr. Cogan, have been telling us we are all wrong. But these islanders have neither power nor gold to make it; but plenty, cheerfulness, and content they have,—and with Nature only for their guide, they are so *deplorably ignorant* as to fancy, that these, with a few social enjoyments, constitute the *summum bonum* of life. Upon the whole, there is more general happiness among them, than among any people I have met with on earth; so that I am very sure, the less we teach them of our *arts* and sciences, the better for themselves. Let them, however, have our religion; for though they have a firm belief in the Supreme Being, —of the soul's separate existence, and of a future state after death still more happy than the present, yet it may be for their benefit hereafter to have a knowledge of Christianity, though I am not at all sure it will make them happier during life, or add to the composure with which I have *seen* several of them, both old and young, depart out of it. In most matters, indeed, they act up to its tenets already, without knowing anything about it. But those customs among them, which are in direct opposition to its holy precepts, as well as to their own happiness here, (most of which, however strange it may seem to the ear of an European, originate in *pride of family*,) particularly infanticide, it would doubtless correct, and in time explode. But of this matter I have said more than enough, [perhaps, and more than I intended.'—pp. 285-291.

The above picture of the '*savages*' is not the orthodox one, nor is it easy to get at the whole truth about the character and condition, past and present, of the South Sea Islanders. Voyagers and missionaries will, we suppose, in time settle it between them; but the discrepancies are, at present, rather unmanageable for the untravelled critic. That the character of Captain Heywood rendered his evidence valuable would be sufficiently evinced by the above letter, were there no other indications on record of his soundness of mind and goodness of heart.

We demur, however, both to his remark, and his biographer's comment, on the demonstration of English feeling towards Napoleon:—

'In allusion to the report which had reached him of the multitudes of his countrymen who flocked to Plymouth, from curiosity, to see the fallen Emperor Napoleon, then on board an English vessel awaiting his destiny, thus paying him an honour gratifying to his vanity, he says, "Why, the public is a sort of nondescript, an anomaly in nature. It

cannot discriminate between good and evil—between the career of honour towards the goal of fame and real glory, or infamy."

'We may infer, perhaps, from this, that the opinion Captain Heywood had formed thus early of the character of Napoleon, was similar to that developed by Dr. Channing, in his "Remarks on the Life and Character of Napoleon Buonaparte," and in his "Thoughts on True Greatness," productions published many years afterwards, with which Captain H. entirely coincided in sentiment.'—pp. 299, 300.

The 'public' is not quite such a brute beast as the Captain supposed. They knew that the world owed something to Napoleon, and the remembrance at that moment would have been untimely that he might have made the world owe him much more. He was the 'fallen Emperor Napoleon,'—three pithy words, and which describe no every-day sight, but one which might attract, 'from curiosity,' even those who *can* 'discriminate between good and evil.' Moreover he was 'awaiting his destiny;' that is to say, having, as sovereign of France, lost a decisive battle, he had thrown himself upon the generosity of the Prince Regent of England, which generosity was about to send him to a lingering death at St. Helena. Here was more matter for those who can 'discriminate between good and evil.' What lustre the British character gained by that transaction, and in what proportions 'real glory and infamy' are to be distributed between the career of Napoleon and that of the Holy Alliance Sovereigns, with our government as their (then) appendage, we leave the future historian to decide. He will scarcely divide the antithesis between them. The Captain's own part in Vanity Fair was to 'lead the fleet through the various manœuvres exhibited before the Allied Sovereigns when they visited Portsmouth.' The Plymouth spectacle had more heart in it.

The biographer forgets or mistakes the direction in which the current of opinion on Napoleon's character has been flowing, when he ascribes merit to Captain Heywood for having 'thus early' appreciated that character in the same way as Dr. Channing. There was neither anticipation nor perspicacity in the case. The opinion itself disproves the former, and at least does not imply the latter. It was the common vulgar estimate of Napoleon. At the time to which we now refer, it was beginning, not to be 'developed,' but modified. Rightly or wrongly, from that period it is undeniable that the character of Napoleon began to rise in English estimation. From Warden's Letters, to the Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Abrantes, the tendency of the numerous publications concerning him which have issued from the press has been to place his character in a more favourable light. The popularity of those publications has shown the change in public opinion. Even the Times newspaper learned the language of respect. To anticipate Dr. Channing's view of Napoleon was only to anticipate that which had long existed, and was beginning

to fade away. We do not mean that, in Dr. Channing's Remarks, there are not many which are sound, beautiful, original,—assuredly there are; but in his general notion there was no novelty: taken abstractedly, it is unduly severe; and regarded comparatively (comparatively with the manner in which any moral anatomist yet dares to dissect sovereigns,) it is most unfair. Nor has it produced any effect upon public opinion. The chief result, and that a good one, has been to gain for Dr. Channing's other works some readers amongst a class which would else have treated any writer of his profession, opinions, and country, with ineffable contempt.

That Captain Heywood should have admired Dr. Channing's writings was perfectly natural; as it is that his biographer should sympathize in the sentiment. Not to admire them argues a deficiency in the faculty of literary appreciation. Nor do we demur to the bestowment of praise on 'the literature of America.' Identical in the past, we hope that in the future it will never be materially distinguished from the literature of England. But we cannot consent to its being, and we are sure no intelligent American would claim for it to be, at once distinguished from and raised above that of the mother-country. The time of competition is yet distant. Nor do we think that the contrast which Mr. Tagart has instituted in the following passage, or the censure which he has borrowed in the appended note, can be fairly substantiated:

'The literature of America in general suited his taste. It is true, he knew it chiefly from its most favourable specimens, but in these he perceived good sense prevailing, a disposition to bring every opinion to the test of truth, without that party spirit which mingles so largely in the current literature of our own country, and tinges our popular reviews with so much unfairness and misrepresentation*.'—pp. 321, 322.

Good sense and impartiality are essential, but the 'most favourable specimens' of the literature of a country should have sundry other qualities in addition, if a claim to high rank is to be substantiated. We hope the Americans will both disclaim the invidious contrast, and be dissatisfied with the imperfect praise. As to 'party spirit,' it ebbs and flows at intervals in both countries; and the literature of both is necessarily more or less tinged with it in proportion. We have seen some choice American specimens;

* '"I have the *utmost aversion* to the whole business of reviewing, which I have long considered, in the manner in which it is conducted, a nefarious and unprincipled proceeding, and one of the greatest plagues of modern times. It was infinitely better for the interests of religion and literature when books had fair play, and were left to the unbiassed suffrages of the public. As it is, we are now doomed to receive our first impression and opinion of books from some of the wickedest, and others of the stupidest of men; men, some of whom have not sense to write on any subject, nor others honesty to read what they pretend to criticise, yet sit in judgment upon all performances, and issue their insolent and foolish oracles to the public."—Robert Hall's *Letters to Ivimey*. Works, vol. v. p. 522.'

but let that pass. We gladly turn from the idea of such a comparison, to protest against the wholesale calumny upon our own periodical literature, in the note. Robert Hall was an extraordinary man: we hope the publication of his Memoirs will soon give us occasion and additional materials for a fair analysis of his peculiar genius; but everybody knows that he was somewhat addicted to strong expressions. In the present instance he has indulged in them most unwarrantably, and we are astonished that so calm and candid a writer should have gravely cited him as a witness. It would be difficult to point out a topic of public importance and interest, within the last quarter of a century, of which the best discussion is not to be found in the pages of some periodical. And reviews are read by thousands whom the books would never reach. They bring all classes of subjects home to all classes of men. On all the great points of legislative and legal reform, of foreign policy, of commercial restriction, of political economy, our periodicals are storehouses of information and of argument. True, the writers take different sides, simply for the reason that the ablest thinkers are yet far from agreement. But they cannot be farther from it than they would be without so rapid and convenient a mode of communication with one another and with the public. Then how rich they are in science, history, and literature! Pretty pocket ledgers, in which the accounts of discovery and production are regularly posted up, putting us in possession of a totality which, without a division of mental labour, would be utterly unattainable. The Quarterly, the Tory Quarterly, deserves embalming for its literary articles. As for the antipathies and partialities, they are usually such as everybody knows where to look for. They are usually such as would exist in books if there were no reviews, and be more likely to do mischief; they would exist in men's minds if there were neither, and be then most mischievous of all. The rhodomontade, about their being written by the wickedest and stupidest of men, scarcely deserves answer. What great name is there in modern literature that is not associated with periodical writing? What poets have we had so inspired as to be above the criticism of Southey and Scott, and Moore and Campbell? Will geographers object to the ignorance of Barrow, or speculative men demur to the acuteness of Jeffrey, or the meditative philosopher pretend that his reveries cannot be appreciated by Carlyle? Are the 'unbiassed suffrages of the public' waiting for books which shall tell us more of political economy than Chalmers, and M'Culloch, and Peyronnet Thompson? The name of Playfair should go for something in physics, and that of Mill in metaphysics. Where will Lytton Bulwer find better novelists? Will the orator challenge Macaulay from his jury, or the statesman demand a trial by his Peers, and appeal from the Chancellor? One might almost make the 'line stretch out to the crack of doom.' Periodicals are

the vehicle for the highest and finest portion of the active intellectual power of the country. They embody the spirit of the age. They are a new form of communication, called forth by the wants incident to a rapid progress in improvement—an intellectual railroad; and Mr. Tagart echoes Mr. Hall's demand for the revival of the old heavy stage-coach! It will not do. Reform has decreed that, in literature, as in politics, the 'unbiassed suffrages of the public' shall be given more rapidly than heretofore, but certainly not without ample means of information.

This book has beguiled us into sundry excursions, from which it is time to return. We thank the writer for all the entertainment, instruction, and suggestion which it has afforded us. The view of Captain Heywood's religious opinions and character will be read with peculiar interest. His professional career closed with a singular tribute of respect which we cannot refrain from quoting. It was better than a sword from the corporation, or a title from the Sovereign. When the Montagu was paid off, (at Chatham, on the 16th of July, 1816,) the crew took leave of the vessel, their captain, and each other, by the following copy of verses, written by one of the seamen, and presented to Captain Heywood by desire of the whole ship's company:—

'THE SEAMEN'S FAREWELL TO H. M. S. MONTAGU.

'Farewell to thee, MONTAGU!—yet, ere we quit thee,
We'll give thee the blessing, so justly thy due;
For many a seaman will fondly regret thee,
And wish to rejoin thee, thou "Gem of True Blue."

'For stout were thy timbers, and stoutly commanded,
In the record of glory untarnished thy name;
Still ready for battle when glory demanded,
And ready to conquer or die in thy fame.

'Farewell to thee, Heywood! a truer one never
Exercised rule o'er the sons of the wave;
The seamen who served thee would serve *thee* for ever,
Who sway'd, but ne'er fetter'd, the hearts of the brave.

'Haste home to thy rest, and may comforts enshrine it,
Such comforts as shadow the peace of the bless'd;
And the wreath thou deserv'st may gratitude twine it,
The band of true seamen thou ne'er hast oppress'd.

'Farewell to ye, Shipmates, now home is our haven,
May our hardships all fade as a dream that is past;
And be this true toast to old Montagu giv'n,
She was our *best* ship, and she was the last.'—pp. 301, 302.

ON THE CONNEXION BETWEEN POETRY AND RELIGION.

Art. III.

DIDACTIC AND DEVOTIONAL SPIRIT OF THE MODERN POETS.—FELICIA HEMANS.

We do not understand the caprices of our extraordinary world. We have a great respect for its opinions in the main; but we cannot help thinking that they are sometimes wofully inconsistent. For example: some two thousand years ago, (we use that convenient chronology, the poetical,) there lived, in one of the summer isles of the Ægæan, a lady whose name was Sappho. We understand that she wrote most spirit-stirring verses, and sang them to a lyre that was not unworthy of them. Her fame has become immortal, and her very name a proverb for female poetical genius. The beauty of her compositions we do not mean to dispute; but the subject of her finest lyric is such as, in our days, would scarcely have permitted her to reach the Cape of Leucadia: but her writings are in Greek, and her fame is immortal.

Now what we complain of is this—not that Sappho is celebrated, but that the admiration of antiquity should make us unjust to the merits of our contemporaries. We may be alone in saying so, but we nevertheless affirm it, that Felicia Hemans has written many things which would not disgrace the inspiration of the Lesbian Pythoness. We maintain that our gifted countrywoman has not yet had justice done to her exquisite and nobly-used gifts; and it is for the noble use of those gifts that we honour her more, and think her more deserving of honour, than for their transcendency or fertility. The stream is as pure as it is apparently inexhaustible. Many of her songs have breathed the inspirations of sorrow; but we know of none that have not evinced an equal loftiness of thought and holiness of feeling. She is a true poetess, and a true woman. We use the term, not in levity, but in reverence. Sappho wrote from her passions; but our countrywoman has found a Castaly that springs higher and flows purer. She is the Sappho of the affections: she uses her power so as to make it a blessing. One only charge have we to bring against her—there is too much cypress in so beautiful a garden. Nothing indeed *Byronian*, nothing either remorseful, misanthropical, or sentimental; but still there is too much of 'sorrow in her song,' as we fear there has been too much of 'winter in her year.' Weep for the deep of heart! A melancholy gift is sometimes theirs, and one the pain of which may, perhaps, be balanced against all the power it exerts, and all the distinction it may confer.

But as we meant our own remarks merely to serve for the thread on which should be 'strung at random' the 'orient pearls' which might apologize for them and hide them, we will proceed to quote (from memory) some of the sweet strains, which yet

come over us like winds from the sweet south. Our selection may be partial, for we confess that we have our favourites; but in this case it can scarcely happen that 'a favourite has no friend.' One remark, however, we ought to make previously to entering upon our quotations,—that we refrain from any reference to some few of the most delightful, because we know that they have already appeared in the pages of the work for which we are writing. From her lesser poems we shall cite, in the first place, the affecting verses entitled 'The Message to the Dead,' founded, as a note informs us, upon the practice, still existing among the Scottish Highlanders, of charging the dying friend with tender messages to the departed;—a beautiful superstition, and a beautiful tribute to it!

1.

'Thou art parting hence, my brother,
Oh my earliest friend, farewell!
Thou art leaving me, *without thy voice*,
In a lonely home to dwell:
And from the hills and from the hearth,
And from the household tree,
With thee departs the lingering mirth,—
The brightness goes with thee.

2.

'But thou, my friend, my brother!
Thou art speeding to the shore
Where the dirge-like tone of parting words
Shall smite the soul no more;
And thou wilt see our holy dead,
The lost on earth and main;
Into the sheaf of kindred hearts
Thou wilt be bound again.

3.

'Tell, then, our friend of boyhood
That yet his name is heard
On the blue mountains, whence his youth
Pass'd like a swift bright bird;
The light of his exulting brow,
The vision of his glee,
Are on me still—oh, still I trust
That smile again to see!

4.

'And tell our fair young sister,
The rose cut down in spring,
That yet my gushing soul is fill'd
With laya she lov'd to sing:
Her soft, deep eyes look through my dreams,
Tender and sadly sweet;
Tell her my heart within me burns
Once more that glance to meet.

5.

'And tell our white-haired father
That in the paths he trod,
The child he lov'd, the last on earth,
Yet walks, and worships God:
Say that his last fond blessing yet
Rests on my soul like dew;
And by its hallowing might, I trust,
Again his face to view.

6.

'And tell our gentle mother,
That on her grave I pour
The sorrows of my spirit forth,
As on her breast of yore.
Happy thou art, that soon, how soon!
Our good and bright wilt see:
Oh brother, brother, may I dwell
Ere long with them and thee!'

This is one example, of a thousand which the works of this gifted woman will afford, of the power she possesses of seeing the poetry of human life where others see but the prose—of hearing music ('the still sad music of humanity') where others hear but monotony or discord. The heart is her province—the *pure* heart—warm with gentle sympathies and with noble affections. Passion only vivifies her finer susceptibilities, as the heat of the sun increases the fall of the dew. On her favourite themes she will sing down a summer day; and who would wish to stop so sweet a song? Of human kindred, and of its ties and tendernesses, she is the very 'Bulbul of a thousand songs.' She is the 'sweet singer' of home, of its joys and sympathies, its recollections and its duties, its hopes and fears, its cares and sorrows. We hear a voice; 'List, list, oh list!' It is a 'Child' singing its 'First Grief:'—

1.

'"Oh, call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?

2.

'The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight,—
Oh, call my brother back!

3.

'The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd
Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load,
Oh, call him back to me!"

4.

'He would not hear thy voice, fair child!'
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

5.

'A rose's brief, bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given:
Go! thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven.

6.

'"And has he left his birds and flowers?
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours
Will he not come again?

7.

'And by the brook and in the glade
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh, while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had loved him more!"

Now this we do maintain to be poetry true to the great objects of poetry:—alas, how often forgotten! It is written for our hearts and homes. There may be sorrow at the root, but it has blossoms of beauty and fruits of joy. We tolerate the cloud for the sake of the rainbow. Sorrow like that expressed in the foregoing pieces is, in its very essence, holy and ennobling. Its tendency is to make us more sensible of the blessings and duties and pleasures of the present, by showing us *how we are to look back upon them from the future.* Who has ever developed the warning moral of the possible fragility of affection with a touch so delicate and so faithful as that which struck forth the following 'Song'? We preface it with its own affecting motto:—

——————— 'Oh cast thou not
Affection from thee! In this bitter world
Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast;
Watch—guard it—suffer not a breath to dim
The bright gem's purity!'

1.

'If thou hast crush'd a flower,
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quench'd a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted:
But on thy harp or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token!

2.

'If thou hast loos'd a bird
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,
Still, still he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee:
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave will bring
The treasure back when needed.

3.

'If thou hast bruis'd a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its clusters yet may glow,
Through the leaves their bloom revealing:
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown
With a bright draught fill'd—Oh! never
Shall earth give back that lavish'd wealth
To cool thy parch'd lip's fever!

4.

'The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee;
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee;
And like that string of harp or lute
Whence the sweet sound is scatter'd:—
Gently, oh! gently touch the chords,
So soon for ever shatter'd!'

We may possibly have made a selection, which will surprise such of our readers as are already acquainted with much that Mrs. Hemans has written. We have done so from a twofold cause: in the first place, we confess, or repeat, that the stream of her verse, however copious and limpid and tuneful, occasionally lingers (*for us*) too long under the cypress, and reflects too much of its melancholy verdure. We acknowledge that we are satisfied with the sorrows of real life, having outlived the golden age when sorrow was a luxury. The other cause adverted to is, that we really are but partially acquainted with most of this lady's 'thousand songs.' Why are they not published in a collective and authentic form? At present, they are blown about like the leaves of the Sybil, when the wind found its way into the Cumæan cave. But we proceed. Should it ever be our 'delightful task to teach the young idea how to shoot,' we mean that the following shall be one of our earliest lessons. We wish that we ourselves had been in the habit of hearing it, instead of that immortal lyric, 'Goosey, goosey, gander.'—

1.

'What is that, mother?
The lark, my child!
The morn has but just look'd out and smil'd,

When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear—
Ever, my child, be thy morning lays
Tun'd like the lark's to thy Maker's praise!

2.

'What is that, mother?
The dove, my son!
And that low sweet voice, like the widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is pour'd from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return—
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love!

3.

'What is that, mother?
The eagle, my boy!
Proudly careering his course of joy;
Firm on his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying,
His wing on the wind, his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but moves onward, right on—
Boy! may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward, and upward, and true to the line!

4.

'What is that, mother?
The swan, my love!
He is floating down from his native grove;
No lov'd one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eye and unplumes his wings,
Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings—
Live so, my love, that, when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet it may waft thee home!'

Such of our readers as may *not* be much acquainted with the productions of this accomplished woman, may be surprised to learn, that, though subjects like the preceding are more in her favourite walk, few have struck the martial or chivalrous lyre with more electrifying boldness. This, however, is to us no problem. The conception of what is pure and holy carries with it the conception of what is elevated and noble. The fruitage may appear very different from the root; but it is not the less its proper and natural growth. The fine apprehension of the charities and graces of life implies and produces the *as* fine apprehension of all that gives them dignity and security. Hence the

poetess of home becomes the poetess of war; the Sappho of pure affection becomes (with reverence be it spoken) the very Alcæus of patriotism and of freedom. Hence it is that the gentle and truly feminine Felicia Hemans could, and can, break out into a strain like the following—a strain, which Prince Metternich might not especially like to find transfused, with equal spirit, into the language of the countrymen of Tell. We think that it might possibly do something more than loosen the avalanches and startle the eagles :—

'Look on the white Alps round !
If yet they gird a land
Where Freedom's voice and step are found,
Forget ye not the band,
The faithful band, our sires, who fell
Here, in the narrow battle-dell !

'If yet, the wilds among
Our silent hearts may burn,
When the deep mountain-horn hath rung,
And home our steps may turn,—
Home !—home !—if still that name be dear,
Praise to the men who perish'd here !

'Look on the white Alps round !
Up to their shining snows,
That day the stormy rolling sound,
The sound of battle rose !
Their caves prolong'd the trumpet's blast,
Their dark pines trembled as it pass'd :

'They saw the princely crest,
They saw the knightly spear,
The banner and the mail-clad breast,
Borne down, and trampled here !
They saw—and glorying there they stand,
Eternal records to the land !

'Praise to the mountain-born,
The brethren of the glen !
By them no steel array was worn,—
They stood as peasant-men !
They left the vineyard and the field
To break an emperor's lance and shield !

'Look on the white Alps round !
If yet along their steeps
Our children's fearless feet may bound,
Free as the chamois leaps ;
Teach them in song to bless the band,
Amidst whose mossy graves we stand.

'If, by the wood-fire's blaze,
When winter-stars gleam cold,
The glorious tales of elder days
May proudly yet be told;
Forget not then the shepherd race
Who made the hearth a holy place!

'Look on the white Alps round!
If yet the sabbath-bell
Comes o'er them with a gladdening sound,
Think on the battle-dell!
For blood first bath'd its flowery sod,
That chainless hearts might worship God!'

We trust we need not point out the *tendency* of what has been extracted. It is not only good, but of the best. It is poetry speaking through the lips of purity; it is the voice of the heart holding commune with the soul.

Our limits and our time prohibit our doing more, than to make a few remarks on a subject which seems to us to require them. We have frequently heard the compositions of Mrs. Hemans disparagingly spoken of, on account of their imputed *sameness*—'They are so like one another!' Now this appears to us the quintessence of unjust fastidiousness. What is called *mannerism*, we take to be one of the strongest evidences of self-dependent power. The productions of any mind, in as far as they are original, *must* bear the stamp of that particular mind, and, by that community of character, resemble each other. Look at any two pictures of Claude or of Gaspar; compare any two plays of Shakspeare, or cantos of Spenser,—do they not bear the marks of their common paternity, and, in consequence, a strong character of mutual resemblance? This would be mannerism in *others*; but it is not mannerism in *them*. Let us be just;—for this is mere injustice. A writer, who draws his resources from himself, must, of necessity, impress a common character upon his writings. Mrs. Hemans has written much from herself; and, by so doing, has incurred a charge in which she may justly glory. We have seen and known many imbecile imitators, who conceived that they evinced the greater originality of genius, in proportion as their productions differed the more from each other. We do not buy their works, and let us not borrow their language. Felicia Hemans is not a mannerist, because she writes from her own observations and feelings. Let not that be a charge against the gifted living, which is a beauty and a power in the glorious dead.

THE SEASONS.

SUMMER is gone—winter is come. Which is the most enjoyable of the seasons? is a common question. Unimpressible by the beauty of any must he be who feels not that it is in the state which he receives each that its power of pleasure lies. The kind of mind, and the state of mind, make spring of December, or of highest summer, winter. Autumn, the destroyer, has swept into eternity many a blossom both of flower and heart: its rich suns have set on the wrecks which its gales had made; and its ripe harvest moon has lighted much both of animate and inanimate nature to 'the bourne from whence no traveller returns.' But those setting suns and waning moons may also have been the signal for many a hope's spring, over which the howling blasts of the external world's wilderness pass unheeded, having no power but to say or sing 'soul take thy rest.' And 'tis a fit time for the body, too, to take its rest in winter. Those curtains, with their heavy falling folds of purple drapery, whose graceful lines erst harmonized so lovelily with the young, blooming green of drooping acacias, and the scarlet bells of the pendant fucia, the lady of the flowers, and by the moral effect of the entire satisfaction they gave to the sense of form and colour, showed forth the utility of beauty,—now reversing the order, make us glory in the beauty of utility, as, drawn closely to exclude the breath of evening, fold upon fold, they meet the downy carpet.

Yet would we rather be without bread than without flowers in the dreariest days of old December weather. Now that Cassiopeia, bright and beautiful, has taken herself away, chair and all; and Bootes, outdoing the seven-leaguers of our redoubtable friend Jack the Giant Killer, has strode towards some other planet; and the Snake, with its eyes of light, has 'trailed its slow length along,' and vanished in 'the dim obscure;' and were the sky ever so clear, and the stars ever so bright, with their wakeful prying eyes, it is too cold to stay to look at them; have we not laurestinus, white and pure as snow, but not as cold; and holly, with its blood-red drops and crown of thorns like the occasion it commemorates; and the passion-flower with its exhausted colour and exaggerated form, fit emblem of its name; and chrysanthemum, star-like, with the addition of fragrance, and with its shadows (which it is a pity stars have not—only the moral is good, that light has no shadow) moving fantastically over the rose-tinted wall, as the fitful gleams of our beloved firelight shoot up and fall as good as summer lightnings or northern meteors? Firelight! We would match firelight against twilight for any number of pleasant sensations. We never could perceive the supereminent charm of English twilight; it has always seemed to us but another name for darkness, and that not 'aiding intellectual

light:' besides that it implies both cold and dampness, two things the most opposed to our notions of enjoyment.

Like that of the ancient magi is the worship we pay to the bright element, in return for the content which it gives to our senses, and the faculties which it unlocks in our souls. It is climate and companion too—increasing tenfold the charm of the society of those we love, the only kind of society worthy the name.

It is sweet in the still night-air 'to discourse eloquent music' under that deep everlasting roof; and the noblest of earth's emotions fill the soul to overflowing in the silent presence of the infinite sea. But these, 'like angels' visits, few and far between,' are scattered sparingly over life's way; while every day in every winter month may bring the pleasures of friendship and the heart's home.

Talk of suicide in November! they must be fit for nothing else who can be moved thereto by bad weather. Much more natural would it be to leave the world when it is too beautiful to be endured. In the bad there is something to resist—and resistance is the principle of life, say the learned. One may imagine some suicidal impulse in spring time, if it were but in impatience of the Mephistophelian mockery of so much beauty and life, and enjoyment and hope.

All the enjoyments of winter are of the kind which can the most easily be brought within the compass of the individual will. If they are in their nature less spiritual than those of spring and autumn, they admit of being made the most perfect of their kind. A thousand checks of custom or convenience may and do arise to prevent our having, in the right mood and with the right society, the breath of morning, newly alighted on a heaven-kissing hill; whence, in the devout stillness of the blue and dewy air, we might look down on 'the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof;' intense admiration of 'the world,' which 'is all before us,' making it hard to bear that it is not for us 'to choose where.' But in winter the eye *is* 'satisfied with seeing and the ear with hearing,' when for the one there is a bright fire, and for the other a voice we love.

All objects take the impress of the mind which receives them; and if 'tout devient sentiment dans un cœur sensible,' not less does all become vulgarized by a merely external eye. No more than the flower constitutes fragrance without the corresponding sense, does the unstored mind or frigid heart constitute a sentient being: he whom no 'spirits teach in breeze-born melodies,' would perchance find such breezes but 'an ill wind that blows nobody good'—

> 'The better vision will not come unsought,
> Though to the worshipper 'tis ever nigh.'

After the night, the day—and after winter spring comes again,

with its bubbling sounds and sparkling, odorous air, its beamy skies and rapid life; and not the less do we enjoy it that we have made the most of its surly predecessor. Happiness is the true transmuter for which science has always sought in vain—the fuser of circumstances, the Ithuriel's spear—'exalting the valleys, making low the hills, and the rough places plain,' of the journey of life: it alone can produce the miracle of 'figs on thorns and grapes on brambles:' it is the golden sun which gilds all, 'the blue sky bending over all.'

Spring-time and flowers! each day brings forth a new class in its progress towards perfection. 'Stars of the fields, the hills, the groves!' Who loves not flowers? Be he who he may, he loves not friend or mistress, his species nor his country; nay, truly loves not himself, for all these are included in self. As to the more graceful sex, they may see in flowers types of their own nature, often emblems of their own fate.

Flowers are utilitarians in the largest sense. Their very life is supported by administering to the life of others—producers and distributors, but consumers only of what, unused, would be noxious. Ornaments in happiness, companions in solitude, soothing 'the unrest of the soul.' Hear what says the classic Roland—'La vûe d'une fleur caresse mon imagination, et flatte mes sens à une point inexprimable; elle réveille, avec volupté le sentiment de mon existence. Sous le tranquil abri du toît paternel, jétois heureuse des enfance avec des fleurs et des livres; dans l'étroite enceinte d'une prison, au milieu des fers imposés par la tyrannie la plus revoltante, j'oublie l'injustice des hommes, leurs sottises, et mes maux, avec des livres, et des fleurs.' As impossible as to find two human countenances alike in all their features and expressions, is it to discover duplicate flowers. Who shall say how much of consciousness they may be endued with? It will not be hastily decided that they are without it, by any who has watched and tended them; who has seen in the morning their whole form bend towards light and the cheerful sun; who knows at evening to give the long deep draught of the element they love, and has seen the delicate fibres fill, and the colours brighten, and the stalks expand, and the leaves rise, and, by one consent, do obeisance like the sheaves of the Syrian boy's dream. And those which here we speak of are but the favourites of civilization, which, like their human prototypes, by their too abundant training, lose in strength what they gain in richness, which, after all, is but a bad exchange for the graces of nature and freedom. It is to those which 'dwell in fields and lead ambrosial lives' that we must look for the perfection of their beauty. 'Nor use can tire, nor custom stale *their* infinite variety.'

And when Spring's dancing hours have paved her path, they usher in the stately splendour of voluptuous summer—gorgeous in beauty like an Eastern queen. Gray's notion of felicity was to lie

on a sofa and read new novels:—our sofa should be the blooming turf, and our book the untiring novel of earth, sea, and sky; while summer airs, heavy with fragrance, float languidly by, mingled 'keen knowledges of deep embowered eld' with high presages of happy future days. 'Oh, it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,' to revel in the beauty of lurid-eyed summer, while every motion, odour, beam, and tone,

> 'With that deep music is in unison,
> Which is a soul within the soul!'

Spring promises, summer performs, and then comes autumn, weaving together flowers and fruits like the garland of an Ipsariote girl. Its 'green old age' soon changes to decay, and a grave beneath 'the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves:' and so the year dies. Peace to its manes! Its life and its death are too closely united for us to perceive the parting; and of its seasons, 'each hiding some delight,' we would say and feel 'how happy could I be with either!'

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.

A LOVING spirit is the key to bliss,
To beauty and to knowledge, and whate'er
Is good and glorious in a world like this;
'Tis the best fruit the tree of life doth bear:
Its sweetness only can assuage despair!
Envy and hate and all affections base
It overcomes,—and grief and cankering care
It puts to flight, e'en as the sunbeams chase
The mists and clouds away, to sparkle in their place!

It mingles with Omnipotence—it brings
Heav'n down to earth, and maketh man to go
Before the presence of the 'King of Kings'
In light, in glory that surpasseth show:
Happy the bosom that maintains the glow
Of love, that holds God's spirit for a guest!
Thrice happy he who strives to build below
A home of peace—an ark of holy rest,
Who bears, where'er he goes, a heav'n within his breast.

ORTHODOXY AND UNBELIEF.

[Continued from p. 789.]

At p. 61 we begin to approach the grand question, viz.—'As Jesus stood in sympathy with the Jews,'—(we have seen with what limitation to take this assertion)—'to what degree could the impressive eloquence of his preaching raise their religious affections, and how would this religious excitement act on their judgment and imagination?' In other words, what *mixture of delusion* may there have been in the Gospel witnesses, Jesus not excepted? Let the author state his own ideas on the subject:—

'In the view which I take of the question, Jesus was an individual of an eminently devotional spirit towards God; pure and holy in his thoughts and feelings; compassionating the sinful state of his fellow-men; full of loving kindness and charity towards them, and animated with an ardent desire to make them better. To crown these qualities, and give them their fullest effect, he possessed also a powerful spirit of eloquence;—I say, that his eloquence, sanctity, and devotional fervour, combined with the nature of his doctrines, naturally reached the inward hearts of his hearers, struck their consciences with fear and remorse, and excited their minds to a high degree of enthusiasm, *the effect of which was the extraordinary cure of many diseases,—a persuasion in the multitudes, and in himself, that this was owing to the power of his word, and his consequent successful assumption and exercise of such miraculous powers.*'

The author adds, 'Nothing in the Evangelists contradicts this view of the case.' Yet he has undertaken to prove that they were partly deluded and partly fraudulent in their capacity of narrators! Deluded, it now appears, in giving an account of the matter that does not contradict his own;—fraudulent in countenancing the human origin of the Gospel!—so that from a syllogistic array of correspondences, delusions, and frauds, the Gospel comes out true at last. There must be a slip of the pen here. The author must be aware, that he is controverting the Evangelists all the time. To that which they describe as having originated in miracles, he ascribes a human origin;—they only contradict his view so far.

How, then, does he support his theory? By an imaginary description of our Lord's style of eloquence, which I will not dispute, though it be purely fanciful,—by pressing an orthodox alternative, to which I have before alluded (p. 9), and then by bringing a profusion of passages from the life of Wesley, to prove the power of religious excitement. Now, we have in the first place no reason for attributing to Jesus that kind of impassioned and vehement and exciting preaching, which is adduced as a parallel from Wesley's life. On the contrary, the specimens which the New Testament does give of it, exhibit a very different style. It is calm, dignified, kind, persuasive, impressive.

But I would cut the matter short, by simply observing, that the *effects* ascribed to Christ's preaching did not result in Wesley's case; so that if the parallel were exact as to the style of preaching, it does not illustrate the effect, which has to be explained. It is not proved, nor even alleged of Wesley's, or Whitfield's, or any other Methodist preaching, that 'the effect was the extraordinary cure of many diseases,—a persuasion in the multitudes and in himself, that this was owing to the power of his word, and his consequent successful assumption and exercise of such miraculous powers.' Wesley never assumed the power of working miracles. It is a paltry confusing of the argument by the sound of words, to quote him as pretending to it,—p. 70. 'I appeal,' said Wesley, 'to every candid, unprejudiced person, whether we may not, at this day, discern all those signs (UNDERSTANDING THE WORDS IN A SPIRITUAL SENSE), to which our Lord referred John's disciples:—the blind receive their sight!—those who were blind from their birth, unable to see their *own deplorable state*, &c., &c.' And so he proceeds to describe the moral miracles he had performed on the spiritually deaf, the spiritually lame, the spiritual lepers; and this conversion of sinners to God he expressly tells us is 'what we mean by talking of the extraordinary work of God.'

Two instances are, indeed, given of 'excessive mental excitement throwing people into convulsions,' which Wesley styles 'instances of divine power,' and the author correctly describes as exhibiting a 'state of spiritual drunkenness,' (p. 77.) But the author allows (p. 78), 'that no bodily paroxysms were produced upon the multitudes who listened to Jesus,' and answers the supposed objection, by saying that no fits or convulsions were produced by Whitfield's preaching, till he preached among those who had heard Wesley, and yet 'Whitfield preached the same doctrine as the Wesleys, and addressed himself with equal or greater vehemence to the passions, and with more theatrical effect.' If this has any meaning, it is, that our Saviour's preaching *may* have been powerful, though it did not throw people into convulsions,—a position which could easily be established positively instead of negatively;—it is, however, hereby virtually admitted that there is no point of comparison between the effect of our Lord's preaching in producing extraordinary cures supposed to be miracles, and the effect of Wesley's or Whitfield's. Why, then, all the load of quotations from Southey's life of Wesley, irrelevant as they are to the question?

But we naturally look for the author's more particular explanation of the Gospel miracles *individually*. Vague general statements may be easily made, and not so easily rebutted; but when particular explanations are offered for particular incidents alleged to be miraculous, the argument is more tangible. The book before me does go into particulars, but very superficially. The

writer maintains (p. 86), 'that all the miracles attributed to Jesus are severally resolvable, either, first, into real though exaggerated cures, and a delusive persuasion, both on his own part, and that of the surrounding eye-witnesses, that the extraordinary effects produced on body and mind by strong religious belief and veneration were actual manifestations of divine agency; or secondly, into imposture on the part of the pretended patient; or thirdly, into subsequent, popular, or apostolical invention.' Then follows a classified list of the miracles attributed to Christ:—

Real Delusion and Exaggeration.

Cure of whole multitudes	Matt. iv.	12—25
Cure of a leper	—— viii.	1— 4
Sick of the palsy	Matt. ix.	1— 8
Fever	—— viii.	14—15
Dropsical man	Luke xiv.	2— 4
Gadarene devils	Mark v.	1—20
Unclean devils	Luke iv.	33—44
Daughter of Canaanitish woman	Matt. xv.	21—28
Infirm woman	Luke xiii.	10—17
Withered hand	Mark iii.	1—12
Centurion's servant	Luke vii.	1—10
Nobleman's son	John iv.	43—54
Infirm man at the pool of Bethesda	—— v.	1—16
Issue of blood	Matt. ix.	20—22
Widow's son	Luke vii.	11—18

Imposture of Patient.

The blind see	Matt. xx.	29—34
The deaf hear	Mark vii.	31—37
The dumb speak	Matt. xii.	22—37
Lazarus	John xi.	1—46
Jairus's daughter	Matt. ix.	18—26

Popular or Apostolical Invention.

Converts water into wine	John ii.	1—11
Cures ten lepers	Luke xvii.	11—19
Miraculous draught of fishes	—— v.	1—11
Calms a tempest	Matt. viii.	24—27
Walks on the sea	—— xiv.	22—33
Feeds five thousand	John vi.	1—14
Feeds four thousand	Matt. xv.	32—39
Causes a barren fig tree to wither	—— xxii.	17—22
Resurrection and Ascension	——	——

It is not easy to perceive on what principles this classification proceeds, nor has the author informed us of them. We have merely his dictum that this alleged miracle was an instance of mere delusion,—this of imposture on the part of the patient, and that of apostolical fraud. Why, for instance, the withered hand and the infirm woman should have been considered as

belonging to the first class, while the blind seeing and the deaf hearing are thrown into the second,—or why the raising of the widow's son should belong to a different class from that of Jairus's daughter,—it is in vain for us to conjecture. Our author deems the former to have been real, but exaggerated, and not miraculous cures, and the latter, impostures practised by the patients. The third class appears to comprehend all that could not possibly be assigned to either of the others; and though it is made as small as could be, by the utmost stretching of the other two, involves so large an amount of apostolical invention, that is *fraud*, as seems scarcely compatible with the mixture of honesty for which our author is willing to give them credit.

The first class are those on which he enlarges most, adducing copious quotations from Dr. Douglas's 'Criterion of Miracles,' and endeavouring to find a parallel to these alleged miracles of Christ's, in the notable frauds and delusions witnessed at the tomb of the Abbé Paris.

He has shown his generalship in discussing that class of the Gospel miracles which are least circumstantially and minutely detailed, and which consisted in the cure of diseases most analogous to those alleged to have been cured at the Abbé Paris' tomb. And after arguing these to have been delusions, he is better prepared to allege the rest to have been frauds. Now, I will grant that, if those miracles, which subsequent enthusiasts or impostors have endeavoured to rival, were the only kind recorded in the New Testament, we might doubt the conclusiveness of our evidence for their reality. But there are others more circumstantially recorded in general, and more remote from reasonable suspicion, which miracle-workers of later days have not attempted to rival, because mental excitement, 'spiritual drunkenness,' could not avail to produce the required effect, and gross imposture would have been easily detected. We do not find them pretending to feed multitudes without natural provisions—to convert water into wine—to calm the tempest, to walk on the sea, or to raise the dead;—or if they do, it is 'not in direct terms, but in expressions that unambiguously are intended so to be understood;' as in a case quoted at p. 103, where the belief of the credulous is invited, but not that of the inquirer challenged.

I would reverse the order of proceeding adopted by this author in investigating the Gospel miracles. I would examine first into those which are most minutely recorded, most fully attested, and therefore most susceptible of circumstantial proof, or direct refutation. If these will not bear investigation, it may scarcely be worth while to refute those which are mentioned more briefly, and with less detail;—if the former are found irrefragable, we may deem it reasonable to admit the rest, which are stated on the same authority to have been performed at the instance of the

same person for the same object, though the account of them be less circumstantial and satisfactory in itself.

I shall content myself, therefore, with commenting on the theory proposed for the two principal miracles assigned to the second and third classes respectively;—only observing further, in respect to the first class, that if they stood *alone*, it would be necessary to prove more satisfactorily than the writer has done, the previous existence of that 'state of excitement and confident expectation which can produce the cure, more or less sudden and complete, of diseases'—p. 87. He has attempted to show that this excitement of feeling had been called forth towards Jesus, by his natural qualities and his accordance with the prejudices and expectations of the Jews; but if he has overrated the personal influence of Jesus, and not correctly represented him as falling in with the universal expectations concerning the Messiah,—if our Lord did, on the contrary, bitterly disappoint those hopes by his conduct, and even sometimes, if not often, discountenance them in express words,—we have then no adequate cause assigned for the origination, or at any rate for the continuance of the assumed 'state of excitement and confident expectation.'

To *imposture on the part of the patient*, the alleged resurrection of Lazarus is ascribed. The sisters are implicated in the imposture;—Jesus (strange to say!) is innocent of it, and is himself made to suppose that he is working a miracle—the puppet moved by the hands of Mary and Martha, for the advancement of his own glory! How to argue with a man who proposes such an hypothesis, I confess I scarcely know. Can he really know what human nature is?—can he recognize the internal marks of truth in a simple, unadorned tale?—has he ever heard the accents of real affection grieving over bereavement, and gently reproaching the supposed neglect of some one scarcely less loved than the dead, that he could thus interpret the scene at the grave of Lazarus? 'The grave,' we are told, 'was a cave, and a stone lay upon it. When Jesus came, Lazarus had been there four days: his sisters might visit him at night with food, free him from his bandages, and allow him to come forth. On Jesus's near approach, Martha went to meet him, and complaining that had he been with them, her brother had not died, expressed her conviction, that even now he would be restored to life if Jesus would ask it of God, &c.'—(p. 111.) Oh, well-dissembling sister! And Mary, too, whose grief was more overpowering still! No wonder it imposed upon the bystanding Jews, and wrung from them tears of superfluous sympathy! No wonder that Jesus himself was deluded by the well-acted drama; and that to the time when John recorded it, the cheat should never have been suspected by those who had witnessed its enactment! The only wonder is, that this pious family had not taken the

precaution to make Jesus privy to their pious fraud! He played his part so well by merest accident. He delayed coming two days after he had been sent for, and this unaccountable delay must almost have exhausted the patience of the pretended dead, and have disposed him to give up the stratagem; or he might not have felt persuaded 'that power would be given him to recall to life the friend whom he loved;' and the expected summons, 'Lazarus come forth,' might have been waited for in vain! Surely he ought to have been admitted to the secret;—it is a wonder that his simplicity did not ruin all! One other matter of surprise there is connected with the subject,—very soon dismissed by our author,—that the priests, who are allowed to have entertained the bitterest 'jealousy and dislike of Jesus,' could never expose the fraud. They 'possessed,' he says, 'no means of discovering the fraud, even were they suspicious of it; their interrogations of the members of the family would be met with solemn asseverations of the reality of Lazarus's death—of his present existence they were enabled to judge for themselves.' Were the ordinary precursors of a young man's death, sickness, and medical attendance, and friendly inquiry, and the ordinary ceremonies of laying out and burying,—were all these omitted or unobserved in this solitary case? Surely the priests could have found some occasion for discrediting the truth of Lazarus's death, if it had not been tolerably notorious. It must have been beyond doubt, or doubt would have been suggested by those who wished to discredit it. The truth seems to be, that they were not even 'suspicious of it;' and that, being unable to discredit the fact of the death or the resuscitation, they had no resource but to persecute Jesus and Lazarus conjointly.

Of the miracles ascribed to *popular and apostolical invention*, I shall allude to one only, viz., the resurrection and ascension of Jesus. With this third class of miracles begins the second part of the author's theory, in which, after having maintained, as the first, a mixture of competency and delusion, he alleges a mixture of *fraud with integrity* against the Christian apostles and evangelists. 'What I contend,' he says (p. 118), 'that experience allows me to affirm, is this, that St. Matthew and St. John would not hesitate to publish accounts of miracles such as these, though they themselves disbelieved them, if they thought they would contribute to uphold or spread the religion in which they had really a sincere belief.' There is at least a verbal incongruity here, in spite of the author's efforts to disclaim it. The resurrection and ascension of Jesus were, in the words of Dr. Chalmers, 'not only the *evidences*, but the distinguishing *doctrines* of the religion; there is, therefore, in their case, an absolute inconsistency betwixt a conviction of the truth of the cause and the consciousness of the frauds used in support of it. Those frauds, if I may so express myself, constituted the very

essence of the cause'—(p. 119.) The author proceeds to examine whether these events 'were themselves the essence of the religion;' whether, 'if the apostles did not believe these events, there was nothing else left them to believe or support.' Now, here is a needless confusing of ideas. Because it is averred that the doctrines of the resurrection and ascension are *essential* to the Gospel, it does not follow that they are the *whole* Gospel, and that there is *nothing else* left to believe if they are disbelieved. The question is gratuitously confused by the turn here given. Certain it is, that the apostles, in the whole of their preaching, did announce the resurrection and ascension of Jesus as an essential and main point of the religion they preached. If they preached this doctrine, knowing it to be false, they so far were guilty, not, as the author says, of attesting what they knew to be false in aid of a religion which they believed to be true, but of interpolating a religion which they believed in other respects true, with a doctrine which they knew to be false. This is certainly admitting a greater degree of fraud into their mixed characters than the writer before us professes to lay to their charge; and the question of their fraud or sincerity in the profession of the essential doctrines they preached, has been discussed over and over again. This new writer is welcome to resume it, but let him not take credit for novelty in doing so. The apostolical imposture, relative to the resurrection and ascension, he expounds as follows: 'When Jesus entered Jerusalem before the Passover, the shouts of the people proclaimed that he was still popular to a high degree, and that they expected the establishment of his worldly kingdom.' As for the apostles, 'faith in their Master had sunk deep into their hearts; and though for a moment it might waver at a conjuncture so distressing as his public execution, would yet again find sufficient food and support in the recollection of his character, his miracles' (or rather his self-delusions and the impostures practised on him, and shared by them), 'his dominion over the minds of the people.' *One* would be enough, and that one was found in Peter, to concentrate their energies again on their purpose of spreading the belief that Jesus should redeem Israel. The history of Joanna Southcote, and that of the Jew, Sabbathai Sevi, are quoted as proof, that delusion may go on after the most untoward events have thwarted it. 'Notwithstanding the death of Jesus, Peter and the other Apostles might remain steadfast in faith that he was the Christ, that he had ascended to heaven, but would appear again after a season to establish his kingdom; and that it was their paramount duty on earth to propagate this belief. And when, with the view of making a deeper impression upon the minds of the people, they had given out, like the followers of Sabbathai Sevi, that their Lord had ascended bodily into heaven in their sight, their words, in like manner, gained

belief, and their sect spread in all quarters. Nor is it surprising that the Apostle's report of such a miracle as the bodily ascent of Jesus into heaven should receive credit, when we consider the popularity of their cause at Jerusalem'—(p. 123.) How many things doubtful, or merely possible, are here assumed as certain, to account for the continued profession and spread of the Gospel! That the faith of the Apostles would revive after the crucifixion, which, it is allowed, dissipated their fondest hopes for the time; and that it would revive by recollecting, amidst the bitterness of present disappointment, a series of previous frauds, practised upon them or by them in support of these now obviously false hopes: that Peter, the man of impulses—the zealous and the wavering—the boaster and the coward, should have been the cool, consistent, deep-designing intriguer, who conducted the farce of a pretended resurrection, and revived by the Wesley-like mixture of religion and ambition * in his character, the zeal and confidence of the other disciples, are positions founded on anything but the history of fact and the philosophy of human nature; and the alleged 'popularity of the Christian cause at Jerusalem' must be taken with some latitude, when we remember that the ruling powers were in deadly league against it, and that its popularity with the people had arisen from false hopes of empire now damped at least by the crucifixion. But the revival of popularity on behalf of the Gospel is accounted for by the pretended resurrection; and a parallel is found in the history of Sabbathai Sevi, whose followers, after his death, 'gave out that he was transported to heaven like Enoch and Elijah.' The author labours to show that the apostles may have pretended that of Christ, without the cheat being exposed. I have only two observations to make on his conjectural account of the matter. The first is, that by his own showing, the apostles must have encumbered themselves with needless difficulties by the imposture, if such it was, considering the easy credulity of the people they had to deal with and the already existing 'popularity' of the Gospel. He supposes 'that Peter—himself continuing to believe that Jesus was the Messiah, and that though his body was crucified, dead, and buried, yet that his spirit had departed to heaven, and would return again in the flesh to judge the world—would not hesitate, for the sake of increasing the effect of these doctrines, to concert with the other apostles the pious fraud of reporting that the body of Jesus had returned to life and ascended to heaven in his sight.'—(p. 127.) So Peter and the other apostles believed the spiritual resurrection of Christ, and invented the bodily to increase the effect of the

* 'Such a mixture of religion and ambition existed in the character of John Wesley, and *might* equally have combined in that of Peter.'—Note, p. 128. The question is, whether it *did*, and more especially whether there are any signs of its influencing Peter to the course ascribed to him at the time supposed, viz., that of his denial and his Lord's crucifixion.

former doctrine! To me it appears that they must have calculated ill in adopting such a fraud. Why were they not content to preach the spiritual resurrection, which they believed true? If our author is correct, the deluded, devoted, wonder-loving Jews in general would piously have taken their assertion for fact, as the followers of Sabbathai Sevi believed respecting their leader, who, as far as the quotations go, appears to have been transported to heaven by the consent of his followers, without their taking the trouble to secure his body. The apostles only provoked detection by pretending (if it was only pretence) that the body of Jesus had risen. If they had been contented to say what (according to our author) they believed, 'that his spirit was gone to heaven, and would return to the earth,' their followers might have safely believed, and their enemies could not have confronted them. To give out a bodily resurrection, if the event was not real, was to volunteer gratuitous difficulties, not necessary, according to this author, for filling the gaping credulity of the Jewish multitude, but certainly exposing them (whatever he may say to the contrary) to every risk of detection at the hands of the rulers. My second observation on his theory is, that if the fraud had been necessary for the reception of the Gospel (which on his theory it was not), it was, by his own showing, absolutely *impracticable*. He asks, and endeavours to answer the question by a negative, 'whether the apostles would incur any risk of detection in attempting to execute their plan of joining the doctrine of a bodily resurrection, which they knew to be untrue, to that of a spiritual one, which they sincerely believed?'—(p. 128.) Their scheme to prevent detection by their enemies, the priests, was, he says, of course, to obtain possession of the body, and give out that it had risen. 'During the night' (of Friday, the day of the Crucifixion) 'Peter, with any disciples or apostles in whom he *might* most trust, *might* come to the sepulchre, and having displaced the stone from the entrance, by the same human efforts which had placed it there, *might* take away the body of Jesus.'—(p. 129.) This *might* have been conjectured with something approaching to possibility—*and therefore have been taken as historical fact*—had it not been before distinctly allowed by the writer, that the apostles' faith in their master '*might*, for a moment, waver at a conjuncture so distressing as that of his public execution,' (p. 120,) and if he was not found arguing (not very conclusively it is true, but no doubt stating his own deliberate opinion) that the apostles were ignorant of our Lord's prediction that he should rise from the dead.—(p. 129.) Now, though the '*momentary*' distress of the apostles at finding their every hope extinguished in the death of Jesus, may, perhaps, be thought to have been over *before night*, if we question the author's verbal self-consistency; yet it will hardly be thought consistent with human nature to represent the periods of despair, and grief, and

reviving trust, and hope, and confidence, and fraudulent scheming, as having been so *momentary* in their respective duration, and so rapid in their sequence, as to have allowed the whole plot to be conceived, matured, and carried into effect during Friday night, that is, within twelve hours of the crucifixion! How should the idea have even presented itself, when, according to the author, misinterpreting John's declaration that the disciples did not know, (*i. e.*, did not understand, the prophecy) they did not know that Jesus had declared he should rise again, and 'the inference is that no such prediction had been uttered?" The men were incapable, during the few hours from Friday evening to Saturday morning, of entertaining such a scheme as they are said to have executed. Peter, no less than the rest. What is true of all is true of him; and it is a mere assumption on the part of the author (who is strangely mistaken in Peter's character when he gives him consummate *prudence* as well as zeal), to attribute to this apostle the devising and conducting of a scheme so unnatural to men oppressed with consternation at Christ's death, and ignorant of any expectation having been entertained by him of rising again.

The author must have forgotten his own theory of the stealing of the body on *Friday night*, when he goes on to discredit, with no little special pleading, the account of the stationing of a watch at the sepulchre *on the Saturday* ('the next day that followed the day of the preparation:' Matt. xxvii. 62). He might have saved himself this trouble had he been self-consistent. He goes on to argue that this part of the history is an 'addition' of Matthew's; but that if the watch was set, it might consist not of Roman soldiers, but of 'a Jewish civic guard,' who might sleep on duty without fear of consequences, and that during their sleep the disciples might steal the body, which they had stolen once the night before. This he thinks the more likely, as so respectable a set of persons as the chief priests 'would endeavour to meet the report of the apostles, concerning the bodily resurrection of their Lord, by a counter report calculated to gain credit, not by such a one as should startle belief by its improbability.'—(p. 131.) One improbability there is still in the report, even if the guards be allowed to have been a Jewish civic force,—which they were not, any more than the soldiers under the *centurion* at the crucifixion; and even if it be allowed that they slept on guard, and could escape punishment without the intervention of the priests' pleading with the governor; this improbability still remains, that the apostles should have been able to *calculate on their sleeping and on the exact time of night when their sleep would be soundest.* With all Peter's energy, prudence, and cunning, to direct his own actions, he could not control other persons. He might have happened to come to the sepulchre at the right time, but he might have come too soon or too late, and been apprehended, or he might have awaked the sleeping guards by the noise of removing the stone

and the body. Here are many *mights* against one; and on the computation of chances, the trick of a pretended bodily resurrection is not likely to be the true solution.

I forbear to make any more remarks than have been incidentally offered on the supposed union of fraud and sincerity in the apostles and evangelists. I have endeavoured to show the fallacy of the author's arguments. It matters little in fact whether those arguments go to prove a greater or a less degree of what is styled pious fraud, if they were indeed valid. Christianity would be proved to be no revelation, whatever salvo might be made as to the partial integrity and virtue of the parties to the fraud. But, I repeat, the author of the book before us has, in fact, ascribed, by his theory, a far greater amount of falsehood and imposture to the principal persons in the Gospel history, than he seems to have designed or to be aware of. In *main points* the question is, as older writers have represented it, whether the writers or actors were competent and honest, or not. In *main points* this author has impeached both their competency and yet more their honesty, while he speaks of them, notwithstanding, in terms of general respect. He has shown, in effect, by endeavouring to maintain the contrary, that there is no middle point between the admission of a revelation, and the designating of the gospel history as a tissue of enthusiasm, delusion, fraud, and religious ambition, in the persons of Jesus and his apostles.

We are naturally curious to ask what system of belief and practice the author before us (who, though anonymous, gives every proof we could expect of devotedness to the interests of morality) has adopted as his own? He has given very briefly his own theory of morals (see Pref. p. xi.):—'There exists in the heart of man an underived and inexterminable principle—the principle of morality—the sympathy and disinterested desire for others' good —"the cautious feeling for another's pain,"—together with the sanctions of approbation and love to those whose conduct is guided by these feelings; of indignation against the man of blood and violence, the oppressor, the unjust, the hard-hearted, and the selfish.' Whatever may be thought of the author's theological arguments, he cannot, if this be a specimen, rank high as a student in mental or moral science. The 'underived and inexterminable principle' may in many, if not in most, instances trace its derivation with tolerable accuracy to distinct causes;—and it has in not a few instances been, if not exterminated, at least suppressed and perverted. So much for the appeal to instinctive and inherent principles of human nature. 'The existence of these moral feelings,' the writer goes on to say, 'is altogether independent of a belief in the sanctions of future punishment and reward, held out by revelation, forming part of the original constitution of the human mind. When what is called revealed religion shall be banished for ever, an enlightened and extensive benevolence shall

have sway upon earth, and be the fountain of all happiness.' And then he explains that by 'what is called revealed religion' he means orthodoxy. We would wish every such unbeliever as this writer, who derived his first principles of belief and practice from Christian friends, and retains a sincere love of virtue, to ask himself whether his moral feelings are 'altogether independent' of revealed religion as their original foundation. Many a one, who speculatively rejects Christianity, because Christians have encumbered it with absurd and impious doctrines, still retains his love of Christian morals, and, in his pious regard to the religion of nature, thinks he has learnt from thence more than nature ever taught, except to Christianized minds. We rejoice that it is so. We claim every such unbeliever as a practical illustration of the excellence of Christian morals. We are only jealous for Jesus, that his Gospel should receive the honour due. We would see it glorified by the intellect and the profession of those whose hearts it does guide. Its being so depends, humanly speaking, on the zeal and manliness of Unitarians in the profession and diffusion of their views of Christianity. Seriously and solemnly do we feel, that a great responsibility rests upon the professors of Unitarian Christianity in an age of restless intellectual activity, to rescue the religion of Jesus from the difficulties and perplexities heaped upon it by its professors on the one hand, and on the other to defend it from the attacks to which it is thereby exposed from its enemies. What other class of Christians can effectually rebut the reasoning of unbelievers? Who else can heartily promote the spread of intelligence and reflection in every department of knowledge, and not tremble for the effect of their own doings on the reception of what they deem Christian truth? Who else can fearlessly say, Religion courts investigation at the hands of the philosopher; its evidences invite amplest discussion; its doctrines and its precepts challenge the admiration of the learned, the reasoning, and the good? Others represent the Gospel as demanding implicit assent to things incredible. They would exempt religion alone from that scrutiny of active intelligence, which is applied to every other subject with the best effect, and which, when applied to the principles of religion now generally received among Christians of all denominations except one (and that not a large one), must inevitably lead to the increasing rejection of revealed religion, unless those who believe the Gospel to be a reasonable faith, will, not only by the open avowal of their opinions, but with earnest zeal for their advocacy and general diffusion, promptly and effectually interpose between the sceptic and the sceptic-maker.

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WHIG GOVERNMENT.

THERE are three kinds of rule—Tory government, Whig government, and Self-government—of which we hope the first may be regarded as the past, and the third as the future, of the political condition of the people of Great Britain. The second we all know to be the present; and the question of its merits or demerits, and of its claims on public gratitude, having been raised by its admirers, perhaps even by its members, we are disposed to make them the subject of a calm and temperate, though brief examination. Two ministerial manifestoes have been recently put forth: one a pamphlet under the title at the head of this article; the other, a paper on the Working and Prospects of the Reform, in the *Edinburgh Review*,—the latter is commonly ascribed to no feebler a pen than that of the Lord Chancellor. It lacks somewhat of his accustomed energy; for its tone is as remarkable for querulousness, as is that of the pamphlet for boastfulness. Both are evidently designed to influence the now rapidly-approaching elections.

The present administration has been, from the first, in a difficult position, and should be cautiously and kindly judged. The difficulties with which it has had to contend, and the benefits it has conferred upon the country, ought never to be forgotten. Nor have they been disregarded. The people's support was ever ready for their struggles,—the people's confidence for their promises,—and the people's gratitude for their success. Still it is certain that they are not regarded altogether with such feelings, as might have been anticipated for the authors of a great reform in the representative system. They seem aware of this, and disposed to complain of suspicion, impatience, ingratitude, and want of confidence. But such complaints are seldom made except by those who have committed errors which reflect blame on themselves. To gain the people's love is at least one of the first objects of an enlightened government. Not to possess it, is a failure; and though it may be said that the failure is only limited and partial, yet is it no unfriendly task, nor shall it be attempted in an unfriendly spirit, to point out the causes to which it may not unreasonably be ascribed.

The most operative of these is, no doubt, to be found in the complicated machinery and imperfect working of the Reform Bill, so far as it has yet been acted upon, in the formation of a new constituency. They who expect gratitude for the bestowment of a great good upon a community ought not, in common prudence, to clog it with appendages which inflict trouble, vexation, and disappointment upon many thousands of the most active portion of the people.

The Reform Bill was understood to confer the suffrage on 10*l*.

householders. Few persons, even of those most interested, examined minutely into its details: some of those who did, and foresaw what would happen, were afraid of hazarding the measure, perhaps any measure, by the exposure. The franchise on a 10*l.* a year house was broadly stated as its principle, and on this, the long parliamentary discussions chiefly turned. What, then, was the astonishment and irritation of multitudes when they found that, because they had not paid their rates, (which in many cases had not been applied for in the usual manner), or because they paid rates through their landlord in the form of additional rent, he contracting with the parish; or, because they had removed within the twelvemonth; or because their names were wrongly spelt in the collector's book; or for some other such reason, they were struck off the roll of citizenship, and sent back, by the Bill of their idolatry, to the place from whence they came! Is not this enough to irritate people, especially when they must lose time from their own concerns, and see barristers paid from the public purse, just to accomplish their excision with due formality? The writer in the *Edinburgh Review* selects Edinburgh as a specimen for the purpose of his argument, He contends that the result shows how well the Bill works. And what is his own account of the matter? Why, that in a population of 140,000, 'between 6000 and 7000 will have votes.' Now, the number of houses in Edinburgh rated at 10*l.* and upwards, is 9382. Here, then, are about 3000 qualifications lost: and this, be it observed, is not an accidental or voluntary non-usage of the right, such as continually occurs even at warmly-contested elections, but it is the absolute privation of the right. A small deduction must be made for female householders; but with this exception, the number disappointed is nearly half as numerous as that which is gratified. A third of the self-supposed constituency is subjected to an anticipatory disfranchisement. Will they not grumble, even though Lord Chancellors and Lord Advocates tell them to be grateful? There are probably few large towns in which the proportion of disqualified expectants is not quite as large, or larger, than in the case chosen by this writer. At Leeds, we see that 2550 are disqualified out of 6700; at Liverpool, between 4000 and 5000 out of 14,000; at Manchester, 5913 out of 12,700, or nearly one half. In some of the metropolitan boroughs the proportion is yet larger; and here the suffrage was peculiarly an object of desire. The Tower Hamlets have 23,000 qualifying tenements, and only 11,000 qualified inhabitants of them. The non-contents have it. In the counties the working of the Bill is still worse. Many of the old freeholders, naturally enough, supposed that their previous right remained untouched: they find themselves disfranchised for non-registration. The objecting system has been carried on to a most vexatious extent; and very different have been the decisions of the barristers in different counties. In some

divisions, the tenants-at-will, so strangely let in by the government, seem likely to swamp the real proprietary. Under all these circumstances, and just on the eve of an election, with all the old evil agencies of influence and intimidation at work, is it strange that people should not be hymning their matin and evening song of thanks to Whig government? The strangeness is, that statesmen—men of reflection and foresight—should have expected less discontent with them than there actually is. When they announced their Bill, it was hailed with a burst of enthusiasm. They supped full of gratitude; it seemed, even to satiety. On this they, no doubt, calculated; they had kept their secret well, so as to produce an electrical effect; and they should also have calculated on the partial revulsion which must ensue from all the deductions and restrictions, and annoyances, which they have seen fit to embarrass their measure with. Why they have so embarassed it—why they could not establish the principle (of the 10*l.* franchise) in all its simplicity aud entireness—it is hard to say. They could not mean to 'keep the word of promise to the ear, but break it to the hope.' The exceptions neither disarmed hostility nor conciliated support. If their intention was to create a constituency which should be numerically about two-thirds of the apparently qualified householders, thinking such a constituency better than a more numerous one, they certainly did not take a direct or manly course for the accomplishment of that purpose. Nor can anything savour more of caprice or chance-work, than the way in which they have left the distinction to be arrived at between voters and non-voters. Unaware of the disfranchising tendency of the details of the Bill, they were not. Their attention at an early period was drawn to the fact, which was clearly stated in petitions, and which would have been the subject of much popular discussion, but for the uncertainty in which the fate of the whole measure was involved. If they merely meant incidentally to make the Reform Bill an instrument for screwing up the collection of the taxes, they disgraced the authorship of a great and glorious measure, by the alloy of a motive most unworthy, mean, and pitiful. Any way, they committed a great fault, and one which could not but detract, as soon as its consequences began to be felt, and that not undeservedly, from the people's gratitude and their own popularity.

In the long and arduous conflict by which Reform was carried, it was to be expected that some practical errors would be committed. But there were errors not exactly of the kind which might have been expected, and which have proved an additional source of the state of feeling of which they now complain. They have appeared rather to patronize the people than heartily to coalesce with them, making common cause, and advancing it by common efforts. They would do something *for* the people, but not with, or by the people. Their claim of confidence was most

unmeasured. While to the opposition they showed a forbearance and admitted of delays, such as no government before ever showed or conceded, when it had determined on carrying a measure, all suggestions from the friends of that measure, either for the improvement of its details, or the acceleration of its adoption, were kept back and put down as a perilous interference. The threat of danger to the Bill, if its imperfections were amended or its progress stimulated, was the silencing answer to every expostulation. Scarcely a change was admitted but on Tory suggestion. They did all in their power to diminish the force of the only argument which could really impress the minds of boroughmongers, viz. That the people were evidently, and at all risks, determined upon Reform. They endeavoured, as much as possible, to suppress those popular demonstrations, an appeal to which constituted their most convincing logic. Their uniform language to the people was, 'Trust everything to us, the Bill is safe, the Bill *shall* be carried.' And yet what became of this boast in May last? The Bill was virtually defeated; the creation of peers was refused; and, so far as depended upon them, all was lost: we cannot add, 'save honour,' unless by assuming, which we do assume, that in some quarter or other, they had been deceived. What power had they *then* to redeem the confidence which they had so proudly challenged? If they had possessed the royal authority for a creation of peers, do they stand acquitted for having dallied with the opportunity till it was lost? if they never possessed that authority, can their language to the country be justified? It avails not to tell us now, that the Bill was actually carried without; the long delay, the imminent peril, both to the cause of Reform and to the public peace; the confused and excited state in which the country was kept, to the detriment of so many interests; and the mode by which the submission of the peers was ultimately secured;—these were surely greater evils than any which could have been produced by an extension of the peerage; an extension which, after all, *must* take place, if liberal principles are to prevail, and Whig government to be materially distinguished from Tory government. Much remains to be cleared up of the history of that time. But it seems scarcely possible to avoid the inference, that the prospect of an efficient Reform was put to hazard from tenderness to aristocratical exclusiveness. And what saved both the ministry and the Bill at that fearful crisis? It is bad taste now to sneer at those who 'thought of rebelling' for the Bill. Not more absurd is the affectation of Louis Philippe, in treating the revolution of July, 1830, as simply a change of dynasty, than is that of the ministerial pamphleteer, who only refers to the great national movement, in May last, as the baffling of a Tory intrigue. If the Whigs would have that well understood and received, which they have done for the people, let it be shown that they appreciate what the people did

for them. They were restored to power, not by the difficulty of forming another administration, but by the far more tremendous difficulty which any Tory administration would have had in governing the country; by the unquestionable symptoms of an approaching national convulsion. *Their pledges were redeemed for them by the people.* And they must not wonder that it did not please many who felt and knew this, that the essential aid which had been rendered them should be repudiated, slighted, and scorned, and those political associations made the object of deprecation, sarcasm, and threat, without which it is scarcely possible, either that a Reform Act or a Whig ministry should now have been in existence. What though Lord Althorp and Lord John Russell had been teazed by the Tories for their correspondence with Mr. Attwood, was it for Earl Grey to imitate the insolence of the Duke of Wellington, and refuse to recognize a Political Union,—was it for him so to convey by implication a censure on the loyalty of the Duke of Sussex? Fifty years ago Charles Grey and John Towell Rutt were fellow-labourers in the cause of Reform, as members of the Society of the 'Friends of the People.' They are amongst the very few surviving originators of political association for procuring Parliamentary Reform. Last May they were fellow-labourers too, in that same cause,—the one in a dismissed and prostrate ministry; the other amongst the people, by whose exertions, and by the apprehension of whose further proceedings, that ministry was raised and reinstated. When the victory was accomplished, Mr. Rutt was the chairman of the first public meeting held, we believe, in this country, to congratulate Earl Grey on his restoration to office; and did it become Earl Grey to refuse to receive John Towell Rutt on such an occasion, simply because his presidency was over a meeting convened by a Political Union? Will all the allowance that can be made for the *hauteur* of his personal character, for the prejudices of his order, or for the proverbial want of tact of his party, excuse this behaviour to one who belongs to a higher nobility than his, and a more enduring aristocracy? We mention this instance because it shows the spirit of many others. It is only a specimen of Whig gratitude towards reforming zeal. If a Premier will kick the faces of those who are bearing him back to office on their shoulders, he should not exclaim of their want on gratitude. The Political Unions have, in their present form, at least, done their work; and a good work too. They were no broken reed when the pressure was heavy on them. From first to last there were comparatively few points on which they did not yield an efficient popular support to the administration. And had that gratitude and confidence been secured, which might and should have been secured, their useful continuance or peaceful dissolution would have been of easy accomplishment.

The conduct of government in relation to the taxes on know-

ledge, and the remains of Lord Castlereagh's Six Acts, which bear so heavily upon the press, has tended very much to alienate the affections of many warm and disinterested friends of popular instruction. The continuance of these nefarious laws and imposts, ought not to have been endured for a single month after the power of their repeal was in the possession of honest and enlightened men. The tardy justice is coming, but it comes ungracefully after almost every candidate has been obliged to pledge himself to that repeal in order to obtain a chance of success. The promise, *ex cathedrâ*, in the 'Edinburgh Review,' is somewhat of an *ex-post-facto* concession. The concluding question and answer should have been made by Lord Althorp when he opposed Mr. L. Bulwer's motion against this hateful tax: 'What shall be put in its place, supposing the revenue insufficient, and a substitute necessary?—Any other.' Even that would have been soon enough for gratitude. We have had, instead, the anomaly of a Stamp-Office Inquisition, protecting some publications and oppressing others in the most arbitrary manner; the venders of one cheap publication imprisoned by hundreds, while another was breaking the law almost weekly, in the name of the Lord Chancellor and half the members of the administration. Very glad shall we be to receive the boon; but the delay and objections, until its bestowment by Parliament, with or without ministerial help, became certain, was an additional blunder and a very great one.

We cannot now go into detail on the subject of retrenchment. Much has been done, for which let all due praise be awarded. Many people thought that more might have been done, and a premature pause in well-doing not unnaturally checks, if it do not reverse, the feeling with which well-doing is regarded. After what passed last Session it is rather an equivocal claim on applause that '*arrangements are even now in progress for a further reduction in the estimates of the ensuing year, to the amount of one million and a half.*' Better next year than never; but why not before?

The author of 'Whig Government,' who has arranged his remarks under the heads of 'Peace, Parliamentary Reform, and Retrenchment,' boasts rather prematurely of the redemption of the first of these pledges. Should extended or continued hostilities be the result of our present armed interference between Holland and Belgium, it will have been very mal-adroitly managed to be quiet when interposition would have been sure of exciting the gratitude of all the liberals in Europe, and active when the very mention of the Belgian question had long begun to excite a nausea in the public. What can be thought of a war (should that unhappily be the result) thus commenced, after the apathy which abandoned Poland to its fate? We cannot read the following apology without inexpressible disgust: 'However much this melancholy catastrophe might be deplored, still it became a

duty, not less painful than necessary, to repress all *romantic* or indignant feelings on the subject, for the sake of the one grand object of our diplomacy, the maintenance of peace in central Europe. *No treaty, no obligation, no encouragement, ever yet held forth to the Poles, bound us to interfere between Russia and her victim.*' We deny the heartless quibble. This country was a party to the arrangements of the far-famed Congress of Vienna in 1815. We have always held ourselves bound by those arrangements. From respect to them, we have expended our public treasure in liquidating the Russo-Dutch loan when the condition of our responsibility, the continued union of Holland and Belgium, had ceased to exist, and been terminated quite independently of our interference. No treaty bound us, nothing but our adhesion to the spirit of the Vienna settlement, to become, as we virtually did, the paymasters of the Russian campaign against Polish freedom. The nationality of Poland, her connexion with the Russian crown by a constitution, was determined upon at Vienna. The treaty of the three states, which had partitioned Poland, for carrying that determination into effect was framed at the instigation of England. His spirited interference on that occasion was one of the few redeeming deeds of Lord Castlereagh. On the Dutch question it is said that the previous ministry had issued 'the first and directing protocol,' and that Lord Grey was bound to follow it up. But surely it was not more imperative to imitate a Wellington blunder than a Castlereagh virtue? 'Romantic,' indeed! Why, all noble sentiment and public spirit is romantic in some men's estimation. Those who make it a duty to suppress romantic feeling are not likely to be troubled with them. Without undertaking to rid the world of all the monsters that infest it, there yet must assuredly be public crimes so atrocious that free and civilized nations owe it to the human race to say that they shall not be committed with impunity. We *could* have said so; we could, without going to war, have interposed so as to cleanse ourselves of guilty acquiescence in the unparalleled crimes which have been enacted; and they might, probably, have been prevented. Putting all humanity and justice out of the question, such conduct would have better served 'the one grand object of our diplomacy.' The stand made by the Polish patriots was probably the preservation, for a time, of the peace of Europe. The Cossacks are now a step nearer to the Rhine. The flood of blood has washed down one barrier. And it were much to hope that Lord Durham's mission of instruction has converted the Emperor Nicholas into a complacent spectator of European improvement, should the march of that improvement not be arrested by other despots.

To return home, and that without a word on the excited and disappointed expectations of Ireland, the preparations for the ensuing elections have been by no means wisely made by the

Whigs. They have endeavoured to make everything turn on the comparatively ambiguous distinction of ministerial and anti-ministerial, instead of the infinitely more important difference of reformer and conservative. Some of their most devoted adherents affirm that in getting the Reform Bill the people have got enough. As if the erection of the machine was everything, and the production of the manufacture nothing. In many cases their friends are in conflict with reformers of the highest ability and principle. The requirement of pledges from candidates has been abused and ridiculed in the absurdest manner; with success we allow, for such bewilderment has been created that few people seem to know what a pledge means. They have a vague notion of its being something like a pair of handcuffs. Some follies took this form, as folly takes all forms; but generally the proposers of pledges have only intended that a candidate should commit himself, as a man of honour, to do his best to carry into effect certain great principles, on which they had made up their minds, and expected their would-be representative to have made up his mind. With some men certainly this might not be necessary; with none has it been proposed to be made a substitute for the requisite knowledge, ability, and character. Seldom (and then indefensibly) has it related to matters requiring, as to the principle, any further inquiry or deliberation: and why honest legislators should object to, and repudiate, as an insult, the having their hands strengthened for good by the declaration of the public mind and will on such topics as economical reform, judicial reform, freedom and frequency of election, slavery, national education, and one or two others of similar importance, we cannot imagine. The confidence reposed in them is still large enough for any moderate lover of responsibility. In our opinion, they most deserve the people's confidence who tell them to have confidence in themselves.

The name of Whig has long ceased to be the exciting cause of agreeable and grateful recollections. It were as well for it now to sink into oblivion. Let the last Whig ministry approve itself the first reforming ministry; let it cease to think so much of conciliating Tory opinion, and so little of alienating Radical attachment; let it beware of the temporizing policy which may humble it before a faction, and yet not rally the people round it; let it fearlessly lay the axe to the root of corruption and misgovernment; let it aim consistently, and avow itself plainly, in all things to consult the greatest good of the greatest number; let the recollection of its own mistakes be balanced against any supposed deficiency in the people's gratitude; and let it bestow the best benefit it can upon the people, by enabling them and encouraging them to benefit themselves: let them do this,—and it is yet perfectly and easily within their grasp,—and history has no glory like that with which its future pages will surround their names.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Tales and Conversations. By Emily Cooper. London, 1832. Price 3s.

We can safely recommend this little book for a Christmas or birth-day present to young persons. No friend need be afraid of putting it into their hands. It is characterized by sound judgment, rare common sense, a calm and sweet temper, patient assiduity to convey instruction, and a pure and benignant spirit. It is just the book that, were it alive, would make a most trustworthy, unfailing, and excellent governess. It contains nine compositions, of different classes, and adapted to interest different ages. Their titles are Marian; Genius and Industry; Alexander the Great; the Legacy; the Green Lane; a Country Visit; Queen Margaret, a drama; an Apologue; and Woodford. With some slight difference of merit in their execution—though but little, for Miss Cooper's style is unambitious, and she accomplishes what she proposes to herself—there is an uniformity of excellence in their tendency. We extract the commencement of "Alexander the Great" to show that together with the qualities which may inspire parents with confidence in her writings, the author has also the faculty of so entering into the minds of children, their modes of thought and reflection, as to create in them that interest which is essential to their improvement:—

'"Let us read the History of Alexander the Great, mamma; I like to read about *great* men," said Hector O'Brien.

'"*Great* does not always mean *good*," said Hector's sister, Emma.

'"A great many people are good, only a few are *great*," said Hector. "Great, surely, means good in the *superlative* degree."

'"By no means," said Emma; "those persons who have been called *great* were often very wicked people: do you remember the last line of one of Gray's odes, which my father read to us?

"Beneath the good how far, but far above the *great*."

'"I do not understand that," said Hector.

'"What do you mean by *great?*" said Hector's little brother John: "do you mean *great*, *large*, like the Irish giant? I am sure, if you do, there is no goodness in *that*."

'"No, nonsense, no!" said Hector: "Alexander the Great was not a giant; he was rather *short*, I believe."

'"Well," said John, "one day I went with my father to try to find out a Mr. Clark, and we asked at several cottages where Mr. Clark lived, and many people said, 'Do you mean the *great* Mr. Clark, Sir?' but my father said 'No:' and I asked my father what they meant by the *great* Mr. Clark; and he said they meant a gentleman who lived in a great house, and had a large farm, and that these people called him great because he had a large estate; but my father did not seem to care about him at all. So I suppose Alexander the Great had a great palace and a great kingdom, like Mr. Clark's great farm."

'"Very much like Mr. Clark's great farm, indeed, John!" replied Hector smiling. "No, I do not think any one would have called Alexander great, just for having a great kingdom: it was because he

made a small kingdom, which his father left him, *great*, through his own bravery, and by his great talents."

'"*How* did he make his little kingdom large?" said John.

'"By conquering the neighbouring countries by means of his large army," said his sister; "wherever Alexander went, he shed torrents of blood, till the people submitted and called him king."

'"Then I do not like him at all," said John: "he was very wicked indeed; he should have been called Alexander the Cruel."

'"War is a cruel business, certainly," said Hector; "but I suppose Alexander was not worse than other *heroes*, as they are called."

'"I do not care about heroes," said John; "I think good people are those who do good, and the best people, those who constantly try to do good, and who are never ill-natured; and as for those whose lives have been spent in making others unhappy, you may call them *great* if you will, but then, I say, great means *bad*."

'"I quite agree with you, John," said Emma.

'Mrs. O'Brien took down a book, and gave it to Hector, saying, "Do you and John read this, coolly and quietly; I think you will find something to admire in Alexander: in his youth there was a promise of excellence, and he pursued, with the greatest zeal, what *he* thought the path to glory. You remember, Hector, what you have read, in the History of Greece, of the cruel wars between the Persians and the Greeks, many years before the time of Alexander, in which the Greeks showed the greatest bravery in defending their wives and children, and homes. The consequence of these destructive invasions was, that the Greeks hated the Persians; and Alexander was educated in the belief that great talents are displayed to most advantage in war, and that *conquest* is glorious, even if unprovoked. Do you remember the fable of the wolf and the lamb, in which the wolf is represented as accusing the poor lamb of troubling the waters at which he drinks, and then of slandering his reputation; and when the lamb proves his innocence, the wolf says, 'then it was your *father* or your *grandfather* who did it;' and devours the poor animal on that pretence? The reasoning of conquerors, in the time of Alexander, was not better than that of the wolf. Now go and read, and when you come to anything which you like or dislike particularly, come and tell me."

'The two boys withdrew to a recess, while Mrs. O'Brien and Emma continued at work.

'"You see, John," exclaimed Hector, "Alexander was fond of reading when he was young; and when the ambassadors from Persia saw him in his father's court, they observed that he asked them no foolish questions about things of no consequence, but sensible questions about the government and state of Persia; so that the ambassadors said among themselves, 'our young prince, Artaxerxes, is *rich*, but Alexander is *great*.' And I like him for this, very much,—that though he was so fond of everything which was elegant or useful, he despised those who spent all their time in little tricks which are of no use. It is said, a man once exhibited his skill at the court in throwing peas through the eye of a kind of large needle, and what do you think Alexander gave him as a reward?—*a basket of peas*."

'"I like that," said John; "so silly a game did not deserve a better present."'—pp. 71—75.

And so the tale goes on, anecdote after anecdote, well selected from the history of Alexander, and intermingled with the commentaries, inquiries, and ejaculations of the children, and the explanations of their mother.

Lyric Leaves. By Cornelius Webbe. London, Griffiths, 1832.

CORNELIUS WEBBE has so much of the spirit of song in him as to make us regret that after having produced, in early life, the verses here published, his attention should have been 'forced from poetry by discouragements,' which have probably deprived us of much better compositions. Too many there are whose attention to poetry continues to mature years and old age, who write and publish much worse. Many of the lyrics ought to be popular, especially the Weaver's Wife, the Miller's Treat, and the Yeoman's Song. We quote the last-named:—

THE YEOMAN'S SONG.

'When maddening tempests lash the land,
And rush along the sea,
The poorest hut on England's strand
A pleasant home must be!—
Whilst lightnings from the heavens leap,
And mariners grow pale,
I sleep, as round the wild winds sweep,
And find delight
By day and night
Within my native vale.

'The seaman he may careless sing
When kindly seas are 'round,
But not like me when laughs the Spring
And verdure clothes the ground.
The cuckoo's call from hill to hill
Brings more good cheer to me
Than voice of sea-winds whistling shrill,
Or roaring seas
Lash'd by the breeze;—
The lark my minstrel be!

'A ship it is a noble thing
When beating down the waves,
Or battling for our island king
With foreign foes and slaves!—
The humble cot is noble, too,
That shelters honest men,
To love, and home, and country true,
Who for the right,
Would bravely fight
And what is wrong disdain!—

'The Oak that shade and shelter lends
To England's cottage-floors,
Is dear to me as that which sends
Her thunder from her shores!—

Mine, mine be still the rural life,
The shore and not the sea;—
But should rude War roll here his strife,
My hardy hand
Shall guard the land,
And strike where strike the Free!'—pp. 29, 30.

As a specimen of the sonnets, we select the following two:—

NATURE.

'Nature hath sights and sounds should never tire!—
Such is the hum of honey-sated bee;
The various voice of birds, who hireless choir
Their mellow songs to the young seasons three;
The stir of waters vast,—whether they be
Of ocean, lake, or river; the fields' attire;
The rustling corn ripening on hill and lea;
The sun enthroned upon his car of fire;
The golden sunlight on the silver sea;
The day that dies like widow on the pyre
Where burns her bright-haired lord; the sweet respire
Of incense-wafting flowers; the moon, when she
Walks pale and lonely as sad Niobe;
With all God formed for man, but man will not admire.' p. 130.

A WISH.

'When I am dead, and in that narrow house
Where all must dwell, and none who lodge there leave,
I would not have the few who love me grieve
Above my earth; nor flatter death with shows
Which mock at life; nor scatter the sweet rose
O'er foul decay; nor wish a friend to weave
A funeral wreath:—but if some dark yew boughs
Bend there, and weep their dews at dusk of eve,
And on a prostrate and time-trampled stone
My name be writ (which Fame hath never known)
With shadow of a finger in the sun,
That it may fade like that forgotten one
Who bore it to no end,—I shall be blest,
And take what here was most denied me—rest.'—p 136.

CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS.

The Bible Spelling Book. Parts I. and II.
The Bible Lesson Book. Parts I and II.
Sadoc and Miriam. A Jewish Tale.
Original Family Sermons. Part I. Nov. 1832

THESE works are all 'published under the direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education, appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.' We heartily welcome their appearance, at least that of the two former. The tale and the sermons have little in them that can annoy or please, do good or harm, to anybody. But the Bible Spelling Books, and Bible Lesson Books (the two parts

of each are separate publications) are so well done, so well got up, and so cheap, that we are right glad at the supply thus put within the reach of Sunday schools. The idea of putting forth a spelling-book 'every word and sentence of which is taken from the Holy Scriptures,' is, to be sure, rather a comical way of endeavouring 'to provide for a regular course of Christian education,' and looks rather as if Fun, Hypocrisy, and Dulness had been sitting in committee together at *Bartlett's Buildings*. Still there is no harm in it, beyond a little trifling inconvenience, and a few unintelligibilities. The Bible Lessons are abridged from the Scripture, but simply by omission—the original language being always preserved. Each part sells for fourpence; and all are liberally adorned with wood-cuts, of which the subjects are generally well chosen. We thank the Society for this real service to the poor children of Great Britain.

Selections from the Old Testament; or, the Religion, Morality, and Poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures, arranged under Heads. By Sarah Austin.

The Bible (by which we mean the books of the Old Testament) deserves to be held in high esteem. It is a treasury of history, poetry, devotion, and morality. There we have history of the greatest value—the history of the creation of the world—which, to say the least, is incomparably superior to all the cosmogonies of the heathens;—the history of the earliest periods of the human family—to be found nowhere else, yet essential to a right understanding of the progress of the species;—the history of the deluge, which the latest conclusions of science verify, and which the mythologies of all ancient nations recognize, but which neither science nor mythology can equal in all that makes a history valuable;—the history of ancient Egypt—a picture, it is true, indistinct in its colours, yet traced in those bold and expressive lines that lead on the imagination to the largest and grandest conceptions;—the history of God's special providence in the care of his chosen people;—the history of a deliverance as wonderful in its progress as beneficial in its results; the history of a people, barbarous at first, yet subsequently civilized beyond the standard of surrounding nations—by institutions, some of which are worthy even of the imitation of these latter days;—the history of Mede, Babylonian and Persian:—in a word, the history of patriots unsurpassed,—of elevations and depressions in the scale of society unequalled; the history of the greatest self-denial, the most entire devotement,—of high-minded generosity,—of all the virtues to imitate,—of all the vices to avoid, accompanied throughout, and in each case, with blame or approval, with blessing or cursing, issuing from that authority, which is so high that none can compete with it, and so powerful, that all its decrees are sure of being executed.

Is poetry of service to mankind? Does it quicken, rouse, and sustain the generous passions of the soul? Does it nerve the warrior's arm? Does it inflame the patriot's soul? Does it sooth the distressed—console the bereaved—uphold the dying? Does it give strength to virtue, and make vice as odious as it is baneful? May it feed the flame of devotion, and raise the soul on the wings of thought from earth to Heaven?—Then is the Bible deserving of high esteem. For there is poetry unparalleled—strains which successive ages have

to be a general and permanent benefit to society, and their introduction a temporary and limited evil, have not those unfortunate persons who have been brought up to trades, which are affected by new machinery, claims on society for suitable support, without being treated as paupers?—it would be but fair that a certain proportion of such persons were pensioned until they had adjusted themselves, or during life, as is often the case with persons in office when new arrangements take place. I conceive persons have often had the plea of vested right admitted, who had not so just a claim on the country as the Nottingham net-weavers and the hand-loom weavers of Manchester.

With respect to the poor-laws, much may be said for and against, but to Ireland I think they would be a benefit, and might be recommended on these pleas. That a great portion of the people of Ireland depend for their subsistence on a produce which is not like corn that allows of being stored, and the abundance of one year comes in aid of a year of scarcity, but it is always consumed within the year; consequently, Ireland must be more subject to scarcity and famine than this country. Had they poor-laws, the poor could not then be driven from the place of their nativity to perish in ditches and cellars, on men of great landed estates introducing new systems of agriculture among them.—That poor-laws would oblige men of property to engage in public works in their own defence, and be the best absentee tax.—That it must raise the standard of living among them generally, I think.—That it would accustom all orders to the use of law, as poor-laws would introduce new rights and new duties.

There has been, if we judge from the conduct and reasoning of the Duke of Newcastle, a lost truth: he said a man had a right to do as he pleased with his own. In that he mistook right for power: right we have not, nor can have, to influence men's consciences; and the man that turns out a tenant for giving a conscientious vote must answer at a higher tribunal than himself. There have been honourable exceptions to such conduct;—men who seem not to have lost sight of the duty of doing to others as they would wish others to do unto them. There is, I believe, the Earl of Northampton, Lord Bridport, a Mr. Hallet, and Rev. Mr. Hallet, and the Marquis of Tavistock. Would not a general vote of congratulation from the Unions be becoming to men who act the ingenuous part of telling their tenants they do not wish to tamper with their consciences? You know our religion commands us to be temperate, and the virtue is generally inculcated from the pulpit; yet, by benevolent persons coming forward for the specific purpose of urging that virtue, as the Temperance Societies have done, mighty effects have been produced. Now, as the bane of election is intimidation and corruption, why not give persons in the same way an opportunity of bearing their testimony against those evils, and I think they would not be few, which might be done by signing a public paper to this effect:—

'Deprecating, we hope in common with a great proportion of all ranks, all sects, and all parties in this country, the evil that is produced in society, by intimidation and corruption, we think it right individually to bear testimony against such practices, by signing the following declaration:—

'We, the undersigned, inhabitants of the ————, understanding that unjustifiable means have frequently been resorted to, to influence electors in the disposal of their votes for candidates for their representation in Parliament, do make this declaration—That we acknowledge the obligation of the Christian duty of doing to others as we would have others do unto us; consequently disavow the right, though we may have the power, to control any man's vote contrary to his conscientious conviction; and we do further declare, if there be any religion, or moral distinction, between the person that bribes and the person that receives the bribe, the corrupter appears to us the most criminal.'

When the country would know that no candidates could well be their friends if they refused to sign such a declaration, it would place them in a most awkward dilemma, as the question would be continually asked them if they were declarationists.

C. W.