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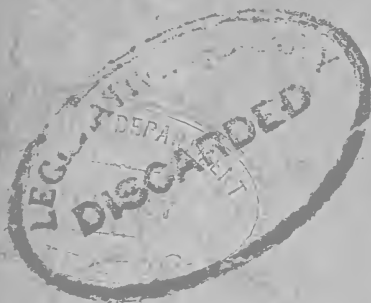
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ESSAYS

ON

HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, AND THEOLOGY.

BY

ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

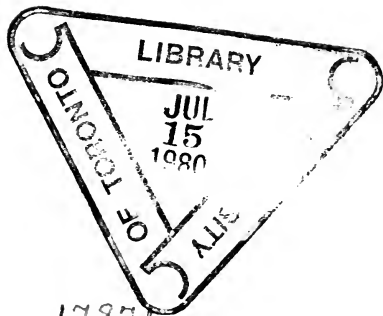
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PREFACE.

THE following papers are selected from contributions to the *British Quarterly Review*. They have been carefully revised, but, with the exception of the last in the second volume, they are reprinted in substance as they were first published. It has been suggested to the author, that it might be useful to make several of these articles more accessible than they can be in the pages of a quarterly and miscellaneous journal: he has been willing to believe as much, and this is the history of the publication. In most instances, the topics of the Essays have their place among the questions of the day, and are such as may be expected to retain that prominence and interest for our time.

On one subject—the influence of the Continental Philosophy on Christianity, the author has expressed himself largely and freely. Still, he has only broken ground upon it. If his life be spared, he hopes to show more fully than could be done in a work of this nature, the folly of attempting to bring about any sincere harmony between Revealed Religion and the sort of Philosophy which has had its sway in Germany from the age of Kant to the death of Hegel. Viewed in their main elements,

the only natural relation between these forces is antagonistic. Either may survive the other—that the two should dwell together in unity is not possible. To the Evangelical divines of Germany the author is desirous of paying every proper tribute of respect. But over against the Christian erudition of such men he is bound to place the still larger amount of learning which this philosophy has called forth, and which must be described as Anti-Christian; and by the side, moreover, of such slight indications of piety in Germany as may be traced to the influence of this lesser number, he is bound to place that all but national heathenism which has resulted from the influence of the greater number. The tree has existed long enough to admit of its being judged by its fruits, and these fruits declare it to be in its main qualities bad—so bad, that to commend it to the mind of youth, without certain large and well-digested discriminations, must be to incur a heavy responsibility. The writer has some reason to think that his temperament is not of the kind which disposes men to become alarmists; but on this subject he is persuaded the danger is much greater than is generally apprehended.

COLLEGE, *Moss-side, near Manchester,*
January 9, 1849.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

	PAGE
THE PILGRIM FATHERS	1
LORD JOHN RUSSELL	49
OXFORD AND EVANGELICAL CHURCHMEN	94
THE PRIESTHOOD OF LETTERS	141
CHARACTERISTICS OF DISSENT	190
JOHN FOSTER AND ROBERT HALL	217
TRAVELS IN LYCIA	284

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THE PILGRIM FATHERS.*

It is instructive to observe how much is done in the government of the world by the ignorance of men more than by their knowledge. What we do from design is of small amount compared with what we do beyond our forethought. In all our plans we prophesy in part. The action of to-day generates the action of to-morrow. The scheme widens as it advances from purpose towards accomplishment. The one thing intended, brings along with it a host of things not intended; and as our vision takes in a wider compass, consequences and contingencies are seen to multiply. One man creates the void, and another gives it occupancy. One agency unlocks the stream, and a multitude are in waiting to affect its course and issue. Evil comes from good, and good comes from evil. Thus mockery is cast over all human foresight. In this twilight of perception the greatest men have laboured—Wycliffe and Luther. Columbus and Bacon. Much that was in their heart they have done, but much more which their heart never conceived have they also done. Being dead, they still speak, and they still act—but the further the undulations of their influence extend, the less is the semblance between the things which are realized and the things which were expected. They have accomplished less than they hoped, and

* History of the Colonization of the United States. By GEORGE BANCROFT. Vols. i. ii. iii. Boston and London.

more—much that they would have done, and much that they would not have done. In short, in the providence of our world, enough is plain and fixed to give pulsation to virtue and hope in the right-hearted; but enough is obscure and uncertain to rebuke impatience, and to suggest many a lesson of humility.

It was the pleasure of Elizabeth, and of her successors James and Charles, to take upon them the office of the persecutor. In that honourable vocation they found coadjutors of suitable capacity and temper in Whitgift, Bancroft, and Laud. The sovereign and the priest gave themselves to this employment under the wise impression that the opinions of men were matters to be shaped according to the royal pleasure with little more difficulty than the order of a court ceremonial. But the policy intended to secure an abject submission at home, was to become the parent of an enlightened independence abroad. Hostility to freedom forced its friends on new experiments, and proved eminently favourable to its development and power. The seed cast out found a better lodgment, and sent forth a richer fruit. The new world afforded space for its germination and growth which the old could not have supplied; and the new world has re-acted upon the old in the cause of freedom as the old could not have acted upon itself. Even now, also, we are only in the beginning of that great outburst of enterprise and improvement which we trace to those memorable times, and in great part to the narrow and selfish policy of the agents above named.

The mind of the people of England two centuries since teemed with thoughts and excitements of which the men of our time have no just conception. Our knowledge in this respect must depend on the force of our imagination hardly less than on the extent of our reading. The great questions, both in politics and religion, which then agitated society, were comparative novelties. The wonders of the new world, and of the whole southern hemisphere, were discoveries of yesterday. National questions, accordingly, were debated with a degree of passionateness and earnest-

ness, such as we seldom witness; while distant regions loomed before the fancies of men in alliance with everything shadowy, strange, and mysterious. The old world seemed to be waking at their side, as from the sleep of ages; and a new world rose to their view, presenting treasures which seemed to be inexhaustible. The wonder of to-day was succeeded by the greater wonder of to-morrow, and the revelations seemed to have no end. At the same time, to very many their native land had become as a house of bondage, and the waters of the Atlantic were the stream which separated between them and their promised home.

That feeling is now among the bygone in our social history. But the traces of it are still at times discoverable. The broader and deeper stream now rolling on, leaves its nooks and eddying points, where something of the past still retains a place, and still secures to it some influence over the present. It is now about twice seven years since we passed a few pleasant weeks in one of the less peopled districts of Dorsetshire—that county which Charles II. is said to have described as the only county in England fit to be the home of a gentleman. What the qualities were which, in the estimation of royalty, gave so much of the air proper to the home of gentle blood to the county of Dorset, it will not be difficult to conjecture. Dorsetshire is remarkable for the almost total absence of the usual signs of trade and manufactures. It is no less remarkable, as a natural consequence, for the absence of any considerable middle class to separate between the serfs who till the ground, and the lords who own it. Even agriculture is prosecuted within such limits as consists with leaving an ample portion of its surface in the good feudal condition of extended sheep-walks and open downs. Such Dorsetshire has ever been, such it still is—but, thanks to projected railroads, such we trust it is not always to be.

On the occasion adverted to, we were indebted for a season to the hospitalities of an honest yeoman, whose residence had been occupied in other days by personages of much higher pretension than our host. It was an ancient

mansion on a hill-side, overlooking an extended valley, which, from the corresponding forms of the hills fronting each other, resembled the bed of some departed Ganges, or St. Lawrence. The lower part of the valley was cultivated and wooded, but the high slopes of the hills were treeless and shrubless, except on the spot where the dwelling of our yeoman friend presented itself. That structure, with its somewhat castellated front, with its long ascent of half-decayed steps, its mutilated balustrades, and its ample terrace, rose amidst lofty elms and chesnuts, forming a picture not the less pleasant to look upon, from its contrast with the surrounding barrenness. Altogether this Dorset mansion was of a sort to work powerfully on that superstitious feeling and credulousness which are so deeply rooted in the mind of every rural and secluded population. The sounds which came after nightfall in the autumnal and winter season, across that valley, from the distant sea, and which passed in such wild and strange notes through the branches of those ancient trees, and through the crazy apertures of that more ancient building, did not fall upon the ear without some awakening effect upon the imagination. The dead, who once had paced those terrace walks, were not forgotten; and where could there be a more fitting haunt for those sights which 'we fools of nature' shrink from, than the spaces covered with the deep shadows of those overhanging trees—the living things, which budded and grew in the times of other generations, and which seemed to lift themselves aloft, as in a proud consciousness of being more associated with what has been than with what is. Within, also, there was much to strengthen fancies of this complexion. There were the gloomy stairs, with their dark walls, their long worn steps, and their railwork of massy oak. Apartments, with their antique panellings, their faded tapestry, and their concealed doorways. At night, the birds, who chose their lodgment amidst the ancient masonry of the chimneys, failed not to send their tokens of inquietude into the chambers below, as the gale from the neighbouring channel came with tumultuous force

upon the land. Part of the building, also, had become a ruin, thickly mantled with ivy, where owls might have pleaded their long holding as a right of tenantry, and from which they sallied forth at such times, as if glad to mingle their screams with the night storm, or to flap their wings against the casement of the sleeper.

To one apartment in that interior a special mystery attached. It bore the name of the book-room. Of that room the master of the house always retained the key. It was a part of his tenure that the contents of the book-room should on no account be disturbed. Among those contents, beside a curious library, were many other curious things—such as a bonnet, said to have been worn by Queen Elizabeth when visiting those western parts of her dominions; also a fan, which had been wielded by that royal hand; a whole suit of kingly apparel, reported to have been worn by Charles II., and to have been left at the mansion by its royal visitor. Above all, a skull was there. It was the skull of a murdered man! the mark of the death wound was visible upon it. Tradition said that the victim of human violence was an African—a faithful servant in the family which once found its stately home beneath that venerable roof. Amidst so much pointing to the dim past, we may be sure that the imagination of the dwellers in the old hall on the hill-side was not by any means unproductive.

Of course we must not confess to any participation in such susceptibilities in our own case. It was, however, a dark night, and a rough one too, when we obtained our first admission to the mysterious book-room. By the aid of our lamp, we explored the matters of virtu which it contained: examined the dreaded cranium, and found the mark of the wound upon it, strictly as reported. But our attention was soon drawn from the curiosities to the literature. The contents of the library we found in no very orderly condition, and not a few of its treasures had evidently suffered much from the state of uselessness to which the whole had been for so long a time reduced. The books were partly on shelves and tables, and partly in

heaps upon the floor. Among them were many existing in all the venerableness of the times before the invention of the printing-press. One of these sets proved to be an illuminated vellum transcript of the epistles of Innocent III.—a pontiff who, in common with many of his race during the middle age, conducted a correspondence exceeding that of all the princes of Europe taken together. Many such works were there, and many learned volumes which had strayed from their fellows, and which bore upon them the marks of having suffered much in their wanderings. But the point which has brought the old Dorset hall, on the hill-side, in this manner to our memory is, that, among the printed works in this long-neglected library, was a number of tracts, and pamphlets, and small publications, relating to the countries of the new world, and to the marvels of recent voyaging. Some of them bore date as far back as the time of Elizabeth, but most of them were of the time of James I., and a little later.

Some hours passed, and we were still beguiled by the perusal and comparison of these remains, which, like some newly-discovered fossil bed, pointed our imagination to a former condition of society, if not to a former world. We felt as though drifted back to those times. We thought we saw good Mr. White, the puritan minister of the neighbouring town of Dorchester, as he went forth the spiritual leader of the little band, who, more than two centuries since, sought their spiritual as well as their natural home on the shores of New England. We seemed to listen to the talk of such men as the brave John Smith, and the governor Winthrop; and to be witnesses to the conferences of such men as the lords Say and Brooke, Harry Vane, and John Hampden, as they cogitated their schemes of settlement for injured and free-hearted men on the other side the Western Ocean. We remembered Queen Elizabeth, too—the grave men who were honoured as her counsellors, her own stately presence, and the skill with which she dispensed the tokens both of her pleasure and of her pride. Her arts of cajolery to-day, her haughty

invective to-morrow, her ambition—her innate love of rule at all times, and in all things. Her successor, also, we remembered—the king whose flesh gave signs of fear at the sight of a drawn sword. One of the most timid among men, having the place of chief over the bravest of nations. The monarch who boasted of being born a great king, and who supposed that he had made himself a great clerk. The ruler whose soul was below all feeling of enterprise, presiding among a people with whom that feeling was strong, irrepressible, almost boundless. The frivolous imbecile, whose days were spent at the chase or at the cock-pit, and whose nights were given to court gambols, sensuality, and drunkenness; while around him were minds teeming with principles of the most solemn import, and with feelings of the purest and loftiest aspiration. The king who hated the name of freedom, and who strained his feeble and tremulous nerves to curb the genius of the people determined to be free. The least manly of all the sovereigns of Europe, claiming to be honoured as a demigod by a nation animated with the stern thought, and full-grown feeling of manhood, beyond any other nation in Christendom, and perhaps beyond all the nations of Christendom collectively in that age.

In all this we see much that is unnatural, and the source of much inevitable mischief. But this mischief fell with its greatest weight on religion, and on the consciences of devout men. Many of the restless spirits of the time—the gallants as they were called—manifested their inquietude beneath this uncongenial control; and no scene of action being open to them, either as soldiers abroad, or as inviting them to do some fine thing at home, they many of them turned their attention to the newly-discovered regions of the earth, and to plans of colonization. But your gallants are not good at colonization. That sort of enterprise demands something more rare than courage, and something more valuable than ordinary worldly sagacity. Social virtue is nowhere tested as in infant settlements. Men who go upon such experiments need rooted principle,

no less than stoutness of heart, and a spirit of patient endurance.

In England, at the time to which we refer, it was on minds of this better order that the pressure in favour of emigration came with its greatest force. Elizabeth was the sovereign of a double empire. She claimed dominion over the soul as truly as over the body. By her ecclesiastical supremacy, she took under her jurisdiction, not only the things which belong to Cæsar, but the things which belong to God. Her prescriptions on the matter of religion, embraced all that her people should believe, and all that they should do. From her pleasure they were to receive every article of their creed, and every direction, even the minutest, in regard to worship. No pontiff had ever exercised a more rigorous domination in this respect, when seated in the midst of his cardinals, than was exercised by Elizabeth, when presiding in her assembly of ecclesiastical commissioners. The men who should deny the right of the pope to assume such powers might be burned before St. Peter's. The men who made the same denial in respect to Elizabeth were hanged at Tyburn. The queen, indeed, was head of the church in a more intimate degree than of the state, her ecclesiastical functionaries being generally much more manageable in relation to the one, than her parliaments were found to be in relation to the other. Her power in this department was greater than in any other; and by her proud Tudor temper it was guarded with proportionate solicitude, and exercised with proportionate freedom. In her view, to deny her right to rule the conscience of her subjects, was to deny her right to rule at all, and therefore treason, and an offence to be punished as treason.

In stating thus much, we are not venturing upon ground open to debate. We merely refer to the unquestionable facts of history—facts deplored, we presume, by the modern churchman as sincerely as by the modern dissenter. The quarrel between Elizabeth and the puritans did not involve any direct impeachment of the ecclesiastical

supremacy of the crown. The complaint of the puritan was, not that the queen had presumed to meddle with church affairs, but that she had not exercised her authority in such matters after the puritan fashion. It was deemed just that the sovereign, as such, should uphold sound theology, and scriptural discipline and worship; but the puritan claimed to be the judge as to the doctrine, regimen, or ritual, which should be so regarded. Hence conflict ensued between the royal-conscience and the subject-conscience. Opinions which the crown had ruled as being scriptural, the puritan denounced as erroneous; and regulations enjoined as seemly and devout by the one, were described as superstitious or profane by the other.

In the ecclesiastical history of England, the genius of presbyterianism has never proceeded beyond this point. In Scotland, of late years, it has been otherwise. But in our own earlier history, the adherents of that system, while they claimed exemption in some things from the interference of the civil power, in other, and in greater things, they clung to the aids of that power with a marked tenacity. The history of English presbyterianism, accordingly, has been too much a struggle for ascendancy, and too little a struggle for freedom. But ascendancy, not based on right, must not be expected to work rightly. It is the rule of the strongest, and it must be sustained by mere strength, more than by principle, virtue, or goodness.

Even in the age of Elizabeth, however, there were men who had passed beyond the point adverted to—men who could draw the line, not with an infallible, but certainly with a vigorous hand between the secular and the spiritual—men who maintained that membership in a Christian church should be restricted to persons of Christian character; that the ministers of churches so constituted should be Christian men, approved as such by the persons to whom they minister; and that the worship and discipline of those voluntary assemblies should be determined wholly by themselves, and not at all by the secular power. In the reign of Mary, an act of state had set forth the whole

people of England as constituting a popish church. On the accession of Elizabeth, an act of state had set forth the same nation as constituting a protestant church. In both cases the people were the same, and the priesthood for the most part remained the same. The bold men to whom we refer demurred to this manner of proceeding. The mixed multitude of people so spoken of no doubt included many enlightened and sincere Christians, but could not, it was alleged, be described, in any sober sense, as being truly a church. In like manner, the ministry of such a church might include many devout men; but the validity of a ministry so appointed must rest on moral grounds, and not in any degree on the state sanctions which might be urged in its favour.

These principles, simple and harmless as they may now seem, struck at the root of the ecclesiastical supremacy then claimed by the crown. Elizabeth saw, that if such doctrines became prevalent, the one half of her empire, and the half which she especially valued, must pass to other hands. Opinions of this nature, accordingly, were in her view treasonable—treasonable in the worst sense. They embraced that very principle of divided allegiance which had caused Romanism to become so obnoxious. The catholic gave his conscience in religious matters to his particular church. This new sect of protestants gave their conscience immediately to God. In either case, the body and the outward only were reserved in allegiance to the throne, the soul and the inward were given to another. In the judgment of Elizabeth, the man holding such a doctrine could be only half a subject, and its natural tendency was to reduce every crowned head to the condition of being only half a sovereign.

Robert Brown, a clergyman by education and office, and a kinsman to the great Lord Treasurer Burleigh, distinguished himself, about the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, as the promulgator of such opinions. This divine was a personage of ready, earnest, and impassioned utterance, and in his pulpit exhibitions was eminently

popular. Crowds assembled to hear him at Cambridge, and subsequently at Norwich where he was beneficed. As a preacher he was well known through great part of England, and with his itinerant and irregular services in that capacity, he connected the publication of his opinions from the press. One seal of an apostle was not wanting in his instance. In prosecuting his vocation he found that bonds and imprisonment commonly awaited him. These he bore through many years with the most dogged obstinacy, if not with the most exemplary patience. It was his boast that he had been committed to more than thirty prisons, in some of which his hand could not be seen at noonday. To escape from this inconvenient usage, and from some more severe treatment with which he was threatened, Brown fled to Middleburgh in Zealand, and instituted a church in that city after his own model. But the pastor soon found occasion of disagreement with his new charge, and returning to England, he submitted to the authorities to which he had been so much opposed, and again became a beneficed clergyman. Brown lived to an extreme old age, but the last forty years of his life were the years of a sorry worldling, and his death is said to have been brought on by one of those fits of passion and self-will to which he was liable.

The story of this unhappy man is instructive. He was one of a class—a zealot in religion, without being religious. His hatred of some real or supposed Christian abuses, was presumed to be evidence of his own Christian character; but while doing so much to mend the religion of other men, it was ere long to be manifest that he had no religion of his own. Passionate opposition to error is not the surest way to truth. Piety is self-government in its highest form. It is the Christian temper which must regenerate Christian institutions.

It was natural that the men who embraced the principles once avowed by this apostate should be solicitous not to be called by his name. But their enemies were no less solicitous to fasten that reproach upon them. To call

them Brownists, was to identify them with the extravagant, the fickle, and the base in the career of Robert Brown. What theologian, or what philosopher even, could be expected to forego so felicitous an occasion of using a nickname? The principles of the said Brown were one thing, and the character of the man another. But how much was to be gained by not seeming to perceive that distinction? The learned and the vulgar—philosophy and Billingsgate—are found, in such junctures of affairs, to possess much more in common than is commonly supposed.

But whatever may have been the case with their persecutors, the conscientious men holding the principles which Brown had abandoned, were philosophers enough not to allow themselves to be scared from great truths by the accident of an infelicitous association. They held their secret assemblies. They possessed a private printing-press, and issued tracts and treatises, sometimes grave and sometimes satirical, impugning the order of things in the established church, and inculcating their own widely different views on such subjects. In some of these pieces the language employed was not always the softest that might have been chosen. But men crushed under the weight of hard blows, may be excused if they sometimes use hard words. Proclamations were issued to suppress these irregular proceedings, and many of the alleged delinquents were made to feel that these intimations of the royal pleasure were not so much empty threatening.

Two Brownist ministers, named John Copping and Elias Thacker, were imprisoned in Bury St. Edmund's, on the charge of dispersing books opposed to the ecclesiastical supremacy of the crown, acknowledging the authority of the queen in civil matters only. Within our own memory, confinement in a jail, especially in some provincial districts, has been subjection to enough of the loathsome and the horrible. But of the miseries of such a duration in the age of Elizabeth we have little conception, except as suggested by some of those painful descriptions which have reached us from the cells of such sufferers. Copping and Thacker

might have obtained their liberty on renouncing their errors, and promising conformity. During five long winters their wants and wretchedness were made to plead on the side of submission, but though examined once and again, they wavered not. At length they were apprised, that their life would be the cost of their further contumacy. On the 4th of June, 1583, Thacker was led to the place of execution. The books which he had been convicted of dispersing were burned in his presence, and the injured man gave noble proof that his religious principles were stronger than his fear of death. Two days afterwards, Copping was conducted to the same spot, and having witnessed the same proceedings, died with the same martyr firmness. It is something to meet death as the soldier meets it, when multitudes share in the common peril; it is more to submit to it in the comparative solitariness of martyrdom, when nothing can come from man except the influence of distant sympathy or admiration; but these sufferers bade adieu to earth amidst circumstances which left them no sustaining power, save in their simple hope of heaven! The scattered and bleeding remnant who might honour their memory, were a people despised as much as they were wronged. The heart is formed to crave a sympathetic power from other hearts, and can be strong without it only as strength shall come to it from a much higher source. Superiority to the terrors of this world, in such circumstances, must come from a firm hold on a better.

The houses of persons suspected of embracing the opinions professed by these men were often rigorously searched. The officers employed on those occasions frequently ill-treated even the women and the children of such families, and, under various pretences, often added the spoiling of their goods to insult and oppression. In 1592, fifty-six men of this sect were apprehended while holding a secret assembly for religious worship in a large room in the parish of Islington. The place of meeting was that in which the persecuted protestants had often worshipped during the reign

of Queen Mary. These persons were committed to the dungeon in Newgate, the Fleet, Bridewell, and other prisons in the metropolis. One of their number states that their persecutors 'would allow them neither meat, drink, fire, nor lodging, nor suffer any, whose hearts the Lord would stir up for their relief, to have any access to them; purposing, belike, to imprison them to death, as they have done seventeen or eighteen others, in the same noisome jails, within these six years.' Most of these men were needy persons, with families dependent for subsistence on their industry. Their offence was declared to be unbailable, and according to the bad usage of those times, a jail delivery, in place of coming at brief and certain intervals, as with us, was an event which the government managed to evade in particular cases, so as to punish, by means of imprisonment, to any extent, denying to the imprisoned their right to an open, a legal, and a speedy trial. Many, accordingly, died in prison, and the prayer of the men who had been apprehended at Islington was—'We crave for all of us but the liberty either to die openly or to live openly, in the land of our nativity; if we deserve death, it beseemeth the majesty of justice not to see us closely murdered, yea, starved to death with hunger and cold, and stifled in loathsome dungeons; if we be guiltless, we crave but the benefit of our innocence, that we may have peace to serve our God and our prince, in the place of the sepulchres of our fathers.'

Among the persons apprehended in 1592, were Henry Barrow and John Greenwood. In the records of the proceedings against these recusants, the former is described as 'gentleman,' the latter as 'clerk.' Barrow was the author of a petition to parliament on behalf of himself and his suffering brethren, from which the above extracts are taken. The indictment against Barrow and Greenwood charged them with holding and promulgating opinions which impugned the queen's supremacy; with forming churches, and conducting religious worship contrary to law; and with having indulged in libellous expressions

concerning some eminent persons. On these grounds sentence of death was passed on them; and in pursuance of that sentence, they were both conveyed from Newgate to Tyburn.

The rope was fastened to the beam and placed about their necks, and in that state they were allowed for a few moments to address the people collected around them. Those moments they employed in expressing their loyalty to the queen, their submission to the civil government of their country, and their sorrow if they had spoken with irreverence or with improper freedom of any man. They reiterated their faith in the doctrines on account of which they were about to suffer death, but entreated the people to embrace those opinions only as they should appear to be the certain teaching of Holy Scripture. When they had prayed for the queen, their country, and all their enemies and persecutors, and were about to close their eyes on the world, the proceedings were suddenly stayed, and it was announced that her majesty had sent a reprieve. The revulsion of feeling which ensued may be imagined. Consciousness of life suddenly flowed back to hearts from which it seemed to have passed away, and men as good as dead again began to live. The breathless people shared in this reflux of emotion. The condemned men gave expression to their joy as became them—the people did so in loud acclamations; and, as the victims were re-conducted from the suburbs of the metropolis to Newgate, the populace in the lanes and streets, and from the windows of the houses, hailed their return as a happy and righteous deliverance. On that day, Barrow sent a statement of these occurrences to a distinguished relative, having access to Elizabeth, pleading that, as his loyalty could no longer be doubtful, he might be set at liberty, or at least be removed from the 'loathsome jayle' of Newgate. But early on the following morning, the two prisoners were again summoned from their cells. All that had taken place on the preceding day proved to be a mockery. It was not true that the bitterness of death had passed. They had again

to gather up the strength of nature which might enable them to meet that stroke from the hands of a public executioner, and thus, mentally at least, it was their hard lot to undergo the penalty of a double dissolution. They were now conveyed to the same spot with more secrecy, and were there disposed of in the manner in which society has been wont to dispose of marauders and cut-throats.

The case of John Penry was similar to that of Barrow and Greenwood, but, in some respects, is a still more affecting illustration of the tyranny of the times. Penry was a native of Wales. He had studied at Cambridge, and had taken his degree at Oxford. He was a young man of considerable scholarship, of sincere and fervent piety, and in the warmth of his religious zeal he ventured to publish a treatise, in which he complained, with some vehemence, of the pride, and secularity, and popishness of the state of things in respect to religion with which the English nation appeared to be so well content. A warrant was issued for his apprehension, which he eluded, by seeking an asylum in Scotland. But returning to London soon after the execution of Barrow and Greenwood, he was speedily apprehended; and he appears to have foreseen from that moment all that would follow. Lord Chief Justice Popham passed sentence of death upon him, on the ground of certain papers found in his possession which were construed as seditious. It was pleaded by the accused, that no public use had ever been made of those papers, that some of them were not his own, and had not even been more than very slightly examined by him. But defence was vain. He was admonished that his case admitted of no plea that could avail him. From his prison Penry addressed a protestation to the lord-treasurer, containing the following characteristic passages:—

‘I am a poor young man, bred and born in the mountains of Wales. I am the first, since the last springing of the gospel in this latter age, that publicly laboured to have the blessed seed thereof sown in those barren mountains. I have often rejoiced before my God, as he

‘knoweth, that I had the favour to be born and live under
‘her Majesty for the promoting of this work. And being
‘now to end my days before I am come to the one-half of
‘my years in the likely course of nature, I leave the suc-
‘cess of my labours unto such of my countrymen as the
‘Lord is to raise after me. An enemy unto any good order
‘or policy, either in church or commonwealth, was I never.
‘All good learning and knowledge of the hearts and
‘tongues I laboured to attain unto, and to promote unto
‘the uttermost of my power. Whatsoever I wrote in
‘religion, the same I did simply for no other end than the
‘bringing of God’s truth to light. I never did anything
‘in this cause (Lord, thou art witness!) for contention,
‘vain glory, or to draw disciples after me, or to be ac-
‘counted singular. Whatsoever I wrote or held beside
‘the warrant of the written word, I have always warned
‘all men to leave. And wherein I saw that I had erred
‘myself, I have, as all this land doth now know, confessed
‘my ignorance. Far be it that either the saving of an
‘earthly life, the regard which in nature I ought to have
‘to the desolate outward state of a poor friendless widow,
‘and four poor fatherless infants which I am to leave be-
‘hind me, or any other outward thing, should enforce me,
‘by the denial of God’s truth, contrary to my conscience,
‘to sell my own soul. The Lord, I trust, will never
‘give me over to this sin. Great things in this life I
‘never sought for, not so much as in thought. A mean
‘and base outward state, according to my mean condition,
‘I was content with. Sufficiency I have had, with great
‘outward troubles, but most contented I was with my lot,
‘and content I am, and shall be, with my undeserved and
‘untimely death, beseeching the Lord that it be not laid to
‘the charge of any creature in this land. For I do, from
‘my heart, forgive all those who seek my life, as I desire to
‘be forgiven in the day of strict account, praying for them
‘as for my own soul, that although upon earth we cannot
‘accord, we may yet meet in heaven, unto our eternal
‘comfort and unity. Subscribed with the heart and the

‘hand which never devised or wrote anything to the discredit or defamation of my sovereign Queen Elizabeth, I take it on my death as I hope to have a life after this. By me, John Penry.’

Penry wrote in terms equally noble-hearted and devout to the brethren of the fugitive church adhering to his principles, and still existing in London. On the eighth day after his trial, a warrant was issued for his execution; and on that same day preparations were made for giving it effect. He was taken in a cart from the Queen’s Bench prison, Southwark, to St. Thomas Waterings, the place where the gallows then stood. All had been done with indecent haste. No crowd had assembled to greet him with their sympathies, or to rouse him to a manly bearing by their presence. No friend stood near to drop one word of council or encouragement. He had his place alone. To God only—the last refuge of those deserted by man—could he look. The life in his veins flowed in its full vigour, for he was still in the thirty-fourth year of his age. But the power to which he was subject had no pity; the rope was placed about his neck; the signal was given, and for a cause which merited punishment of no sort, he hung there until dead—the scholar and the man of piety, consigned to the same doom with the robber and the cut-throat!

But the good people of England, and especially of the metropolis, had their musings and speeches about these proceedings. The men so dealt with were known to be sound protestants,—men of piety, loyalty, and learning; and concerning the government, the prelates, and, above all, concerning Whitgift, the archbishop of Canterbury, and the great patron of these measures, much was said, which conveyed a meaning that could not have been welcome in those quarters. From this time the punishment of such alleged offences by hanging was deemed inexpedient. It was accounted more safe to prosecute the same ends by means of imprisonment or banishment. The instincts of humanity have often risen up in this form, as a monitory and controlling power, which even the stronges

despotisms have not reckoned it prudent wholly to disregard. The most successful tyrants have been thus made to learn that there is a point beyond which outraged humanity must not be expected to be silent or submissive.

But imprisonment in those times, from its duration and its miseries, was hardly less terrible, to those who really knew what it meant, than capital punishment; and the long-harassed people to whom we refer began to think very generally of voluntary exile as their wisest expedient. Even this course, however, was beset with difficulty. They could escape only by secret means. To be detected in the attempt would be to fall into the snare they were so much concerned to avoid. But the thought of the religious freedom which might be enjoyed in Holland was so welcome, that for that object numbers became willing to bear the pains of separation from their native land, and to brave the dangers of the effort to withdraw from it. Many made that attempt with success, but some were less fortunate. An instance of the latter kind is recorded in the history of Robinson, a clergyman, who had embraced the principles of the Brownists, but who so far modified those principles on some points as to bring them more into the form of modern congregationalism, and who, on that account, is generally regarded as the father of the English Independents. Robinson, and a large company, contracted with the master of a ship for a passage to Holland. They were to embark at Boston, in Lincolnshire, on a certain day, and from a point agreed upon. The captain was not punctual. At length, however, the vessel arrived, and, under cover of the night, the men, and women, and children, all reached the ship in safety. But the captain was a villain. He betrayed them to the officers of the port. The passengers and their goods were immediately removed from the vessel to several boats in waiting to receive them. All their property was turned over and examined, and not a little of it rifled. The persons of the men were searched, 'even to their shirts,' and the women were treated with indelicacy and rudeness. When these

unhappy people reached the town, crowds assembled to gaze upon them, and many mocked and derided them. Nor was their condition improved when brought before the magistrates. Several were bound over to the assizes, and all were committed to prison. Some were released after the confinement of a few weeks, others after a longer period.

This happened in 1602. In the following spring, Robinson and his friends resolved on making a second attempt of this nature. They made an arrangement for this purpose with a Dutch captain; and their plan now was, that the men should assemble on a large common, between Grimsby and Hull, a place chosen on account of its remoteness from any town; while the women, the children, and the property of these parties, were to be conveyed to that point of the coast in a barque. The men made their way to the place of rendezvous, in small companies, by land. But the barque reached its destination a day before the ship. The swell of the sea was considerable, and as the females were suffering greatly from that cause, the sailors ran the barque into the shelter of a small creek. The next morning the ship arrived, but, through some negligence on the part of the seamen, the vessel containing the women, their little ones, and the property, had run aground. The men stood in groups on the shore, and that no time might be lost, the captain of the ship sent his boat to convey some of them on board. But by this time, so considerable a gathering of people in such a place, and in a manner so unusual, had attracted attention; information had been conveyed to persons of authority in the neighbourhood; and as the boat which had taken the greater part of the men to the ship was proceeding again towards the shore, the captain saw a large company, armed with swords and muskets, and consisting of horse and foot, advancing towards the point where the barque was still ashore, and where the few remaining men had grouped together. Fearing the consequences of his illicit compact, the captain returned to the ship, hoisted sail, and was speedily at sea. Robinson —

honest and able general as he was in every sense—had resolved to be the last to embark. He was a witness, accordingly, of the scene of distress and agony which ensued. The outburst of grief was not to be restrained. Some of the women wept aloud, others felt too deeply, or were too much bewildered, to indulge in utterance of any kind; while the children, partly from seeing what had taken place, and partly from a vague impression that something strange and dreadful had happened, mingled their sobs and cries in the general lamentation. As the sail of that ship faded away upon the distant waters, the wives felt as if one stroke had reduced them all to widowhood, and every child old enough to comprehend what had passed before them, felt as one who in a moment had become fatherless! But thus dark are those chapters in human affairs in which the good have often to become students, and from which they have commonly had to learn their special lessons. The ship soon encountered foul weather, and after being driven far along the coast of Norway, all hope of saving her being at one time abandoned, she at length safely reached Holland. In the meanwhile, persecution at home was found to have become a more tedious and odious affair than formerly, and it so happened, in consequence, that by the year 1608, Robinson and the remainder of his company succeeded in leaving their native country, and in obtaining a quiet settlement in Leyden.

In that city the church under the care of Robinson increased until it numbered more than three hundred members, consisting almost wholly of English exiles. Robinson himself was greatly respected by the clergy of Leyden, and by the professors in the university, and on more than one occasion the pastor of the congregational church in that city gave public proof that his piety, his amiableness, and his eminently practical understanding, were allied with sound scholarship, and with much intellectual vigour and acuteness. He succeeded, also, in communicating much of his own well-regulated temper to his

charge. We have good reason to believe that no church in Europe in that age exhibited more of the wise simplicity of a primitive church, or more of that truly Christian demeanour by which we suppose the primitive churches to have been distinguished.

But there are affinities between certain seeds and certain soils, and where these are wanting, the husbandman may labour never so wisely, and still reap only a small return. It is with the mental in this respect as with the physical. This fact is illustrated in the history of Independency in Holland. In the hands of Robinson that system was exhibited with every advantage, but the Hollanders were not to be attracted by it. On the contrary, the inter-marriages between the exiles and the Dutch, the necessity laid upon many of the young to quit the homes of their parents, and some other causes, tended to diminish the number of the Independents, so that, after the lapse of ten years, it began to be apprehended that if some new course were not taken, the principles of the settlers, so far, at least, as Holland was concerned, were likely to become extinct; and, which was more painful still, there was as little prospect as ever of those principles finding any friendly shelter in England. It was this state of things which suggested the expediency of attempting a settlement in the New World. Persecution in England, and apathy in Holland, seemed to point to that course. Nor were the feelings of loyalty without their influence in this matter. Even in the land of the stranger, this much-injured people never failed to evince some pride in speaking of King James as their 'natural prince;' and they manifestly shrunk from the thought of seeing their children cease to be subjects of the British crown. England was still their mother-land; its institutions were the bequests of their own noble-hearted fathers; and, after all their ill-treatment, to no spot on earth did the generous nature of these exiles turn with so much force of affection. Their fear, they say, was, 'that their posterity would in a few generations become Dutch, and so lose their interest in the

‘English nation;’ while their own desire rather was, ‘to enlarge his majesty’s dominions, and to live under their natural prince.’ Moreover, ‘a great hope and inward zeal they had of laying some good foundation, or, at least, to make some way thereunto for the propagating and advancement of the gospel of the kingdom of Christ in those remote parts of the world—yea, although they should be but as stepping-stones unto others for the performance of so great a work.’ These reasons in favour of such an enterprise were first debated in private. The more they were weighed the more did obedience to them appear to be a duty. At length they were propounded in public. Solemn days of humiliation were then appointed, that the Divine will might be known. Some of those days were given to private meditation and prayer. On others, the heavenly guidance was sought by conjoint supplications in the house of God. In the end, it was agreed—‘that part of the church should go before their brethren into America, to prepare for the rest. And if in case the major part of the church should choose to go over with the first, then the pastor should go along with them; but if the major part stayed, that he should then stay with them.’

Our own age is not likely to appreciate the spirit which prompted to this movement in the age of which we are writing. Our philosophy, in connexions of this sort, vain as we sometimes are of it, is, for the most part, a very superficial business. Our greatest pretenders to sagacity in this shape, judge too much of other times by their own, and of other men by themselves. The theology of the congregationalists in Leyden was that of all the reformed churches; but their principles in relation to church polity and religious worship were peculiar to themselves. These principles, moreover, were not adopted as so many points of the expedient or the seemly, but were regarded as taught in the Scriptures, and as taught there no less certainly than the doctrines of their theology. In their judgment, the hand from which they had received

the one had given them the other. The polity had come with the theology, because the former was in its nature the best adapted to secure the ends of the latter. Ages of darkness had obscured both, but the time had come in which the influence of the spirit of the Reformation should be extended equally to both. Care about the one was as truly a religious duty as care about the other. Churches constituted as those maxims required, were churches which must cease to be of the world, and must stand forth as the manifest work of God. In them, the power of the worldly, which had done so much to obscure the religion of the gospel, could have no place. In their instance, the religious must be fully emancipated from the control of the secular; and the church, possessed of her proper freedom, be prepared to enter on the discharge of her proper mission. Every such church is an enfranchised body, vested with the full power of self-government. It is the government of the religious in the church, adumbrating the just government of the virtuous in the state. It exhibits man religiously as man should be socially. It exacts a moral fitness, preparatory to the conferring of this franchise, and it confers the franchise wherever that fitness is realized. It is a polity devised by Infinite Wisdom to conserve religious truth and religious order; and it contains many suggestive lessons, which, if wisely applied, might suffice to regenerate the condition of the world. Among the means of human improvement, accordingly, these principles are entitled to the highest place. Men have done well in having done so much to rescue from threatened oblivion the remains of ancient literature and art. But in these religious principles, so long buried amidst the ruins of the middle age, there were treasures of much greater worth. The precious things of the scholar or of the virtuoso were so many fragments recovered from the past genius of man, but these elements of spiritual government were so much wisdom recovered from the lost revelation of God—the former might contribute to embellish the present, the

latter possessed a power to embellish and ennoble the present and the future.

Robinson and his coadjutors may not have been accustomed to express themselves in these precise terms, but the thoughts which these terms convey were all familiar to them; and it was with views thus devout and expanded that they contemplated their removal to the distant regions of the west. Seed so precious was not to be lost, and how best to conserve it until its wider diffusion should place its extinction beyond all danger, was their great solicitude. It is manifest, from their subsequent history, that in some respects they still needed further light concerning the province of the magistrate in regard to religion, but to the extent above stated they had fairly proceeded. It may be said, indeed, that all this was so much delusion; the notions so valued are not taught in the New Testament, nor can they be shown to be pregnant with any such marvellous tendencies as are thus ascribed to them. Our answer is, that we are not concerned just now with the question of the truth or falsehood of these opinions, nor with their real or supposed tendencies. We look to these principles now simply in relation to the fact that they were entertained, and that they were thus regarded; and in this matter of fact alone, we find enough to impart to the conduct of the Pilgrim Fathers the strictest consistency, and, withal, a dignity—a high moral heroism, which has not been surpassed, and which can hardly be said to have been equalled, in the history of ancient or modern nations.

Until 1614, the whole extent of country from Florida to Canada bore the name of North or South Virginia. From that year the northern division began to be known by the name of New England. James had chartered two companies of merchants, the one in London and the other in Plymouth, empowering them to make and regulate settlements along that extended coast, and to the distance of a hundred miles inland.

The Plymouth Company had made little use of their patent, until occasion was afforded them of doing so by the

project of the congregation at Leyden. So many of those persons as had resolved to become colonists, sold their property and threw the proceeds into a common stock, and their first expenditure from that fund was in the purchase of a small vessel of sixty tons, which bore the name of the Speedwell. In that vessel several of the brethren, who were deputed to make some requisite negotiations in England, performed their voyage and returned. But the *Mayflower*, a ship of one hundred and eighty tons, was hired in London, to sail in company with the Speedwell. The former vessel was secured for the voyage only, the latter the colonists meant to retain for the service of the settlement. When the Speedwell reached Delft Haven, the brethren of the deputation proceeded inland to Leyden, and reported faithfully to the congregation the result of their embassy. They had obtained a document which secured to them liberty of worship, and had made the best terms they could, in other respects, with the company of merchant adventurers at Plymouth.

And now came the season for separation. He was a bold man who was the first to commit himself to a passage across that world of waters which has been since found to separate between the shores of Europe and Africa, and those of the great Western Continent. We have sometimes thought, that of all the tests which have been applied to the courage and firmness of the human spirit, that must have been the greatest. Nor was it soon that the dangers and hardships of such a voyage began to be thought inconsiderable. Pirates, and the ships of hostile nations, generally infested those seas. The vessels of those times, also, were few of them of a structure adapted to brave the perils of such a voyage; and the interior economy of ships, if we may so speak, down to a comparatively recent period, left those who made long voyages subject to inconvenience, want, and disease, in a degree happily little known at present. It was from these causes that so long an interval passed after the discovery of North America, and so little was done towards establishing any important

relation between that continent and Great Britain. We can excuse the pious men and women of the congregation at Leyden, if when they looked forward to such a voyage, and to the possible beyond it, they had their moments in which the prospect awakened in them something like dismay. But with them, prayer had always been the antagonist of fear. To look to their God in the time of trouble was to become strong. On this memorable occasion, accordingly, they gave themselves to religious exercises of special solemnity. A day of humiliation was appointed. On that day their pastor addressed them from the language of the prophet Ezra—‘I proclaimed a fast ‘there at the river of Ahava, that we might afflict our souls ‘before God, to seek of him a right way for us and for our ‘little ones, and for all our substance.’ Many suitable counsels were given to them, of the nature of which some judgment may be formed from the following passage:—

‘Brethren,’ said Robinson, ‘we are now quickly to part ‘from one another, and whether I may ever live to see ‘your face on earth any more, the God of heaven only ‘knows; but whether the Lord has appointed that or no, ‘I charge you, before God and his blessed angels, that you ‘follow me no further than you have seen me follow the ‘Lord Jesus Christ.

‘If God reveal anything to you by any other instrument ‘of his, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to ‘receive any truth by my ministry; for I am verily ‘persuaded the Lord has more truth yet to break forth ‘out of his holy word. For my part, I cannot sufficiently ‘bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are ‘come to a period in religion, and will go at present no ‘further than the instruments of their reformation. The ‘Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther ‘saw: whatever part of his will our good God has revealed ‘to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it. And the ‘Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by ‘that great man of God, who yet saw not all things.

‘This is a misery much to be lamented, for though they

‘were burning and shining lights in their times, yet they
‘penetrated not into the whole council of God; but were
‘they now living, would be as willing to embrace further
‘light as that which they first received, for it is not
‘possible the Christian world should come so lately out of
‘such thick antichristian darkness, and that perfection of
‘knowledge should break forth at once.

‘I must also advise you to abandon, avoid, and shake off
‘the name BROWNIST. It is a mere nickname, and a brand
‘for the making religion and the professors of it odious to
‘the Christian world.’

There is enough in the enlightened candour and large views evinced in this passage, to justify the highest praise bestowed on this eminently gifted man. In the religious service adverted to, instruction was followed by prayer, prayer awakened deep feeling, and deep feeling found its vent in abundance of tears. The majority of the congregation determined to remain for the present in Leyden, and Robinson, as before provided in that case, was to remain with them. The number of the intended colonists was about one hundred and twenty. Most of their brethren, especially the more aged, accompanied them from Leyden to the neighbouring port of Delft Haven; and thus, says their own historian, ‘they left that good and pleasant city, which had been their resting-place about eleven years.’ They found the ship in readiness for departure. Some of their friends, who could not accompany them on their leaving Leyden, now contrived to join them; others came from Amsterdam, all being desirous of seeing them once more, and of deferring their farewell to the last moment in which it might be uttered. One night still remained to them. It was a night, we are told, of little sleep; and was employed ‘in friendly entertainment and
‘Christian discourse, and other real expressions of true
‘Christian love. The next day they went on board, when
‘truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful part-
‘ing; to hear what sighs, and sobs, and prayers did sound
‘among them; what tears did gush from every eye, and

‘pithy speeches pierced each other’s heart; that sundry of the Dutch strangers that stood spectators could not refrain from tears!’

But the tide, that relentless messenger, now seemed to rebuke these delays. Separation could be deferred no longer. Robinson fell upon his knees, the whole company around threw themselves into the same posture, and while every cheek of man, of woman, and of their little ones, was bedewed with tears, the man of God sent up his parting prayer from their midst for the much needed blessing of Heaven upon them! Mutual embraces followed, and that leave-taking came, which, to the greater number, was a last leave. The wind was fair. The ship now glided from her place; all her canvas was spread, and soon the eye, straining to retain the sight of the faint and cloud-like sail, saw nothing save the blue line of the distant sea!

The Speedwell soon reached Southampton, where the Mayflower, with some brethren on board who had not returned to Holland, was waiting her arrival. The colonists being all now assembled, expressed their mutual congratulations, and directed their thoughts more intently towards their new home. Several weeks, however, were still occupied in making the necessary provisions for so responsible an undertaking. At length, on the 5th of August, in the year 1620, the Speedwell and Mayflower sailed from Southampton. They had not proceeded far, however, before Reynolds, the master of the Speedwell, complained of that vessel as being in an unsound state, and insisted that it would be perilous to venture across the Atlantic in her, without considerable repairs. Both ships, accordingly, put in at Dartmouth, from which place, after the Speedwell had been caulked, they again set sail. When they had run about a hundred leagues, Reynolds again complained of the ship, and both vessels returned to Plymouth. The Speedwell was there abandoned, and the whole company committed themselves to their voyage in the Mayflower. It proved afterwards that Reynolds was treacherous, either fearing that the provisions would not be adequate, or that

the expedition from other causes would be a failure. The *Speedwell* performed several voyages subsequently without danger. These delays were the more to be regretted, as the summer was now passed, and the prospect was that of a winter voyage. On the 6th of September, the *Mayflower* sailed from Plymouth, and made her way, with a fair wind, to the south-west, until the faint headlands of Old England became to the pilgrims like so much faded cloud, and at length wholly disappeared. They had most of them sighed farewell to the coast of their mother country before, when they had fled from her shores in search of a resting-place in Holland. But this farewell must have been uttered with a deeper feeling—it was so like their last!

The voyage was long, rough, and painful, and at more than one time perilous. In the ninth week, the pilgrims came within sight of land, which, on a nearer approach, proved to be that of Cape Cod. The Hudson River, their place of destination, lay farther southward. But the weary voyager, on regaining the sight of the green earth, is eager to plant his foot upon it. The pilgrims yielded to this impulse, and as they reached the shore, ‘fell upon their knees, and blessed the God of heaven who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from many perils and miseries.’ It is not too much to say, that in that first prayer from the soil of the New World, ascending from so feeble a brotherhood amidst a wilderness so desolate, there were the seeds of a new civilization for mankind, the elements of all freedom for all nations, and the power which in its turn shall regenerate the older empires of the earth. Half a day was thus spent. The pilgrims then urged the captain to pursue his course southward. But the Dutch had resolved to establish settlements of their own in those parts, and had bribed the commander to frustrate the purpose of the colonists in that respect. This he did by entangling the ship amidst shoals and breakers, instead of putting out to sea; and foul weather coming on in the early part of the second day, they were driven back to the Cape. It was now the

middle of November. The shelter offered at the Cape was inviting. The captain became impatient to dispose of his company and return. He admonished them that nothing should induce him to expose himself and his men to the hazard of wanting provisions. Unless they meant, therefore, that he should at once set them and their goods on shore, and leave them to their course, it would behove them to adopt their own measures, and to act upon them without delay. They knew that the documents they had brought with them from England gave them no authority to attempt a settlement on the land now before them. But the plea of necessity was upon them, and was more than enough to justify them in selecting a home wherever it might be found. The voyage had reduced most of them to a weak and sickly condition. The wild country, as they gazed upon it from their ship, was seen to be covered with thickets and dense woods, and already wore the aspect of winter. No medical aid awaited them on that shore, no friendly greetings, but hardship and danger in every form. They felt that their safety, and such poor comfort as might be left to them, must consist in their power to confide in God and in each other. Hence, before they left the *Mayflower*, they constituted themselves, as subjects of 'their dread sovereign lord King James,' into a body politic, and bound themselves to such obedience in all things as the majority should impose. The men all signed the instrument drawn up for this purpose, but they did not exceed forty-one in number, themselves and their families numbering one hundred and one.

Mr. John Carver was chosen as their governor for one year, and the first act of the new chief was to place himself at the head of sixteen armed men for the purpose of exploring the country. When they had extended their inspections to somewhat more than a mile from the coast, they discovered five Indians, whom they followed several miles further, in the hope of bringing them to some friendly communication, but without success. Directing their steps again towards the shore, they came to a cleared space,

where some families of Indians had been resident not long since. But no spot proper to become their home presented itself. One of their number saw a young tree bent down to the earth, apparently by artificial means, and being curious to know what this thing meant, the white man ventured near, when on a sudden the tree sprung up, and in a moment our good pilgrim was seen suspended by the heel in the air. He had been caught in an Indian deer-trap, and we can suppose that even so grave a company would be somewhat amused at such an incident, especially when they had fully extricated their incautious brother without further mischief.

The Bay of Cape Cod is formed by a tongue of land which juts out from the continent for thirty miles directly eastward into the sea; it then curves to the north, and stretches as a still narrower strip in that direction to about the same extent. The bay itself, accordingly, is somewhere about thirty miles across either way, being bounded by the main land on the west, by a curved tongue of land on the south and east, and open to the sea, in its full width, on the north. The second exploring expedition from the *Mayflower* was made with a boat, under the direction of the master, and consisted of thirty men. They sailed several leagues along the coast without discovering any inlet which could serve the purpose of a harbour. In running up a small creek, sufficient to receive boats, but too shallow for shipping, they saw two huts, formed with stakes and covered with mats, which, on their approach, were hastily deserted by the natives who inhabited them. Some of the company would have attempted a settlement at that point, the ground being already cleared, and the place such as promised to be healthy, while it admitted of being put into a posture of defence. The setting in of winter, of which the colonists were made more sensible every day, manifestly prompted this counsel. But others advised that an excursion should be made twenty leagues northward, where it was certain they might secure good harbours and fishing-stations. The boat, however, returned,

and a third expedition, which should go round the shores of the whole bay, was resolved upon.

The chief of the colonists were of this company ; Carver, Bradford, Winslow, and Standish,—all afterwards men of renown,—were of the number, with eight or ten seamen. It was the sixth of December, when they descended from the deck of the *Mayflower* to the boat. So extreme was the cold, that the spray of the sea, as it fell on them, became ice, and was shaken in heavy masses from their apparel, which at times was so overlaid as to give them the appearance of men clad in mail. The landscape, as they coasted along, presented little to attract them. Its forests were black and leafless, and its open spaces were covered with snow more than half a foot deep. As they looked round on that scene, they had to remember that they were five hundred miles from the nearest English settlement, and that Port Royal, the nearest French colony, was at a still greater distance. In prospect of such a region, they might well have prayed that their landing might not be in winter—but such was their lot. That day they reached the spot now known by the name of Billingsgate Point, at the bottom of the bay. Landing in the evening, they passed the night on shore without disturbance. In the morning they divided their company, and directing their course westward, some coasted along in the boat, and others explored the land, crossing its snow-covered hills, and threading its dells and forests with no little difficulty. But this second day was as barren of discovery as the preceding. In the evening, they ran the boat into a creek, and, constructing a barricade of trees and logs, they all slept on shore.

They rose at five in the morning, and continued in their prayers till daybreak, when suddenly loud and strange cries were heard, and a shower of arrows was poured in upon them. The Indians had attacked them. They seized their arms, but had not more than four muskets with them, the remainder being left in the boat. The assailants did not disperse on the first fire. One of them, with

great courage and dexterity, took his position behind a tree, withstood three volleys, and discharged three arrows in return. But the object of the enemy was to scare rather than to conquer, and when they had retired, the pilgrims again bowed themselves in prayer and thanksgiving before God. They now committed themselves to their third day of search.

Nearly fifty miles of coast they inspected, but the long-sought good — a convenient harbour — was still undiscovered. The pilot, however, had visited those regions before, and assured them, that if they would trust themselves to his guidance, they would reach a good haven before night. But the elements did not seem to favour this prediction. The heavens gather darkness. Heavy rain and snow begins to fall; the wind becomes boisterous; the sea swells; and in the tossings which follow, the rudder is broken, and the boat must now be steered by oars. The men look with anxiety to the sky, the sea, and the land, but all is night-like, pitiless, and menacing. The storm increases; it is perilous to bear much sail, but all that can be borne must be spread, or it will be in vain to dream of reaching the expected shelter before night. A sudden wave throws the boat upon the wind; in a moment her mast is rifted into three pieces—mast, sail, and tackle are cut away with the utmost speed, and are seen floating on the distant waves. The tide, however, is favourable, but the pilot, in dismay, would now run the boat on shore in a cove full of breakers. The moment is as the hinge of life to all on board. A stout-hearted seaman exclaims—‘If you are men, about with her, or we are gone!’ The words are electric; the prow of the boat is again turned to the elements; they make their way through the surf; and within an hour they enter a fair sound, and shelter themselves under the lee of a small rise of land. Night has now come on; the rain beats furiously; that dimly-seen shore is the home, probably, of savage men; to descend upon it and to kindle a fire must be perilous—may be fatal. But the men are so wet, so cold, so exhausted! They

resolve to land. With difficulty the newly-gathered wood is made to send forth its welcome glow, but that done, they then make such provision as they may for the remainder of the night.

As the day began to dawn, they found the place on which they had landed to be a small island within the entrance of a harbour. This day was Saturday, and many of their company were so sickly and exhausted, that the greater part of it was given to rest, and to such preparations as were necessary for exploring the country. But the next day, being the Sabbath, could not be so employed. The pilgrims felt the advancing season, knew the haste of the captain and crew to return, and remembered the suspense of their families and brethren, from whom they had now been absent three days. Nothing, however, could induce them to overlook the claims of the Christian's day of rest. On the morning of Monday, the 11th of December, old style, these fathers landed at a point, to which they gave the name of New Plymouth, in grateful memory of the hospitality shown them in the last English port from which they sailed. On that spot they resolved to fix their settlement. The anniversary of their landing still calls forth the gratitude and reverence of their posterity, and the rock on which they first planted their foot may be seen within an appropriate enclosure in front of a building of the modern town which bears the name of the Pilgrims' Hall.

In a few days, the *Mayflower* entered the harbour of New Plymouth. But the shore was such, that in landing their goods it was necessary the men should wade considerably in water, which added greatly to the subsequent sickness among them. On the 19th, all quitted the ship, and were immediately employed in building a storehouse, in raising small dwelling houses, and in disposing of the adjacent ground. In respect to religion, everything had been determined before their embarkation, and in respect to civil affairs, they had already adopted their polity. Popular government, in its fullest extent, was the element both of the civil and of the ecclesiastical constitution which

they had before approved, and which they now confirmed. Their state polity, indeed, was the natural result of circumstances ; but their religious polity, as that of an independent or congregational church, they ascribed to a higher source—the authority of Holy Scripture. Had New England been colonized at an earlier period in our history, or had its first successful settlement originated in almost any other manner than that we have described, everything in its social condition would have derived a strong impression from the older institutions of the mother country. But now all was free, and the great advantage of *beginning* well was secured.

But intent as the settlers were on raising their places of abode, their labour in that respect proceeded slowly. The season of the year left them only short days, and often on those days only brief intervals, between the storms of sleet and snow, that could be so employed. Nearly all were suffering from fevers, and coughs, and from some kind of sickness, brought on by long exposure to unwonted hardships. As the cold increased, disease strengthened, and death became frequent. The comparatively healthy were little able to bestow the required attention on the sick, and every funeral was as if the dying had been called to the burying of the dead. At one season there were not more than seven persons capable of performing such offices. Among those who were the earliest cut off, was a son of Carver, the Governor. His own sickness and death soon followed, and then his affectionate wife sunk broken-hearted to the grave. Carver was a man of a noble and generous nature. He had sold considerable estates, and had assigned the whole value to the benefit of his companions. In all their trouble, no man descended more readily to the humblest service in behalf of the meanest. The mourning colonists buried him with such military honours as they could command, discharging several volleys of musketry over his grave. William Bradford, the subsequent historian of the colony, was chosen his successor. But in the course of this melancholy winter,

of the hundred and one settlers, fifty were removed by death!

In March, the cold abated, the wind came from the south, and 'the birds sung pleasantly in the woods.' The *Mayflower* now left the harbour, and returned to England. But after so many had fallen victims to exposure and climate, the remainder were in danger of perishing from want. In the autumn new emigrants arrived. They came without provision. The pilgrim families could not see them die of hunger, and during six months they all subsisted on half allowance only. 'I have seen men stagger,' says Winslow, 'by reason of faintness for want of food.' At one juncture, it appeared to be their doom that famine should destroy them. They were saved by the compassion of fishermen, whom foul weather had driven to their coast. Nor did these things soon end. Even in the third year of their settlement, their provisions were so far spent, that, in their own language, 'they knew not at night where to find a bit in the morning.' It is said, that in the spring of 1623, they were reduced to the last pint of corn. That precious pittance, we are told, was parched, and distributed equally among them, and yielded them five grains apiece! In the summer of that year they had no corn whatever, during a space of three or four months. When some of their old friends from Leyden arrived to join them, a piece of fish, with a cup of spring-water, but without bread, was the best supply to which they could bid them welcome. Yet their heart drooped not. The God who had tried them would not forsake them. Such was their faith, and such has become their history.

One cause of this protracted suffering was the common property system, on which the settlement had been founded. Even in a colony of pilgrims, such a merging of the individual in the general interest was found to be too large a demand on the self-denial of human nature. Religion and philosophy may dream of communities as prospering on such a basis, but it will be all a dream. Amidst the extreme privations of the spring of 1623, it was resolved

that this policy should be abandoned. Each family was in future to possess its own piece of land, and to reap the fruit of its own toil. Contentment and general activity were the result. Even women and children went into the work of the field, and before many more springs had passed, the corn raised in the neighbourhood of New Plymouth became an important article of traffic.

Happily, the danger of the colonists from the Indians in those early days was not considerable. Had they proceeded, according to their original intention, to the Hudson River, the tribes in possession of those parts were so powerful as to leave little room to doubt that the fate of so feeble a company would have been to perish by the weapons of the natives. But in the neighbourhood of New Plymouth, the tribe which had for some time peopled that district had been of late almost wholly swept away by the ravages of the small-pox—an apt illustration of that freedom from disease which some romantic speculators on the history of society are disposed to reckon among the many felicities of savage life. Is it not strange that these sentimental votaries of primitive barbarism are never seen making any attempt towards returning to the state to which they do such worship? They load our civilization with every sort of abuse, and still they cling to it—cling to it, in all its forms, with a tenacity inferior only to that with which they cling to life. It would be amusing were some of these amiable persons for once to become consistent; but, unfortunately, there is little prospect of such a consummation—this, however, by the way. Some small groups of Indians hovered at intervals in the neighbourhood of New Plymouth from the time when the pilgrims took up their abode in it; but it was not until the 16th of March, about three months after their landing, that the first conference took place between the strangers and a native. On that day, an Indian, who had learned a little English from some English fishermen, entered the town; his bow and arrows were in his hand, but his manner, while erect and self-possessed, was peaceful. He exclaimed,

and repeated the exclamation—‘Welcome, English!’ The name of this man was Samoset; the country of his tribe extended to about five days’ journey distant. The settlers showed their best hospitality to the visitor, and obtained from him information concerning the nature of the country, and the number and condition of its inhabitants. Some days afterwards, Samoset revisited the colony, bringing along with him several of his countrymen. The chief of this company wore a wildcat-skin on his arm, as the badge of his superiority; the rest were partially clothed in deer-skins, but Samoset was naked, with the exception of a garment of leather worn about his waist. Their hair was short in front, but hung at great length down their backs. They are described as being tall, well-formed men, of a gipsy colour in complexion. The colonists feasted their visitors, and their visitors in return amused them with some Indian dances; and, on taking their leave, promised to bring Massasoiet, their king, to pay his respects to his new neighbours, very soon.

On the 22nd of March, Massasoiet, with his brother and about sixty of his people, came to New Plymouth. They came without arms. Captain Standish received them at the head of a file of musketeers, and then conducted the king to the seat of state provided for him, which consisted of three or four cushions piled upon a green rug. The person of Massasoiet was tall and well proportioned, his countenance was grave and thoughtful, and his words were few. Almost the only ornament which distinguished him from his attendants was a chain of fish-bones, which he wore about his neck. His face was painted of a red colour, and on this state occasion both his face and his head were washed over with oil. The governor entered the apartment, preceded by persons who marched to the sound of the drum and trumpet. Massasoiet rose and kissed his excellency, and governor and king then sat down together. The result of this interview was a treaty of amity between the colonists and the natives, Massasoiet ceding to the pilgrims the possession of the spot on which

they dwelt and much of the adjoining territory, and becoming himself a subject of their 'sovereign lord King James.'

These negotiations were much facilitated by the services of an Indian named Squanto. Squanto had been taken captive by the Spaniards, but making his escape to England, and having been kindly treated by the English master into whose hands he had fallen, this rude son of the wilderness manifested his gratitude in his disposition to think well of all Englishmen. He had acted as interpreter between Massasoiet and the governor in their conference; and when the king returned, the interpreter remained with the new-comers, and rendered them, in many respects, important service.

In the following July, an embassy was sent by the settlers to the residence of Massasoiet, and Squanto was again called to the office of interpreter. In the country through which this embassy passed, they saw many corn-fields and considerable pasture land, but the late pestilence appeared to have left every place without inhabitants. The subjects of Massasoiet, who came to meet the ambassadors, showed the friends of their monarch no little kindness—supplying them with the best provisions, bearing their persons on their shoulders across the rivers, and carrying their luggage many miles under the scorching heat of a midsummer sun. When introduced to the king, the Englishmen presented his majesty with a red cotton coat, trimmed with lace, which the monarch received with manifest tokens of pleasure, and in return carried out his utmost notions of courtesy in his conduct towards his visitors. Mr. Winslow, the chief man of the embassy, was lodged in the royal bed. That luxury, however, consisted of a few planks only, raised about a foot above the ground. The king and his queen slept at one end, under a thin cover of matting, and two or three of the chief men of the tribe had their place at the other end. As the bed accommodation was indifferent, so was it with the board; and if the stay of the ambassadors at the court of Massasoiet was

shorter than might have been expected, the plea of hunger is said to have had something to do with hastening their departure.

But the object of the mission was accomplished; the treaty of March was confirmed; the friendly disposition of Massasoiet and his people towards their new allies was strengthened; and the latter had succeeded in inspecting the country, and the numbers and resources of the aborigines, without exposing themselves to danger, or calling forth suspicion. Squanto, the learned person who acted as interlocutor on these diplomatic occasions, with all his good qualities, had a strong infusion of the knave in him. He more than once gave evidence that the morality which trusts to the end to sanctify the means, is an obliquity of the human conscience which must be traced to causes much more remote than the conventionalisms of particular churches, or of particular schools of philosophy. On one occasion, being desirous of frustrating a combination amongst the neighbouring tribes against the people of New Plymouth, this man who had seen the world, gravely assured the belligerents, that should they attack the English, they would find that among the extraordinary powers possessed by that people, was the power of corking up the plague, and of sending it abroad, at pleasure. He admonished them that several of the barrels in the storehouse of the colony were assuredly filled with the small-pox; and that were the strangers to loose the bung of one of those fatal vessels, in any district, all the people would certainly be destroyed by means of that pestilence. Squanto, however, in common with all men who pride themselves on this sort of wisdom, was in the end too wise to be prosperous. He died some years afterwards, but not until he had fallen from the responsible office of state interpreter, in consequence of being often detected in the indulgence of his powers of invention, and his fancy for being thought wiser than his neighbours, and that upon occasions which furnished less excuse than the one above mentioned.

In the course of the first summer, the English furnished all necessary evidence to the natives of their being prepared for war, though desirous of peace; and such was the impression made by those timely displays of friendliness and courage, that by the month of September in that year nine Indian chiefs signed a treaty of peace with the colony, and subscribed themselves as subjects of King James. Canonicus, a chief of a powerful tribe which had not suffered from the late pestilence, was inclined to pursue a different policy. As his manner of declaring war, he sent to the governor at New Plymouth a bundle of arrows wrapped in the skin of a rattlesnake. Bradford removed the arrows, stuffed the skin with bullets and gunpowder, and sent it back thus charged to the enemy. Canonicus shrunk from a conflict with men who could command such terrible means of destruction. He sent no more war messages.

It was before the close of the first year, also, that the pilgrims boldly explored the harbour of Boston, and the whole of the Massachusetts Bay. They regretted much that their way had not been directed thither, rather than to the spot they had chosen, but it was now too late to think of removal. In the following year, an attempt was made by other parties to found a colony in that quarter. No great principle influenced those parties. The desire of gain, or the pure love of adventure, made them emigrants. They had imagined that the colony at New Plymouth would soon become a thriving settlement, especially by means of its traffic in furs, and they were eager to enter into a division of the spoil. With this view they instituted the colony of New Weymouth, on the south shore of the Boston harbour; and as they commenced under much better auspices than their countrymen in the older settlement, and were not burthened—as they frequently boasted—with women and children, they commenced with the full expectation of soon outstripping their neighbours in the race of power-getting and money-getting. But in the language of those less ostentatious neighbours,

these enterprising gentlemen lived much too fast for persons in their circumstances; and it is certain, that in place of making the progress on which they had calculated with so much confidence, they sunk within one short year to such a state of weakness, that they were indebted to the compassion of the Indians for means wherewith to subsist, and to their contempt for permission to live. It is to the immortal honour of the people at New Plymouth that they received the men sent out to establish this rival colony with the utmost cordiality; that they showed them great hospitality when that could not be done without great sacrifice; that they assisted them to commence their settlement; and when they were reduced to their lowest state, interposed, at great hazard to their own interests, to save the last remnant of them from destruction, receiving some to their own home, and furnishing others with the means of returning to England. Men who are childless and alone are not always the men to do great things—the scale often turns on the other side. The family man may have his motives to caution, but how many other motives has he—motives to self-government, endurance, effort—of which the solitary man has no knowledge?

Robinson and the church at Leyden were in constant communication with their brethren, and earnestly desirous of joining them. But the company of merchant adventurers at Plymouth threw constant impediments in the way of their departure. Those thrifty gentlemen were much more disposed to favour the colony at New Weymouth, which they hoped to preserve from puritanism or congregationalism, and to retain in a dutiful relation to the established church of the mother country. Delay from this cause was protracted until 1626. In that year Robinson died. The family of that estimable man, and the remainder of the church, succeeded at length in joining their brethren at New Plymouth. Not long afterwards, the people of that settlement purchased an exemption from all further control on the part of the chartered company in England. Friendly and prosperous colonies

rose at convenient distances on either side of them ; and before the oldest of the pilgrims was removed by death, it became manifest that the small company which left England in the *Mayflower* had been the means of founding a new empire in the *New World*—an empire not only additional to the past, but different in its spirit, in its institutions, and in its religion, from all that had hitherto obtained a place in history.

While many of the exiled Independents removed from Holland to New England, many remained in the former country, in hope that the posture of affairs at home might become such as to allow of their return. It was pleasant to think that their ashes might still be laid in the land of their fathers, and that something might still be done by them towards the enlightenment, the freedom, and the happiness of their native country. These hopes were not indulged in vain. In 1642, just about two centuries since, the change came which had been so devoutly wished, and from that time Independency has never ceased to be one of the forms of Christianity professed in this country. But what has been its history?—what is its present condition? During the times of the civil war and the commonwealth, the sagacity and energy allied with this system were not altogether unworthy of it—but what has it done since? We admit that almost everything around it has been uncongenial. Its greatest foes, however, have been from within. It has too often fainted in the face of rebuke—it has not always folded its vesture about it, and fronted the storm as it should have done—it has been wanting, too, we think, in some graver matters. Indeed, in all the points in which the Pilgrim Fathers were strong, Modern Independency has shown itself to be more or less weak.

Nothing is more marked in the character of the devout men who found their home at New Plymouth, than the clearness with which they apprehended their distinctive principles, and the importance which they attached to them. It was that they might save those principles from

again falling into oblivion that they had become exiles, and that, having become exiles, they still committed themselves to the perils, and hardships, and griefs, of becoming colonists—colonists in one of the most distant and inhospitable regions of the known world. Men who hold principle with a grasp of this order always hold it to some purpose. The truth thus embraced is truth that may not die.

Then there were the children of these people. The good most valued by the parents, it was natural they should be most concerned to bequeath to their offspring. Every father in the memorable forty-one who embarked in the *Mayflower* was as the father of Hannibal—the war against error being committed as a legacy to his children. It was the fact that some of these were seen falling from their steadfastness by reason of their connexion with strangers, and the hope that such danger would be effectually precluded by such removal, that prompted the heads of the pilgrim families to their memorable expedition westward.

But these plain thoughtful men looked not to their immediate children only; they looked to a distant posterity, to the future church of God—the future generations of mankind. There was magnanimity in them, largeness of thought and largeness of affection. In their instance, professions of this nature were not so much mere sentimentality—not a selfish vanity taking the guise of better feeling. Their conduct towards the settlers of New Weymouth is evidence that they were men superior to littleness of soul—men of exalted and generous sentiments. They lived not to themselves. It was their study that their path might be that of benefactors to the living and to the unborn.

But strong as was the attachment of these confessors to that order in church government and worship which they were so careful to observe, all principle of that nature was viewed as subordinate to piety, and was valued in proportion to its supposed conduciveness to piety. What

feeling, inferior to that of a most conscientious homage to the Invisible, could have led these people to expose themselves to so much suffering, or could have sustained them under the pressure of that suffering? In all their ways they sought a higher guidance than that of mortals. The day of fasting and prayer went before every step of moment in their history. Their first act on touching the soil of the New World, was to prostrate themselves in the exercise of their spiritual priesthood before God; and when exploring the winter shores of that region, you see them employed hours before day in presenting thanksgiving and supplication to their Maker. They believed in God; they were assured of his presence; they confided in him with the fear and the affection of children. The elements were of him—men were of him—and must do his bidding, only his bidding. They loved their polity because it aided their piety. In their case it was not a barren framework, thrust into the place of piety. It was valued because it gave them a real Christian fellowship, and because in so doing it strengthened their Christianity.

Hence it happened, that the strength of their adhesion to their principles as Congregationalists, was not more remarkable, than the catholicity of their spirit towards devout men of all other communions. 'Their residence in Holland,' it is said, 'had made them acquainted with various forms of Christianity; a wide experience had emancipated them from bigotry, and they were never betrayed into the excesses of religious persecution.' Such is the testimony of Bancroft, whose work on this interesting department of modern history is the most authentic and able in our language. But this result, so little to have been expected in those times, may be traced to the personal character of Robinson, fully as much as to the residence in Holland. In respect to certain great principles, that excellent man concluded that he had arrived at certainty; but in many things, as we have seen from his own language, he supposed that both himself and

others were still in need of further light. Independency in his hands was fixed in regard to its great principles, but was left to a candid latitude in respect to lesser things. Hence, Mr. Edward Winslow, some time governor of New Plymouth, speaks of the rule of this first proper Congregational Church in respect to communion in the following terms:—‘It is true we profess and desire to practise a separation from the world and the works of it, and are willing to discern an appearance of the grace of God in all we admit to church fellowship. But we do not renounce all other churches; nay, if any joining to us formerly at Leyden, or here in New England, have, with the confession of their faith, held forth the duty of an entire separation from the church of England, I have divers times heard either Mr. Robinson our pastor, or Mr. Brewster, our elder, stop them forthwith, showing that we required no such thing at their hands, but only to hold forth faith in Christ Jesus, holiness in the fear of God, and submission to every ordinance and appointment of God.’

Such, then, were the elements of character most observable in the Pilgrim Fathers. Do modern Independents possess them? In many they may no doubt be seen—seen in a degree marking a true spiritual lineage. But too commonly we see the obscure in knowledge in place of clearness, and the cold in feeling in place of ardour; or else the substitution of a zeal for polity in the place of a zeal for piety, allied too often with an intolerance of temper, incompatible with a just estimate of the good to be found in the devout of every communion, and leading, not only to oneness and misconception, but to many things little consistent with loud professions of attachment to the principles of general freedom. We know that early Independency had its faults of this nature in other connexions; but Robinson of Leyden, and the men whose character he moulded, were nobly free from them. We venture to say, that if modern Independents would be the

powerful body in this country which two centuries should have made them, it must be by a more general return to that model of temper and action which is before them in the history of the Pilgrim Fathers. Their wisdom will be found in looking to the footsteps of their great spiritual progenitors, more than to those wrongs and provocations—a plentiful crop, no doubt—which naturally dispose them to indulge in a spirit of retaliation. Temptation comes to all, but while some men are taken in the snare, others know how to turn even that to advantage.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.*

(February, 1845.)

It has fallen to the house of Bedford to be conspicuously associated with the history of the liberty and the religion of this country. In the times of the Reformation, during the civil war, and, above all, in the struggle to save the ark of civil and religious freedom towards the close of the reign of Charles II., the genius of that house was felt as a potent influence in public affairs.

Lord John Russell inherits most of the higher qualities observable in his ancestors. In capacity, and in general culture, he is greater than the greatest of them. What he has done as an author, is overshadowed and almost forgotten by reason of the much higher eminence to which he has attained as a statesman. His writings, however, warrant the conclusion, that, had he chosen to steer his course at a distance from the vortex of politics, and given himself to a life of comparative ease and quietude as a man of letters, he might have risen to no mean position in that department. His 'Essay on the English Constitution,'—the production of his early life, gave unequivocal token of the taste and capacity which might have led to distinction

* (1.) An Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution, from the Reign of Henry VII. to the Present Time. By LORD JOHN RUSSELL. 8vo. London. — (2.) Life of Lord William Russell. 2 vols. 8vo. London. — (3.) Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht. 2 vols. 4to. London. — (4.) The Causes of the French Revolution. 8vo. London. — (5.) What have the Whigs done? 8vo. London.

in authorship. His 'Life of Lord William Russell' exhibited the same varied knowledge, the same disciplined intellect, and the same literary aptitude, but all in a higher tone of maturity. His 'Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht,' relate to a section of modern history which interested men in the times prior to the first French Revolution, but which seemed to drop at once from their thoughts as that astounding event and its consequences began to develop themselves. The subject, accordingly, was not well chosen, except for persons of calm and aristocratic tastes, more disposed to meditate on the repose and stateliness of the past, than to sympathize with the change and energy of the present. But the execution of the work evinced a large acquaintance with European affairs subsequent to the death of Louis XIV., much political sagacity, and that greater command of language which comes as the natural result of greater practice in composition. His lordship's subsequent essay on the causes of the French revolution may be regarded as a supplementary chapter to the preceding work. It shows that the philosophy, the literature, and the state of society generally in France, which propelled affairs towards the crisis of the Revolution, were not only topics about which the author had read considerably, but matters on which he had bestowed some patient reflection.

In respect to literature, however, as in respect to some other things, his lordship's achievements would have been more conventional than original; more correct than profound; evincing more of the caution which avoids great mistakes, than of the boldness which strikes out a new path. He might have improved somewhat on the school of Addison and Pope, but, in regard to style, he would have been moulded by that school, and in regard to compass of thought, he would never have ventured far in advance of it. With a considerable portion of the progressive spirit, he would not have failed to unite a stately worship of the old land-marks. In all his voyaging, he would have resembled those early mariners, who, wanting the compass,

were distrustful of the frail bark beneath them, and always made their way within sight of land—men who might have continued to navigate the old world, but could never have signalized themselves as discoverers of the new.

With regard to that one quality of a statesman, without which every other must be untrustworthy, we deem Lord John Russell to be above fair impeachment. We believe him to be an honest man. No amount of popular misconception, no strength of party invective, has sufficed to produce in us the slightest misgiving in regard to his strict political integrity. We are glad to know that the gentlemen among the frequenters of St. Stephen's, of whom so much cannot be said, need no further instruction on that point. All parties of that description have had proof enough that his lordship is not a man to their purpose. He does not touch the unclean thing. In some instances he has drawn the line between the conventional and the absolute in political morality, at a point which we should not ourselves have chosen. But the distinction made, we doubt not, has commended itself, upon the whole, to his own moral judgment. The casuistry of some state questions may be simple enough. Their justice or injustice may be seen at a glance. But the greater number of such questions are not of that order. In general, the wheat and the tares grow up strangely together, so that many an honest man—ay, and many a wise man too—may be led to the conclusion, that to root out one without destroying the other would be found impossible. Leaving all fair space open to difference of judgment from this cause, we believe that the character left to posterity by Lord John Russell will be, in respect to integrity, of a high order.

To touch on religion in its relation to a living statesman, may be to enter upon delicate ground. But Lord John Russell has not scrupled to favour the world with some expression of his views on that subject, and it cannot be amiss to scrutinize what is thus submitted to scrutiny. His lordship's views concerning the different sections of religion in this country, present one very material phase

of his own character. The course of his policy also, has been much influenced by those views.

The last chapter in the second volume of the 'Memoirs of Affairs in Europe,' is occupied with a view of the state of religion in England during the former half of the eighteenth century. This retrospect embraces remarks on the condition of the church of England during that interval, and on the rise, progress, and character of Methodism. According to the showing of his lordship, the great belligerent churchmen of those times, whose shades are made to pass in succession before his readers, were men so intent on their particular controversies, as to have left the body of the nation in a wretched condition of ignorance, immorality, and irreligion. But the remedy for this neglect, as supplied by the zeal of methodism, is regarded as being on the whole worse than the disease. The labours of Whitfield and Wesley are described as producing a kind of paroxysm, the immediate effects of which were rather injurious than beneficial, while it was sure of being followed by lassitude, and by great moral and religious mischief. Some passages are given, which are meant to exhibit the more favourable view of that great religious movement, and of the character of the extraordinary men by whom it was originated and sustained; but the unfavourable greatly preponderates, and the general conclusion is as we have stated it.

It is to be regretted, that a writer possessing the candour and discernment of Lord John Russell, should have deemed himself safe, on a subject of this nature, in trusting to such guides as Southey's 'Life of Wesley,' and Nightingale's 'Portraiture of Methodism.' Still more is it to be regretted that his own mind should have performed its office so feebly in regard to the materials which even those writers, together with the facts coming within his own observation, must have supplied. We should have been happy to have seen him distinguish, in the spirit of a high Christian philosophy, between the wisdom and the folly, the good and the evil, of the great moral revolution

which was assuredly brought about among the people of this country by the labours of those said Methodists.

We see the errors and faults which belong to the earlier history of Methodism as clearly as his lordship has seen them; but we see the truth and the goodness that were in it as greatly outweighing their opposites. We regard that memorable outbreak against the heartless formalism, and the low profligacy of the times, not only as having given a new moral and religious character to the English people, but as having extended its leaven of improvement to classes far above the multitude. By elevating the poor, it has done much towards shaming the rich into better conduct. If our courts and baronial halls are not the homes of that factious selfishness, of that everlasting frivolity, or of that infidel licentiousness, which prevailed in them during the greater part of the last century, we owe this improvement in high places, to improvement which began much lower down. The regeneration which took place among the lowest, contributed to enforce a moral reformation upon the highest. The pulpit of methodism, moreover, has had its favourable influence on all other pulpits. Thus the character of methodism has given a strong impress—an impress greatly for the better, to our national character. We deny not that it had its extravagances, we deny not that it has them still—but what is the chaff to the wheat? Admitting nearly all that may be alleged against it, this movement has been the means of disposing myriads of our people, who would otherwise have passed their life in sheer worldliness, or in the lowest vice, to give themselves to instruction, to the cultivation of high comparative moral feeling, and to the influence of those elevating affections which have respect to the Infinite and the Eternal. What philosophy has ever raised the mind of the rude multitudes of men after this manner? What established church has ever so done, except as it has become a preacher of doctrines, and has been animated by a feeling, which, we fear, his lordship would be too ready to describe as very methodistical?

In short, we do not scruple to say that we have long regarded the tone of would-be philosophy, in which some classes of men in this country are wont to express themselves concerning the religion of all persons who appear to be more in earnest on that subject than themselves, with no small measure of dissatisfaction. The shallowness which frequently assumes the air of wisdom on such occasions is to us very pitiable. The ample candour generally evinced by such persons in favour of those who are enemies of religion, or of those who profess it in some of its most corrupt forms, stands in singular contrast with the want of such kindly discrimination when evangelical piety is the matter to be judged. The philosophy which fails to see a preponderance of good even in methodism, is not a sound philosophy. It argues a want of perception, or of humane feeling, when a lesser evil is allowed to prevent men from perceiving its relation to a greater good.

We have felt constrained to make these observations, because the remarks of Lord John Russell on this subject are opposed to the distinctive truths of evangelical religion, as certainly as to some peculiarities which have been grafted on those truths by methodism. Christianity, in his view, does not seem to include anything of the supernatural. The religion of a Christian, on the theory of his lordship, is to consist in the purely natural influence of revealed wisdom on the susceptibilities of the mind. The church of England is regarded as adapted, in an eminent degree, to sustain this sober kind of goodness, while all sects are in danger of verging upon extravagance.

Puritanism, that 'gloomy vortex which was to attract so many of the manliest spirits'* of the seventeenth century, his lordship has estimated more justly. The reason of this distinction is obvious. Puritanism was allied with far higher intellectual qualities than methodism. It stood in a more manifest relation to the progress of freedom and

* Edinburgh Review, Oct. 1844, p. 396.

of society. Distance, moreover, has greatly reduced the apparent amount of its faults ; while the soul which it infused into English history during the thirty or forty years which preceded the Restoration, is such as no remoteness of time can obliterate or obscure.

It is observable, also, that the sober, the properly descended nonconformists of the last century, obtain very respectful treatment at the hands of his lordship. The reason is obvious. They were no brawlers. They were men of unimpeached loyalty. They were proud to lend their aid to whigs and protestants—churchmen though they were—against tories and papists. Their leaders were men known by their theological and general learning. They were the correspondents and friends of dignitaries and prelates. In all their proceedings there were the signs of moderation. The sight of them, especially on one of those occasions when they availed themselves of their privilege to be presented at court, and to address the throne, was such as to predicate all that was likely to follow from that quarter. A courtier on a levee day, was hardly more careful about his costume and appendages than was the eminent nonconformist divine of that period. The three-cornered hat, the neatly powdered and largely projecting wig, the coat without the encumbrance of a collar, with its straight front, exhibiting its long row of large buttons on one side, and of finely worked button-holes on the other, the waistcoat descending so low as almost to serve the purposes of waistcoat and apron, and the nicely disposed buckles at the knees and in the shoes,—all were in keeping with that calm and intelligent physiognomy, with that attention to all the lesser courtesies of life, and with the generally stately bearing which distinguished our Annesleys and Doddridges a century since. Much less of a disposition to appreciate the orderly, the established, and the aristocratic, than is observable in Lord John Russell, would have sufficed to mark the wide difference between such men and the conductors of a methodist love-feast or a revival-meeting.

The parties, then, adhering to the old school of dissent, have no reason to complain of anything said concerning them by his lordship. And the more recent seceders from the established church who have not been mentioned with the same degree of candour, will, we trust, be disposed to place the most charitable construction on representations that may seem to them to be greatly wanting in charity. Such truly Christian magnanimity would do them honour, and would be the best refutation of some of the most plausible charges often preferred against them.

With such views of religion and of religious parties, it is natural that Lord John Russell should be a steady adherent to the principle of church establishments. In his view, institutions of that nature may afford all the necessary means of religion to a people, and may preclude, in the greatest degree practicable, whatever tends to the deterioration of religion. It is proper that separatists of every grade should be tolerated, partly because toleration is founded in justice, and partly because to persecute such people would be a very impolitic as well as a very troublesome course of proceeding. But in all cases, the most competent judge in regard to points of theology and matters of religion generally, must be such assemblies as are convened nightly at St. Stephen's, and the best religion for the people must be that which has been so provided for them. Whatever shall find entrance otherwise than by that door, must be at best of an inferior quality, and, to a large extent, of a nature to do harm rather than good.

But here we are strictly at issue with his lordship, both as to the nature of the religion which the church of England was instituted to inculcate, and as to the manner in which she has performed her office in that respect. The most distinguished churchmen of the eighteenth century, such as Hurd and Warburton, Clarke and Hoadley, to whom so much honour is done by Lord John Russell, are poor expositors of the theology set forth in the articles of the established church. By some of these men the husks

of orthodoxy were retained, and hot wars were carried on in defence of them. By others, the articles of faith most open to objection on the ground of mystery, when not openly impugned, were skilfully neutralized, or generally forgotten. The class of persons adverted to had come into the church of the reformers, but were too much the worshippers of the reputable ever to have been themselves reformers. They were men who enjoyed their literary leisure, and set a great value on the worldly dignity and the means of indulgence which their position afforded them, and for the most part died rich. They scarcely seemed to be aware that there had ever been such persons as Latimer and Hooper, Ridley and Bradford; and nothing would seem to have been farther from the thoughts of these comfortable dignitaries, than the duty of conforming themselves to that example of piety, of zeal, and of obedience to the stern demand of principle, which is so observable in the history of those justly venerated fathers of the English church.

Would Lord John Russell only bestow as much attention on the devotional works of the reformers of the sixteenth century, as he has given to the literary productions of the great churchmen of the eighteenth, he would, perhaps, be surprised to find how much of affinity there is, both in the doctrines taught and in the spirit of the teachers, between the reformation from the superstitions of Romanism in the former age, and the reformation from the mere forms of protestantism in the latter. In both cases, the great doctrine was justification by faith, and the regeneration of the heart, not merely by a natural influence of divine truth, but by means of a divine power superadded to that truth. In a word, their religion was such as is denoted by the term Evangelical; and the new religious feeling which has been diffused through this country since the rise of methodism, is, in nearly all that is distinctive of it, a revival of the piety of the elder puritans, and of the still older protestant reformers.

We are satisfied that this revived piety is, in its sub-

stance, the piety inculcated in the New Testament; and it is this persuasion, especially, which prevents us from sympathizing with Lord John Russell in his zealous churchmanship. We see, or think we see, many things in the church of England to which dispassionate and reflecting men may well take exception—such as relate to the manner in which its revenue is obtained, to the inequalities which mark the distribution of that revenue, and to the fact that property and position, derived in so great a measure from the nation at large, should be restricted, by a multitude of obsolete and unnecessary provisions, to no more than a section of the nation. But we must be permitted to say, that our great exception to the church of England relates to its failure as a *religious* institute. It does not inculcate, speaking generally, the religion set forth in its own articles, and still less the religion set forth in the book from which those articles are said to be derived. Whenever this is done, the good dispensation comes as so much accident and exception—the not-good comes as a matter of course, and as the rule. In stating thus much, we only state, we presume, what every pious churchman will be prepared to admit and deplore. Lord John Russell views the church of England as the best adapted agency for giving a scriptural religion to the people, and therefore is a churchman. We, on the contrary, are obliged to regard that institution in a very different light, and therefore are nonconformists. We judge of it by its average, and not by its occasional fruits, and so judged we find it wanting. Instead of being the best conservator of real piety, it has been itself conserved, in great part, by infusions of that nature which have come to it from without. We are little inclined to dispute about the shape of a cap, or the colour of a vesture—greatly too much time and temper have been expended in such debates—but on those weightier matters we have our grave conclusions. The mission of the church is a spiritual mission, and that can never be realized under the mastery of a power which is for the most part worldly. Nor is

this all—to give power and supremacy to a system in which the worldly predominates, must be to disparage, to impede, and to imperil the spiritual as existing elsewhere. We take our place as separatists, not that we may be chiefly employed in pulling down the frame-work of our neighbour's church, but that we may do something towards building men up in the intelligence and piety which we regard as belonging properly to all churches.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that in holding these opinions concerning religious sects and religious establishments, Lord John Russell is not singular. They are the opinions of the great majority of our statesmen, whether whig or tory. If some believe more than his lordship in regard to Christianity, many believe less. Lord John Russell is a more sincere man—a man of more faith in the positive truth and goodness of things, than most of his contemporaries holding a similar position. But this susceptibility in him has been affected peculiarly by circumstances.

His lordship is descended from a line of nobles. With his progenitors, through the long past time, all the pageantries of church and state are associated. The story of his house is interwoven with that of senators and prelates, of courts and kings. His ancestors have been men of marked action, and have bequeathed an example to those who should descend from them. In the feelings of such a man, homage to the past is cherished as a kind of filial duty. Such feelings become almost inseparable from the influences which bind the imagination and the affections to the institutions and usages which point to the bygone. In the mind of Lord John Russell, there is a self-reliance and vigour which will not allow him to be wholly distrustful of new things. But his relation to the old so affects his sympathies, as naturally to curb his desire of change, and to retain it within comparatively narrow limits. He may not talk of 'the wisdom of our ancestors' in the manner of some men, but he is a sincere believer in that wisdom. We may startle some of our readers when we

say, that the labours of Lord John Russell as a conservative, will be much greater than his labours as a reformer. But we speak advisedly. The abuses diminished or removed by his means, will be few compared with those which he will leave wholly untouched. He is an innovator, and at times may seem to be a bold one; but our admiration begins to abate, when we think simply of what is done, and not at all of the man who does it—or when we look from the evil which has been mitigated, to the far greater amount which has been left wholly undisturbed.

One other course may be mentioned as having contributed to give this restricted character to the policy of Lord John Russell. When his lordship entered public life, the whig party had been long in opposition. The question of parliamentary reform, which began to excite some interest before the French Revolution, was, for a while, totally silenced by that event. The aristocracy became greatly alarmed, and drew more closely together from a sense of common danger. Nor was that alarm confined to nobles and the more wealthy. Burke was only one man among many, who, from motives hardly open to impeachment, began to think that the time had come when liberal principles must be avowed with more caution than heretofore, if avowed at all. It was in vain that the bolder men of that crisis endeavoured to rally their dispersed adherents—to win them by reason, or to shame them by sarcasm. For a while the stream must have its course. Charles Fox alone was a tower of strength in that day; and by the time his warfare approached its close, a powerful phalanx stood ready to come into his place. Among these were such men as Holland and Lansdowne, Romilly and Macintosh. The party of which these names are representatives, had taken their position, had adjusted all their principles and their course of policy, when Lord John Russell entered parliament. But the party to which they stood opposed was still overwhelming. Prudence, accordingly, dictated moderation in speech, moderation in measures. They meddled little with the

speculative, but confined themselves almost wholly to the immediate and the practical. Catholic emancipation, and a very limited reform in parliament, were the outposts of the onward which they seemed to contemplate. So long were they employed in pointing attention to the warts, that even they seemed to have forgotten that there were ulcers beneath; and having lived to pass the Reform Bill, a measure so far exceeding anything of that nature which they could once have hoped to realize, the whole party appear to this day as though incapable of disenchanting themselves from the imagination, that a reach in advance, so marked and so powerful, must necessarily include all the seeds of improvement which our social state can require. In the school of politicians—enlightened, patriotic, humane, the mainspring of everything good in our recent history, but still trammelled, awed, and controlled by the power of circumstances—in this school Lord John Russell found the type of all his opinions, and hitherto the courage to pass beyond that magic circle has not been evinced by him. But the times to come will be different from the times which have been, and our statesmen must keep pace with them, or give place ere long to other men.

It was in the latter years of the Liverpool ministry that Lord John Russell began to be distinguished as a statesman. From the commencement of his career, he saw that there could be no hope of peace for the empire, so long as the one half of its people were excluded from all share in the honours and powers of the state on religious pretences, or so long as the inhabitants of Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds, and the majority of the middle classes of the three kingdoms, were denied the electoral rights enjoyed by the proprietors of Gatton and Old Sarum, and the immaculate freemen of Liverpool and Stafford. The repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts was the work of Lord John Russell more than of any other man. On that subject, we have had the means of knowing that he was resolute, when many of his coadjutors coun-

elled retreat and delay. He took his full part in passing the Catholic Relief Bill, and the service which devolved on him in relation to the Reform Bill is sufficiently notorious.

Concerning this last measure, it was far from being perfect in its original shape, and unfortunately it was greatly injured in its progress through parliament by the perpetuation of the old freemen, which bound up the living with the dead, and by the enfranchisement of the tenants at will, which has given the landlords a greater influence than ever in county elections.

These mischievous changes, however, were not the work of Lord John Russell, nor of the Grey ministry, but were forced upon them by a combination of landlords, desirous to preserve their own influence, and of the friends to an extended suffrage, who, in their anxiety to add to the number of electors, lost sight of the great fact, that to enfranchise dependent voters is to create instruments for crushing all real independence. Had not those two changes been forced upon ministers, we should have heard much less complaint with regard to the defective working of the Reform Bill. Even with these grave blunders, which can never be enough deplored, it has annihilated those nests of corruption and intolerance, the close corporations; has thrown open the trade with the Chinese empire, after it had remained for ages in the hands of monopolists; has struck the fetters from the limbs of the slave; and has wrought out the great principle of commercial freedom. In this last principle we have our only effectual remedy for the physical distresses of a large portion of the labouring classes, the only security against commercial convulsions, and the only means by which the interests of all nations can be brought into union, and an effectual counterpoise can be created to the national jealousies, to the lust of empire, and to those short-sighted views of public and private interest, which have led to such a waste of the earnings of industry, and to the shedding of so much blood.

The points in which the Reform Bill has hitherto most signally failed in producing the benefits which were expected to result from it, are in its effects on the policy adopted towards Ireland, and in its small influence on the physical condition of the masses of the people. These are the two great questions of the age. On the solution of the first of them depends the continuance of the union; on the latter, the peace of the empire. With regard to Ireland, the policy opposed to that of the whig ministry has triumphed. The effect of that triumph has been to make ninety-nine out of every hundred among the Roman-Catholic priests, repealers; it has rendered the English government odious and contemptible in the eyes of foreign nations; and it has been the fatal impediment in the way of every effort to reconcile the people of Ireland to the institutions of Great Britain. Had it not been for the fanatical feeling and factious duplicity which were manifested on the other side, it is impossible that a policy so just, and demanded imperatively by the interest of the empire and of Ireland, as that adopted when the Marquis of Normanby was lord-lieutenant, and Lord John Russell home secretary, should have failed. With the help of the Irish church, however, it was clamoured down as hostile to protestantism, and the repeal agitation is the result.

Next to the offence thus given, by attempts to do justice to British and Irish catholics, was that given by the real or supposed sympathy of the ministry with protestant nonconformists. It was from these two points that their enemies assailed them with the greatest success; and since their decline as the abettors of this generous policy, there have been occasions on which they have shown some disposition to complain of the want of gratitude in the parties whom they endeavoured to serve, as well as of a want of fairness in the parties to whom they were so much opposed.

Those who have been most observant of the career of Lord John Russell, will be aware, that his genius as an orator is somewhat fitful and unequal. It has often served

him with felicitous effect in some of the critical junctures of debate and of affairs. On many occasions, he has been seen to rise, when the timid have dropped. In fact, he is never more in tone to say or do something brilliant than when men whisper to him from the right and left that mischief is brewing. Danger, which so completely destroys the self-possession of some men, appears to give to him only the fuller command of his resources. It is then that even his lighter faculties—imagination and wit, come most into play. It is something ominous, accordingly, to see him in much higher spirits than usual—to find him walk the room with a quicker step, talk more fluently, spout poetry, and seem to be in one of those happier moods which do sometimes come to mortals. When his lordship gives forth these signs, you may be sure that affairs have some movement in them, and that they are about to have more of it. We have sometimes thought, that had the reaction after the passing of the Reform Bill been as fatal to Lord John Russell, as was the reaction after the loss of the Exclusion Bill to his great ancestor, there would at least have been thus much of solace left to us,—that this second martyr from the House of Bedford in the cause of freedom, would be sure to deliver one of the most admirably poised and admirably pointed dying speeches upon record.

We can imagine, too, another kind of speech, which, if occasion offered,—or we should, perhaps, rather say if occasion provoked,—his lordship would not be slow to deliver; we mean a speech in impeachment of the course pursued by nonconformists and ultra-liberals, since the accession of the Grey ministry, and in defence of the policy of the whigs in reference to those parties. Lord John is not more decided as to the point from which every wise man should move forward, than as to the point where he should stop. He is as little disposed to advance with the man who demands too much, as to remain stationary with a man who does not demand enough. In regard to all public questions, there is a strong spice of the infallible in his nature, and he must not be expected to show himself

pliant and silky towards his friends, any more than towards his foes, if it should be the pleasure of the said friends to place themselves in a false position.

Now let it be supposed that some zealous nonconformist, intent on the diffusion of his principles, and deeply chagrined that those principles have not made greater way of late years, should take upon him to declare to his lordship, that the disappointment felt in this respect, in common with the enfeebled state of the liberal party generally, is to be attributed to the hesitating, vacillating, and timid policy of the late whig governments. His lordship listens to these words of accusation. But as he so does, you see his head take a somewhat more erect position than before, and those keenly-set features become fixed, like a spare but resolute phalanx, to their purpose.

The matters you touch upon, says his lordship, are of a nature not to be comprehended at a glance. They rest, not on one principle, but on many, and each has its separate and relative claim to consideration. Society itself is a complex web, and every social question accordingly partakes of complexity. It would be pleasant, no doubt, if it were otherwise; and if all matters connected with government were as simple as some men appear to suppose. But the gentlemen who belong to this politics-made-easy school, are much better friends to their own ease than they will ever prove to the body politic. Every interest of society being necessarily of a mixed nature, the setting forth of any simple element of change, as a remedy for all social diseases, must carry the presumption of quackery upon its very surface. When society goes wrong, it is always from a confluence of causes; and if it be made to go right, that change must be brought about by a combination of influences of an opposite description. Simple remedies may touch a part of the malady, but can never reach the whole. They may abate disease in one form, but augment it in another. They may remove humours from one part of the system, but it may only be that disease may perpetuate itself in some other shape, and rage with greater virulence

elsewhere. It may be well that every man should meddle with this state-pharmacy—it would be better if we could regard every man as capable of meddling with it wisely.

Thus, in regard to the question of church establishments, nothing may seem to be more simple or reasonable, than that no man should be compelled to sustain a church to which he does not belong. Suppose that principle acted upon, and, beyond doubt, a large class of alleged grievances would be at once removed. But the change would not end at that point. Concerning the right or the wrong of that question, as of every other arising in actual society, society itself must be the judge; and only allow it to be understood, that this ultimate judgment of society is an authority to be thrust aside in obedience to the language of individual or of party complaint, and the whole frame-work of society is dissolved. In such case, you may cease to have an established church, but you cease also to have a government of any kind—in fact, society itself is at an end. If the opinion of the majority on that one question is to be without authority, then the opinion of the majority in all other questions must be without authority, and society ceases to have anything authoritative in it. A very little of that sober discernment, which has been so conspicuous in the history of English nonconformists, should have been enough to have made it very plain, that if dissenters are to be freed from the burden of a state-church, it must be by possessing themselves of state-power; that if a religious establishment which owes its existence to parliamentary enactment, is to be put down, it must be by the increase of dissenters in the constituency of Great Britain, in a degree sufficient to constitute the power of parliament a dissenting power. That being done, the extinction of the church of England, as resulting from the fair progress of public opinion, would be an act of social justice. But when I have listened to the language of deputations from dissenters, who have considered it expedient to apprise me that their great grievance was the existence of an established church, and that all lesser concessions were received only as instalments in

prospect of the one final concession,—the extinction of the church of England; and when I have heard petitions read in the House of Commons from dissenters, praying that house to repudiate the principle of church establishments, and, at the same time, have called to mind, that of the six hundred and fifty-eight members of that assembly, scarcely a second man has been returned at any election to advocate such opinions, I must confess, that I have felt amazed at the want of judgment which such a course of proceeding has evinced.

It may be, that the whole peerage of England, and the whole of the House of Commons, with an exception so partial as hardly to admit of description, have been in error on the question of church establishments. But so long as their opinions are what they are, it is plain, that the business of nonconformists is with the nation, and not with the legislature; and that even in respect to the nation, the course which wisdom would dictate, must be one adapted to conciliate churchmen, and not to exasperate them; to disarm them of their more plausible objections to nonconformity, and not to furnish them with new pretexts for denouncing it as intolerant and destructive. But in neither of these respects have we seen the discretion on which we thought we had good reason to depend. Hostile associations, inflammatory publications, and still more inflammatory speeches, have contributed to give an aspect to nonconformity of late years which is new in its history. Every sort of handle has been supplied by this means to its enemies, and to the enemies of liberal opinions generally, and the natural consequences have followed. Among dissenters themselves, if report speak truly, the effect of this course has been to produce dissatisfaction, division, and weakness. The more educated and influential classes of society still within the limits of nonconformity, are, it is said, dropping away from it more and more every day; while the great majority of those classes always found beyond its pale, are now barricaded against it by a strength of prejudice which it seems utterly vain, at least for the

present, to attempt to remove. You are not yourselves what you were, and you never had so little prospect of repairing your losses from general society. The progress made among you by the severe labour of your more prudent men, seems to be more than counterbalanced by the drawbacks which have resulted from the conduct of the imprudent. Suppose this course of things to continue during the space of another generation, and what, on probable calculation, will then be the condition of protestant dissent in England?

Indeed, if I am rightly informed, political zeal has taken such hold on a section at least of modern nonconformists, as to have disposed them to adopt opinions in regard to popular government, which not only carry with them the seeds of revolution, but of a revolution so extended, as to point to nothing less—whatever the abettors of such opinions may intend—than the setting up of a wild and coarse democracy, at the cost of nearly everything which has hitherto been distinctive of the English people, and of the English constitution. I am not about to enter upon a disquisition on the theory of suffrage; but I may be allowed to say, that no sober man, as I conceive, will deny that it may be expedient and just in some of those incipient stages of society which belong to history to assign to every man a vote. It may be admitted, also, that the point at which society begins, in this respect, is that toward which it should return, by as rapid a process as may be consistent with social safety. But when our ancestors promulgated the maxim, that the subject should not be taxed without his consent, every man entitled to an opinion on this matter will know that the consent intended was that of a parliament, and of a parliament as parliaments were then constituted. The notion of making the principle of taxation commensurate with the principle of suffrage, so that no man should pay a tax who had not a direct vote for a representative in parliament, never entered their mind. In truth, up to that time, such a notion had never been adopted by any man in any age or

country where society had risen to magnitude, wealth, and intelligence.

It may sound almost like a truism to say that the best theory of suffrage is that which secures the best guardianship to the interests of the state. But if that truth be admitted, the question concerning the propriety of giving to each man a vote, is only one amidst many similar questions which present themselves. If it be good, for example, that the best elements which a state may include should be brought to its service, can that scheme be the most expedient which looks to the mere quantity of suffrage, without caring at all about its quality? Inasmuch as society exists that men may possess property, intelligence, and virtue, can that theory of franchise be other than absolutely unjust which takes no account of these? Human beings congregate that such interests may come into existence, and when they exist, should no bounty be set upon them? Men associate, that they may cease to be savages; and can that franchise be the best for civilized man, which simply regards him as man, and which is that, accordingly, that would have been meted out to him had he continued to be as one among a horde of savages? Must we account that a good principle for society, which sets out, after this manner, with fixing contempt on everything giving to society its value? If, as a rule, men who possess property, knowledge, and some moral position among their fellow-men, are more likely to serve the state profitably than those who have not such qualifications, is it well that no effort should be made to secure to the state the advantage of such services? Will it be pretended that the hod-men of London possess capacity and motive to do the best for their country, equally with the various classes of professional men which abound in that capital? Seeing that to a large extent distinctions of this nature might be safely made, should they not be made? If a money payment, moreover, is to determine the franchise, we know that money payments are a matter of degree, and ought not the franchise, for that reason, to be a matter of degree?

The man of forty, also, is more likely to vote wisely than the man of twenty-one—should the same vote be given to both? The citizens of Athens were all alike enfranchised, but they voted in four classes, according to the gradation of their money payments, and in two classes, according to age—was it caprice which suggested that order of things, or was it wisdom, resulting from an extraordinary measure of experience in reference to the working of popular governments? If society is to be indeed reconstructed, and reconstructed on a scale so thorough as is supposed in the adoption of the principle adverted to, then all these questions, and more to the same effect, will come to be discussed. But what shall we say of that discernment which regards the conferring of the same franchise on all men, as the beginning and the end of the science of suffrage—seeing not, or regarding not, the many cognate questions which, in an old country like ours, come up of necessity along with that one question?

If we assume that the non-franchised males in Great Britain and Ireland are to the franchised, on the average from the two countries, as about nine to one, nearly the whole of these nine-tenths are, according to our present system, without franchise, as being without property; and, as the natural consequence, these nine-tenths must be further regarded as being comparatively without education, and without those modes of thought and the sort of feeling which arise from education. Enfranchise this majority, and they will vote independently or they will not. Supposing them to vote independently, then the one-tenth having property is placed wholly at the mercy of the nine-tenths having no property; and this ninefold majority, devoid, for the most part, of education, is vested with an absolute mastery over all the social interests of the small minority distinguished by education. Would this be to put an end to class power, or to class law-making? In this case, would not class domination be more glaring, more mischievous, and more monstrous than ever?

Nor are there wanting symptoms to indicate the sort of use which would probably be made of this new machinery. Unless they are greatly belied, no class of men have shown themselves more adverse to the spirit of real freedom than the men who are loudest in the cause of this extreme form of theoretic freedom. Of what moment is it whether the expression of public opinion be put down by the yells of a faction, or by the point of the bayonet—is not the tyranny the same? When men scarcely know how to speak of the property and privileged classes, except as so many banded plunderers, is there no room to fear that, had they the power, they would not be wanting in the inclination to chastise these plunderers by plundering them in return? Would it require any peculiar hardihood at such a crisis to allege, that restitution is not confiscation; that retribution is no robbery? At present, the choice instruments of these persons are noisy violence, fierce invective, and the most bitter denunciation of all men who venture to question their dogmas—but if these things be done in the green tree, what would be done in the dry? In short, the men who insist on this extent of change, and who do not avow themselves as hostile, not merely to the existence of the church of England, but to the peerage, to the monarchy, and to everything short of the most exclusive and absolute democracy, are either very short-sighted, or very insincere, for to that issue their policy naturally and necessarily conducts them.

It may be said, indeed, that all this danger is imaginary—that wealth, knowledge, and moral worth will always have their influence, and will be sure to fix their impression on the movements of society. But is it, then, come to this, that the wisdom of legislators is to consist in enacting laws which they do not expect, which they do not even intend that society should obey? Is it to be their duty to see that the provisions contained in our statutes flow in one direction, while they are fully aware that the stream of social opinion, and feeling, and usage, will flow, and ought to flow, in another direction? Is it

thus that the laws and the people are to dwell together in unity? Among the new lights which are to make our age memorable, is this one of them—that the richest boon which may be conferred on a people would be to deliver to them a law which they will be sure not to obey on account of its supposed wisdom, but which they will be sure to disregard because of its known folly? The letter of the law is to place all men on the same level in the matter of suffrage, but society is to take care that this weakness and viciousness on the part of the law is everywhere neutralized by its own better influence. Would not this be to mock the multitude rather than to benefit them,—to grant them the show of franchise in the statute-book, only to deny them the reality at the hustings? Influence, bribery, coercion, as put forth upon them in that case, from the classes above them, would no longer expose men to any reproach, but must all become so many forms of high social virtue, inasmuch as they would then constitute the only means of self-preservation left by the law to those classes—and, indeed, the only means by which the nation itself could be prevented from falling into anarchy through the folly of its own legislation. The moral mischiefs of such a state of things must be boundless. Society, with such disparities of wealth and station as exist among us, must be at once divided into two great classes—the corruptors and the corrupt; and this open—notorious immorality, practised on a scale of which at present we have no example, is to be accounted as nothing, so that a clause may be thrust upon our statute-book, declaring the same franchise to be common to the lowest and the highest.

If the condition of obtaining favour from the hands of the English nonconformists be the adoption of opinions of this crude and mischievous description, and the approval of such a course as that which it has appeared good to them in other respects to pursue, then I must confess there is little prospect of my ever becoming a favourite in that quarter. In place of its having been the duty of the

late whig government to attempt more, it fell in consequence of attempting too much. It may have been less disposed to innovation than the spirit of a portion of the British people has demanded, but it was in advance of the spirit of a much greater number, and it ceased to exist, as being left in a minority.

Our readers must not hold either ourselves or his lordship responsible for everything contained in this 'Imaginary' oration. It sets forth much truth with which we thoroughly concur. But on no point does it present the whole truth.

It is true that in the years immediately subsequent to the passing of the Reform Bill, petitions were addressed to parliament by dissenters, praying that the union between church and state might be dissolved. But it is no less true that, of the petitions proceeding at that time from those parties, it was not one in a score—we think we may say not one in fifty—that contained any prayer of that nature. The great majority were either wholly silent on that topic, being confined to what were called grievances, or, if any further allusion was made, it was simply in the way of stating that the principles of the petitioners were opposed to all such admixtures of religion with affairs of state as are inseparable from the existence of a state-church. Even this may not have been prudent. But it was deemed honest. Had they not so spoken, their enemies would have charged them with concealment. In their simplicity, they thought that in stating those principles, and in imposing, at the same time, such limits on the prayer of their petitions, they were giving some proof that they knew how to distinguish between the abstract and the practical.

But those times were not times of sobriety with any party. We all remember that, during the Reform Bill agitation, the defenders of Gaton and Old Sarum were on the borders of delirium. The clergy, and the more zealous adherents of the established church, were alarmed

and excited in the highest degree. The radical section of politicians, whether giving their oath of fealty to William Cobbett or to Jeremy Bentham, were all filled with high expectation as to the many changes which were to follow in the wake of that one great change. Whig members, breaking through the grave restraints naturally imposed by the possession of office, delivered speeches from the Treasury Bench, fraught with the most popular opinions and feeling. Even from the throne itself expressions of that nature proceeded. What wonder, then, if the passions of society were moved as from their very depths? On the one side were all the signs of fear, on the other were all the signs of hope. Can it, then, be wise or charitable to expect that nonconformists should have been everywhere cool and self-possessed, while all about them was thus heated and disordered? Is it reasonable to exact that they should have been expectant of nothing, while other men were expectant of so much? If these considerations are not enough to excuse the utterance of some extravagant speeches, and the doing of some extravagant things, is there nothing in them that should be allowed to extenuate such indiscretions—at least, in the view of a statesman, who has it as a vocation to be studious of the ebbs and flows of popular feeling, and whose wisdom it must always be to judge such changes with the greatest forbearance? Where there has been the alleged extravagance, there let the fault of it rest; but let it not be *over-stated*, and let it not be judged apart from its *circumstances*.

Lord John Russell has sometimes complained of the agitations on ecclesiastical questions which have been originated by nonconformists of late years, and which have been sustained in a great degree by nonconformist ministers. His conclusion seems to have been, that the religious character of these parties has been in some degree compromised by such indications of feeling in regard to questions adjudged as political. Concerning the extent in which ministers of religion, as such, may be con-

sistently thus employed, there is room for difference of opinion. We should be disposed ourselves to draw the line within somewhat narrower limits than many of our more zealous brethren. But the views of Lord John Russell on this point, as on those before mentioned, are not, as we humbly think, either so accurate or so expanded as they might have been.

Let ministers of state restrict themselves, as such, to questions of state, and they may then complain, with some grace, of ministers of religion, if these shall fail to restrict themselves, as such, to questions of religion. But if the statesman must often turn priest, he has no right to complain if the priest should sometimes turn statesman. If governments will meddle with religion, they must not be surprised if religious men sometimes meddle with governments. In this case it is intrusion which generates intrusion. So long as the secular power shall invade the province of the religious, according to our present usage, so long there will be occasions on which the religious power will invade the province of the secular. The strength of the aggression, too, on the one side, will determine the strength of the reaction on the other. That both powers should be at peace, it is necessary that one should be the willing slave of the other, or that each should be confined to its own sphere. If any lesson may be gathered with certainty from ecclesiastical history, it is this lesson. In our own country, collision of this nature is unavoidable, not only from the relation of the government to the established religion, but from its frequent contact, as the consequence of that particular relation, with a large portion of religion which is non-established. So long as this state of things shall continue, those junctures will often come round in which the course of proceeding so little acceptable to Lord John Russell will be sure to recur. The fault, however, in this affair, is not so much with the men whom his lordship has censured, as with the nature of his own policy. The evil deprecated must be unavoidable, so long as those Erastian

principles, to which our statesmen are so much attached, shall maintain their ascendancy in the constitution of this country.

But it does not follow, because a statesman is not powerful enough to carry great measures, that he should seem to have become indifferent to great principles. We think, rather, that the strength of impediment in the way of any practical good, should be felt as so much motive to the more frequent and earnest enunciation of the grounds on which that good is demanded. We judge that, in most cases, men should be only the more determined to be heard on the side of truth, in proportion as they feel that to *speak* in its behalf is all that, for the present, is permitted to them. Lord John Russell may not deem himself in fault in this respect, but there are men holding him in high esteem who are of another judgment. That pleading in behalf of truth, which seems only to grow stronger as the tide of opinion is setting in against it, may result in some men from mere obstinacy, or resentment, or from an indiscreet zeal; but that is the course, nevertheless, which will mark a real magnanimity.

The impression is very general among observing men, that the temper and manners of conservative statesmen are less open to complaint, as regards attention to personal and even public feeling, than those of liberal politicians. The former seem to be aware that there is a want of the popular in their principles, and that this deficiency must be supplied by a more careful attention to what is personal, and to the claims of popular feeling in other forms. But our whig leaders seem too often to lean on their principles with so much confidence, as to be comparatively negligent of the subordinate means of influence. It is true of statesmen, however, as of other men, that nothing is lost in social life by a little considerateness, courtesy, and good temper,—especially in relation to large bodies of men, which are generally under the influence of a few minds, and take their tone from those minds. In such relations, very little forethought and effort, with a view to

conciliate or to preserve amity, might often suffice to prevent great mischiefs. The love of freedom is inseparable from a large measure of self-esteem; and we need neither ghost nor poet to assure us that—

‘The proud are ever most provoked by pride,’

or at least by the conduct which they interpret as proceeding from that cause. Now what meaneth this language? Truly it hath a meaning—and a history—which some men will readily understand.

The great Lord William Russell was a decided churchman and a zealous whig. But when his lordship lay under sentence of death, none of his clerical visitors could forbear to urge upon him a grave consideration of that sin of resistance which had brought him into his present circumstances. His lordship had no misgiving, either of understanding or heart, in regard to the justice of the course which he had pursued, and avoided entering into the casuistry of that question. But the fact is remarkable, that his creed as a politician should have been thus utterly disowned on the part of the establishment which he supported with so much zeal as a Christian; that in those solemn hours this antagonism between the faith of a good churchman—as expounded even by such men as Tillotson and Burnet—and his own faith as a statesman, should have been so forcibly presented to him. His lordship, we must suppose, saw no great inconsistency in professing himself a true member of the church of England, notwithstanding this discrepancy of doctrine between himself and his spiritual advisers. He, no doubt, regretted this discrepancy, and in other circumstances might have been disposed to inquire how it came to pass that an institution, which, in his view, was so adapted in all other respects to its office, should be found an inculcator of lessons on one of the greatest questions of human duty so little in accordance with his own judgment. But his lordship’s perplexity on this subject, if perplexity he felt, was reserved to his own bosom.

This discordancy, however, between the professions of the churchman and the patriot, in the case of Lord William Russell while in prison, is a form of inconsistency observable in Lord John Russell through his whole career. In the church which his lordship so much delighteth to honour, he has found his most relentless antagonist. Whatever he most values as a statesman has been opposed, in the greatest degree, by the ministers of the church which he upholds in that capacity. In his lordship's view, no tree of its kind is so good as that tree. Did it never occur to him to inquire how it has come to pass that a tree so good has borne fruit which to the experience of his lordship has been so much the reverse of good? Whoever else may have failed to cross his path, the clergy of the established church have not so failed; and the measures which his lordship has prosecuted with the greatest solicitude, are those which have been always resisted with the greatest determination from that quarter. Unless our reasoning on this subject has led us greatly astray, it would seem that the measure of the good which his lordship would do as a politician, must be the measure of the evil which he perpetuates in regard to everything political as a churchman. Nothing can be more plain, than that the religious system and the political system, in this case, are opposites, and cannot be made to amalgamate. This opposition must be that of the true and the not true; and which must we account as the not true? In the case of Lord John Russell, then, as in that of his martyred progenitor, attachment to the church of England must be supposed to rest on grounds almost wholly distinct from the political tendencies of that institution. What those grounds are is a question of some compass, on which we shall not at present enter.

It may be much to the credit of his lordship's Christian forbearance thus to repay good for evil. We know not that we have any right to indulge in censure if it should be his pleasure to show so much affection in a quarter from which he must know it will be utterly vain to expect

any grateful return. But such displays of generous feeling in one relation, naturally dispose men to look for indications of similar magnanimity in other relations. In so looking, however, many nonconformists have been disappointed, and have sometimes declaimed with much warmth on this unreasonable and inconsistent favouritism. Even toryism, in a churchman, it is alleged, is manifestly more acceptable to his lordship than liberalism in a dissenter. The clergyman, notwithstanding all his repugnance to large and generous political principles, is preferred to the nonconformist minister, notwithstanding his adherence to such principles. Thus, even in the case of Lord John Russell, the ecclesiastical is placed before the civil, and the sympathies of his lordship with an established priesthood, are manifestly stronger than his sympathies with general freedom. Civil liberty is good, but the civil establishment of religion is a greater good. Promote the former so far as you have the power, but, at all costs, preclude every kind of danger from the latter.

We regret that there should have been anything in the conduct or language of Lord John Russell that may seem to warrant such imputations. But it is unquestionable that his lordship has often acted inconsistently, that he might do favour to churchmen; and that there have been occasions on which he has so acted, much to the injury, rather than to the advantage, of protestant dissenters. When men become inconsistent that they may conceal the faults of their enemies, we can place an honourable construction on their conduct; but when they forego consistency, apparently that they may magnify the real or supposed errors of their friends, the moral conclusion is of another complexion. Lord John Russell once volunteered a defence of the principle of compulsory support for the ministers of religion, alleging, from his place in the House of Commons, that where no such provision is made, it must be true of religious teachers, as of all other servants of the public, stage-players among the rest, that—

‘Those who live to please must please to live.’

His lordship was not left in ignorance of the pain which this allusion had given to the mind of nonconformist ministers through the kingdom, but he never deigned, so far as we remember, to recall, or in any way to soften, these offensive expressions.

If his lordship's language on that occasion has any meaning, it must mean that, in his view, there is something dependent, and greatly the reverse of the dignified, in popular suffrage, especially as affecting religion. Nevertheless, in his lordship's theory as a politician, the House of Commons is the life-blood of the English constitution. It is that assembly which places the government in wholesome relation to the people, and on which, in its well-regulated influence, depend the prosperity of the nation, and the safety of the church, the peerage, and the throne. In that house, however, what do we see but an assembly deriving its existence, and all its authority, from popular suffrage? What was the Reform Bill, but a measure intended to base the authority of that house on a wider extent of popular suffrage? What has been the great reform effected by his lordship in our municipal corporations—has it not been to wrest the election of magistrates from the hands of so many political clubs, and to make it dependent on popular suffrage? Is it not the boast of the whigs, that the tendency of their administration has been to break down exclusiveness and monopoly, and everywhere to give greater power to the free voice and free action of the people? That a tory of the school of forty years since should cast popular suffrage away from him as an unclean thing we can understand; but that Lord John Russell should do this is not so intelligible. It may be said, indeed, that popular suffrage in religion is a very different matter from such suffrage in secular affairs. But the principle is the same in both cases; and the objects are not so different as to warrant his lordship in assuming that a principle which is set forth as of the greatest value in the government of the world, must be not only valueless, but mischievous, as applied to the

government of the church. We have been accustomed to regard the representative principle as a principle adapted to the wisest condition of society; and the church which is not competent to work out that principle much more wisely than the world has ever done, must be thus at fault as being wanting in the characteristics of those churches of which we read in the New Testament.

On the question of suffrage, it may be, as stated, a great sign of weakness to suppose that any possible change in that respect would suffice to correct our many social disorders. But, on the other hand, the politician who denounces the theory which assigns the same vote to every man, as being in our state of society not only unwise, but unjust and most dangerous, and who supposes that having so done he has done enough, is not a person, as we venture to think, to be commended for his sagacity. What is it that has made the thought of an equality of suffrage so alarming? Manifestly the great inequality amongst us between the rich and poor, between the numbers of those who have and of those who have not. We have seen that, by means of a property test, taken at almost the lowest point above pauperism, the subjects of the British crown, in Great Britain and Ireland, who are not franchised, are, in comparison with the franchised, as nine to one. Is this a state of society with which to be satisfied? And these proportions between the rich and poor are not diminishing, but increasing. Land and property continue to pass into fewer and still fewer hands; and thus the fearful breach, in which nations have been so commonly ingulphed, is constantly widening before us. The land of this country, which, in 1815, was in the hands of some thirty thousand proprietors, had been in the hands of some eight times that number only forty years before. From that time to the present the momentum has been in the same direction. The greatly wealthy and the moderately wealthy have increased, but the classes who may be said to be without substance of any kind have increased in a much greater proportion. Thus the

circumstances have been long gathering strength, which, on the one hand, render the demand of a much more extended suffrage increasingly natural; and which, on the other hand, tend just as strongly to render compliance with that demand increasingly dangerous.

It was precisely thus in the later times of the Roman republic; and as it was found impossible to resist the great extension of the suffrage then demanded, the mass of voters soon became the bought menials of the patricians, being openly fed, and otherwise bribed, that their votes might be the property of their masters. To have resisted the franchise would have been to destroy the state, by surrendering it to the passions of a poor, an unprincipled, and an excited populace; to concede the franchise was to do the work of destruction no less certainly, but to bring on that event by subjecting the body politic to the influence of a lingering disease, rather than to a more speedy dissolution by the hand of violence. To such pass affairs had come as the fruit of aristocratic wisdom and delay! In the reign of Augustus, two hundred thousand franchised persons are described as obtaining their food by means of corn-tickets, which gave them bread — in the manner of our soup-tickets — without cost. Cæsar, on one occasion, purchased the adhesion and the plaudits of that honourable constituency, by distributing to each man a sum of money, ten pounds of oil, and ten bushels of corn. In the struggles of factions which mark those times, the great men vied with each other in such donations to the burghers. The gratuities rose as the competition between the political leaders waxed strong, and the votes passed as a matter of course to the highest bidder. Such a condition of rich and poor, under any signal failure of the commercial and manufacturing interests of this country, would speedily become our own. Nothing would be more natural at such a juncture, than that the loud and concentrative voice of the unfranchised for a more extended suffrage should prevail, and then the course of baseness and ruin which have

always followed in such circumstances would again follow. The many without the means of subsistence must still obtain subsistence ; and the wealthy few, from whom alone those means could proceed, would dole them out as the price of servitude.

The grand impediment in the way of a more equal distribution of civil rights in this country, is in this great inequality of social conditions which has unhappily obtained among us, and in the injustice of the policy by which that inequality is sustained. The essential preliminary to the safe concession of a right of suffrage to all men manifestly is, that the administration of our social affairs should be made to rest on a basis of justice towards all men. Even from the influx of universal suffrage there would be little to fear on the part of a government pervaded by something like a universal rectitude. But woe to that government which becomes subject to a new popular power, having, at the same time, a long arrear of debt to settle with that power ! The aristocracy which has been careful to leave the people at large little to improve upon when admitted to the functions of the state, may regard their admission as an event which will be comparatively harmless. But the fate of a government of privilege, when broken in upon by the popular will, is to be demolished. Wrong is then avenged by wrong.

The choice before our statesmen is, to order our affairs so that they may converge gradually and safely towards a greater equality of social conditions, as preparatory to a greater equality of social rights, or else to act upon their present policy. By pursuing the former course, they may secure to their country tranquillity, progress, and long-enduring greatness ; by pursuing the latter, they will become its destroyers, unless the natural course of things should be prevented by some timely revolution. We do not put forth these statements unadvisedly. We regard them as containing weighty truth.

One step towards a safe and improved state of things would be, in the working out of a more equalized system of

taxation. It is one of our bad usages, that the greater portion of our revenue is made to arise from taxes on consumption. Hence the facility with which the burden of taxation has been made to rest on the poor unduly if compared with the rich. The working man pays, direct or indirect, to the extent of nearly half his earnings, in taxes of this nature, while the payments of the rich man are in no such proportion. This fact is well known, and admits of being presented by any demagogue to any capacity. It is rich men, he naturally observes, who make our laws, and, therefore, they are made after this fashion. The statistics are at hand by which all this may be demonstrated. And nothing can check the exposure, or prevent its taking full hold on the mind of our people. It was the injustice which has become so easy under this system, that led Dr. Chalmers to urge, many years since, that it might be wholly done away. 'It were infinitely better,' he writes, 'than the present universal system of taxation on commodities, that there should be an income tax, although it did include the mercantile along with the landed classes. We believe the latter would pay all; but leaving this question to be settled afterwards between these two classes, there is another question more urgent still, and demanding an immediate settlement, we mean, the question between the higher and humbler classes of society. An income tax on the former, to the ostensible relief of the latter, would wrest this most formidable weapon from the hand of demagogues.'

It is not good at any time that the position of the government should be that of a power which directly intervenes to make the food of the poor man dear. But in times of scarcity no circumstance can be so fitted to goad hunger into insurrection. Even Sir Robert Peel admits that our taxes in this shape have been imposed to the farthest extent admissible. Nor is it merely from an incensed populace that the aristocratic classes may, in such case, apprehend danger. We have seen that the great landlord power of this country is such, that when com-

bined, it can force a parliament, a cabinet, and almost anything it chooses, on the sovereign, reducing the power of the crown—costly as that affair is to the nation—to something very like a nonentity. But suppose such a course should be taken, not against a female sovereign, but against some Richard Cœur de Lion, or some Bluff Harry, would there be no temptation to such a man, while writhing under his thralldom, in the thought that about him were a people who, if only placed under a good leadership, would be found ready to become the deliverers of a patriot king from the bonds of a proud and selfish oligarchy, bent on exhibiting itself as alike master of sovereign and subject? Such a juncture of affairs is at least within the range of the possible.

It would not be enough, however, that the burden of taxation should be removed much more than at present from consumption to property. Its bearing upon the rich, as compared with the poor, should, on the ground of justice, humanity, and sound policy, be decidedly reversed. Unwelcome truth, this, in some quarters; but he is not the friend of his country who is determined to close his eyes against it.

Another step, however, no less necessary to our progress, and we will say, to our safety, is the abolition of that law which assigns so large a preponderance of property in these realms to the elder sons of our wealthy families. By means of this law, the daughters and the younger brothers in such families are left comparatively without provision. We have cited the opinion of Dr. Chalmers on the former topic with a measure of approval, but his doctrine concerning this law of primogeniture, we regard as open to serious exception. 'We know,' says this author, 'that there is a mighty force of sentiment and natural affection arrayed against the law of primogeniture. But here is the way in which we would appease these feelings, and make compensation for the violence done to them. We would make no inroad on the integrity of estates, or, for the sake of a second brother, take off to the extent of a

‘thousand a year from that domain of ten thousand a year, which devolves, by succession, on the eldest son of the family. We should think it vastly better if, by means of a liberal provision in all the branches of the public service, a place of a thousand a year lay open to the younger son, whether in the law or in the church, or in colleges, or in any other well-appointed establishment kept up for the good and interest of the nation.’ The course which Dr. Chalmers thus commends, is that which is resolutely pursued, not merely by the families of the peerage, but by some thousands beside, over the face of this whole country. The effect is not to increase the number of persons possessing moderate property, but to perpetuate a small class of men distinguished from the body of the nation by their enormous possessions. Such, we have seen, were the patricians of ancient Rome, and we have seen some of the consequences which are naturally attendant on so unequal a distribution of wealth.

On this subject we shall oppose to the opinion of Dr. Chalmers that of his illustrious countryman, Sir Walter Scott:—‘What we now see in England took place after the destruction of the Roman republic, and was the principal cause of the downfall of the Roman empire. The small farms of the primitive Romans had been gradually united; the property of the soil was confined to a small number of great proprietors, and the cultivation of it handed over to slaves. Mercenaries alone were intrusted with the defence of the country, and the empire fell to pieces.

‘If the existing system in England is not changed, it will happen, before long, that the total rental of the landlords will be absorbed by the poor-rates. In certain parishes they already exceed the rental, and, in a great number of others, they carry away two-thirds of it, and continue increasing in a most alarming ratio. This is a palpable chastisement to those who, from a motive of cupidity, as culpable as it is imprudent, have separated from the soil the peasant who cultivates it.

‘The time will come, when the whole rent of the land will be hypothecated to the poor. An agrarian law will thus be in fact established; and, by the strangest and most unexpected of revolutions, the labourers in the country will be substantially in possession of the whole of the rental of that soil in which any participation is now refused them.

‘In this respect, France, more equitable than England, has also shown herself more politic. Whilst that our laws favour, by a continual action, the accumulation of landed property, hers, on the contrary, tend to a perpetual subdivision of it. It is possible that the system in France may not be confined within proper bounds, but even were it carried to an extreme, it is less prejudicial than the opposite one.’

Under the sanction of such an authority, we shall, perhaps, be safe in giving expression to opinions which might otherwise be regarded with considerable distrust. The theory of Dr. Chalmers, in place of increasing the number of men of moderate property, of steady industry, and eminently qualified to do service to the state, must throw some myriads of the younger branches of families upon society, in a condition of necessitous gentility—a condition fraught with mischief to the community, as well as to the parties who are doomed to it. Hence the zeal evinced in certain quarters, to uphold every institution and every arrangement which may furnish places for persons of that class. They form a sort of caste, regularly quartered upon the community; and whether these men happen to be fit for places or not, it is felt to be of great moment that places should be found for the men. The legitimate services of the state would, of course, always furnish a considerable amount of honourable employment to men of education, but the effect of the law adverted to is to restrict the supply to one class, and to multiply it greatly beyond the demand. Were the great majority of those persons cultivators of small properties of their own, their position would be un-

speakably more honourable to themselves, and more serviceable to the state. They would constitute a fine middle class of independent yeomanry, separating between the large proprietors and the mere tenants at will, in place of leaving the counties of England to be everywhere occupied with lord and vassal.

We know that our English economists, influenced as they have been for the most part by the ascendant temper of this country, have generally deprecated the sort of change which we are bold enough to recommend. Indeed, every kind of mischief has been predicated of it. Production, it is said, would, in such case, be less, embellishment less, our whole civilization less. Such also has been the tone of a journal, whose sayings on this subject, as on many others, have often been allowed to carry with them an undue measure of authority.* According to the predictions of such oracles, France should, by this time, have been totally ruined by the laws passed at the time of the Revolution in favour of a greater subdivision of property, whereas it has been constantly deriving an increase of wealth, and, what is infinitely more valuable than money, a new measure of intelligence, virtue, and patriotism from that change.

The practice of pointing to Ireland as an illustration of the condition to which English agriculture would be reduced if the law of primogeniture were abolished, is most disingenuous. Ireland is rather an illustration of the miseries which that law must always entail on a people where its evils are not mitigated by prosperity in manufactures and commerce. In Ireland, it is not the moderate division of lands amidst a large number of substantial freeholders that we see, but a parcelling out of the surface of the country among a wretched tenantry—so wretched that the greater part of them should never have been required to pay rent otherwise than in kind.

The arable land at present in France is little more than

* Edinburgh Review.

it was in 1789; but such is the better culture which has been attendant on the greater subdivision of the soil, that the surface which afforded only a scanty subsistence to twenty-five millions before the Revolution, now sustains thirty-three millions in comfort and abundance. In Switzerland, Tuscany, and Flanders, where this greater division of territory most obtains, we find agriculture in the highest, the most garden-like condition. Is it not natural that it should be so? Will not a man labour on his own land as he would not on the land of another? Is there not enough in this one advantage to counterbalance every disadvantage incident to such an arrangement? The proprietor, in this case, may not always be a man of capital, but his labour as a cultivator, and his feeling as a patriot, are alike augmented by the consciousness that the space about him is his own. On the Continent, the law of primogeniture is little known, and our homespun theories in its favour are sometimes rudely shaken when brought into contact with the statistics supplied by countries where that law has been abandoned. In those countries, and chiefly from this cause, the middle classes are multiplying much more rapidly than with us. Hence, little as we may suspect it, those nations are becoming much more ripe than ourselves for the possession of popular institutions. Nearly all the great statesmen, moreover, in those lands, concur in regarding the tendency in our affairs to perpetuate this extravagant wealth in a few families, to prevent the increase of small proprietors, and to augment the dependent and ignorant masses of our people, as a course of things which must necessarily carry the elements of destruction along with it. In a free and prosperous country, a landed aristocracy, and a money aristocracy will be sure to arise. What we desire is, that nothing should be done to *facilitate* or *perpetuate* such aggregations of wealth in few hands as we see encouraged both by law and usage in this country.

The statesman, then, especially needed in the times on which we are entering, is a man who will know how to demean himself without any sign of favouritism towards

the different religious parties in this great empire—who will be prepared to advocate a large removal of taxation from commodities to property—who will be bold enough to maintain that the rich should be taxed in proportion to their means in common with the poor—who will not hesitate to set forth the great inequalities between those classes as our especial danger—who will be resolute to encourage every measure which may tend to give a healthy occupancy to the space between the few who possess much and the many who possess nothing, by augmenting the middle class, both of agriculturists and traders, to the greatest degree practicable; and who will look to this progress of greater equality in our social relations as a people, as preparatory to a greater equality with regard to all civil rights.

Is Lord John Russell a statesman of this order? We should be glad could we speak of our hope in this respect as stronger than our fear. His lordship may do real service to his country, without taking exactly the ground to which we have pointed. But the man needed by the exigencies of our affairs, is the man who can rise fully to that level. Lord John Russell, we fear, will never realize as a minister the large hopes entertained by many in relation to him as a candidate for that office. No considerable move beyond the old landmarks of his party will ever be made by him. He holds something of a middle place between the men who have been, and the men who are to come. It is not possible that he should prevent a transfer of state-power from the hands of his party to hands that will wield it with greater freedom, but he will cause that transfer to be slower, and perhaps safer than it might otherwise have been. For ourselves, however, we say, once for all, that we do not mean to forget, that, in regard to men, and to all human affairs, our choice can never have respect to the perfect, but must always lie between the more or less imperfect. We do not mean, therefore, to separate ourselves from the best coadjutors we can obtain, because they do not happen to rise fully to

our standard. We remember to have heard the late Lord Holland express himself, some seven years since, concerning the irritable feeling which was then beginning to show itself between the Melbourne ministry and the dissenters, in the following terms:—‘It is certain,’ said his lordship, speaking to a nonconformist, ‘that we can do nothing without you, and it is no less certain that you can do nothing without us; and if we have not good sense and good feeling enough to avoid quarrelling, the enemy will profit by our disagreements, and we shall both go to the wall.’ Need we say that this witness was true?

With regard to our own circumstances, as protestant nonconformists, much as we may regret some things existing among us, we see in our prospects, on the whole, much more to awaken hope than to warrant despondency. Feeble as we may be in our aggressive movements; when our liberties are assailed, we possess a power against which even the strongest government will not be likely to commit itself. Nor can any man have given attention to the speeches delivered in the last session of parliament, in connexion with the rescinding of those obsolete statutes which imposed so many penalties on catholic recusants; or to the principles avowed in connexion with the passing of the Dissenters’ Chapels Bill, without perceiving that maxims of fairness, as regards the manner in which religious parties should be dealt with by governments, are obtaining recognition in high places, in a degree unknown in our history since the times of the Restoration. Even the proposal to endow the catholic priests in Ireland, is one effect of this onward course of right thinking, though in itself a mistake. That proposal rests on the principle, that it is not the business of the civil government to dictate a religion to the people, so much as to legislate in all matters upon those principles of moral fairness which are anterior even to religion itself. Any attempt to carry out that proposal would be resisted, we trust, by the whole body of British nonconformists, and by a large portion of conformists also; but the discussions which the agitation

of such a scheme would elicit, could not fail of giving a mighty impetus to right thinking on such subjects. In all these instances we discern the care of legislators to act with some just and honourable feeling towards other religions as well as towards the established religion. They are so many indications of a spirit of equality, as opposed to a spirit of exclusiveness or monopoly. We see in these facts, that it begins to be dimly apprehended, that the business of government is not to show favour to one sect so much as to do justice to all sects. Its next advance may be, to see that it will be best that all sects should be left to do justice to themselves. For the progress of self-sustained religion in England, and the bound which that principle has made of late in Scotland, are doing much to explode many an old argument in favour of a compulsory policy on that subject. Every day, also, is showing how little can be done to secure the purity of religion by creeds and formularies, and civil statutes; and if many pious episcopalians, who are just now deeply offended with the divided state and declining religion of the established church, could only see in protestant nonconformity a haven of rest, a home for piety, we are constrained to think that many of the best of that class would fly to us as to a refuge, much as devout men from the same communion have done in former times.

But some man will say, 'We desire not such adherents. We wish men to be with us from principle, not from circumstances—to be with us wholly, or not at all.' And can it be that the persons who thus express themselves really mean what they say? You call on men to change their opinions, and is no space to be ceded to the process necessary to that change? You determine to receive no man cordially as a nonconformist, who does not become such out and out, and at a leap. Did it never occur to you to inquire whether the man who can leave one set of opinions after that fashion in favour of another, can be a man likely to show much steadiness in opinion of any sort? Are they not, commonly, persons either of the

largest views, or of the most conscientious feeling, who see most reason for hesitancy in regard to very positive notions on such points—and is there anything in the nature of our dogmatism, or our upbraidings, that can be expected to bring such men heartily to our side? Has it been by adopting a repulsive policy of this order with regard to every class of the inquiring and the partially enlightened, or by conduct the reverse of this, that the one Congregational church in England two centuries since, has given place to the several thousand churches in this country which may now be described by that name?

OXFORD AND EVANGELICAL CHURCHMEN.*

(May, 1845.)

THE religion inculcated in Holy Writ is not the growth of one church. The spiritualism of Pascal is that of all devout men. Romanist and protestant, prelatist and puritan, may be separated from each other by many points of speculation and practice, and may still be as one in respect to this feeling, and in respect to the truth from which it springs. There is a Christianity to which they all do homage, and to the generous heart that Christianity is, what Elis was to the ancient Greek,—the ground on which feud is forgotten, and where the gathering is that of a band of brothers. In these times, when all our watchwords seem to breathe the elements of strife, it is not easy to extrude the discordant, and to dwell on a picture of imagination so peaceful and unreal. But the thing is possible, and to us it is pleasant. Nor can we doubt that such pictures will become realities. We are still believing men. We bate not a jot of heart or hope on account of existing controversies, so far as regards the cause of a truly catholic piety. Our sole care is to acquit ourselves in relation to it and to its enemies in the manner becoming

* The University, the Church, and the New Test, &c. A Letter to the Lord Bishop of Chichester. By the Rev. J. GARBETT, Prebendary of Chichester, and Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Hatchard and Son. 1845. 8vo, pp. 84.

us as its real disciples. In the history of providence there is a relation, partaking of the constancy of law, between the strong developments of error and the stronger developments of truth. Wakefulness begets wakefulness. It is while men sleep that the tares are sown. We feel, accordingly, that to fear belongs not to our vocation, but at all times to labour and to wait. Such we feel to be especially our course of duty during the times now passing over us.

The condition of the Church of England about a century since in relation to the kind of piety of which we have spoken was deplorable. The increase of an earnest Christian feeling within its pale since that time is the great fact in its recent history. So far as state enactment, and even state influence are concerned, the institution itself has not undergone any material change; but the effect of the natural progress of society on the intelligence, feeling, and course of action, of the parties adhering to it, is everywhere conspicuous. Still the question of the state of religion in our established church a century since, and at the present time, is one on which our judgment should not be lightly formed. In speaking of its condition in regard to piety a hundred years ago as deplorable, we would not be understood as meaning to say that we account all churchmen in those times who were not to be numbered among the disciples of Hervey or Romaine as being destitute of spiritual religion. We know enough of the force of prejudice to be prevented from seeing our way at once to such a conclusion. The undue worship of forms may consist with a real worship of something greatly above them. Men may possess much evangelical feeling, and still hold defective, and even mistaken notions, in regard to parts of the evangelical system. There may be real piety, and not all the liberty and joyousness which belong to its higher influence. On this subject it behoves us to guard against substituting a formalism of our own, in the place of the formalism we condemn. All parties have their shibboleths, which, if true in the main, are not

always charitably applied. Nevertheless, when charity has made her largest allowance in this view, the conclusion to which we are shut up is sufficiently humiliating. In the Church of England during the greater part of the last century, we see an establishment, eminent in its wealth, in its intellectual resources, and in its social influence—and a people sunk to the level of paganism, if not below it, as regards ignorance, sensuality, and irreligion.

But from the time we have mentioned, good men in our national church, both ministers and laymen, began to be observant of this state of things, and to lament it. Methodism was the offspring of this feeling. It separated from the establishment, but it should not be forgotten that it originated there. Its spirit was much too buoyant and impetuous to bow to the restraints of the Anglican discipline. Yet, while many separated, others of kindred temper remained conformists, and for a long time the two parties laboured as parallel forces rather than as antagonists.

It was a beneficent arrangement of Providence that the calling forth of this new religious feeling among the middle and lower classes of the people in England should precede the era of the French Revolution. Before the age of Robespierre and Paine, the body of Evangelical Christians in this country, conformist and nonconformist, had become sufficiently powerful to originate most of those religious institutions which have since grown to such maturity. In the history of those attempts to diffuse Christian intelligence, and a more religious feeling, there was no doubt much that savoured of extravagant expectation, and the eloquence wherewith such projects were commended was not always of the wisest or purest description. But the zeal thus evinced was that of warm-hearted pious men. It was allied, moreover, with much enlightened charity. Multitudes of men and women, presenting every variety of capacity and culture, were found capable of subordinating their lesser points of difference to their greater points of agreement—and choosing their common

ground of action, they took possession of it with much generosity of purpose. It was thought, that in those seemly confederacies some approach had been made towards a sound catholic unity. The hope of a oneness of *judgment* in *all* things, seemed to be in good part relinquished, that a oneness of *feeling* in *some* things, and those the *best* things, might be realized. It was a healthy, manly, Christian-like course that affairs were then taking—we are sorry it has been impeded.

But to whom is the fault of this hindrance to be imputed? This is a large, and a somewhat vexed question—our words upon it shall be few. So long as Evangelical churchmen were feeble in respect to numbers and resources, it was natural that they should avail themselves of sympathy from almost any quarter whence it might be obtained. From the hands of the great majority within the pale of their own church they received hard treatment. They were spoken of as visionaries and fanatics. They were described at one moment as in league to undermine the principles of moral obligation, and the next as being righteous over-much; and nothing was more common than to hear them denounced as being no churchmen—as enemies within the camp. Nonconformists, on the other hand, never failed to appreciate their religious earnestness, to rejoice in their labours, and to deliver honourable testimony concerning them. In many a provincial district, the Venns, the Milners, and the Scotts of those days strained the jealous regulations of their church to the utmost, that they might act as instructors to the ignorant conjointly with dissenters. But, after a while, the times were seen to be changing. The mitre began to grace the brow of evangelical preachers. The titled and the noble stood forth as members of the growing sect. With multitude, and opulence, and rank, came other changes. Sympathy from without was less needed, and was less sought. The pomp of our national hierarchy, which the good men adverted to had been wont to regard as so much haughty worldliness, almost of necessity arrayed against them.

seemed now to present itself in a new light, to awaken new feeling, and to put the mind into a new process of calculation. Sober nonconformists were not insensible to this altered temper and relation of things, which soon disposed their old friends to move more separately and alone. In their own conduct they could see nothing that should have led to such a change. They were not inclined to judge the case harshly. They knew that evangelical churchmen were railed upon as being dissenters in their hearts, and they accounted it not the most unnatural thing in the world, that some of their number should evince a solicitude to avoid furnishing such railers with unnecessary pretexts. But when charity had done its utmost in this way, the case did not bear an agreeable aspect. It was too much as though even good men had learnt to prefer worldly association in connexion with the principle of an ecclesiastical establishment, to religious association apart from that principle. It seemed to say, that to be a churchman, was, even in the esteem of such men, a more material thing than to be a Christian. Charity, courage, catholic manhood—all appeared to have drooped under the smile of worldly favour. It was not pleasant to be obliged to judge thus concerning men of eminent religious profession, and who were still, no doubt, for the most part, men of sincere piety. But the conclusion seemed unavoidable. The spirit of the earlier evangelical churchmen had almost wholly disappeared. Something different—at times very different—had come into its place. Dispassionate men—men whose hearts were governed by no unfriendly, no unchristian feeling—often said that a day of trial would come, a day in which the evangelical party in the established church would cease as a party, or become more powerful than ever by returning to the more Christian and catholic temper of their predecessors.

It will be seen that in these observations we do not refer to very recent times, but to a course of affairs extending to about the close of the first quarter of the present century. Since that time so much fault has attached

to nearly all parties, that we have no disposition to attempt to strike the balance between them. If there be men who can look on the conflicts with which we have been familiar during the last fifteen or twenty years, as proceedings in which all the wisdom has been on one side, and all the folly on the other, we can only say that we have not learnt our philosophy in the school of such men. We still venture to think that in every party, wise ends may sometimes be pursued in bad temper by very well-meaning men. But we wish just now to be only so far mindful of the past as may be necessary to our judging with intelligence of the present. The great want of the crisis at which we have arrived is an enlightened, firm-hearted, concord among all good men—a strength of principle which may prompt to acts of resolute self-denial, and an expansive charity which may render us capable of wide agreement on the basis of great truths—and this we may hope to realize by something like a mutual confession of faults, much more than by indulging in sharp recrimination.

It is now about a century and a half since a memorable attempt was made to render the honours and emoluments of the English church, and the Universities, accessible to Romanists. It may not be amiss to advert to the leading facts in the history of that movement, and to mark the points in which they either resemble the present course of things at Oxford, or are distinguished from them. It is observable that neither James II., nor any of his flatterers, ever ventured to question the strictly protestant foundation of those establishments. It was everywhere admitted, that the provisions of protestant law were explicit and unquestionable; and the proposed changes were all to rest on so many acts of dispensation from the crown, which were to be raised above the law.

The verdict of the judges in favour of the dispensing power was obtained on the 21st of June, 1686: and about two months before, James had issued a dispensation in favour of Obadiah Walker, master of University College,

Oxford, and two fellows of that foundation, who professed themselves catholics. Licence was also given to publish catholic books from a printing-press in that college, and to celebrate catholic worship within its walls. So early as the middle of December, a dispensation had been granted to one Massey, exempting him from the Act of Uniformity, and the various acts passed to secure the protestant church; and the success of the king in the affair of University College, followed as it was by the opinion of the judges, so emboldened him, that he resolved to appoint this person to the vacant deanery of Christ Church, which would place him at the head of the largest college in that university, with the rank of a dignitary in the English church. Such, too, was the passiveness of Aldrich, the sub-dean, that Massey was installed, and his dispensation openly accepted. Nearly two years afterwards, the catholic dean of Christ Church presided at a meeting in Oxford to elect a bishop in that city.

In January, 1687, an attempt was made on Exeter College in the same university, but in another form. There were several fellowships in that college founded by the family of Petre, to which Father Petre, the jesuit, in much favour with the king, was related. But objections had been made to the right of the Petre family to appoint to those foundations, and during the last seventy years all such appointments had been made by the authorities of the college, without any interruption from the family of the founder. The case was now brought before the ecclesiastical commission court, the intention being to invest the catholic descendants of Sir William Petre with the power of nominating to the fellowships which he had founded. But the dispute was found to turn upon the nature of the contract between Sir William and the college, and both Jefferies and Herbert agreed in describing it as a matter for a civil suit, and as not coming within the province of the ecclesiastical commissioners. To prosecute it, however, in that form, would have been to give it a dangerous degree of publicity, and with much uncer-

tainty as to the result. The attempt was in consequence allowed to terminate at this point.

Early in February, Alban Francis, a Benedictine monk, who had for some time employed himself in endeavouring to make converts among the students at Cambridge, presented a letter from the king to the authorities of that university, which required them to admit the bearer to the degree of master of arts, without taking the usual oaths. It was obvious that if the dispensing power was to be thus recognised by the university at large, in one of its most formal acts, its freedom and its protestant character were at an end. Peachell, the vice-chancellor, hesitated, but, encouraged by the general feeling, he insisted that Francis should take the usual oaths as the condition of obtaining the degree. He was summoned before the ecclesiastical commissioners, and the university deputed some of the most distinguished of their body to accompany him, among whom stood Sir Isaac Newton, then professor of mathematics at Cambridge, exposed, along with his colleagues, to the scorn and insolence natural to such a judge as the Lord Chancellor Jefferies, and to men capable of acting as his coadjutors. The case was argued several times, but in the end Peachell was deprived of his office as vice-chancellor.

But the case of Magdalen College, Oxford, was that which produced the most general and the strongest impression, partly from its circumstances, and partly from the fact that the jealousy of the public mind had become by this time more thoroughly awakened. The president of Magdalen College, the most richly endowed community in Europe, died in March, 1687; and Smith, one of the fellows, on soliciting the interest of Parker, now bishop of Oxford, with the king, in favour of his election to the vacancy, was informed by that prelate, that 'the king expected the person to be recommended should be favourable to his religion.' Smith soon learnt that the professions demanded in this shape were such as he was not at liberty to make, and he did not scruple to

give out that he had, on that account, relinquished the hope which he for a time cherished. On the last day of March the fellows came to the resolution that they would proceed to the election of a president on the thirteenth of April. On the fifth of April, James issued a letter, which required them to make choice of Antony Farmer, 'any custom or statute to the contrary notwithstanding.' Farmer was a recent convert to the catholic faith, he was not a member of the college, and a man who indulged in the lowest vices. The fellows addressed a petition to the king, in which they stated that the person nominated by his majesty was legally disqualified for the appointment, and prayed that they might be left to the freedom of choosing their own president, or that some other person might be named to whom the same objections might not be made. On the fifteenth, the last day to which the election could be deferred, the fellows were informed that 'the king expected to be obeyed.' The reception of this mandate was followed by a spirited discussion, in which the younger members expressed themselves in language more like that of popular parliamentary leaders, than of learned persons who so short a time before had proclaimed their adherence to the extreme doctrine of passive obedience. In this spirit they set aside the mandatory letter of the king, and then proceeded to choose Mr. Hough as their president. In the following June they were summoned before the ecclesiastical commission, on which occasion Fairfax, one of their number, observed that he wished to know the authority on which the court rested its pretensions to be a judge in such cases, which led Jefferies to exclaim, 'What authority have you to be so impudent in court! This man ought to be kept in a dark room. Why do you suffer him to be without a guardian?' The election made by the fellows was of course declared void. The vice-president also, and two of the fellows, as leaders in this contempt of his majesty's commands, were suspended.

But the proofs of gross vice, which by this time were

brought against Farmer, precluded any further mention of him, and the person now fixed upon was Parker himself, a man who might be preferred to the individual whom he superseded, only as the vices of a thoroughly unprincipled mind, may be accounted less offensive than those of a vulgar sensualist. The fellows showed themselves as much opposed to this nomination as to the former. In September, James came himself to Oxford, where he was received with great outward expressions of loyalty. He summoned the fellows of Magdalen to his presence, and threatened them with his utmost displeasure if they longer hesitated to fulfil his instructions. But neither this threat, nor the subsequent insinuation as to what it might be in the power of the king to do by a process of *quo warranto*, or by the exercise of the ecclesiastical power of the crown in other ways, produced any impression favourable to the court policy. James considered that he had proceeded much too far in this business to think of a retreat. He accordingly issued a commission to Cartwright, bishop of Chester, and two of the judges, Wright and Jenner, empowering them, in his character as supreme visitor of cathedrals and colleges, to examine all the statutes and usages of the college, and to make such changes in them as should appear expedient. The commissioners made their appearance at Magdalen on the 20th of October. Hough displayed the mixture of firmness and moderation which became the occasion. He denied the authority of the visitation, except in so far as it might be consistent with the laws of the land and the statutes of the college. 'There neither is,' he declared, 'nor can be, another president, so long as I live and obey the statutes.' When, on the second day of their sitting, the commissioners pronounced him no longer president, and erased his name from the college book, he entered the hall, and 'protested against all they had done in prejudice of his right, as illegal, unjust, and cruel.' The dignity and courage with which the president uttered these words, so affected the people and the young gownsmen who were

present, that they raised a loud shout in the court. The commissioners not only rebuked this very unwelcome expression of feeling, but holding Hough responsible for the disorder, they bound him in the sum of 1000*l.* to appear and answer it in the Court of the King's Bench.

By such means Parker became president of Magdalen College. A majority of the fellows were prevailed upon to promise submission, 'as far as it was lawful and agreeable to the statutes of the college.' But James insisted on a written acknowledgment of their offence, and of their sorrow on account of it, which they not only refused, but declared 'they could not acknowledge themselves to have done anything amiss.' The consequence of this declaration was their immediate expulsion from their fellowships, which was followed by a decree of the ecclesiastical commissioners incapacitating them for holding any benefice or preferment in the church.

From this brief sketch it may be seen that the object of the Romanizers in the time of James the Second, and in our own, has been the same—to put an end to the protestantism of the established church and of the universities. But that is almost the only point in common between the two parties. The former movement proceeded, as we have seen, from the crown and the court; the latter has grown up spontaneously within the university itself. The first was based on a superseding of the law; the advocates of the second, appeal to law, or to the original design of the framers of the Thirty-nine Articles, as being in their favour. In the one instance, the feeling on the side of the meditated changes was more apparent than real; in the other, we have reason to fear that the disease is more deeply seated than the symptoms, marked as they are, would indicate. The men promoted in the former case were nearly all devoid of principle, and worthless; but the men who profess the same ecclesiastical sympathies now are mostly persons of unblemished reputation, some of them eminent in learning and capacity, and governed by religious principle and feeling, deeply

rooted in their whole character, and such as cannot fail to prompt them to effort, and may enable them to bear temporary reverses, in a manner worthy of a better cause. Not a few of them, like Mr. Ward, have embraced 'the whole cycle of Roman doctrine;' the only point of hesitancy being whether the pope should be regarded simply as patriarch of the west, or as possessing a wider spiritual supremacy. Even the papal supremacy is accounted 'reasonable,' and 'probable,' and in other circumstances would of course be readily admitted. We may add, also, that, in the time of James the Second, the effort was to open a way for the *introduction* of men of known Romanist principles, while at present the traitors are already within the citadel, struggling to retain their footing there, and to keep the path open for others to follow.

The passages from Mr. Ward's book, on which the Convocation of Oxford have recently passed judgment, are as follow:—

'I know no single movement in the church except Arianism in the fourth century, which seems to me so wholly destitute of all claims on our sympathy and regard, as the English Reformation.'—p. 45, (note).

'For my own part, I think it would not be right to conceal, indeed I am anxious openly to express, my own most firm and undoubting conviction, that were we, as a church, to pursue such a line of conduct as has been here sketched, in proportion as we did so, we should be taught from above to discern and appreciate the plain marks of Divine Wisdom and authority in the Roman church, to repent in sorrow and bitterness of heart our great sin in deserting her communion, and to sue humbly at her feet for pardon and restoration.'—p. 473.

'That the phrase 'teaching of the Prayer-book' conveys a definite and important meaning, I do not deny; considering that it is mainly a selection from the Breviary, it is not surprising that the Prayer-book should, on the whole, breathe an uniform, most edifying, deeply orthodox spirit; a spirit which corresponds to one particular body of doctrine, and not to its contradictory. Again, that the phrase 'teaching of the Articles' conveys a definite meaning, I cannot deny; for (excepting the five first, which belong to the old theology) they also breathe an uniform, intelligible spirit. But then these respective spirits are not different merely, but absolutely contradictory; as well could a student in the heathen schools have imbibed at once the Stoic and the Epicurean philosophies, as could a humble member of our church at the present time learn his creed both from Prayer-book and Articles. This I set out at length in two pamphlets, with an appendix, which I published three years ago; and it cannot therefore be necessary to go again over the

same ground, though something must be added occasionally in notes, and more methodically in a future chapter. The manner in which the very wording of the articles can be diverted from their natural spirit and accepted by an orthodox believer; how their *primâ facie* meaning is evaded, and the artifice of their inventors thrown back in recoil on themselves; this, and the arguments which prove the honesty of this, have now been for some time before the public.—p. 63, (note).

‘In my pamphlets, three years since, I distinctly charged the reformers with fully tolerating the absence from the Articles of any *real* anti-Roman determination, so only they were allowed to preserve an *apparent* one; a charge which I here beg as distinctly to repeat.’—p. 100, (note).

‘Our twelfth Article is as plain as words can make it, on the ‘evangelical’ side (observe in particular the word ‘necessarily’): of course I think its natural meaning may be explained away, for I subscribe myself in a non-natural sense.’—p. 479.

‘We find—oh most joyful, most wonderful, most unexpected sight!—we find the whole cycle of Roman doctrine gradually possessing numbers of English churchmen.’—p. 565.

‘Three years have passed since I said plainly, that in subscribing the articles, I renounce no Roman doctrine.’—p. 567.

Nothing can be more explicit than this language. To allege that Mr. Ward, a clergyman in a Protestant church and a fellow in a Protestant college, holds the doctrine of transubstantiation; recommends the worship of the Virgin; prayers for the dead; devotion to saints, to relics, and to images; and to add that he has spoken of the English Reformation as an object of ‘intense abhorrence—of deep ‘and burning hatred; and that he accounts the doctrine of ‘justification by faith as a most demoralizing heresy,’—to say all this, would be merely to repeat what Mr. Ward has himself abundantly declared in his various writings, and what he has said in substance in the passages now cited.

On the extracts which embody this ‘cycle’ of doctrine, the members of the Convocation at Oxford were summoned to pronounce judgment on the 13th of February last. Nearly four hundred masters of arts declared that they were not prepared to condemn such doctrine even as avowed, written, printed, and published by a person holding the position of a clergyman in the English church, and a fellowship in Balliol college; and against depriving the publisher of such a doctrine of his degree, and so

precluding him from acting as a teacher, and from taking part in the governing body of the university, the votes were more than five hundred, in an assembly of less than eleven hundred!

Something has been said as to the Convocation not being the proper body to deal with this question, and some votes we are told were given in favour of Mr. Ward on such grounds, apart from the intrinsic character of the point at issue, while others, for the same reason, declined to vote at all. But after giving our best attention to these objections, we feel obliged to regard them as mere pretexts.* We see no room to doubt that the real strength of the Tractarian party in connexion with Oxford is fully

* When the contents of Tract 90, on the principle of which Mr. Ward has acted, were condemned by the Hebdomadal Board, consisting of the Heads of Houses only, the language of Mr. Keble and his friends was, that such a decision by Convocation would have been authoritative and final. The right of the Convocation to proceed in this manner was not questioned, until it became known that the alarm excited by the publication of Mr. Ward's book would lead to such a proceeding. Mr. Keble's Letter to Mr. Justice Coleridge, intitled 'The Case of Subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles,' contains the following passages:—'Suppose that not the *Heads of Houses*, but the **ACADEMICAL BODY IN CONVOCATION ASSEMBLED** had determined that interpretations, such as have now been (not for the first time) suggested, evade rather than explain the Articles, and are inconsistent with the duty of receiving and teaching them in good faith, to which the University, by express statute, binds her tutors and other members, how would a college tutor (to take the simplest case first) have to act under such circumstances, supposing him convinced that the condemned view is the right one? *Would it not be a plain breach of human trust, if he used the authority committed to him for the purpose of teaching that view? and of a still higher trust, if, in compliance with the Academical law, he forbore to inculcate it?* **HAD THE CENSURE UNHAPPILY BEEN AUTHORITATIVE**, it would have been no slight stumbling-block. I would not willingly excite unnecessary scruples, nor cast a stumbling-block in the way of any man's conscience; but is it not so, that **HAD CONVOCATION RATIFIED ANYTHING EQUIVALENT TO THE RECENT VOTE OF HEADS OF HOUSES**, not only tutors, holding catholic views of the Articles, *must have resigned their offices to avoid breach of trust, but no academic whatever*, of the like principles, could either *subscribe afresh or continue* his subscription? Obviously he could not subscribe, for he could not do it in any sense allowed by the imposers.' From these passages it will be seen that the alleged non-competency of the Convocation to do as it has done, is a new doctrine suggested by new circumstances.

The newspapers state, that of the tutors in Oxford, twenty-five are Tractarian, twenty-three Anti-Tractarian, and that sixteen are neutral.

as great as the above votes would lead us to suppose. Tract 90 will perhaps be condemned by some such majority as condemned the extracts from the 'Ideal of a Christian Church.' The 'new test,' which would have required every academic to subscribe the Articles 'in the sense in which he generally believed them to have been originally put forth, and in which he believed them to be proposed to him by the University,' has been abandoned, partly from the known strength of the Tractarians, and partly through the influence of the liberal clergy—the clergy of the Arnold school—who maintained that ours is not an age for increasing tests, and that to pursue such a course would be, probably, to introduce a permanent evil, as the means of putting an end to a temporary mischief. This is the ground taken by Dr. Tait, in his pamphlet on this controversy.

Before we proceed to estimate what has been done, or is likely to be done, to protect the universities and the established church against the attacks which are thus made upon them, it may be well to institute some inquiry as to the causes from which this new and formidable movement may be said to have originated. To trace the evil to its source may assist us in judging with regard to the best means of counteracting it. There is not only a relation, but a proportion, between causes and effects; and judging of Tractarianism on this principle, the social and religious tendencies which have served to call it forth should be of a broad and obvious description.

During some years past, there has been much in the current of our affairs that might have been expected to issue in some such result. This feeling of antagonism to the reformers and to the Reformation, on the part of men who have grown up as in the bosom of Protestantism, is no new thing in our history. It is another instance of that action and re-action which seem to be inseparable from our institutions and our character. The first school of this order made its appearance in the time of James the First, and became notorious enough during the reign of

his successor. In those days, many of our great churchmen had learned to regard puritanism as the excess of protestantism. They were deeply scandalized by the freedom and boldness with which that sect assailed the pretensions of ecclesiastical authority, and the pomp of ecclesiastical usage. The court clergy, during the age of Elizabeth, had proved unequal to the service which devolved upon them as opposed to this new race of Iconoclasts. They were accounted, even by the men who were disposed to continue the same battle, as having been too much the mere instruments of the civil power. Decrees of state were the best weapons they could wield against parties governed by strong religious zeal. Their own religion, if they could be said to possess anything deserving the name, was formal, heartless, and feeble, while that of their opponents was of a nature to take possession of their whole soul. Judging from appearances, the great aim of the one party seemed to be to serve God, of the other to serve the Queen. As might be expected, the high churchmen retained the favour of the court, but the puritans won the affections of the people.

Truth, as commended to the listening multitude, proved stronger than all the displays of authority which emanated from palaces. But it was a bitterness of soul to some men, that this warfare, in place of being, according to their views on such matters, a warfare of religion in its higher form, against religion in a meaner condition, should seem to be the struggle of mere statesmanship or worldliness, on the one side, and of an ill-regulated but sincere piety on the other. It was felt that religion only could be strong as opposed to religion; and that in religion, as in other things, the weaker power must not be confided in as likely to prevail.

From such views of recent controversies and of religious parties sprang the school of Andrews and Cosin, of Montague and Laud. The fanaticism charged upon the puritans was now to be confronted by the superstitions of Romanism. The new power thus brought into play was

in great part corrupt, but still it was real. It possessed an earnestness, a life, and a kind of fascination, that did not belong to the high and dry orthodoxy of the ruling clergy under the last of the Tudors. In the struggle which ensued, the puritans adhered steadily to the doctrine of justification by faith; their new opponents denounced that tenet as unscriptural and demoralizing; insisted that the articles of their church were not to be signed in a Calvinistic sense; and in theological doctrine descended to something scarcely distinguishable from Pelagianism. The purity of the protestant faith was an object of special solicitude to the former party, and the authority of church institutes was an affair of no less concernment with the latter. To the severe simplicity of puritan worship the Tractarians of those times opposed the grave and studied pageantry of the church of the middle age. The attention of the one class of worshippers was directed to the abstract and the invisible, that of the other to the symbolic and the visible. In the one case religion was a power affecting the intellect and the heart, in the other it had more to do with the imagination and the senses. All parties in those times were believers in the divine right of their particular forms of polity; but among protestants, it was reserved to the school of Laud to speak disparagingly of all protestant churches beside their own, and to account them as wanting in a due, if not in an efficacious, administration of Christian ordinances. Hence, while the puritans were loud in their praises of the reformers, these recreant protestants were forward in defaming those generous emancipators of the human spirit, and reserved their eulogies for the fathers of the church in the fourth and fifth centuries.

As the progress of liberalism, involved in the history of the Reformation, called forth this conservative reaction in the seventeenth century; so the progress of the same principles, in connexion with the revolution of 1688, became the occasion of a similar reaction in the eighteenth; and in our own time, we see results of the same description following from the same cause. The nineteenth century

has had its advancing wave, in common with the two centuries immediately preceding it, and in each of these instances the swell has not come without its reflux. Still the tide is onward. What the Laudian school was in the time of Charles the First, the Jacobite and Nonjuror schools became in the time of William the Third; and in the doings of the modern Tractarians we see, in fact, little more than the return of foiled opponents to a stale and baffled experiment. The reaction of the Laudian confederacy ended in the overthrow of the church and the monarchy; the reaction of the high church party in the last century put an end to the meetings of the two houses of Convocation; and the controversies which now have their centre at Oxford, must end, we think, in the extinction of the established church, or in such a reformation as her sons have not been wont to dream about.

When we speak of the progress of liberal principles as having called forth these displays of opposite party feeling, we do not necessarily advert to any faultiness of conduct on the part of the advocates of those principles as having contributed to such a result. Such faultiness, however, there no doubt has been, and such has been its natural tendency—excess generating excess. But the Tractarian school is mainly a school of theology, and it is not to our abstract politics, so much as to the character of our religious parties, that we must look for the causes which have served to make that school what it is. The good and evil, too, observable in these parties, have had their share in this general effect. Much blame attaches in this respect, as we think, to nonconformists, in common with the evangelical and orthodox clergy; and we mean to give expression to our honest thoughts on this subject in its relation to each of these parties.

During many years the stream of popularity flowed strongly in favour of the evangelical clergy. Their influence over the lower and middle classes gave them great power. The old orthodoxy could not compete with this new feeling of methodism, as it was said to be, within the

church. It was as much at fault in our time, as the clergy of the Parker and Whitgift school had been in the time of Elizabeth. It might envy, traduce, or persecute, but it could not vanquish. Tractarianism, like young Englishism, with all its pride, is bent on being popular. It has somehow learned, that, in our times, the favour of the great is not so certain an element of power as the favour of the people. But to be popular as a religious party, one of two things had become necessary, either that they should join the evangelicals, or that they should set up a system of their own, and one which should carry with it some new attraction and a real earnestness. In this alternative the latter course has been chosen, and the party make no secret of the reasons which have disposed them to that course. Against the evangelical school they bring many grave accusations, which are in part grossly untrue, but in part are founded on truth.

The charge brought against evangelical churchmen, as being the teachers of doctrines unfavourable to morality and to the cultivation of holy affections, is in the greater part manifestly unjust. It is preferred in ignorance, or against knowledge. If these men knew better, they should have written otherwise. If they did not so know, they should have abstained from writing until better informed. No man can be ignorant of the fact, that it is by their strong religious feeling, and their greater religious activity, that evangelical churchmen have been distinguished from churchmen of every other class. Whether the cherishing of religious affections, and the observance of moral and religious conduct, be regarded as *conditions* of pardon, or as the certain fruit of that sense of moral obligation which must always spring from a grateful consciousness of pardon,—in either case, the necessity of such habits, as the evidence of Christian character, has not been insisted on by any party so imperatively as by the very party who are thus censured. Great moral purity; serious, earnest, self-denying piety; and zealous effort to abate the ignorance, irreligion, and suffering of their respective

neighbourhoods and of mankind, are the excellencies in which this class of persons have not only been conspicuous, but have greatly distanced every other class within their own communion.

Still it must not be denied, that the treatment of moral questions in the pulpits of the evangelical clergy, has been, for the most part, a very sorry exhibition. Nor must it be pretended that the ecclesiastical learning, the theological knowledge, or the general culture of that class of public instructors, has been such as should have distinguished them. Some twenty years since, they were in very easy circumstances, and they have been much too ready to suppose that to-morrow would be with them in this respect as to-day. They laid their account with a measure of rivalry from dissenters, but they were not disposed to suspect that rivalry might possibly arise from within their own church, or that the sort of preaching which seemed to meet the popular taste at that time, might be found wanting in adaptation to the same end at another time. We have often read discourses of evangelical clergymen, and listened to sermons and conversations in such connexions, which have left us little room to be surprised at much that has happened. No mind trained to the habit of conducting moral inquiry, or possessing any tolerable acquaintance with theology, could, we think, have glanced at the books we have read, or have listened to the discoursings we have frequently heard, without being in danger of turning with much dissatisfaction from a system of religion which we nevertheless hold to be in its substance scriptural and divine. Nor is this all—this morbid neglect of a more general or a higher culture, has been lauded as the sign of eminent religious wisdom, as something almost celestial. As though to be ignorant of the world—of its literature—its science—the working of its many-sided and mighty aptitudes—were a condition of mind most befitting the man whose vocation towards that world is to enlighten and regenerate it. The habits of thought which we have found prevalent among pious

and well-meaning persons of this order, might have led us to conclude, that in evangelicism, as truly as in Romanism, the devout should be expected as the inverse of the intelligent—but with this material difference, that while the Romanist would restrict his maxim to the multitude, our protestant devotee would seem to go far towards extending it to both priest and people. That the priest should rarely teach anything which the ploughman might not have learned from his catechism has been adjudged as evidence of a spiritual adherence to scriptural simplicity in preaching! To substitute a loose quotation of texts, in the place of any attempt to reason out a question of duty, seems to have been reckoned a course most becoming the man who would be accounted as possessing sympathies in harmony with evangelical doctrine. From these causes, notions the most contracted and intolerant have been allowed to acquire the force of so much Christian law. Little conventionalisms of conduct have risen to the importance which should be assigned only to great principles, and to the condition of the heart. Christian character, accordingly, has been judged, not by its relation to the ‘weightier matters’ which really constitute it, so much as by trivial things which have no necessary connexion with it.

We readily admit that there are honourable exceptions to the sort of preaching and authorship, and to the whole cast of temper and thinking, of which we speak thus freely, and we can most honestly say, we deeply regret that the exceptions in this case are not the rule. But only conceive of such men as are now conspicuous on the side of Tractarianism—men of vigorous and chastened imagination; men of fine sensibility; men whose minds are disposed to range over the most extended fields of ecclesiastical literature and learning; whose habits dispose them to indulge in close, if not in abstract, reasoning; who look with a feeling of exquisite interest to those social revolutions which in past times have affected the long course of ecclesiastical forms, and the ever-changing shades

of theological opinion; who delight to trace out the thread-work which, from remote ages, has been tending to render the present age what it is—conceive of such men as bending their scrutiny on evangelical religion, as it is presented in the case of large numbers of evangelical professors, scanning its crude, narrow, and ill-adjusted theology; its severance from the semblance of acute and powerful argumentation; its destitution of nearly all the elements of historical association, and of anything resembling that poetic grandeur, or beauty, or appropriateness, with which such men are disposed to clothe the objects of their thoughts and sympathies—look to all this, and what can be anticipated as the result? Assuredly very much that which has followed.

The annual reports of the Church Missionary Society are alone sufficient to show that the evangelical party in the church of England is still widely diffused, and possessed of large resources. But what it has done by means of the pulpit and the press to augment its strength is as nothing, compared with what it might have done. It has not shown itself powerful enough to crush Tractarianism when it was weak, and it is far from being capable of meeting it with an equal front now it has become strong. Mr. Goode, Mr. Garbett, and the best of all our prelates, the Bishop of Chester, and a few besides, have acquitted themselves honourably—but what are these among so many? If our universities have been wanting in the appliances to multiply the sort of men required, why have not those appliances been created elsewhere? If the merely literary and scientific education of Oxford or Cambridge has been inadequate for this purpose, why have not those establishments been supplemented by others, which should have done what they have left undone? Surely it is not from the publications of Mr. Simeon, good, and, in some respects, able man as he was—that the English clergymen should expect to derive equipment sufficient for the warfare now awaiting them. Nor will it be wise, now-a-days, that a man should lean much upon the adventitious in anything. Education at a uni-

versity, ordination by a bishop, and investment with office by a most due attention to such forms, will avail little, if not sustained by credentials of a more personal nature.

Some such signs of advancement as we have been bold enough to suggest, would be necessary to the growing power, and even to the continued existence of the evangelical party in the established church, were Tractarianism to become at once extinct. Some ten or fifteen years since, it was probable that a party would arise in the church, of a character as distinct from a mere formal orthodoxy as from the alleged narrowness of evangelicism, consisting of men holding to the measure of evangelical doctrine which is observable in the discourses of such divines as Dr. Benson. But the late Dr. Arnold may now be regarded as a nearer type, in some respects, of the class of divines to whom evangelical churchmen must assimilate themselves in a greater degree than they have hitherto thought of doing, if they would not see themselves superseded. The time for treating every jot and tittle, either in the forms or in the polity of the church of England, as the work of infallibility, has passed. The man professing to regard such things in that light at present must be an imbecile, with whom it would be in vain to reason. Nearly all men now feel that many of these usages are bad, that more are contradictory, and that the strong hand of reform is needed. Conformists and non-conformists are beginning to look with much of the same feeling in this respect on their respective systems. Among all parties, many points supposed to have been settled, are about to become open questions, and the man must be wanting in the wise head or the stout heart who is much alarmed by such signs of the times.

Why was not Dr. Arnold numbered with evangelical churchmen? This is a question of pregnant meaning. His opinions, in everything material, were evangelical; his feelings were such in an eminent degree. Few men did he regard with so much reverence and affection as the late Bishop Ryder. The reason of this seeming inconsistency

is not difficult to discover, and it is one which is now at work very widely. Arnold was a man of a catholic soul. He gave a sincere worship to the good and beautiful wherever he found them. While his heart was the home of many strong and tender affections, his intellect was energetic, excursive, and always in action. He looked to religion as the guide and purifier of his world of sympathies, and not as being a foe to any one of them. It was congenial to his manly nature to distinguish between the good and the bad in every scheme of politics, and in every school of theology. He accepted truth, though it came from an enemy; and rejected error, however friendly the quarter from which it might be tended to him. But his impression was, that this spiritual liberty, which he felt to be so joyous, would be nowhere so sternly discountenanced as by the great body of the 'evangelicals' in his own church.

His judgment in this respect was more unfavourable, we think, than the case would have been found to warrant, had he better understood it; but, in regarding the class of religious professors adverted to as consisting, for the most part, of persons of narrow minds, and as adherents to a system which has always tended to divorce religion from the intellectual and imaginative, he only shared, as is well known, in a very common opinion.

The churchmen who hold this opinion, and who at the same time are neither Romanizers nor examples of a dry orthodoxy, but men rather of earnest religious feeling, do not form a party, for they are too little agreed to allow of their doing so. Some of them, in matters of exegesis, may verge much too far towards the school of the rationalist; but others with a considerable portion of freedom in that respect, retain, in the manner of Arnold, the substance of evangelical truth. These men are powerfully influenced by the relations of theology to history, to the imagination, to poetry, to the intellectual in every form—the things by which the Tractarians have been so utterly enthralled, but which this class of better disciplined un-

derstandings know how to use without abusing them. Should these gifted minds be retained in a good relation to evangelical truth, and should they fall ere long under some wise and devout leadership, they will probably constitute the most powerful section of the episcopal clergy in the next generation—and that wholly irrespective of the question whether our state church is to stand or fall.

But why should the existing race of evangelical churchmen allow themselves to be supplanted from that quarter or any other? Why should they not resolve to take their place in the very front of the intelligence of their times?

Let them not—in the name of everything manly and Christian-like—let them not be offended with our freedom. We mean them no wrong. Whatever may be our opinion or our wish, in respect to the state church, towards themselves, so far as they are sound-hearted protestants and devout men, we can cherish no other sentiments than those of Christian good-will.

But we have intimated that nonconformity has had its influence, as truly as the state of things within the established church, in giving impulse to the spirit of Tractarianism. And having spoken with so little reserve as to the faults of other parties, it may be demanded—Do you not mean to deal in a spirit of equal freedom with the faults nearer home? Our answer is—We do so mean. It will be our aim, on all such matters, to deliver truth with the fairness and temper becoming it, leaving it, as thus announced, to make its own way.

But we must be permitted to say that we regard the good estate of protestant nonconformity as lying at the root of nearly everything good among us as a people. It exists, almost of necessity, as so much principle favourable to social improvement, and subject to the influence of religion. It exhibits popular sentiment under the control best adapted to conserve and strengthen all its better qualities. It has its history, exhibiting much of the majesty of great principle, and setting forth examples of eminent piety, patriotism, and philanthropy. It is not

now a thing of yesterday. It has lived too long to allow of our supposing that it can soon die: It embraces much of the free thought of our country, and has contributed to generate such thought on a still larger scale beyond its own circle. It has always been under a strong religious influence, and the diffusion of that influence has been as a benignant impulse to everything religious and social in the land. It has had need of patience, and, for the most part, it has been patient. Its maxims have usually become old in its own dwelling-places, before they have been taken up as novelties elsewhere; but to see its principles working, inch by inch, as a good leaven through society, has given heart to its sincere disciples, and they have cared little whether the men adopting those principles have been forward to acknowledge whence they obtained them, or have seemed solicitous to work them out under the concealment of other names and forms. We confess, accordingly, that the healthy state of protestant nonconformity is very precious to us—not for its own sake merely, but for the sake of other interests hardly less than its own.

Still we say of nonconformists, as we have said of evangelical churchmen—good and worthy people in the main as they both may be—that there are many things in which we wish they would mend their ways. We have not to do at present, however, with what may be generally amiss in either of these connexions, but with what may have served in a measure to awaken and develop the genius of Tractarianism.

In regard to theology, the nonconformist minister, speaking generally, should be much better informed and much more skilful than the evangelical clergyman. His literary advantages may have been less, but if he has passed through any college among evangelical dissenters, his facilities for the study of theology have been much greater. And the result in this case has been such, on the whole, as might have been expected. The men who, during the present century, have been ensnared by almost any form of theological novelty, have been clergymen,

rather than dissenting ministers. The same remark applies to the laity in both connexions. In this respect, the ministers and churches of the nonconformists have exhibited a stability which must demonstrate to every observing man the peerless value of their theological seminaries. It is to be traced also to the fact, that the theology taught in those seminaries is exhibited in good relation to ecclesiastical history, and to mental and moral science. But all nonconformist ministers have not participated in such advantages, and those who have had access to them have not always availed themselves of them to the utmost. We are not insensible that from these causes the dissenting pulpit has its serious defects. In a large degree it shares in all the imperfections we have mentioned as belonging to the pulpit of the evangelical clergy. Its theology is not always comprehensive or discriminating; its treatment of the ethics of the Gospel—if we may use that expression—is often deficient in clearness, and breadth, and power; and when not wanting in zeal and earnestness, it is too often wanting in that dignity and general fitness of manner which rarely comes to a man except as the result of studies embracing sound theology and many things beside. The nonconformist pulpit has not, in consequence, its just hold on the public mind. The higher and more influential portions of society are not attracted by it—or we should, perhaps, rather say, are generally repelled from it; and space, unhappily, has thus been left, which the Tractarians are intent on occupying in a manner of their own.

But these are not the main points in which the errors of nonconformists may be said to have contributed their share to generate the opposite errors of Tractarianism. It is in an undue disparagement of the mode and symbol in worship; in a neglect of the aids which religion derives from its own natural and hallowed associations; in a too common want of sympathy with general literature, and even with their own literature; and, above all, in the excess to which they have often pushed the principles of ecclesiastical democracy—in all these respects noncon-

formists have done much to give prominence to that tangent point from which so many have gone off in a widely different direction. Not a few of our independent, and baptist, and methodist brethren seem to judge their respective usages and maxims as so much stereotyped wisdom; but could they have listened to the language in which we have often heard some of their ablest men speak of the narrow views, and ill-directed feeling, not unfrequently found among them on such matters, they would have been aware that things which their enemies denounce as intolerable, are the things which have often been a sore trial to the patience of their best friends. Surely there is some good halting place between a marked irreverence and heedlessness in regard to external observance, and the puerile and artful pageantries of Romanism. Some good middle-ground there must be, between a religion which raises imagination into the place of reason, and a religion which seems to proscribe all the external signs that might bespeak the exercise of that faculty. Learning and science, and our lighter literature, have often been arrayed against a pure Christianity; but in that fact have we not the strongest reason why good men should endeavour to secure such appliances, as far as possible, in its favour? And in church government, if nonconformists know not how to distinguish between a base servility and a wise subordination; how to unite a passion for independence with a passion for peacefulness and unity; if, instead of this, we must allow the conduct of affairs of this nature to degenerate into so much worldly faction and broil; then the natural effect of such exhibitions, as regards the mind of society, will be a strong revulsion, and the excesses of freedom will be seized upon by its enemies as so many pleas in favour of its opposite. We repeat—the superstitions of formalism are the natural result of an undue depreciation of forms. The religion which imagination spoils, follows, almost of necessity, from the religion in which that faculty is not allowed to do its proper office. The system in which learning, and

science, and elegant literature prove hostile to truth, is precisely the reaction to be expected from every system in which such auxiliaries have been set at nought, or accounted as profane; just as in all ages, the abuse of liberty has paved the way to its extinction, and the anarchist has been the most efficient precursor to the tyrant. Suffer any material truth to drop out of sight, or any wholesome usage to fall into desuetude, and it is one of the laws of mind and of society that men should spring up who will 'remember the forgotten, and attend to the neglected.' The foundling will not want a foster parent; and the wrong done to the cast-off, will probably be much more than compensated by the new sympathy which has adopted it. It is thus that party has become the parent of party, sect the parent of sect, and nearly all the ultimate opinions of men are found to be the effect, not so much of calm and independent inquiry, as of those hot wars into which they have been drawn against opinions of an opposite complexion. It is scarcely more true, accordingly, in the natural world, that like proceeds from like, than, in the moral world, that opposite proceeds from opposite. The best service done to ultra-nonconformity, is that done by the temper and proceedings of ultrachurchmen—and the reverse, in respect to these parties, equally holds. Would you damage a principle most effectually—run it to seed. It is not good wine that comes from an over-pressure of the grape.

The haughty disciples of Tractarianism would not deem themselves flattered by the above manner of accounting for the origin and development of their system. They would be the last to acknowledge that they owe their existence purely, or at all, to such causes. The sects and parties about them may all be the spawn of the times; not so their own beautiful 'cycle' of ecclesiastical doctrines. But we must tell them that in this respect their origin is not a whit less ignoble than that of their neighbours. In common with the humblest sect of the land, they owe their existence to circumstances, and they will be

no more found in one stay than any one matter in the range of human affairs will be so found. The weakness which prevents men from seeing the point at which to stop in the process of change, and how to distinguish between the use and abuse of things, is one of the most common of all vulgar infirmities, and nowhere in recent times has this infirmity been more conspicuous than in the history of Tractarianism. Protestantism is supposed to have become chargeable with some excess, and no remedy, forsooth, can be found short of absolute Romanism! And this is wisdom!

But the question to which we mean to restrict our attention in the space remaining to us is,—What should be the course of Evangelical Churchmen in such circumstances?

We do not scruple to say, that if affairs are to continue in their present posture in the church of England, its character is morally gone, and the days of its political existence are numbered. It is no new thing that nonconformists should read books, or listen to speeches, in which the Thirty-nine Articles are described as being Calvinistic, though wedded to a ‘popish liturgy,’ and to a still more popish catechism. It is a novelty, however, that a learned and able member of the University of Oxford should declare to its assembled Convocation, and in effect to the people of three kingdoms, that such are the contradictions between article and article, and between the articles and the rubric of our national church, that no man, to whatever party he may belong, can subscribe to the whole, in the manner which he must do to become a clergyman, without subscribing to statements as true, which he does not hold to be truth, and which he regards in many cases as the direct contrary of the true.

‘There is no single party in the church,’ said Mr. Ward, in his speech before the Convocation, ‘who does not do greater violence to one or other part of its formularies, than I do to that comparatively small portion of its formularies which appear to condemn Roman doc-

‘trine. For a long time past the two main divisions of the church have been railing at each other for dishonest subscription, each side wondering how members of the other can reconcile it to their conscience to remain ministers of the English church. I believe, myself, one side has about as much difficulty as the other.’ These observations refer to the orthodox and evangelical parties, the former being charged with false subscription to the Articles, the latter with false subscription to the Prayer-book. But it is now some five years since a prelate in parliament expressed himself on this subject, as affecting the clergy generally, in the following terms:— ‘I never yet met with one single clergyman (and I have spoken with almost numberless individuals on the subject) who ever allowed that he agreed in every point, in every iota, to the subscription which he took at ordination.’ In most cases, the points about which this difficulty arises are by no means of small import. It is a difficulty which may affect one man at this point, and another at that; but if churchmen themselves are to be received as witnesses against each other, they are all involved in the same condemnation. Each man has subscribed to the whole, and has professed to do so *ex animo*, without the slightest reserve or subterfuge, while not a single man, of the many thousands who have so done, has really believed and approved the things which all profess to have believed and approved! This manifest departure from sincerity—from speaking the truth,—has taken place, moreover, on one of the most solemn occasions—as an avowal at ordination!

Mr. Ward frankly acknowledges that in his instance he has said one thing and meant another. He has subscribed to the Articles, not in their proper meaning, but in the meaning which it has been his own pleasure to impose on them, regarding them, to use his own language, ‘not in their natural, but in a *non-natural* sense.’

This, monstrous as it may seem, he maintains to be the course which all other parties pursue in the matter of subscription, as truly as his own—the high church, and low

church, and evangelical parties equally. And we must confess that we think he has made out his case, though he has not occupied his ground either so fairly or so ably as he might have done. The pamphlet called forth by this discussion, intitled, 'Revise the Liturgy,' is by a nobleman whose spirit reminds us very gratefully of the better class of evangelical churchmen existing among us some fifty years since. It is in the following terms that his lordship speaks of the reforms needed in the liturgy:—

'No doubt but that the Tractarian creed is more in accordance with its offices than that of the evangelical or high church clergy. This idea may appear new to many members of the establishment, who have not hitherto fully considered the subject. And it would most probably not yet have been forced upon the public mind, had it not been for the Tractarian movement. As there may be many who doubt the truth of what I state, let us consider and see what are the doctrines contained in our liturgy. In the first place, it contains the doctrine of the spiritual regeneration of infants in baptism; for in her catechism it is expressly stated, that by baptism the child 'is made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.' And in the baptismal service there is this expression: 'I certify to you that in this case all is well done, and according unto due order, concerning the baptizing of this child, who being born in original sin, and in the wrath of God, is now by the laver of regeneration in baptism, received into the number of the children of God and heirs of everlasting life.' Again, 'We yield Thee most hearty thanks, most merciful Father, that it hath pleased Thee to regenerate this infant by Thy Holy Spirit.' Now this is manifestly unscriptural and delusive; I am aware that much argument has been used in mitigation of these expressions; but to me one fact is more conclusive as to their intended meaning, than all the arguments that can be adduced. The fact is this; that if a child just lives to be baptized and then dies, the burial service is read over its remains, which service declares, 'That it has pleased Almighty God of his great mercy to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed.' But, on the other hand, if the child, owing to the accidental absence of the minister, dies before the rite of baptism is performed, the church forbids this service being read over its remains; thereby distinctly implying, that in consequence of the want of baptism, 'Almighty God has' *not* 'taken to himself the soul of our dear brother here departed;' thus making the salvation of a soul depend upon the absence or presence of the minister. Thereby making God manifestly unjust, which is plainly most unscriptural. Moreover, St. Paul says, (1 Cor. i. 14,) 'I thank God that I baptized none of you but Crispus and Gaius.' Now St. Paul would never have made use of this expression had he believed that by baptism alone 'they were received into the number of the children of God and heirs of everlasting life.'

'Having just alluded to the burial service, let us now take that portion of the Liturgy into consideration. This service is to be read over all who are baptized, and it boldly declares that all over whose remains it is read are received into heaven, whatever may have been their

previous life and character. For in that service we find the words, 'Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of his mercy to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we commit his body to the ground, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life.' It has been argued, in defence of this service, that the words, 'certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life' refer to the resurrection generally, and not to the 'resurrection to eternal life,' of the person whose body is committed to the ground. But this is paltry reasoning, because if 'God has in his great mercy taken his soul to himself,' surely his body will obtain a resurrection to eternal life. Again, we find the following expression,—'We give Thee hearty thanks that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world. We humbly beseech Thee, oh Father, to raise us from a death of sin, to a life of righteousness, that when we shall depart this life we may rest in him, as our hope is this our brother doth.' Now whatever may be the circumstances of a man's death, whether he has died in a duel, or a brothel, or a drunken fit, by the 68th canon the clergyman is obliged, under the pain of suspension, to read the burial service over his body, and the church requires him to say, that 'Almighty God of his great mercy has taken to himself the soul of this our brother,'—and 'to give to him hearty thanks that it hath pleased him to deliver him out of the miseries of this sinful world.' And she does not even except those of whom she says, 'Without doubt they shall perish everlastingly' who do not 'wholly' believe the Athanasian creed.

'This appears to me to be neither consistent nor scriptural, for 'the soul that sinneth, it shall die,' (Ezek. xviii. 4;) and St. Paul says, 'Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God?'

The following is the summary of the review taken on this subject by our reformer from the peerage:

'I will now shortly recapitulate the doctrines set forth in the different services of our Liturgy. In the first place comes the doctrine of spiritual regeneration contained in the catechism and baptismal service, and confirmed in that for the burial of the dead. Next comes the declaration that the priests and bishops are the depositaries of the Holy Ghost; and immediately after, it is asserted, that they have the power of both forgiving and retaining sins. Lastly, in the order for visiting the sick is contained the principle of confession and absolution. Which, then, of the three, the Tractarian, the High Churchman, or the Evangelical Minister, appears most in conformity with the Liturgy? The Tractarian accepts all these doctrines; the High Churchman none of them, except perhaps a small and undefinable fractional part of baptismal regeneration; the Evangelical Minister rejects them all. Surely, then, as far as the Liturgy is concerned, the Tractarian is the most correct in his creed. I cannot but think, therefore, that the other two parties in the Church, rejecting as they do the doctrines to which I have alluded, must feel themselves placed in a most painful position, in being obliged to make use of forms to which they object; and would, therefore, rejoice to see the Liturgy revised and brought more into accordance with the Scripture.

'Thus it appears that as long as the Liturgy is suffered to remain as it is, the Tractarian has an ostensible warrant for the doctrines which

he holds, opposed, though they be, to the Thirty-nine Articles. It does, therefore, appear to me that nothing short of a scriptural revision of our Liturgy, and the bringing of the Canons and Rubric into accordance with that revision, can ever effectually put an end to the existing disunion in the church.*

The state of things thus set forth is now attracting much closer and more general attention than formerly. This matter of subscription can hardly fall back into its old obscurity. It will not be possible to screen it from popular scrutiny through the future as it has been screened through the past. Men begin to say—‘ We see that this ‘ sin of Mr. Ward is only a particular form of the sin ‘ attaching to his order. We see, as we did not once see, ‘ that our clergy do take upon them the office which binds ‘ them to be teachers of truth, by acts which involve an ‘ awful violation of truth. On this point the light is ‘ waxing stronger and stronger, and its enormity, in con- ‘ sequence, is becoming more distinct and unendurable ‘ every day. The tacit understanding as to what has been ‘ really meant in this manner of proceeding we find on ‘ examination to have been no other than this ‘ non-natural ‘ sense of subscription in disguise. The difference between ‘ Mr. Ward and his brethren may be, that he has strained ‘ his interpretations in favour of Romanism, his brethren

* To these extracts from the publication of Earl Ducie, we may add Mr. Keble’s method of putting the case as affecting his evangelical brethren :—

‘ If, after considering all this, people yet feel themselves constrained to pass so very severe a sentence, by parity of reasoning they must be prepared to denounce, as dishonest, the whole body of those who declare their adherence to the Prayer-book, denying, at the same time, or explaining away the doctrine of Regeneration in Baptism.

‘ All that can be said against Mr. Ward of ‘ inventing strange, incredible hypotheses,’ ‘ going against the spirit of our formularies,’ ‘ breaking the letter of solemn engagements,’ ‘ denying authority to the church,’ and (in many cases) using language concerning her which sounds disrespectful, may be said at least as truly of the writers and preachers of the schools referred to : and all that can be said in their behalf, of high general character and usefulness, of seeming warrant for the liberties they take, to be found in other parts of our formularies, or of the toleration shown to them in various ages of the church, may be said, with quite as much cogency, in behalf of Mr. Ward. If *his* words convict *him* of ‘ bad faith,’ so do *theirs* convict *them*, if *their* pleadings may but be listened to, *his* ought not to be overruled.’

‘have so done in favour of Protestantism; so that one party may be said to be worse, and the other better than their acts of subscription would indicate,—but they have both declared their sincere and solemn approval of the same formularies, and both, as if by previous agreement, have diverged widely from the teachings of the said formularies, so soon as that piece of ceremony has been performed.’ And we must be allowed to say that we think the time has come in which this non-natural sense in subscription must be discountenanced everywhere, or it cannot be effectually discountenanced anywhere. It must be no more tolerated in relation to the Prayer-book and the Catechism, than in relation to the Articles. It must come to an end, not merely as affecting one party, but as affecting all parties. It will no longer avail to plead that multitudes of good men have conformed to what has been thus required from them. Particular acts do not cease to be immoral, because the men who perform them are not otherwise immoral. Explanations of all sorts have no other tendency than further to expose this enormity. Nor will it be the interest of these parties that they should count every man their enemy who shall be honest enough to tell them this kind truth. Tract 90 is an epitome of that sort of ecclesiastical morality on which Mr. Ward has acted. Be it remembered, then, that the names of members of the University of Oxford attached to the address thanking the two proctors for preventing the condemnation of that tract are FIVE HUNDRED!

Is there any probability, then, that such a reform may be brought about in our national church, as would put an end to this pernicious state of things? We must confess that we see no prospect of any such event. To assemble the two houses of Convocation on such a business, in the present state of parties, would be to see every spark in the ecclesiastical arena blown into a flame. But there is one other course that might be taken. The state authorities might appoint a body of ecclesiastical commissioners, and parliament might be prevailed upon to approve of

such reforms as the commissioners should agree to recommend. But, then, there is the composition of this board of commissioners—how are the different sections of the church to be adequately represented there? And supposing that difficulty in some way surmounted, if it be necessary to the order and dignity of the established church that nothing should be left to the discretion of the clergyman, but that everything should be strictly defined and prescribed for his guidance, how is it possible that such provision should be made in respect to matters of such nicety and variety, and that everything should be of a nature to commend itself to every man's approval? Were it possible that the commissioners themselves, made up of such diverse elements, should come to such agreement, is it probable that the lords and commons, without whose sanction all must be a nullity, would confirm without scruple what should be so provided? The most powerful parties at present in the church of England are the Tractarian and Evangelical parties—but are the views entertained by either of these parties, with regard to the two houses at St. Stephen's, such as to allow of their feeling safe in resigning so delicate an affair as church reform to be mooted and decided by that authority? The Tractarians, we are sure, are not the men to make any such appeal to the ecclesiastical learning and theological discernment of our civil rulers; and we are no less sure that evangelical churchmen *ought* not so to do. The only scheme that could obtain approval from such a body as the British parliament, would be a cold Erastian orthodoxy, hardly more removed from the religion of Dr. Pusey than from that of the Bishop of Chester. The result of any movement in reference to church reform being thus doubtful, effort in its favour, if made at all, will naturally be partial, feeble, and ineffective. Our conclusion, therefore, is, that reform will not come; and the alternative before evangelical churchmen is, either to remain in the established church, being parties, in the sight of all men, to the inconsistencies, and strifes, and moral mischiefs, which

they profess so deeply to deplore—or that they should as a body become separatists.

We are aware that the bare mention of this last course must sound to the ears of most churchmen as the language of some rash and unfriendly counsellor. But we owe it to ourselves to state that we point to this course with no unfriendly feeling, and we do it calmly, advisedly. Speaking as nonconformists, we know not in what way we should be gainers by such an event, otherwise than in the pleasure we must always feel as we see spiritual religion becoming more powerful as the consequence of its becoming more free. On the whole, nonconformity has been rather injured than served by the clergymen who have seceded from the established church during the present century. They have been mostly persons of very moderate ability. They have brought with them, moreover, so much of the pride of their former status, that they have not been content to coalesce with any existing party; and in attempting to work out an entire creed, and to construct an entire polity for themselves, they have taken upon them a responsibility to which their powers have been signally inadequate. We have no wish to see more experiments of that nature. On the matter of a secession from our established church, we say, let it be on a large scale, and under a powerful management, or not at all. The secession of any small knot of excitable and weak men, however good their intentions, would only be mischievous. But concerning the sort of secession we should like to see, one thing is certain—it would not be a secession to *our* ranks. It would, in such case, be that of an episcopal church, with its own polity, and its own forms, and, above all, with its own independence. In this new organization, nonconformists would find a more powerful rival than they have ever had to deal with—but this would be their solace, the rivalry would be between free and devout men, equally intent on diffusing a scriptural Christianity.

We well know that the thought of such an event as we now suppose expedient—we had almost said imperative, is

associated in the mind of multitudes with every conceivable mischief, social and religious. But on no one subject beside, we suspect, is the mind of this country so much in error—both the popular and the educated mind—as in the estimate formed with regard to the probable effect of a general voluntaryism. The most zealous anti-state-church orator—with all reverence be it spoken—is hardly a whit more accurate in his calculations on this subject, than the alarmed churchman whom he assails. When we listen to the former, one would suppose that to rescind the statutes which ally the episcopal church to the state, would be to put a complete end to a secularized Christianity, and to introduce a state of things little short of millennial. But, on the other hand, when a clergyman contemplates the withdrawal of state patronage and emolument from religion, it is plain that to him such a change is as a signal for the full triumph in every form of the most unrestrained impiety and anarchy. Only after this manner, as he conceives, can the void be filled up. With the one, the state is a huge monster, which, by its strong and restless interferences, is ever preventing a well-intentioned world from at once assuming the aspect of a paradise; with the other, this monster is as the angel of all good, without whose benign presence the earth would cease to be a fit habitation for humanity.

But it is not our manner to think so highly of the governing, nor so meanly of the governed, as these parties appear to do. It is not true, as these anticipations assume, that governments are everything, and that the people are nothing. On the contrary, governments are for the most part what the people have made them, either by their direct or by their indirect influence. There are few things which their civil rulers are expected to do, that the people would not do for themselves if the government were found slack in the performance of them. If church-of-Englandism, for example, is in our statute book, it is there because it was first in the mind of our people. Were it to become extinct to-morrow, as a matter of law, it would exist

strictly as before, as a matter of social preference. Strike away the support which it derives from state enactments, and the feeling of the multitudes adhering to it would at once rush in as a new and a mightier sustaining power. Not a party now existing in the church of England would cease to exist as the effect of any conceivable withdrawal of state influence from that church. All would be free, and their developments would only be the stronger as the consequence of that freedom. The bad would become worse, the good would become better. Even now, the non-established episcopacy of Scotland is more superstitious and worldly than the established episcopacy of England. The catholics of Ireland do not cease to possess their hierarchy as the consequence of ceasing to exist in alliance with the state. The prelates of the catholic church in that country are not men wholly without power. Their polity and worship are not allowed to sink into every sort of disorder because not imposed upon them by the civil magistrate. Romanism in Ireland, indeed, may not be regarded as presenting a very favourable indication of the trustworthiness of the voluntary principle. It shows that the worst fruit may come from that principle in common with the best. But when we look to the early church, and to the United States, we see the good and evil which may grow up with it, and be sustained by it, in much fairer proportions. Here we see, plainly, that everything possessing ecclesiastical value in any church as allied with the state, may be retained by that church in separation from the state. Episcopacy, presbyterianism, independency—all may be perpetuated in their exact principles, and forms, and spirit, and all may be prosperous. Church-of-Englandism, which has greatly deteriorated under the influence of voluntarism in Scotland, has greatly improved under that influence in America. Why, then, must we be ever regarding this subject from one point, and deem our peculiar, our most valued truth, so poor and feeble a thing, that, left without adventitious help, it must necessarily perish? Why should we continue to take our

thinking on this question purely from our forefathers, as though all wisdom must have been matured by them? The transition in the ancient world from the rule of the priest caste in Asia and Egypt, to that of the moderated priestly power which obtained in Europe, was fully as great as would be the transition from the general recognition of the church establishment principle in the Europe of the past, to the complete abandonment of that principle in the Europe to come. The first step was good—is there no reason to suspect that the second would be also good? If so, why should we leave the working out of such a truth to the men who shall come after us?

Even in regard to the agricultural districts, where a church sustained by law is supposed to be the only preservative against a state of absolute heathenism, it is to be remembered, that were not the gentry and great landowners to occupy themselves in providing religious instruction for their tenants and peasantry after their own taste, the different religious sects would be sure to go in upon the territory, and possess it as their own. In self-defence, therefore,—in very envy, if from no better motive, the owners of the soil, and, in great part, its cultivators too, would be constrained to do much in support of religion, according to their own views of it, which it is not now in their thoughts to attempt. ‘What!’ our great men would exclaim, ‘shall we stand by and leave the ‘finest peasantry ‘in the world’ to be drugged with fanaticism by the ‘sectaries from one end of the land to the other? Shall ‘we patiently see the ancient yeomanry of England become ‘lost to those feelings of feudal attachment by which they ‘have been so long and so honourably distinguished? ‘Cost what it may, that must not be.’ Such would be the feeling. From such motives, as well as from motives of a much higher order, more would be then done for the support of religion than is now done; but this would be the grand difference—there would be no spoiling of the goods of one man, as the means of giving ascendancy to the faith of another. That occasion of so much heart-

burning would have come to an end. Parties, and debates, and conflict would still come, but they would all be restricted to the use of their proper weapons. This struggle of parties, moreover, would be, in the judgment of each, a struggle for truth; and the result would be wholesome—between them they would cover the land with the means of religious instruction.

It has often been a matter of wonder to dissenters that so few evangelical clergymen should have appeared capable of confiding in the inherent power of divine truth, so as to view things more in this light; and it has been felt as not a little humiliating, that even Tractarians should have been allowed to take a position in advance of them in this respect. The school of Ward and Newman are manifestly better believers in the self-sustaining power of their system, than the professed disciples of Venn and Scott. While the former are heard to speak concerning the influence of the civil power upon the ecclesiastical in this country, as being so little to their mind that they should rather congratulate themselves on their freedom, than complain of their poverty, if that influence were wholly withdrawn, the latter still cling to state patronage as the great stay of their cause. But what evangelical believer can know this to be the state of parties, and not blush for his brethren in the faith? Is it come to this, that we must fear to do battle even-handed with the Romanizer? Is it for evangelical protestantism thus to betray a sense of intrinsic weakness of which Oxford catholicism has learned to be ashamed?

One other point our evangelical brethren may bear in mind. The church establishment principle on the continent, has come to be, to a large extent, a kind of general-pension principle, extending its doubtful benefits equally to all sects—the worshippers in cathedrals and in the humblest conventicles being in this respect on a level. Things are tending fast towards some such issue among ourselves. It is hardly to be doubted, that the majority of our senators would readily endow both Romanism and

nonconformity, were the people of Great Britain prepared to concur in such a measure. Nor is it unreasonable that they should be so disposed. On the ground of social equity, if the people of every religion are to be taxed for the support of religion, then the people of every religion should participate in the proceeds of such taxation. But the man who insists that our whole people should be taxed for religion, and that a part only should receive of the treasure thus realized, is a man pleading a religious reason in support of a moral wrong. He may be never so zealous in protesting against a wide application of the principle of ecclesiastical endowments; but this moral inconsistency will cleave to him, and will more than neutralize his utmost efforts. He must, in our state of things, consent to the endowment of all sects—the Romanist and the Unitarian being of the number,—or insist on the endowment of none. Those of our clergy who would prefer that there should be no established religion, rather than see all religions thus equally established, should lay their account with having, ere long, to make their choice in this dilemma. With such a diversity in religion—such a balance of parties as is existing among us, justice requires, that if the principle of a religious establishment is to be retained, it should be retained on this broad basis. Nor will it be possible to stave off this alternative much longer. But the scheme for endowing all sects is one which cannot be acted upon—certainly not with any desirable result—inasmuch as the great body of British nonconformists and of Irish catholics would be found opposed to it; and the scheme, accordingly, which would leave all religions equally free, presents our only prospect of religious peace.

Should the evangelical clergy continue to indulge their lingering hopes, and remain in uncertainty, inaction, and silence, much longer, there is room to fear that the signs of an altered feeling among them may come too late—too late, we mean, to allow that anything done by them should be of sufficient weight to produce any great result. Already the laity, even in the highest circles, are beginning

to intimate that they must not be expected to remain passive spectators of what is now going on about them; and in many districts the people have been made to learn a new language as regards the submission due from them to their ecclesiastical superiors. It will not be well, if evangelical clergymen are to move at all, that they should come in as followers, in place of appearing as leaders. To commit such an oversight must be fatal to them as a party.

The case of Evangelical churchmen, then, at the present juncture, appears to be, that they have to make their choice between two courses of proceeding, both of which are beset with no small difficulty. To remain in their present connexion is to be powerless in opposing the application of the ecclesiastical endowment principle to the Anti-Protestant, the Anti-Trinitarian, and even to the Anti-Christian in the person of the Jewish Rabbi. It is to be powerless, moreover, in opposing the use of the authority, the wealth, and the influence of the episcopal church in favour of an open or thinly disguised Romanism, by a party which, if not now a majority within the pale of that church, will probably soon reach that position. From this point of difficulty it is in vain that Evangelical churchmen should look for help from statesmen, or bishops, or universities. Statesmen will no longer hear of the religious endowment principle as to be restricted to one sect; and with regard to the bishops and the universities, they are about equally wanting both in the disposition and the power to prevent such a change in the Anglican church as is contemplated by the majority of the Tractarians. On the other hand, to separate from the established church must be inseparable from great self-denial, self-denial which the heart of a churchman only can understand—but it would be to rise at once to consistency, and independence, and power, and such as might soon conduce to a degree of usefulness that would abundantly compensate for all such suffering. Refusing all state endowment themselves, as an independent episcopal church, they might well insist

on the refusal of such donatives to others ; and relinquishing the advantages of a church establishment for themselves, while disposed to make a good use of those advantages, they might well insist on their being relinquished by others, who are disposed to make a bad use of them ; and supposing that ancient connexion with the state to which they have attached so much value to cease, this would be their happy consciousness—it ceased that it might not prove an evil rather than a good, and that our land might be brought under the influence of a pure in place of a corrupted Christianity.

In bringing these remarks to a close, we can readily understand the feeling with which they will have been regarded by one class of readers ;—the class we mean, who have no great faith in human virtue, in the general profession of it, and, least of all, in the virtues of men who pass for great saints. Such persons will, no doubt, smile at our simplicity, if they can suppose us weak enough to imagine that any sort of heed will be given to suggestions of this nature by the parties to whom they are addressed. The language of such shrewd doubters will probably be:—
 ‘ Is it not notorious that these evangelical people are
 ‘ really among the most comfort-loving people to be found
 ‘ in this realm of England? Are there men anywhere
 ‘ more intent on possessing themselves of good livings and
 ‘ rich wives? Admitting that they do some things which
 ‘ other people will not be at the trouble to do; and that
 ‘ they put some restraints upon themselves, after fancies
 ‘ of their own, and for the glory of their sect, in how many
 ‘ ways do they make ingenious provision for their ease,
 ‘ their worldly credit, and everything else most valued by
 ‘ our selfish nature? Do you expect such men to leave
 ‘ their charming rectories, their well-endowed chapeltries,
 ‘ and their status, as the sect which senates, and courts,
 ‘ and sovereigns delight to honour, and to descend at once
 ‘ to the level of the other religious bodies of the land? If the
 ‘ men could be regarded as at all equal to such a sacrifice,

‘ in the cause of what you call principle, can you imagine
 ‘ that the female influence by which these orderly and
 ‘ domestic personages are so much affected would be found
 ‘ favourable to any such display of heroism? With re-
 ‘ gard to the vices of subscription—why, are they not
 ‘ almost three centuries old? If something like a blush
 ‘ on that account be felt just now, that feeling, you may
 ‘ depend on it, will not be of long continuance. What,
 ‘ indeed, do you see, even at this moment, in the corre-
 ‘ spondence of Canon Woodhouse and the Bishop of Nor-
 ‘ wich, but a confirmation of this view? The former
 ‘ gentleman professes that he cannot honestly continue the
 ‘ subscription to the formularies of the church of England
 ‘ which that church requires at his hand. And what is
 ‘ the answer of his diocesan? Why, in substance, that
 ‘ other men subscribe to such formularies who believe less
 ‘ of them than Mr. Woodhouse does, and that, *therefore*,
 ‘ the conscience of the said Mr. Woodhouse should not be
 ‘ in any way ill at ease on the subject! If this be the
 ‘ reasoning of a man otherwise so estimable as the Bishop
 ‘ of Norwich, think you that the great majority of the
 ‘ evangelical clergy are likely to be more scrupulous?
 ‘ No—be sure of it, they will cling to their position, their
 ‘ emolument, their ease, and to the many things they love
 ‘ in the establishment to which they belong, and will not
 ‘ be slow to impute all questioning of their consistency and
 ‘ integrity in so doing to that enmity of the world which
 ‘ finds its natural vocation in maligning the goodness of
 ‘ the church.’

Now shall this scoffing generation be confirmed in their
 scepticism, by seeing that in this respect they have pro-
 phesied truly; or shall they be confounded, by seeing
 that they have underrated the worth of the men of whom
 they have thus spoken? Time will tell. In the mean-
 while, we have endeavoured to set forth the state of
 parties among us at this juncture with fairness, and have
 indicated the course which we regard as pointed out by

policy and duty ; and no small gratification to us would it be, if we should succeed, through the pages of this journal, in disposing thoughtful and honourable men, both conformists and nonconformists, to bestow a more comprehensive and discriminating attention on questions of this nature. Nor should we deem any pains too great, if we might be successful in disabusing the minds of churchmen of the notion, that the master feeling of protestant nonconformists, in relation to our national establishment, is envy of its superiority, and that their one great object is the destruction of that establishment. We admit that dissenters must have been more than men if they had not been often irritated—deeply irritated, by the treatment to which they have been too commonly exposed as such from the hands of churchmen ; but we are satisfied that we state the substantial truth when we aver, that while nonconformists regard the church and state principle itself as an error, their great objection to our ecclesiastical establishment is, that, even viewed on the ground of expediency, as the means of sustaining and diffusing religion, it is, on the whole, a failure—so much so, that were it wholly to cease, the new agencies which would at once come into action and supply its place, are such as could not fail to demonstrate, that our common Christianity, and our common country, had become gainers by the change. Many of our readers may doubt the soundness of the calculations which have led us to this conclusion. We must content ourselves, at present, with stating that this is the opinion of many myriads of intelligent men in these kingdoms ; that it is an opinion which they have not, in general, hastily taken up, and one to which they hold gravely, honestly, religiously. This whole question, however, is of such a nature, that your men of dull, settled prejudice ; and your men of passion and invective, are equally in danger of seeing it in a partial, if not in a totally false light. Beyond any other question of our times, it demands, for its wise adjustment, the presence of those

qualities which have generally distinguished the great minds of this country—patience, calmness, and the kind of strength, which, while careful to take in the whole case, is no less careful to distinguish between the parts which make up that whole.

THE PRIESTHOOD OF LETTERS.*

(May, 1846.)

DURING the Middle Age the Pulpit did small service of any kind. Counting beads came into the place of listening to discourses. Forms adapted to instruct were superseded by forms having little tendency of that nature. Religion was a matter in which there was nothing to learn. Its inward truth, and its outward ceremonial, were alike determined, settled, and unalterable. Its purport, so far as the popular conception of it was designed to extend, might be comprehended at a glance, and, as such, it was no subject for study. In all its parts it was the work of authority, and was thus precluded from discussion. The doctrine of the sacraments took the place of preaching, and the forms of religion were substituted for its power. Religion, in that age, never said to man—advance; it everywhere admonished him to be still. In regard to this momentous subject the great virtue of humanity was submission. Within the limits of this spiritual empire there could be no discovery, no change—an ominous fact, which, by anticipation, seemed to give the impress of heresy to discovery and change wherever they might present themselves.

* (1.) Fichte's *Sammtliche Werke*. Neue Ausgabe. Herausgegeben, von J. G. FICHTE. Berlin, 1845. Vols. I.—IV. (Complete works of J. G. FICHTE.) — (2.) *Ueber das Wesen des Gelehrten*. (On the Nature of the Literary Man.) — (3.) *Die Bestimmung des Menschen*. (The Destination of Man.) — (4.) *Le Prêtre, la Femme, et la Famille*. (Priests, Women, and Families.) By T. MICHELET.

But the age of the Reformation witnessed the dissolving of the spell which had thus come over the human spirit and over all human affairs. Men at length began to see, that in religion, as in other things, to be still must be to deteriorate. To seem to be at rest had been to retrograde,—to lower the religion of Christ to the level of the most grovelling superstitions. The great work now to be done was, to separate between the true and the false in the existing system, and to give a clear and full sound to the note of advancement. This was as the break of day after a night of a thousand years. It was the birthtime of the idea of progress in religion, after that thought had been an exile from Christendom during many long centuries. With the birth of this new spirit, the pulpit naturally assumed its ancient place. Preaching—instruction in word and doctrine—from having long been the least thing in the order of Christian observance, suddenly rose to be the greatest. In this respect, the primitive and the living church became at once identical. During several generations the pulpit continued to be the great agent in moulding the public thinking through protestant Europe. Even the press, in those days, was only as another pulpit. It is true, precious manuscripts were collected, and the ancient classics, and ancient ecclesiastical writers, made their appearance on printed paper, in place of being copied upon vellum—but the mind which worked, which produced, which did battle in those times, was eminently a theological mind, and a mind which found its centre of action in the pulpit. In the pulpit, too, it did not then suffice that the preacher should indulge in vapid exhortations, or in dull disquisitions on heathen ethics. He had to confute error, and error which in his view was more pestilent than the plague. He had to establish truth, and truth for which his brethren were every day braving death and enduring it. Of pamphlets, the times were almost as prolific as of sermons, and the former breathed the spirit of the church militant no less than the latter. That little should have been done in science and general

literature was unavoidable, while so few were left to the leisure or the mood that might have disposed them to attend to the results of such occupation. Even the conferences of diplomatists were more those of ecclesiastics than of statesmen. The civil questions to be adjusted were all subordinate to questions about religion. The learning necessary to these grave personages had more to do with dogmas of theology than with points of international law—with the shades of religious belief than with the balancing of tariffs. In times past these offices had generally devolved on churchmen, and in these times the layman was obliged to be half a priest that he might be competent to the functions of an ambassador.

But from the treaty of Westphalia, in 1648, we date a signal change in this respect. From that time the points to be settled by ministers of state are, for the most part, such as were proper to them as statesmen. Religious disputes sunk into insignificance beside the disputes which arose in respect to boundaries, right of fishing, navigation laws, and such topics. Simultaneous with this subordination of the ecclesiastical to the civil in diplomacy, is a corresponding change in the department of literature. From the Restoration in England, and from the accession of Louis XIV. on the Continent, the pulpit ceases to be the great teacher; and even from the press, the divine performs a much less conspicuous part than the man of letters. Thus the era of a new priesthood has come, and our object in the present article is to attempt an impartial estimate of the good and evil which have resulted, or may be expected to result, from its labours.

As religious men, we cannot look upon this phase in the great change which has come upon modern society with misgiving. It has come into existence according to a clear law of Providence, and we dare not suspect that its issue will be otherwise than good. In Europe, such a subjection of the civil power to the ecclesiastical as we have adverted to, can never exist, except as the consequence of a very low state of civilization. Such a theocratic order of authority

may be natural to the East, but all history shows that it is foreign to the West. Ancient Greece and Rome knew nothing of it. Its temporary ascendancy during the Middle Age resulted in part from the barbarism of the northern hordes, and in part from an attempt to foist the Oriental spirit upon Christianity—in forgetfulness of the fact, that it is the great distinction of Christianity that it should take with it nothing temporary or local. In this quarter of the world the end of barbarism would be sure to bring an end to the power of the priest-caste. In Athens and in Rome, the poets, the orators, and the philosophers, were greatly more the priests of the people than the men who bore the name and office of priesthood. This is the European order of things. The genius of the European races, if once brought under sufficient culture, will never be found conformable to any different system.

But there is one very material distinction to be observed between the pagan priesthood of ancient Europe and the Christian priesthood of later times. The old pagan priesthood never affected to be teachers, either of the few or of the multitude. They were mere masters of ceremonies, rather than popular instructors. Not so the Christian priesthood. These, even in the Middle Age, were the depositaries of the science and learning of the times, and it is their office through all ages to be themselves a priesthood of letters. In this character they have a full right to place and power. But right established on such a basis, is a very different thing from hereditary right, derived from no better source than authority or prescription. In the latter case, power may be a mere accident, in the former it must be deserved or it will not be possessed. The two priesthoods of which we speak must have much in common, and there is not necessarily any rivalry between them. The priesthood of letters must always be more or less a priesthood of morals and of religion. And the priesthood of Christianity—in which we include all men who preach the gospel—must ever be more or less a priesthood of learning, of science, and of everything humanizing. Hence, to realize its proper

mission, must be to perpetuate its real strength. It is only from imbecility, or from baseness, that men of this order can become subject to fear. It belongs to them to hail the light as their natural element and home. There are no seeds of improvement in any condition of humanity which are not found in the gospel. No progress has been made by man which the gospel has not anticipated. All progress in the time to come will be no more than a development of the design of this heavenborn system. The destiny of man is to rise to this level. He cannot ascend higher. Let the ministers of Christianity, therefore, be also in the extent demanded by their age, a priesthood of letters, and in the advances of knowledge and refinement we see only a guarantee for the prevalence of revealed religion.

The re-action against puritanism, which set in with the Restoration, gave new laws to the pulpit. In the late times it had learned to use language somewhat uncourtly. In future it must speak otherwise or not at all. Sometimes it did speak otherwise, but more commonly it remained silent. Its two great exploits during the interval from 1660 to 1688, were in feeding the flame of fanaticism which became so memorable in the history of the Popish Plot, and then in swelling that tide of loyalty which ended in bringing Russell and Sidney to the block. Subsequently to the Revolution, its great aim was to beget disaffection to the new order of affairs, and to do whatever might be safely done towards bringing about a return of the exiled Stuarts. The good it did through a full century from the Restoration, is nowhere so conspicuous as are these signs of its imbecility and baseness. During a considerable portion of that interval the nonconformists were restricted to preaching through the press, and the best preaching of the clergy of the church of England appears to have been through that channel. But the clergy of the established church were deficient in the piety necessary to render them the true priesthood of the age; the nonconformists wanted the numbers and the position necessary to

their becoming thus powerful; and both were at fault in that worldly sagacity, and in that higher, varied, and more flexible literary talent which the altered condition of society demanded.

It had been a great complaint against the people of England before 1660, that they learned nearly everything from the pulpit. It was their fate after that juncture to learn scarcely anything from that source. But to abate an evil is not always to realize a good. The mass of the people soon passed from the tutoring of the preacher to that of the comedian. The stage, also, in revenge of the restraints which had of late been laid upon it, became more than ever the school of licentiousness. It professed to hold the mirror up to nature—to the nature then living before it—and most edifying was the reflection exhibited. The writer of plays must please the court, and to please the court he must become a willing priest at every orgie of impurity. His hero must find his great employment in seducing virgins and in corrupting men's wives. Religion in every form must be his jest. Manly culture of any kind must be foreign to him. His days must be spent in prodigal extravagance, sometimes in the lowest haunts of infamy, and sometimes amidst the coarsest amusements—such as bull-baiting, bear-baiting, and the prize-fight—surrounded by crowds of the lowest of the people. Such were the lives of the gallants, the gentry, and even of the nobles of those times. The lives of women shared in the general corruptness and frivolity. They are before us, for the most part, the complete victims of sexual vanity, and of the brood of petty passions which that feeling never fails to generate. Judging from these representations, they lived from youth to old age in a region of trinkets, trifles, and intrigues. Without love, and its concomitants—jealousy and hate, their existence must have presented as near an approach to an absolute vacuum as nature can be supposed to tolerate. The accomplished debauchee, however notorious as such, is generally their favourite. The dramatist, always mindful to please his auditory, is

careful that fortune shall smile on the stratagems of this finished sensualist, and that his prize in the end shall be the hand of the most attractive woman it may be his pleasure to select. Preclude the intrigues of such worthies from these productions, and you reduce them to nothing. 'If an alderman,' says Addison, 'appears upon the stage, you may be sure it is in order to be cuckolded. A husband that is a little grave or elderly generally meets with the same fate. Knights and baronets, country esquires and justices of the quorum, come up to town for no other purpose.*' When we imagine a theatre of that age, crowded with spectators of both sexes, young and old, and call to mind some of the things which that assembly is about to look upon and listen to, we feel that if Lucifer had a temple on earth, it was there; and that if there be gradations in his priesthood, then the most eminent place in the hierarchy of his sable majesty should be assigned to the dramatists of those days—the Wycherleys and Congreves, the Farquhars and Vanbrughs.

But if this was the worst department of the priesthood of letters in those times, let us now turn to the best. This we find in the periodical literature, and, in some respects, in the poetry which dates from the time of Queen Anne. Periodical literature, as distinguished from mere periodical news, owes its origin to this country. Before the death of Elizabeth, the Dutch possessed their *Mercurius Gallicobelgicus*—a paper which, after a crude fashion, set forth the political affairs of the time. During the age of Charles the First and of the Commonwealth, this country possessed its *Mercuries* to the extent of nearly half-a-score—papers which supplied news, and discussed the current public questions. In 1679, the notorious Robert L'Estrange published the first number of his *Observator*, in which he fought hard, after his manner, in defence of the court, until 1687. The *Rehearsals*, by Charles Leslie, and the *Review*, by De Foe, were commenced in the same year—

* *Spectator*, No. 185.

in 1704. The work of Leslie was a mere record of news; the journal of De Foe added to political discussion, and to notices respecting trade, a department which, under the not very felicitous name of the Scandal Club, embraced speculations upon general society, manners, and literature.

This was the nearest approach made to our idea of periodical literature before the publication of the first number of the *Tatler*, in 1709. From this year our attention continues to be arrested by the labours of Steele, Addison, Hawksworth, Johnson, and the whole school of British Essayists. The success of these distinguished men called forth a crowd of imitators. Before the close of the eighteenth century some two hundred publications belonging to the class of periodical literature made their appearance in England and Scotland, for a longer or shorter interval. In this class of writers we have the most useful section of the priesthood of letters through that portion of our history. Their influence over the public mind, especially over the middle and upper classes, greatly exceeded that of the men in holy orders. The papers which they issued from week to week, or more frequently, were so cheap, that the poorest might purchase them; so short, that the most occupied might read them; and so light, elegant, and amusing in their style, that the most frivolous were attracted by them. They embraced, as all men know, nearly every variety of topic. The errors and the truths, the vices and the virtues, the folly and wisdom of the times—all were there reflected. Their representations of religion were not evangelical, and their treatment of moral questions was sometimes partial; but their exposure of the ignorance, coarseness, and emptiness which so generally characterized society, was felt as a strong corrective power. It was a kind of preaching proper to laics, and fully as grave and severe as the age was likely to bear. It is of the time to which we refer—the time when the ‘*Tatler*’ commenced, and which is sometimes foolishly called the Augustan age of our literature, that Johnson thus writes:—‘The general knowledge which now circulates

‘in common talk was then rarely to be found. Men not professing learning, were not ashamed of ignorance, and in the female world any acquaintance with books was distinguished only to be censured.’ It was not until this new epoch in our history that Englishmen seemed to be aware that they possessed a Chaucer and a Spenser, a Shakespeare and a Milton.

But it will not be supposed that our play-writers were the only corrupt portion of this priesthood. The Novelist made his appearance with the Essayist, and performed a much more doubtful service. Even against the Christianity of such men as Addison and Johnson, we have to place the school of English Freethinkers—men who distilled their poison very widely among the educated classes in Britain and throughout Europe. It is true our Bolingbokes, Tindals, and Chubbs, found more than a match in our Warburtons, Clarkes, and Butlers, but the public mind in relation to Christian evidence, if not in relation to the question of theism itself, was a divided empire between these rival chieftains from the commencement of the eighteenth century to its close.

These facts demonstrate that a great change had come over the spirit and relations of society in England since 1660. In little more than half a century, theological literature, from having been almost the sole literature of the nation, came to be a subordinate literature. The clerical teacher is no longer the great teacher. The laic mind, for good and for evil, has become the ruling mind.

In France the same signs of social progress are observable. In that country, indeed, religion had never been an element of so much power as in England; and the resistance of the crown, from remote time, to the pretensions of the court of Rome, and in defence of what were called the Gallican Liberties, had always preserved to the secular power in France considerable independence of the ecclesiastical. But until the age of Richelieu, the governing mind even there is with the church, not at all with the nation, and only indirectly with the court. Richelieu again is

succeeded by a man of his own order. Cardinal Mazarine rules in France, while the crown and the mitre are brought to the dust in England. But change came subsequently, and with a rapid pace. For a while the church retained some brilliant lights. She could boast of her Pascal, her Bossuet, and her Fenelon. But the non-clerical mind soon became more powerful than the clerical. In the meanwhile, no warning sufficed to deter the clergy from proclaiming themselves as greater enemies to freedom of opinion than to vicious practices. Judging from their maxims, infractions of the Decalogue were small matters, compared with the want of a due profession of belief and due ecclesiastical observance. Of immoral conduct they could be tolerant to any degree, while against alleged heresy their intolerance and cruelty knew no bounds. The dramatist, the poet, the swarm of persons who occupied themselves in light literature and in the different branches of philosophy, were all observant of this hypocrisy. Passing over the doctrines of the gospel, these busy scribes fastened upon its ethics, and from that source drew the ammunition which ere long proved so fatal to the citadel of the church. The Christianity of the Scriptures was placed side by side with the Christianity of courts and of the clergy, that the people, in looking on this picture, and on that, might be edified. The reign of the old priesthood was now passing away. The ascendancy of the priesthood of letters soon became conspicuous to all men. With the latter was the preponderance of science, of learning, of genius, and, for a time, even of moral worth. Unhappily, this new priesthood showed itself as little proof against temptation as the old. In the end, the reign of philosophy became fully as iniquitous as the reign of superstition. The fanaticism of the former breathed as deep a malignity as that of the latter. Political dogmas came into the place of religious dogmas, and political persecution became as merciless as religious persecution had ever been. This priesthood, in its turn, sunk under the loathing and hatred of mankind,

and a strong re-action in favour of a more religious influence became observable throughout Europe.

The first indication of any steady effort on the part of the laic mind to recover the ground which it had thus lost, is presented in the starting of the 'Edinburgh Review.' In all times of popular re-action, there are men who see the folly of the new extreme, and who feel prompted to do something to confront and check it. At this juncture, liberal principles, both in politics and religion, were covered with suspicion and reproach. But the return of power to the anti-liberals somewhat disturbed their sobriety. They soon began to talk with a very confused utterance, and often delivered themselves of the most arrant nonsense. The doctrines of Noodledom becoming more than usually silly, presented abundance of points inviting castigation from the hands both of wit and wisdom. Literary criticism, too, had fallen into abeyance since the days of Johnson. Revolutions, and the storms of faction, had so absorbed the public interest, as to leave little chance of attention to men disposed to treat largely on the calmer topics of science, taste, or learning. Hence, in the first number of the 'Edinburgh Review,' we find no less than twenty-nine articles, with a preface in which apology is made for having presumed to extend some of the said articles to so great a length, and promise is given of due care against falling into such indiscretion for the future!

On the whole, the juncture at which that journal originated was highly favourable to its success. The ability displayed in its early numbers, considerable as it is, was comparative rather than positive. Since that time, many a periodical possessing fully as good a title to live, has descended to an early grave—so great is the change which has taken place in the tone of contemporary criticism since the commencement of the present century, and so much is dependent in all such enterprises on the influence of party relationships. It was no sooner seen that the talent and

whiggism of the new journal had given it a guarantee of life, than the 'Quarterly' made its appearance, and until the peace of 1814, these rival forces kept up a steady cannonade on all political subjects, each after its own manner, and the domain of criticism was divided almost wholly between them.

But even the cessation of the great European war was not followed by immediate tranquillity. The revulsions, the disarrangements, and the degree of suffering necessarily attendant on returning from long-continued hostilities, so artificially sustained, to a more natural state of things, occupied and bewildered the thoughts of most men for some years. The new social adjustments, however, gradually assumed their shape, and the signs of social progress during the last quarter of a century are so many and so memorable as to seem to warrant the boldest conjectures for the future.

In all departments of production, to unite cheapness in price with goodness in quality has been the great difficulty of Economics. In literature, this has been realized on a large scale. In this respect, the present generation has not merely returned to the example of the Essayists of the last century, but has greatly improved upon it. The honour of having given the first impulse to this new movement belongs to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The noble object of that society was, to provide the best elements of general instruction for the people, at the smallest possible cost. That object was pursued in a manner which deserved success, and it succeeded. Parties who railed at it were soon constrained to set about doing the same thing. The result has been an epoch in literary history. This setting-in of a taste for cheap literature has of course brought with it a large supply of cheap trash, but the proportion of cheap literature which is not trashy is really wonderful. In purchases of this nature, pence now serve the place of shillings, and shillings almost the place of pounds.

The minds necessarily employed in this varied and

wide field of production are a mighty host. In comparison with them, the literary coteries which have succeeded in making themselves conspicuous in past times are as the dust of the balance. Nor can the proportion of readers in the past bear any nearer relation to the proportion at present. That cheap literature may pay, it must sell widely in proportion to its cheapness. The sale of hundreds must be augmented to the sale of thousands, and of thousands to myriads. When cheap literature continues to exist, we have evidence that it must be selling in this accelerated ratio. We have, then, to imagine the tens of thousands of cultivated and gifted persons, who are daily employed in giving existence to these mental products, in accordance with this demand. We have to imagine further the wide sea of mind on which these more select spirits are constantly acting by means of these productions. They have access almost equally to the highest and the lowest. It is manifest their priesthood is not to a sect, nor to a class, so much as to humanity. Be it remembered, also, that what has happened in this respect in Great Britain, is in progress everywhere.

Nor should we overlook the greater mental power which has naturally resulted from this great mental action. Our truly great men may not seem to multiply so fast as the force of this momentum might have led us to expect, but our truly able men are almost without number. Only so far back as the days of Blair, the columns of a newspaper were a proverb for dulness and bad writing. In our own time, they are often models of condensation, clearness, accuracy, and power. The literary strength expended on our periodical literature alone, and on such literature with no view beyond that of serving some temporary interest, would have sufficed for more than half the nations of Europe a century since. Of inanity and bad taste we have still quite enough, but the demand for their opposites has never been so general as now, and has never been responded to so efficiently. The pliancy of the agency thus constantly in action is not less remarkable than its

force. It is as varied as humanity. All the aptitudes of our nature on the one hand, are made to appeal to all its susceptibilities on the other. Fact and fiction, reason and passion, imagination and sensibility, wit, humour, and caricature, all become in their turn the channel to impression. Every man has not only his own theme, but may have his own theme in his own manner. The marked feature of the living mind around us is a constant wakefulness, and a ceaseless action and re-action.

It must be confessed, also, that the tendencies of this new power are in a great degree salutary and humane. Its stigma is fixed—fixed from day to day, and from hour to hour, on ten thousand forms of wrong and oppression. It has put an end to abuses which had survived through generations and centuries. It has committed itself against multitudes which survive still. Its last work of demolition is only its starting point towards new aggression. It is as a great arena on which the battle of truth and justice must be fought, all the world being the spectators.

But honesty compels us to admit that this is not the whole case. These lists are often entered by those who conform little to the laws of knighthood. The labours of our literary priesthood include all this—but they include, also, the *reverse* of all this. The bad, indeed, does not exceed the good, but it is so great, that nothing but the clear acquisition of so much good could dispose men to submit to it. In the hands of some men, the power of the press is as the right of suffrage in the hands of a corrupt freeman—a thing at the pleasure of the highest bidder. It has set up a dominion of its own. It has its own penalties to inflict, and, as sometimes worked, it becomes nearly all that the Inquisition was in former times. Too often is it used as a wheel or a thumb-screw, the anonymous scribe being the legitimate successor of the familiar of the Holy Office who tortured the flesh of his victim in the dungeons of his prison-house. With such men, political heresy comes into the place of religious heresy, and the modern *auto-da-fè* exhibits all the cant and

malice of the ancient. Men who send forth arrows from their dark places, are heard whining about the reluctance with which they so employ themselves, and talk in set phrases about the sacredness of the interests they wish to uphold. A dastard tyranny assumes the mask of public virtue. To rob a man of his wealth must be a felony; to rob him of his good name is no crime. To consume his flesh with fire would be horrible; to consume his spirit with slander is a deed which brings no compunction. Such is the morality of too large a portion of the priesthood of letters, so far as regards the manner of conducting party warfare. In a thousand ways it demonstrates, that the change which society has undergone is not so much a change from persecution to tolerance, as from one form of persecution to another.

Happily, the right-doer in this new priesthood is always more or less confronted with the wrong-doer—the moral with the immoral. The tendencies of much in our literature of fiction are manifestly of a mixed nature. Such reading may become a species of dram-drinking; and the writers who have contributed to induce this diseased craving, fail not, as in duty bound, to minister to it when produced. The passion for the stimulant grows with indulgence, and the supply keeps pace with the demand. One grade of the improbable and exciting follows another, until extravagance seems to have no bounds. Our neighbours the French excel us greatly in the skill of raising this article thus above proof. But our own dangers from this source are not inconsiderable. We are not sure that fictions made up from the oddities and angles of human nature are the best vehicle through which to convey health to the body politic. Elaborate portraitures of low life need to be managed with much skill if they are not meant to be as a pander to grossness. To throw the charm of genius about the coarse and the base is to perpetuate such evils rather than to remove them. To make such men heroes is to do them honour, even though you should hang them at last. Nor do we find it easy to believe that the

men who seek their *chief* pleasure in broad farce are often persons capable of much earnest and reverential feeling. Your great wits do not spare their best friends, and your votaries of fun are generally persons prepared to sacrifice almost anything to their god. The mind which is wont to pay much homage to the laughers, too commonly forgets to pay a real homage to anything higher. In such a service, the fine edge of moral feeling is almost of necessity worn away. Not that we would send a man to the bow-string because he is disposed to indulge in a little merriment. On the contrary, the man who cannot enjoy a good laugh upon occasions is not a man to our liking. There is something wrong in him. All truly healthy men, in the spiritual, as well as in the natural sense, know how to enjoy their laugh. But your great laughers are generally slow workers. To convert folly into a joke is not always to displace it by wisdom. Our proper business here is neither to grin nor to whine, but to be men. We say not that good may never be done by means of ridicule, but we are convinced that its general effect is such as we have ventured to indicate. It is an instrument, moreover, which has two edges—use it, and you have no right to complain of its being used.

With regard to religion, viewed in the light in which it is presented in Holy Writ, there is, of course a considerable portion of our journalism, of our periodical literature, and of our separate authorship, in which the aids of learning and science are made tributary to its influence. But the spirit dominant in these connexions is not friendly to real Christianity. With many, the whole subject is a mere negation. To meddle with it is felt to be a bootless affair, and neither taste nor interest prompts them to avow anything respecting it. Some write with much appearance of religious zeal, but do so as politicians rather than as Christians. They scarcely know what they believe; but they know that they have parties with certain notions and sympathies to please, and they write accordingly. It is observable that the only hostility to Christianity directly avowed in

our time, is in that portion of the press which addresses itself to the lowest of the people. But there is a loose philosophical theism, with something like a code of ethics wrought out of it, which appears to have been adopted by a great part, perhaps by the greater part, of our men of letters and of our more educated classes; and which, while including nothing of the distinctive truth of Christianity, is presumed to be entitled to a Christian name. In some cases, the ideas of these persons are not at all distinguishable from those of our English deists in the last century; in others, we trace a strong infusion of the pantheistic, or mystic spirit of the German philosophy. Under one or other of these several descriptions—as negationists, as time-servers, or as sincere philosophical theists, we feel that we must rank the great majority of literary men in Germany and France, and we fear that we should not greatly err in speaking thus in respect to the same influential class of persons even in our own country.

No fact belonging to the condition of modern society is really so momentous as that which now comes before us as the result of this brief retrospect. The stream of time, in rolling on, has so shifted the relation of classes, that those who were last have become first, and those who were first have become last. The clerical mind, we distinctly see, is no longer ascendant in Europe, it is subordinate: the laic mind is no longer subordinate, it is ascendant. But what is more—this great change has not only come, it must remain. It is an order of things which the events from the remotest eras have tended to bring into existence, and it exists now that it may exist for ever! Religion may again be the ruling *principle* of Europe, but the ministers of religion will never again be the ruling *class*. They may again be powerful agents in public affairs, but they will never more be the chief agents. We who here write are ministers of religion, and we bow with a reverential submission to this revealed law of Providence. It is plainly from the will of the All-wise, and must be good. But new relations bring new dangers and new duties; and our

object in these inquiries has been that we may see distinctly what is before us, and that, seeing the path of duty, we may walk in it.

We have said enough to show that we are far from regarding the new priesthood as infallible. We readily concede to it the praise of all the good works to which it can reasonably lay claim. We of course admit that the priesthood of letters, in an age of high civilization, has proved itself a far better teacher, as regards general knowledge, than was the priesthood of religion in times of barbarism. Even with regard to religion, it is reasonable to expect that the new priesthood will be found to patronize less absurdity than the old. But are they likely to patronize the same amount of truth? Is not the danger to which they are especially liable that of casting away the truth itself along with the corruption of it? Does not the history of the last two hundred years supply volumes of proof on this point? Did not France, after demolishing the abuses of religion, commit itself to an insane war against the very sentiment of religion? In our time, every school of philosophy denounces the madness of that enterprise, and all are engaged, more or less, in the work of reconstruction. But is it to be supposed that the first attempts of our philosophers in this direction will be wholly successful? Is it usual with men to pass at a leap from absolute scepticism to a condition of wise belief—from believing nothing, to the exercise of a just confidence in all things credible? We are bold to say that the philosophical systems of Europe, so far as they concern religion, everywhere bear upon them the marks of this incipency. It is a philosophy everywhere more or less visionary, incomplete, and baseless. The very loudness of the boastings and dogmatism sometimes resorted to in its favour, is to us only so much evidence that its votaries feel it to be a vulnerable affair. Shrewd men do not substitute anything in the place of reason, so long as reason will serve them. It is when the eye of the spectator must not be too prying that

the conjuror conceals himself in smoke. Some men play the conjuror consciously, some unconsciously.

We know not that we can select a more favourable exhibition of the kind of gospel which modern enlightenment has provided for the human family, than is presented in the writings of Fichte, some of whose works are placed at the head of this article. In the judgment of his most passionate admirers, he is, of all modern men, the most complete personification of the spirit of this new priesthood. No man, according to Mr. Carlyle's account of him, has embraced more distinctly or fully the idea of the true Vocation of the Scholar, as the divinely appointed priest of the society which is, and is to come. He was a man, as is well known, whose public teaching was not subject to any drawback from failures in respect to private worth. His system is before us in all its intrinsic value, and without any extrinsic deduction.

Johann Gottlieb Fichte was born in the village of Rammenau, in Upper Lusatia, 19th May, 1762. His ancestors had dwelt in that obscure hamlet through several generations, and were honoured as examples of industry and integrity, and as men of strong purpose in right courses. The house in which Gottlieb was born had been built by his father, and, together with the small piece of ground adjacent, was the property of the family. The father was a weaver of tape, the sale of which sufficed for his simple wants. At the baptism of Gottlieb, an aged relative, who died soon after he had uttered the prediction, prophesied that the babe should live to become a great man. The fond parents gave a ready credence to so welcome a foreshadowing concerning their first-born. The child grew up, in consequence, subject to much less restraint than is usually placed on children. He soon gave evidence of marked tendencies and capacity. He acquired such knowledge as his parents could communicate with little effort; was observed to spend much time in rambling and

reverie, at a distance from home; and when questioned in the week, could repeat the substance of the sermon he had heard in the church on Sunday.

It was a feat of this latter kind which procured him a patron in a person of rank, who sent him to a public school at Schulpforte. His parents consented with some difficulty to his passing thus from beneath their oversight; and, for a time, Gottlieb himself was not happy in his promotion. But before quitting his home he had shown himself capable of strong feeling and resolute purpose, and some display of these qualities at Schulpforte appears, after a season, to have rendered his abode there more agreeable. In that institution he passed his youth, and, in common with all the senior inmates of the establishment, became acquainted with the antichristian publications of Wieland, Lessing, and others of the German Illuminati, which then made so much noise in that country. The prohibition of such works, on the part of the tutors at Schulpforte, naturally stimulated these youths to a perusal of them, and prepared their mind for imbibing the worst impression from them.

In his twenty-sixth year, after struggling through several years of deep poverty, Fichte became tutor in the family of a wealthy citizen at Zurich. Two years he passed in that city, variously occupied as a preacher, a critic, and a lover. Through life, he judged that faith in the ethical truths of revelation was sufficient to warrant any man in taking upon himself the office of a preacher. His chief literary labour, during this period, was in writing a critique on the nature of epic poetry, suggested by Klopstock's 'Messiah,' and the lady in whom his affections became interested at this time was a niece of that poet. This does not appear to have been a first affection on either side, but in its history it was characteristic of the man—ardent, enduring, dignified, evincing a lofty estimate of its object, and the constant presence of a proud self-respect.

Neither the property of the lady, nor the resources of her lover, were such as to warrant an immediate union.

From Zurich, Fichte removed to Leipzig. During his stay at Leipzig, he became an enamoured student of Kant, and there he wrote his 'Kritik aller Offenbarung'—a Critique of all Revelation—the work which first gave him distinction. The substance of his argument in this treatise is, that there is a revelation in every man; that to suppose the moral intelligence lodged as a seed-plot in all men to be imperfect, is to impeach the character of the divinity, and to suppose it perfect must be to leave no place for a revelation from without—at least in the supernatural sense supposed by the popular mind. This work no sooner made its appearance than it was attributed by critics, eager to display their acumen, to Kant. The drift of the argument is not, as some of the admirers of Fichte insinuate, simply to remove the proofs of a Revelation from miracles and everything external, to its contents, but to destroy it utterly, by showing it to be superfluous. It is a metaphysical argument for deism, as opposed to everything distinctive of Christianity. The date of its publication is in 1792, when its author was in the thirtieth year of his age. It procured him his election to the professorship of philosophy in the university of Jena, towards the close of the following year. His marriage took place a little before the time of this appointment, and in his new office he appears to have found agreeable occupation during several years.

But it was not in his nature wholly to conceal the freedom of his speculations. His employment of the Sabbath evening in delivering a course of lectures to the undisciplined students of his class on moral culture gave offence. Subsequently he published a paper in a periodical, on the 'Foundations of our Belief in a Divine Government of the World,' which was said to be fraught with the doctrines of atheism. The storm raised by this means, and by his own lofty temper, which was not always to be retained within the lines of the defensive, ended in his resignation. He subsequently became professor at Erlangen, but was cut off, almost in the midst of his days, at Berlin, in 1814. The circumstances of his death were affecting. The capital

of Prussia was then environed by war. Fichte took a passionate interest in the effort made at that juncture to free his country from the yoke of Napoleon. His wife was one of the most active among the females of Berlin who attended the sick and dying in the hospitals. These exertions brought on a dangerous fever, and the moment marked by the signs of her recovery, was that of infection to her joyous husband, who, after an increasing illness of fourteen days, breathed his last.

If there were intervals when the speculations of Fichte drew him to the verge, perhaps into the actual vortex of atheism, those intervals were certainly of short continuance. Through life, and especially towards the close of it, his belief in God, in the imperishable principles of moral obligation, and in the providence of the Almighty, as extending even to the small affairs of his own lot, was clear, strong, and practical. Indeed, it is a characteristic of his history, that it was in a sense eminently religious. It is religious thought which is constantly putting his general thought in motion, which blends with all his speculations, and is the point toward which they tend. His mind is ever soaring from the created to the uncreated. In his theory, the visible has no light save what comes from the invisible. All outward things are a phantasy—a dream, except when viewed as the vesture of the inward life of man, and of the higher Life which has called man into being.

We have remarked, that of no work from the pen of Fichte have his admirers in this country spoken in terms of higher admiration than of his Lectures under the title of ‘The Nature of the Man of Letters.’ We deem it well to submit the contents of this work to our readers, and shall couple with it a summary of the treatise intitled, ‘Of the Destination of Man.’ These works have been translated into our language, and the accuracy of our representations accordingly may be sufficiently tested by any reader. It is important that every educated man should be capable of judging for himself in respect to this

philosophy, which is now so widely proclaimed as being a more adequate ministrations to the spiritual wants of our nature than the generally received views of Christianity.

The lectures of Fichte above mentioned, were delivered, first at Jena, and afterwards at Erlangen. On the latter occasion, they were delivered, as the professor himself informs us, from carefully finished manuscripts, and they were published only a few years before his death. We may regard them, accordingly, as presenting the fullest and most matured thought of the writer on the subject to which they relate. The first lecture sets forth the 'general plan' of the course, the object of which is 'to describe the Nature of the Man of Letters, and the Manifestation of that Nature in the World.' We are then told that by the man so named, we are to understand one who has attained to what is called the Divine Idea. If you ask, as you well may, what is meant by the term—the Divine Idea?—you are informed, somewhat scornfully, that it means 'the concealed foundation of all appearance'—a matter of which your very question indicates you at present know nothing. But the second lecture promises a 'further definition' on this subject; and here, having made our way through ten abstruse sections, we arrive at the conclusion—that by the Divine Idea is meant, the thought, or purpose of God, as manifested in the universe, especially in the moral nature of man, and in the subserviency of all created things to the moral end assigned to that nature. The men who have entered most into this Idea, and have set it forth most clearly and fully to other men, have always been the God-inspired minds of their generation. Legislation, science, religion—all are forms in which this Idea is developed, and the man discerning most of the moral import of these things—most of their relation, not merely to human interests, but to the divine will—is the man partaking most of the nature of the scholar. This view, however, of the Creator and the created, is not before us in this first and second lecture, as a system reasoned upon and proved, but simply as so

much mere dogma. Of course, what is stated is of value only in proportion to the logic with which the reader himself may be prepared to supplement it. The third lecture on the Progressive Scholar, if stripped of its strange terminology, teaches us that genius is a power to apprehend the Idea, fitting man to take a passionate interest in the development of the divine mind, and prompting him, as prophet, poet, artist, and the like, towards realizing his own conceptions of the good and beautiful. It belongs to him to be constantly looking out of himself, towards something which is to be attained, or to be done. Council, however, in his case, is of comparatively small value. Genius or talent will not fail of pursuing its own vocation, and will do its own work, while men devoid of that power can never be raised by any means to the right discharge of such functions. One feature, accordingly, of the genuine man of letters, is Industry in Study. Another of his characteristics—which is the subject of the fourth lecture—is Integrity in such pursuits. Strict mental honesty is essential to the true scholar. Genius compels him to act, and integrity gives him his law of action. His existence is a *thought* of God—his life a moral *purpose* of God. It is this moral purpose of his being which is imperishable—all else is temporary, subordinate, subservient. The Divine Idea is everywhere; but while blended with the lot of the meanest, it is clearest in the history of the wisest and the best. The sanctity of the priesthood of letters is violated when men descend to become the servants of the perishable. The aim of the true priest of this order does not terminate in surrounding himself with the materials of comfort, nor even in efforts to be useful. His sublimer object is to be ever as a living thought from God, and to show, in what he does, what God wills him to do. Thus he *is*, by reason of what *has* been before all time; and he lives to what *will* be when the temporary shall have come to an end. His being, his knowledge, his actions—all are of the godly sort, or God-like, as the phrase is.

The next lecture treats more fully of the manner in

which this higher life manifests itself in the world, which is, in brief, in a strict avoidance of everything vulgar and ignoble—in a shrinking from the touch of such things, after the manner of a plant endowed with refined sensibilities to that end. Whatever blunts the taste, weakens spiritual power, or lowers self-respect—that is vulgar, ignoble. Everything lovely and sublime in the ancient world, and in the modern, has its affinity in the nature of the true man of letters; thus his spirit finds its proper element in all nature and in all art—in poetry, oratory, imitation, music. But while living in a world of his own, he does not wantonly place himself at variance with common opinion and custom. His self-respect disposes him to be respectful.

The sixth lecture, on Academic Freedom, is, for the most part, an episode. Professors, it is said, put little honour upon the student by saying to him, in effect—‘I care not what becomes of you.’ The character of the man of letters will be best formed under a judicious mixture of freedom and restraint. The man whose duties are of so nice a moral texture, and so momentous, is not one whose character should be left to be moulded by accident. The seventh lecture is on the finished Scholar in general. It follows the academic from the class-room into society. It exhibits him there as ever a student and a worker—carrying out the purpose of his being in action, as a man of affairs, or in speculation, as a scholar proper—in either way giving clearness and impressiveness to the Divine Idea—the God-thought, which fills, pervades, and penetrates the universe. With this thought he is possessed. It is the power of God in him—his form of light, life, and energy. In the three remaining lectures, we have the course of the man of letters described as a Ruler, Teacher, and Author. When true scholarship has done its office, the Ruler rules, the Teacher teaches, and the Author writes, under the guidance, force, and sanctity of the Idea. Multitudes rule who are not Rulers, but men stilted on the thoughts of other men. So of Teachers, so of Authors. But true

scholarship means genius—genius in cultivation, genius conscious that it is the will of God in it that it should be exercised as it is, and the will of God respecting it that it should do as it does. It is this impress of the Divinity upon the life of such men that imparts to it dignity, saving them from the common debasement of rulers—want of principle, want of generosity, want of respect and love for the human race. The Divinity, who is everywhere variously, is in these men *practically*. They do not reason out his being or his will, but they show you what he is, and what is pleasing to him, by what they are, and by what they do. Similar, of course, is the doctrine taught concerning the teacher, the academic teacher—properly, the professor. This man, if equal and true to his office, possesses the Idea, and his life and teaching are a continued exposition of it. He is reverential of all knowledge himself, and by his own manifest homage to it, more than by what he says about it, he exhibits it as above price, as all-transcendent. The true author is distinguished from the true teacher, as presenting his instruction in a more certain and abiding form, and as addressing himself to a higher grade of capacity. He secures perpetuity to his knowledge, without depending on the memory or the doing of others. He sends it forth in the fixed shape of a book. He then commends himself, not to youth merely, but to those also who have long ceased to be numbered with the young. This man, if the true man he should be in this vocation, is before you as the priest of letters, the minister of knowledge, in the highest form of that function. But in the herd who give themselves to the literary trade for a morsel of bread, we see only the parallel of the grovelling and corrupt in all other priesthoods.

Such we think is a fair summary of the volume on the 'Nature of the Man of Letters.' The treatise on the 'Destination of Man' consists of three parts, presented under the terms, Doubt, Knowledge, and Faith. The speculations under the term, Doubt, embrace the first four

chapters. The question there entered upon is, whether it be possible to demonstrate to the human understanding that man is the subject of moral freedom. Some of the stronger objections of the sceptic to this conclusion are presented, and in the end are confessed to be unanswerable. By proofs, satisfactory to the understanding, this freedom can never be established. Facts which seem to bespeak its existence admit of other explanations, and the point, if not disproved, remains in doubt. Man has nothing but wishes wherewith to deliver himself from subjection to that rigid law of necessity which seems to pervade all things. To leave the understanding in its ascendancy, is to feel that we are thus bound. Humiliating and terrible as may be the consequences of this law, man has no apparent means of avoiding it.

In the chapters under the head of Knowledge, this question of Destination does not brighten. Here, too, our reasoning is vain. Here we pass through the region of Idealism. Fichte, we are told, never read Berkeley. But Kant had studied that philosophy closely, and from him Fichte became strongly imbued with the scepticism which the German mind had grafted on the system of our countryman.

In this portion of the work under consideration, it is argued—that man's knowledge is a knowledge of himself only, that his consciousness never proceeds beyond himself, and that what he regards as a consciousness of the real existence of external objects is no more than a consciousness of his own representations or conceptions in respect to such objects, produced according to an inward law of thought, and necessarily co-existing with his sensation. In this manner, the bonds of necessity, imposed in the first division of the treatise, are annihilated, but annihilated only by reducing all existence to annihilation. Man need not feel the pressure of necessity, since the external world, which can alone bring that pressure, is a mere phantom, having its seeming reality purely in our own consciousness—that consciousness which is a mere

image, a shape without reality. Nor is this all. It is shown that the reasoning which makes our supposed knowledge of an external world thus untrustworthy, must lead to the same conclusion with regard to sensation itself, and to the most immediate acts of our consciousness, reducing the very seat of thought to the domain of scepticism, and leaving us without confidence even in our personal identity from one moment to another. The mind itself ceases to be a known existence, and what is supposed to be known by it cannot of course be called knowledge. It is clear that to know in the manner sought in this path—in a manner which shall wholly preclude doubt—cannot belong to mortals.

Is there then no hope? Yes. What we may not know in the way of demonstration, we may know in the way of Faith. In the knowledge obtained through this latter medium, we may find the degree of certainty suited to our present condition, and sufficient for all the higher purposes of our being. The great doctrine of faith is, that our chief business here is not so much to *know* as to *do*. There is an impulse to moral action, which comes like a voice from the centre of the soul, and which is not only higher than all knowledge, but contains within itself the end and object of all knowledge. The duty of men is to seek the *good*; their reward in so doing will be a power to apprehend the *true*. That this is the course to which men are destined, all may learn from the impulses of their nature. Most men follow these impulses blindly; some men follow them with their eyes open. These last *might* lose themselves in endless subtleties, were they so disposed, but they have resolved not to be so lost. They are believers, not because they could not have been sceptical, but because they have *willed* to be believers. These men admit that their convictions are only so many forms of *faith*, and that this faith has proceeded from their *heart*, not from their *understanding*. This world is the sphere of their duties, nothing more. In this sense they can comprehend it, and in no other. To believe this, and to

believe that here we are free to choose between good and evil, and so to mould our own destiny—this is to return to Nature. Men who thus learn the limits of their capability, learn in consequence to *seek* only what they may *find*, to *ask* only what they may *receive*. The reality of our moral agency is a sufficient certainty, and finding this reality, we find all reality beside. That all men think in this manner is manifest from the promptitude with which they demand their *rights*, however much they may neglect their *duties*. That we should do right is clear, imperative; and the external world which we represent to ourselves being a fitting world for the sphere of such doing, we may safely confide in its reality. But the world has its obstructions to good. To attempt the good, is not always—not often, to achieve it. This, however, is only one amidst a multitude of facts which bespeak the present life as imperfect, incipient, preliminary to a better. In that better life it will be found that no virtuous volition in the present life has been lost. The destiny of man is to be ever doing—ever doing what is right; and he attains to the dignity of his nature in proportion as the consciousness of being so employed becomes sufficient to his happiness, wholly irrespective of the question of success. *Thus, it appears that the philosopher has no resting place in these inquiries different from that intuitive belief, or that common-sense credence, by which the course of the multitude about him is regulated. In the case of all men, to live at all, is to live to a moral end, and to live to that end by Faith.*

We scarcely need say, that the doctrine of these works presents itself in vigorous relief as compared with the cold and abortive infidelity of England and France during the eighteenth century. The man who thus writes was something more than an iconoclast. His object is not simply to destroy—he aims to construct. His genius is not a creedless, lawless thing. He is a believer and a worshipper—a believer exercising a strong faith, and a worshipper doing his homage earnestly and ceaselessly. The

style and method of the treatises described, are those of a man who has neither leisure nor inclination to indulge in one extraneous speculation or in one idle ornament. The signs of a grave sincerity are always before you. His reasoning never veers for a moment from the point on which it is to close, and his language never ceases for a moment to be the rigorous transparent vehicle of thought. You feel as you read, that the spirit which is in communion with your own spirit is one that has passed through deep waters. You descend with it into the regions of doubt, darkness, and annihilation, and you emerge with it to a belief in God, Right, and Immortality. The hierophant has done his office. You have passed through the appointed mysteries. You are now declared to be a man—to be free. Your course is before you, and to fall or to rise must be the work of your own hands. It will be perceived that this is a philosophy soaring far above mere negation. Nor can it be brought down to questions of mere profit and loss. It is not indeed wholly alien from such questions, but in itself it is something higher and nobler. It does not despise the horny hand. That is a hand doing God's work of industry in God's world. Such hands have rights, too, as well as duties, and a greater share of the former than has been generally ceded to them. The hand-worker is honourable, and the head-worker still more so—it is the idler only who should be despised. This, be it remembered, is the spirit of the new philosophy—the new gospel, which, though it has had its day in Germany, is now in course of being propagated with great zeal among ourselves. As a theme, it is at once lofty and humane. It does not scorn the earthly, but mingles with it to imbue it with something above the sensuous. It does not overlook the immediate, but imparts significance to it by presenting it in its relation to the remote—the past and the future. It exhibits the finite as ever a part of the infinite. The chair of the scorner is vacated. The age of the mocker has passed. It is now ruled that all men shall be worshippers—worshippers

of the Supersensuous, the Right, the Enduring, the God-like! Of this new ministry of knowledge, Fichte may be taken as a fair, or rather, as a highly favourable type.

But the errors of genius are often as potent as its truths. Fichte began his career insisting on demonstrative evidence in support of metaphysical and moral theories. It was soon perceived that the evidence in favour of miracles was not of that description, and with that evidence fell the evidence of all Revelation. But the reasoning which conducted our author to deism, conducted him much further. Demonstrative evidence could be no more adduced in support of deism than in support of Christianity. The only legitimate issue of inquiry so conducted proved to be a universal scepticism. Our philosopher, coming to the edge of that vortex, bethinks himself of some means of escape. We have seen in what manner escape was effected—in returning to the intuitive belief, the belief dictated by the common sense evidence which satisfies men in general. In such faith only can he find rest. This simple lesson it seems he could not learn except as the result of so protracted and so painful an experiment. His desertion of the common ground of belief was the natural consequence of his proud estimate of the province and power of the human mind, and his return to that ground was the equally natural effect of his new consciousness as to the inherent and necessary weakness of our spiritual nature when so directed. But, retracing his ground in part, does he retrace it entirely? No. Consistency demanded, as we think, that returning on such evidence from scepticism to deism, he should have gone one step further, and have returned from deism to Christianity. The sort of evidence on which he embraced deism, was the sort before him in favour of revealed religion; and the amount of proof in the latter case is, we must insist, by no means less than in the former. Indeed, we should be sorry to be obliged to speak of the ground of our faith as Christians, in terms so little satisfactory as are those which Fichte has em-

ployed in describing the ground of his faith in respect to theism and his own moral agency. Once and again he speaks of being in so far a believer, not by reason of knowledge, nor by any process of the understanding, but by an act of the *will*. He admits his apparent knowledge as real knowledge, not because he can prove it to be such, but because he *wills* that it shall be so considered. But to speak of the will after this manner is as little consistent with logical propriety as with the most acknowledged facts of mental science. The will is not, as this language supposes, a self-determining power. It is as the man is, neither more nor less. It is guided immediately by the judgment, and remotely by the world of things which naturally influence judgment. In its selections, it is the utterance, for the time, of the preponderating power in the nature from which it proceeds. The will does not determine the character, but is determined by it. Thus, in the case of Fichte, it is manifest that his resoluteness of will in adhering to theism, moral freedom, and immortality, was the result of his strong sympathy with the certainty of being, and with moral truth, and in place of holding to these opinions, as he intimates, without proofs, he clung to them on the ground of the proofs proper to them, having been compelled to abandon the evidence not proper to them. It was not a force of mere will, but a force of a more reputable kind, that made him what he was. It was not true that his convictions had ceased to be the result of knowledge at all, because they were not the result of the kind of knowledge which he had once vainly sought in support of them. The belief which he describes as that of Faith, was properly that of Reason, of reason exercised within its just limits in relation to such subjects.

In no respect have the labours of the German and French philosophers been more infelicitous than in some of the changes which they have introduced into philosophical language. By innovations of this kind the conclusion of the Destination of Man is rendered obscure, impotent, and mischievous. It degrades the natural evi-

dence of natural religion. It cedes to the sceptic, that convictions based on the soundest reason are not reasonable. It gives him the word faith to scoff at, in place of reason. The writer, indeed, does not mean all that he seems to mean, but he has damaged his cause by this seeming, and has laid himself too much open to the suspicion of intending that you should receive as new truth, what is in fact nothing more than a new, and by no means an improved, terminology. The same remark applies to the lectures on the Nature of the Man of Letters. The author could not but know that the mystic phrase—the Divine Idea—was really used to denote a simple and familiar conception. He must have known that the thing intended might have been expressed in terms which all men would understand. But to avoid the appearance of commonplace, he has chosen obscurity in the room of clearness. We are indebted to some of our transcendental contemporaries for the phrase, Clothes-Philosophy, and if that significant designation might be so employed as to indicate such a use of the clothing called language, as serves to give to old thoughts the semblance of being new, and to shallow thoughts the semblance of being profound, we know not of any quarter in which this name might be so truly applied as in reference to the school which has originated it. In what degree this sort of deception is practised wittingly we cannot take upon us to determine, but that multitudes of superficial people are at present thus deceived is a point about which we have no doubt.

By the Divine Idea, in the lectures of Fichte, is meant, the divine mind or purpose as it comes before us in the divine acts in nature and providence. To discern this manifestation is to possess the Idea. If this be not the great principle of the work, we have searched for it in vain. But is there anything so novel in this doctrine as to require the invention of new terms and new scientific forms? Is it not simply natural religion, arrived at by the ideal process, reasoning outward and upward from the mind itself? Neither in this treatise, nor in the one we

have coupled with it, have we any new contribution made to our stock of previous knowledge, but certain points of our old knowledge placed on a more shadowy foundation, and made to do duty after the German fashion in favour of a new system and a new phraseology. Fichte has thrown his stronger faith and feeling into the truths embraced in this theme, but the theme itself he has left at best where our Clarkes, and Butlers, and Pascals had left it. Indeed, in departing from the simple and majestic language of his great precursors, in favour of a fantastic and doubtful coinage of his own, the new warmth which he has thrown into his subject is sadly counterbalanced by the new obscurity which he has brought upon it.

We cannot admit that the mystic beauty and power of the universe are nowhere felt as among our Teutonic neighbours. If not greatly deceived, we, too, have our seasons of converse with something 'which lies concealed behind all natural appearance.' Through all lands, and through all time, thoughtful men, and especially devout men, have been wont to look, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, knowing that the things which are seen are temporal, and that the things which are not seen are eternal. The prophet and the sage, the poet and the saint—all have dwelt in their ideal world. The outward and the immediate have never satisfied them. The most ideal book in the earth is its one Inspired Book. In no other volume is the work of God so constantly and powerfully dwelt upon as being only so much disclosure of the mind of God. All the charm and worth which its authors throw around the 'natural appearance' they derive from the concealed mysteries which lie beneath. All visible existences are seen in their relation to him who was before them, who is above them, and who will survive them. In the meanwhile, the existing is to us as a Thought—an Idea from the mind of the Infinite, the Changeless, the Everlasting! All created forms, and hues, and sounds, and relations, are as the stream of the divine thoughts ever passing before us. The universe

consists of these embodied ideas—is as the ever-mystic utterance of them. It is now, in its great and small, as the thought of the Eternal has been in respect to it from everlasting. The things which come to be, are the things which, with Him, have ever been. All created appearances, the tintings of the flower and of the humming-bird, the sounds and the silences of nature; our feeling, consciousness, moral thought, moral impulses—all are parts of the one great Idea of the Creator as to what *should* be as the created. It is his voice which comes upon us from the far-off depths of the stars, from the dread solitudes of the earth, and not less from its most crowded scenes. The ever-changing seasons are only as the new foldings of the vesture in which he has arrayed himself. All things are of him, to him, through him. Everywhere the material exists for the sake of the spiritual, the intellectual for the sake of the moral, the present life for the sake of a better life to follow—and man, as being, above all, a thought from God, has this higher being, that he might be the one-existing nature which shall survive the visible, and be the God-like, in his fellowships, his duration, and his happiness. Of this idealism the Scriptures are full. All the men whose spirits have come under this inspired influence have been thus inspired. This instructor has taught the peasant at his plough, and the artisan at his wheel, to live thus to the supersensuous, the holy, the eternal! It has lodged this Divine Idea in the soul of the meanest, as no philosophy ever lodged it in the soul of the mightiest. It has done this in the experience of millions, where philosophy has done it only to the solitary man. There are systems of philosophy which would, beyond doubt, be greatly amended by a strong infusion from Transcendentalism, but the religion of the Bible has nothing to learn from that source. The Divine Thought of the universe is given in that book, and nowhere else is it given with so much fulness and power.

But the Transcendentalism of Holy Writ is not proudly divorced, after the German manner, from an external

world and the aids of experience. The prophet may inquire—‘He that teacheth man knowledge shall not he know?’ and an apostle may describe the conscience of the heathen as ‘accusing or excusing’ them; but these instructors never yield to the perverse and fantastic humour which refuses to argue intelligence from design, or duty from relation. Their ordinary reasoning is not from the abstract downwards towards experience, but from experience upwards towards the abstract—from the familiar to the remote, the known to the unknown. The greater degree of certainty said to be given to the principles of natural religion by pursuing a contrary course, if we suppose it to be real, could never be of any great value, inasmuch as the ground from which all such reasoning starts is wholly inaccessible to the ordinary mind, and attainable only by the rare student. And to disparage the only kind of evidence proper to men in general, for the sake of a pet indulgence which can be of value only to a few solitary speculators, can hardly be the part of wisdom or humanity. So obscure is the philosophy of Fichte, though presenting the best phase of German philosophy, that amidst so much that is said in the treatises adverted to in relation to the moral end of man’s existence, we find nothing beyond the most brief and unsatisfactory commonplaces as to the moral law by which this existence should be regulated. Nothing of this nature is so exhibited as to prevent each man from becoming a law unto himself. His own sense of what constitutes the reverse of the vulgar and ignoble is left to be his main guide. We know what has followed when men have given themselves to this course, and what must follow—a few, with whom ethics are as a department in the science of taste, may write eloquently about them, and live a life of stoic rectitude, while the multitude yield themselves to the stream of philosophical fanaticism and conceit, to vulgar sensuality, or to lawlessness in its worst forms.

To expect any better result from the use of such means would be to expect against nature and against experiment.

During some six thousand years, Nature, the Bible of our philosopher, has been opening its pages to the inspection of mankind. This preacher has never been silent, this volume has never been closed, this light has never suffered an eclipse, this symbol has never been corrupted. This natural revelation was before the flood all that it is now. The human spirit was then all that it is now. But what is the result? Is there any sign of moral advancement, even now, except such as may be traced to the direct or indirect influence of Christianity? It is a fact pregnant with meaning, that wherever religion has become powerful, it has been a religion received from history, and not a religion worked out by the metaphysician. It has come from the lips of the inspired prophet—real or supposed—not as a finding of logic, nor as a fruit from the subtleties of the human intellect. Not one man in a thousand—not one in a myriad—is capable of embracing a religion resting on a metaphysical basis. There must be documents, history, a voice from heaven, or there will be no faith. This fact bespeaks a condition—a want in human nature, for which assuredly some provision has been made. The great question with us, accordingly, should be, not as to the fact of a revelation, but as to where we may find it. The disciples of a metaphysical faith may show signs of vitality so long as they have to do battle with the disciples of a documentary faith; but leave them to collapse upon themselves, and they soon melt away. Nature, reason, and the human heart, all have high office to perform in regard to religion as consisting of revealed truth; but all prove sorry functionaries in relation to this subject when left to be our only source of truth. In a word, the tendency and design of this new gospel is, to reduce Christ to the level of Socrates, and Christianity to the level of Platonism; and this done, the popular mind, freed from the only kind of authority fully adapted to its need, is left to become the dupe of all those forms of imposture in religion which played their part so conspicuously in relation to it in the ancient world. This crusade, there-

fore, is not in favour of a purer Christianity, but in favour of a thinly disguised deism to be substituted in the place of Christianity.

We are aware that we give deep offence in some quarters, when we refuse to acknowledge the philosophy of such men as Fichte and Kant as *Christian* philosophy. In some sense, indeed, it is such. Its representations of the principles of natural religion, of the unity and perfections of the Deity, and of certain ethical corollaries which follow, are much more enlightened than anything of the kind promulgated by the old Greek sages, and such as would still probably have been unfamiliar to us, apart from the birth of Christianity. But we are nevertheless constrained to say of the theories of these distinguished men, and of the large class of men in Europe more or less represented by them, that there is nothing properly Christian in them. In the last year of his life, Fichte offered to become a preacher to the Prussian soldiers, and pledged himself to preach to them Bible Christianity. But the system which he so designates, when it comes to be examined, is found to consist of little more than such religious sentiments as are more or less common to human nature wholly apart from that volume. We are at a loss to understand the honesty of describing such teaching as *Christian* teaching, or the character formed by it as *Christian* character. Men of this class can no more be accounted believers in revelation, in the sense of a supernatural communication from God, than Voltaire, Rousseau, and the whole race of English and French deists in the last century. We honour the modern unbeliever, in so far as he does not proclaim himself a scorner, a mocker, a preacher of universal scepticism, or the priest of licentiousness. Of the religion which consists in a mere hatred of the religion of other men, the world has seen nearly enough. But when it is intimated, that inasmuch as these persons are, at least in great part, sincere in their professed adherence to the moral lessons taught by Christ, we should be prepared to recognise them as Christian men, we must be allowed to

hesitate. He is a Copernican who holds what is distinctive of the philosophy of Copernicus, not the man who holds only so much of the truth taught by Copernicus as was common to him with other philosophers. By a Newtonian, we understand a man who is a disciple of philosophy as it was *left* by Newton, not as it was *found* by him. In like manner, by a Christian, we understand the man who holds what is distinctive of the teaching of Christ, and not merely what is common to that teaching along with the teachings of multitudes beside who have happened to discourse about theism and morality. The Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, the Influence which regenerates, these we must deem the distinctive truths of Christianity. Modify these doctrines as you may, reduce them to indefiniteness and shadow as you please, still doctrines to the effect of what is commonly understood by these terms we must maintain are in this system; and we can no more regard the man who wholly rejects these doctrines as a Christian, than we could regard a man as a Copernican, while maintaining that it is not the earth which moves in the changes of day and night, but the sun; or than we could regard a man as a Newtonian who could pretend that the evolutions of the heavenly bodies are to be explained, not by the doctrine of attraction and repulsion, but in some other manner. We judge not the moral state, nor the moral destiny of the man who, in place of entering the temple of Christian truth, halts thus at its threshold. But to expect us to speak of him as a Christian, is to expect us to seek the praise of candour at the cost of truthfulness and honesty. All such expectation we account as very weak or very wily, and, once for all, we say, never expect compliance with it at our hand. It is a part of our Christianity to strip off false appearances, and to call things by their right names. The persons adverted to should be among the last to complain of our pursuing this course. Their great mission, they tell us, is to expose fraud, and we love all expositors of fraud, but we are some-

what rigorous in demanding that the exposers of fraud should not themselves be found fraudulent.

In one of our own journals, the virtues of Fichte have been described very recently as 'most Christian;' at his death, the sacred words are cited, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord;' and upon his tomb, as is well known, the words are written, 'Blessed are they who turn many to righteousness.' In the regions of Transcendentalism, there may be nothing in this method of proceeding inconsistent with the strictest integrity and guilelessness, but in the more homely region in which we dwell, things are not so understood. Hegellian dreamers, who profess to believe in a Trinity, an Incarnation, and an Atonement, must know that the philosophical fancies to which they give those names are not the doctrines intended in the Scriptures by such designations. Nor should these persons need to be reminded, that if we are to call them Christians because their system includes *something* from Christianity, on the same ground they might be described as Mohamedans or Pagans. If the something adopted by them from Christianity were its higher and distinctive truth, the case would not be thus, but of that truth they in fact retain nothing. At best they halt in its elementary truth—in its alphabet of divine knowledge. With all their supposed sagacity, they see little of man's deep spiritual want, little of what is done to remove it.

Nor is this all. As the truth embraced is not Christian truth, so the spirit inculcated is not the Christian spirit. The spirit which is above all price in the one system is that of dependence. The spirit no less characteristic of the other is that of self-reliance. Hope, in the one, has respect to a power above humanity; hope, in the other, has respect solely to the resources of our own weak nature. The one disposes man to confide in the supernatural; the other restricts him wholly to the natural. In the one, man is a being who prays; in the other, he can have no inducement to be so engaged. In both, he aims

at rectitude, but the rule of rectitude is not the same ; and concerning the motive and the end proper to all virtuous efforts, the difference is still greater. The God of the one of these systems is not the God of the other ; and the mingled response of thought and affection, to which we give the name of religion, is of such a nature in the one case, as cannot be supposed to exist in the other. These distinctions, in our view, are clear and momentous, and we feel we must make them, or fall under the reproach of a want of honesty and manliness.

Such, then, has been, and such is, the Priesthood of Letters. It is, in part, sincerely Christian ; in a much greater degree it is hostile to Christianity, either in the shape of a philosophical theism, addressed to the educated, or of a more vulgar unbelief, addressed to the ignorant ; and in a greater degree still, it may be said to be neutral on this subject, finding its abundant sea-room in the departments of politics, economics, criticism, and the literature of amusement. Combined, it is the most potent agency our world has ever seen—more formidable than the sceptre of kings, the decrees of cabinets, or the enactments of legislators. It flows on silently and ceaselessly, like the confluent waters of some mighty river to which no stay may be given. It is everywhere imparting its tone to the thinking, the feeling, and the action of the enlightened portions of the human race ; gradually penetrating the darkest recesses, and on its way to a universal ascendancy. Its good, as we have said, greatly preponderates over its evil ; but as regards scriptural Christianity, it needs much in the way of correction, and much in the way of supplement. During the last two centuries, the power of the Christian priesthood has been on the wane, and the power of this new priesthood has waxed stronger and stronger. It is now time to ask, is this course of things to continue ? If so, the issue can be no matter for conjecture. If not, from what quarter may we expect the better influence ?

Not from the labours of men who Despise the Multitude. Methodism was eminently the religion of the multitude, and to the Methodism of the last century we owe nearly all the earnest Christianity of the present. The scepticisms of the educated must not be allowed to divert our attention from the condition of the greatly more numerous classes below them. The press, as we have seen, is, to a large extent, the press of the people, and the pulpit must, in at least an equal degree, be the pulpit of the people. No blunder could be more egregious than that of attempting to convert the subtle speculators of our time, at the cost of neglecting the comparatively unsophisticated mass of society.

Nor must we expect to find this more efficient priesthood in the men who confide in the power of the human mind, and in human culture, more than in the promised Divine Influence. The language of Scripture, not in a few isolated texts, but in its whole texture, demonstrates that any system of Christianity which does not recognise that influence must be spurious and impotent. The large portion of holy writ relating directly or indirectly to prayer, must be sadly misplaced and deceptive, if this doctrine be not a great Christian truth. But this influence is not only restricted to the channel of human effort, it comes in proportion to that effort. It is not meant to supersede industry, learning, and talent, but to stimulate them, by securing to them their appropriate fruit. Men who expect this influence to do everything, will themselves be cumberers of the ground. Men who expect nothing from this source, will do nothing properly Christian. No ministry will be really effective, whatever may be its intelligence, which is not a ministry of strong faith, true spirituality, and deep earnestness.

Nor must this better agency be expected from attempts to revive the Priestly Authority of the Middle Age. Some persons among us are fearing the return of the power of Romanism. But the recent history of France and Germany abundantly shows, that every advance made by the

priesthood of Rome, is destined to serve as a signal for a new onset and new conquests on the part of the priesthood of knowledge. The Michelets, Quinets, and Eugène Sues of France, and all the free-thinkers, and a multitude of right-thinkers, of Germany, are sounding the knell of the old priestly power. Even our own Tractarianism speaks to the same effect. Puseyism is not so much an evidence of the reviving spirit of Romanism, as of the difficulty with which an old priesthood adapts itself to new circumstances. It merely shows that these men are wanting in the flexible sagacity which might have fitted them to be rulers in the times on which they are thrown, and that from this cause they will have to resign their place to others. It betokens the approaching end of such pretensions, rather than any truly formidable reaction in their favour. We see in this event, that habits and prepossessions are inveterate, and that some men can choose to perish in old attachments, rather than abandon them. This conduct is a sign of the strength of the new course of affairs. It is this which has filled these men with alarm, and their extreme follies prove no more than that they feel their weakness, and are greatly afraid. It is a new world which is opening upon them, and they have not sufficient soul to attempt to understand it, and to front it like men. They are timid monks of the middle age, who have loitered among us beyond their time. The church of Rome must become a power to enlighten and liberate, in place of being the patron of ignorance, mumery, and thralldom, if she is ever again to hold sway. Her name may not change, but her nature must, or her doom is sealed. Wherever there is light, she is menaced at all points; only where there is ignorance, as among the peasantries of Ireland, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, has she the semblance of an undisturbed strength. Men of the past cannot govern the present. This is reserved for those free and bolder natures, who, while they know how to use the past, know also how to look on what is, and onward to what is about to be. It is not, then, from the

old catholicism that we must expect to see the order of men arise, who, while faithful to their office as the priesthood of religion, will be capable of taking their place fully abreast with the priesthood of letters. But this—nothing less than this—is the great want of modern Christianity.

It follows that if a ministry possessing this power is to appear, it must come from within the pale of Protestantism. We must also go one step further in this direction, and say, that we despair of seeing such a ministry arise in the character of an Endowed Priesthood, either in this land or in any other. The priesthood of letters is a voluntary priesthood, and no priesthood which has not the free blood of voluntarism in it will be found capable of standing side by side with it. Place the élite among our men of letters in the condition of our church dignitaries, and who can doubt that the effect of the opiate would be in both cases the same? Literary men are paid well only as they work well; and only as those for whom they work are satisfied that they do thus acquit themselves. This is the natural, the healthy condition of all labour, of priestly labour among the rest. The comparative independence of their flocks, which is secured to an endowed priesthood, if a good at all, is a good more than counterbalanced by its evils. It serves to induce negligence rather than enterprise, to perpetuate mediocrity rather than to call forth power. If the prizes of an opulent establishment are felt as a stimulant for a time, the effort made with a view to obtain them is rarely made in the most useful direction, and to succeed is too commonly to fall asleep. We think we are not wanting in respect for the ability or the piety which may be found in our established churches, but in these appearances we see the exceptions in the history of such institutes and not the rule. The able men in the church of England seem to want the will to do the service demanded of them, and the devout men, we regret to say, appear to be wanting in the power. Thus it has ever been. The Christianity

which shall be potent in our time, or in the coming time, must be popular and free, not aristocratic and state-bound. It must hold no invidious position. It must not be the creature of cabinets. It must not rest upon prescription. It must not be decked out with privilege. It must rest upon its own clear truth and worth. It is society which supports its priesthood of letters. It is society which must support its adequate priesthood of religion. By no other link can men who profess to labour for society be kept in full sympathy with its spirit. Men educated to despise the popular mind can never govern—never understand it. It is not, therefore, to the state-pensioned priesthood of the Continent, nor to the tithe and glebe priesthood of our own land, as such, that we can look for the new order of spiritual labourers who shall prove equal to the demands of the new world on which we are now entering. We must confess that our chief hope of seeing something like the required energy in our universities, and in our established church, arises from the hope of seeing much more power thus directed from other quarters. The fear of the infidel, should he become greatly more formidable, may do something towards abating the lethargy natural to all wealthy establishments, and jealousy of a rival power may not be less potent. But hard will it be to bring these men to see the necessity which has come upon us in this respect. It belongs to them, as an order, to be blind to the necessity of change, and deaf to warning. It is in their habit to persuade themselves that what has long been must be. However loud the monitions of peril, it is their proneness to fold their arms together and to mutter—a little more sleep, a little more slumber. To such bodies it commonly happens that they continue to say, Peace, peace, until destruction cometh upon them. Good men will appear in such connexions, and they will do good, but the priesthood for the age will not be found there—or at best not more than in part.

Here, perhaps, some friendly churchman will be pre-

pared to turn upon us, and with erect presence, and grave countenance and tone, will beg to know what there can be in the position of any voluntary priesthood of religion to warrant our looking with large expectations to that quarter? 'Know you not,' says our half-offended friend, 'the low state of your own ministry? Need I remind you of the causes to which this is to be ascribed? Can you fail of seeing that these causes are such as are likely to continue in operation? Is it not a fact that three-fourths of your ministers have not the income usually assigned to a responsible clerk, or even to a skilled artizan? Even for this pittance have not these men often to submit to the caprice, meddling, and dictation of a rude ecclesiastical democracy? Of the few men who rise above this level, and whose character and talents give them a place among the middle-class families of the land, how small is the number who are not of necessity absorbed in their duties as preachers, as pastors, and as men of public life? Are not these men, who are almost your only men capable of vigorous mental effort, the men who are already the most over-worked? In the case of the small remnant possessing ability, and passion for literary labour, and capable of securing some fragments of time to such pursuits, how small is the encouragement given them to be so employed? Have they not to do this as in the face of antagonism, rather than amidst an element of sympathy? Are they not often censured and persecuted for this very thing, as men overlooking their immediate and most proper duties? Then, of the people constituting your churches and congregations, how few are they who read anything above the very humblest products of the press? Of those who should encourage a higher literature, how few really do so? They spend money freely in household luxuries, and it may be in some popular projects of Christian usefulness, while a sorry dole is made to suffice for their minister. And as to the support of a powerful Christian literature, as a grave branch of Christian duty—does it ever seem to come into their

' thoughts? Where, then, in the name of common sense, ' is *your* chance of doing the work, which you so much ' despair of seeing other men do?'

We must confess that it is only in part that we can return any satisfactory answer to these questions. We admit at once, that before the present race of voluntaries can be entitled to all the high thoughts which they sometimes seem to expect should be entertained concerning them, they must become a greatly changed people in their own manner of thinking, and in their manner of action too, on the points touched upon in this volley of interrogatories. When they shall learn, as churches, to *deserve* a higher order of men as ministers, they will have them—and not till then. They may build colleges, and appoint professorships without end, but to secure the services of large numbers of able men in their ministry, they must know how to make much better provision for the reasonable claims of such men, and how to evince a more just estimate of what is due to the ministerial office. Let us not be misunderstood. We want no sinecures in the dissenting ministry. We are far from wishing that there should be anything about it to constitute it a lure to the covetous or the indolent. We desire not a system which would place the minister in independence of the people. But we do wish that men who might have secured wealth by a life of secular employment, should not find themselves doomed to a grinding poverty because they have given themselves to this more generous occupation. We do humbly think that churches who must be allowed to exercise their right of complaint if the service of the ministry be not well performed, should be no less forward in the discharge of their own proper duty when that work is so done. We wish that men who meditate entering our ministry may always see good reason to calculate on this gratitude—this honesty at the hands of our churches. From the poverty of the poor a good man would bear much, but it is no part of his duty to submit to suffering inflicted by the parsimony and meanness of those who are not poor.

When the labours both of the pastor and of the scholar are of higher value among nonconformists, they will possess them in a higher quality. That their priesthood may be a priesthood of power, in these times, it must be a priesthood of letters; and that it will not be, in the degree required, until they shall themselves give proof that they have learned to value literature in its relation to Christianity after a much improved mode of reckoning. At present, they are the last to appreciate the literary power really existing among them. What they possess of this kind is often more justly estimated elsewhere than among themselves. On this whole matter they have much to learn.*

Of course, we do not speak of *this* voluntarism as equal to the work now needing to be done. Our remarks have reference to that principle as the principle, not of a sect but of a nation. Hitherto it has been left to be worked by the middle and humbler classes, almost exclusively—but let it also become the principle of the wealthy, the educated, and the powerful, and let it be everywhere exposed to the influence of a wholesome rivalry, and the most influential classes of society will soon cease to be, in this respect, the most feeble. Not until then will the principle of voluntarism be separated from its present unfavourable accidents, and be seen in such development as to be rightly judged. At present, all things considered, its achievements are wonderful. It is with this principle that we already find the greater part of our real Christianity, and of our more useful Christian literature. More men become Christians, and more valuable Christian literature

* When we have been observant of that miserable Reading Society patronage, in aid of our higher class literature, with which not a few who account themselves 'pillars' of Nonconformity have been wont to content themselves; and when we have heard these pillars boast themselves, as they do upon occasion, as though commission were given them to revolutionize the church and the world, we have been somewhat unpleasantly reminded of the poet's wish—

"O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us."

is produced, purchased, and read through its influence, than through the influence of the principle opposed to it. It is to this principle, as diffusing itself, as becoming more pure, powerful, and commanding as it becomes better known, that we look, as to the conservator, under God, of the Christian religion in the new condition of society. But so much in this respect will depend on our literature, that were many of our best men wholly to withdraw from the pulpit, and to decide on becoming preachers through the remainder of their days solely from the press, their decision might well be matter for rejoicing rather than regret. In conclusion, we say to every reflecting Christian man, and especially to every educated and well to do Christian man—if you would see Christianity advance amidst its new struggles in this new world of ours, your CHRISTIAN LITERATURE must NOT be SECOND in your thoughts to your PULPIT; and your PULPIT in future must become TREBLE-FOLD the object of your COST and CARE.

CHARACTERISTICS OF DISSENT.*

(August, 1847.)

It is one of the effects of a highly-advanced state of civilization, that it breaks up society, almost without end, into classes and groups. Each of these circles becomes a world in itself, and is often strangely ignorant of what is doing in its neighbour world. Science and art, wealth and poverty, professions, politics, religion—all contribute to segregate the great multitude after this manner; and these separate vortices, in which the large majority of men are ever floating their little round, are the never failing conservators of sectional prejudices and of bad passions. Protestant dissenters, for example, as the result of their peculiar principles and preferences, have their place considerably apart from the general community in this country. The usual consequence has followed. Multitudes who live all their days on the borders of dissent, know scarcely more of its real character than of the character of sects belonging to the most remote times, or to the most distant nations. What they know, or think they know, is mostly from hearsay. Everything is seen through a distant, false, or distorted medium. Chance becomes their instructor. Nothing, accordingly, can be more preposterous than the misconceptions which generally follow. We have reason to think that our pages pass into the hands of some readers

* Thoughts on the Rule of Conscientious Subscription. By the REV. F. D. MAURICE, A.M. 8vo. London.

in these circumstances; and it is no more than justice towards such persons to suppose that they do not wish to be deceived — that they desire to obtain trustworthy information on this subject. We therefore venture to solicit the candid attention of this class of persons, while we attempt to meet their wishes in this matter. It is by no means our intention to pronounce an unmixed eulogy on dissent. We wish to deal faithfully with its good, and not less so with the evil to which that good is incident. Our aim, in fact, will be twofold—to furnish information, to those who need it, with regard to the real nature of the affair which comes before them under the name of dissent; and to stimulate dissenters themselves to the amendment of some things in respect to which it is only too manifest that they still fall considerably short of perfection.

We scarcely need say, that character belongs to classes no less than to individuals, and to religious sects no less than to tribes and nations. No sect has exclusive possession of the virtues. Every sect has its particular forms of weakness. Moreover, there is commonly a natural relationship between the truth maintained by any body of religionists, and the errors observable in their history. Improbable as it may seem, the former is often as parent to the latter. Every virtue has its neighbour vice. Every strong element in character is in danger of filling more than its due space, and of becoming mischievous from excess. Clemency soon degenerates into weakness, and a spirit of inflexible rectitude is ever verging towards undue severity. It is so with all our good. The balance of power—the wise regulation of checks, is of as great moment to the world within a man's own breast, as to the world without. English nonconformity has its strong distinctive sentiments; but these all bring their particular forms of danger; and that man deserves to be ranked among its best friends, who, while careful to sustain its high and generous tendencies, is no less careful to guard against the extremes to which these tendencies are liable.

One obvious characteristic of dissent is, that it should partake of the nature of a PROTEST. Dissent is a relative term, and supposes something from which it is severed, and to which it is opposed. Such is the relation of English dissent to our established church. And its protest against that church is twofold; partly against some things which are peculiar to it, and partly against the great principle common to it with all civil establishments of religion.

The history of the church of England is such as to warrant the presumption, that it will include very much to which thoughtful and conscientious minds must be disposed to take exception. Henry VIII. was not a monarch to become the founder of a church that should leave little to be supplied in the way of amendment by those who should come after him. Nor was such an achievement to be expected from the short ascendancy of protestant courtiers under Edward VI., nor from the long ascendancy of that imperial lioness—Elizabeth. James I. settled all church affairs in the spirit of the maxim, ‘no bishop, no king;’ and the parties who entered upon their doomsday labours after the Restoration, concluded everything in accordance with that orthodox and courtly rule. The deep repugnance to change, which, in the times of the Puritans, and afterwards in the times of the nonconformists, became only the more fixed the more change was demanded, served to perpetuate the old forms, even the most objectionable of them; and they have in consequence descended with little abatement to our own time. Thus the mind of the nineteenth century is required to adjust itself to a condition of thought which has long since passed away. Bacon complained of this in his day, lamenting that while the state was subjected to repairs every year, the church was allowed to remain stereotyped as at the beginning. It avails nothing to say that the beginnings of change are dangerous. Such considerations must have their limits, if old institutions are not to be destroyed by the very conservatism which is put forth in their defence.

From these causes it has come to pass, that the men of

our own age are required to content themselves with the same slight modifications of popish and middle age forms, that were deemed sufficient when the first move from Romanism was made some three centuries since. The fruit of this policy in 1642, was the commencement of the civil war; in 1662, it led to the ejection of some two thousand ministers from their livings; and its effect since that time has been, not only to perpetuate, but to augment a vigorous dissent over the whole land. Now, there are many considerations which have led to this result on the part of nonconformists, which have ceased to be of such weight as formerly, and which with multitudes who are still dissenters have ceased to be of any weight at all. Such considerations, we mean, as relate to priestly vestments, to liturgical services, to particular postures in worship, to the general ceremonial of worship, or even to episcopacy itself in some shape considerably different from that seen in St. Stephen's. Even subscription to a creed is not, or at least should not be, a great difficulty with the modern nonconformist—seeing that every dissenting church has *virtually* its creed, and its edifice for worship enrolled in chancery as a property to be identified with that creed. But in the absence of general exception on these grounds, there is cause enough for exception remaining.

Every clergyman is required to take the book of Canons as his rule of ecclesiastical obedience, in all cases in which the said canons are 'not contrary to the laws and customs of the land.' At his ordination, he is farther required to subscribe 'willingly and *ex animo*,' 'That the Book of Common Prayer, and of ordering of bishops, priests, and deacons, containeth in it nothing contrary to the Word of God.' He is obliged to express himself to the same effect concerning the Thirty-nine Articles; and it is solemnly laid upon him that 'he shall not put his *own* sense or comment to be the meaning of the article (*in any instance*), but shall take it in the *literal and grammatical sense*.'

Now, it is not necessary that we should determine whether the nonconformist opinion on this point be a just

one or not, but certainly it is the opinion of that class of persons, that the natural tendency and the actual result of these requisitions are, to ensnare men into false utterances, to cause them to utter manifest untruth, and this at the threshold of their priesthood, and as the condition of being recognised as the Ministers of Truth.

The book of Canons, along with many other strange things, requires the man taking it as his ecclesiastical guide, to account all persons chargeable with the following offences as excommunicate,—that is, as persons without the pale of holy church, and consequently without the pale of salvation,—viz., all persons questioning the doctrine of the queen's ecclesiastical supremacy; the true apostolical character of the Church of England; the scriptural authority of anything set forth in the Book of Common Prayer, or in the Thirty-nine Articles; or who shall declare any part of the rubric of the church to be 'superstitious,' or 'repugnant to the word of God.' In short, if a clergyman be faithful to his vows, he must leave all nonconformists, Romanists and Protestants—full half the empire, to the uncovenanted mercies of God. In many respects, these monstrous canons of 1604 have been virtually repealed by the subsequent laws of the state; but this sentence of excommunication has not been meddled with by the civil power, except in so far as to rescue the subject from the *civil* penalties which originally attached to it. In all cases where the law of the land does not interfere, this canonical law is the rule to which the churchman should hold himself bound to do homage. Now, in the view of the Nonconformist, every clergyman is thus placed as between the points of a frightful dilemma:—not to act in the spirit of these canons is to forfeit his claims to consistency and veracity, for he has pledged himself so to do; and to act in the spirit of them, in our day, would be to proclaim himself a merciless bigot.

We may pass from the canons to the rubric, but the change brings no amendment. Take the following words, as uttered by the bishop in the ordination of a priest:

‘*Receive the Holy Ghost* for the office and work of a priest ‘in the church of God, *now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands.* Whose sins thou dost forgive, ‘they are *forgiven*; and whose sins thou dost retain, they ‘are *retained.*’ When the priest thus ordained visits the sick, he is required to address the sick man thus: ‘Our ‘Lord Jesus Christ, who has left power to his church to ‘absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in him, ‘of his great mercy forgive thee thine offences; and *by his authority committed to me I absolve thee from all thy sins*, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the ‘Holy Ghost!’ In baptism, also, the priest is required to say, ‘We yield thee hearty thanks, most merciful Father, ‘that it hath pleased thee to *regenerate* this infant *with thy Holy Spirit*, to receive him for thine own child by adoption, and to incorporate him into thy holy church. And ‘we humbly beseech thee to grant, that as he is now made ‘a partaker of the death of thy Son, so he may,’ &c. Then, at the grave, the priest has to express his confidence that God has taken ‘the soul of our dear brother here departed *unto himself*,’ and to commit his ashes accordingly to the dust, ‘in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life.’

Now, do all Christian men believe in this supposed communication of the Holy Ghost in ordination—in this supposed power of the priest to absolve from sin—in this doctrine of baptismal regeneration—or in this assumption, that every profligate, even though known to have died in the midst of his profligacy, whose body is brought to be interred in consecrated ground, should be judged as having passed into a state of blessedness? Few, very few men, now-a-days, believe in any of these things. What, then, are the men to do who cannot so believe? Such men feel, that for them to become clergymen, would be not only dishonest, but impious; nor can they consent, if they are men of sound moral feeling, to remain churchmen in any capacity.

It may be said that these are old objections, worn threadbare by iteration. It may be so; but in the view of

the nonconformist they are *moral* objections, and, as such, can lose nothing of their force by time. Sincerity—veracity—change not with circumstances or centuries. It is true, great effort has been made to explain away these formidable difficulties. But, in the judgment of the nonconformist, every attempt of that nature has been a sorry business—a sad exhibition of special pleading. He will assure you that he cannot look to the articles and rubric of the Church of England, in their ‘literal and grammatical sense,’ and call to mind the state of opinion existing in that church, without feeling confident that every clergyman subscribing to these symbols, to whatever section of the church he may belong, must have so done with large mental reservation—imposing a non-natural sense on many things which he at the same time professed to receive without equivocation, and *ex animo*. Suppose the man, in whose view these proceedings in the Church of England have all this appearance, to be somewhat in error on this point; nevertheless, so long as this shall be his judgment, his course is plain. If disposed to become a minister, he cannot be a minister of that church; and if he be a layman, he must cease to be connected with a system which, in his view, aims at ends professedly religious by means which are clearly both irreligious and immoral.

Nor must it be supposed that these are the only objections to which the system of our established church is presumed to be exposed. The great inequality observable in the distribution of its wealth; the secular duties assigned to its chief ministers; the law of patronage; the total absence of ecclesiastical discipline; and the consequent indiscriminate mixture of persons in the communion service—these are all felt as serious grounds for dissatisfaction and complaint, and as warranting separation. But the exaction made in subscription is, in the judgment of the dissenter, the grand objection, inasmuch as it does not merely require that no man shall preach anything contrary to the Thirty-nine Articles, but that he shall profess himself a *believer in them all*, in their ‘literal and grammatical

sense;' and inasmuch as, with regard to the rubric, he is not only compelled to say and do all the things therein enjoined, but to profess that *from his heart he approves* of them all, as being neither 'superstitious,' nor 'repugnant to the word of God.' How educated men—and really good men—can bring themselves to such conformity, is to the intelligent dissenter a matter of deep amazement. To stand apart from such a system in his own instance is felt to be one of his clearest points of duty; and that he should protest against it, as fraught with great scandal to religion, supplying its enemies with abundant occasion to blaspheme, is regarded as a duty no less imperative.

It will be perceived that these are causes tending to perpetuate dissent even in the case of persons who might not be opposed to the principle of church establishments. It is obvious, that this principle might be acted upon in modes much less open to exception. But it is well known that the great majority of dissenters would be dissenters still, though all the occasions of complaint now enumerated were taken away. They do not belong to any established church, because they hold the principle on which such churches are founded to be unscriptural, and in its working necessarily vicious. Their argument goes into a small space. Whether expressed strictly in such form or not, it amounts to this. If you suppose the majority of men in a state, after the largest stretch of charity, to be men devoid of scriptural religion, then the ecclesiastical establishment set up by such men will, of course, be much more a worldly than a religious institute, and tend rather to perpetuate a corrupt religion than to diffuse the true. If, on the other hand, you suppose the great majority of men in a state to be truly Christian, then you have a condition of society already existing, which of itself supersedes all necessity for compulsory aid in support of religion. *A state which is not Christian itself, will never give you a Christian establishment; and a state which is Christian, may be safely left to take care of its own Christianity.*

This reasoning of course supposes that we see in the

religion of the New Testament a spiritual system—the system of him who said, ‘My kingdom is not of this world:’ that it is before us as a religion the great aim of which is, not to prop up the social order of this world, but to prepare men, by the culture of devout thought and sympathy, for a higher state of being. In this light the Christian religion is viewed by all evangelical nonconformists, and the conviction that worldly economists would be sure to corrupt a system of this nature if allowed to meddle with it, is with them a sufficient ground on which to protest against all such meddling. In relation to this principle they know nothing of the distinction between Episcopalian and Presbyterian, between Protestant and Romanist. Their maxim is, that where a community embraces all these classes, the government, to be just, should endow all or none—endow all, if the principle of endowment be a just one; endow none, if it be not just. Whatever is realized by general taxation, should be applied, not to any sectional, but, as far as may be, to the general interest. Judging from the nature of the case, and from history, protestant dissenters find themselves shut up to the conclusion, that the principle adverted to is not just. The good which they see existing in religious establishments of such worldly origin, and sustained by such worldly means, is, in their view, good existing as the exception, not as the rule—as in spite of the systems so patronized, and not as their natural result. That these men should be conformists, that they should be other than avowed dissenters, is forbidden, in their judgment and conscience, by the manifest nature of the religion of Christ, by his own express language concerning it, and by the most obvious principles of morality. By all these considerations, their course, in their view, is marked out to them; and their language, even when restricted to self-defence, naturally becomes the language of protest. In a word, to them eminently belongs the protestantism of the protestant religion. We say not that they never err in this direction. We say not

that they never reason illogically, that they never magnify little things unduly, that they never under-rate the good included in the system to which they are opposed—in short, we say not that they are exempt from any sort of infirmity to which the human mind is liable in such circumstances. But all reasonable deduction of this nature being made, the case remains in substance as we have stated it; and the protestant dissenter avows his adherence to this cause because he regards it as holding a clear and noble relation to the cause of truth, honour, liberty, and enlightened Christianity.

It is evident from these facts, that SELF-DENIAL is another characteristic of Dissent. It is not disputed, that the course of ecclesiastical affairs to which Protestant Dissent, in the view now taken of it, is opposed, has been the current order of things in the history of Christian nations. Even in these nations, the only religion recognised through a long series of ages, was the religion set forth by law, and sustained by its sanctions. Governments, in those times, provided religion for the people as they provided any other commodity. The later heresy which came into vogue under the name of toleration, was unknown. Civil establishments of Christianity, accordingly, have not a little of the prestige of antiquity on their side. If there be any glory in ecclesiastical history, through more than a thousand years, it may nearly all be claimed by them. Our seats of learning, our laws, our customs, our associations and sympathies in innumerable shapes, have all taken their complexion from this source. It is not a pleasant thing, except to a few minds of a singularly unamiable temperament, to separate from the majority, especially when that majority is seen to take with it the great preponderance of rank, wealth, genius, refinement—in short, nearly all worldly advantages. But such is the mulct to which the intelligent Englishman has to submit on becoming a protestant dissenter. It is in the following

terms that an able and candid writer describes the musings which may be supposed to occupy a mind of this class when meditating such a step.

‘ Let us suppose, then, in the first place, that our ‘ anxious inquirer has no objection to the principles of ‘ establishments. Let us imagine that he could express ‘ himself honestly in such terms as these:—

‘ ‘ Every man ought to rise into life with an impression ‘ in favour of all the institutions of that nation into which ‘ he is born; attachment to them should be of the nature ‘ of a prejudice; he should take for granted their perfect ‘ propriety, until he discovers what forces him to doubt it. ‘ I am an Englishman, and as such, have imbibed from my ‘ birth a respect and reverence for the institutions of my ‘ country. They embody the wisdom of past ages. They ‘ have received the sanction of successive generations. ‘ Genius and virtue have alike and often spoken in their ‘ praise. I am not forbidden to investigate their claims, ‘ nor to admit the possibility of lofty intellects and holy ‘ men having consecrated an error; and, misled by the ‘ prejudices, or blinded by the ignorance of their times, ‘ being seduced into the admiration of political blunders ‘ and ecclesiastical mistakes—still, I do feel that it is not ‘ becoming hastily to conclude that this has been the case. ‘ Modesty certainly would seem to forbid it. I am bound, ‘ I think, as a Christian Englishman, as my first duty, to ‘ be a member of the Established Church, unless there be ‘ weighty reasons against it—reasons that would render ‘ dissent a duty, and conformity a sin. In the mere prin- ‘ ciple of an establishment I see no such reasons. Such an ‘ institution having been common to almost all nations ‘ would seem to have in it something congenial to the ‘ elements of our nature—to the reason and the judgment, ‘ the wants and the sympathies, of social man. Such an ‘ institution having been sanctioned by God, it would seem ‘ to be impossible that, abstractedly considered, its principle ‘ can have anything of evil in itself; and as the maintenance ‘ of an establishment is the only way by which a nation, as

‘such, can unequivocally express its reverence for religion
‘—and as it would seem to be admirably adapted for
‘preserving the unity and uniformity of the church, if so
‘constituted as to be sufficiently comprehensive and
‘catholic, I do not see that the principle of the institution
‘should prevent my adherence—I rather feel it to attract
‘than repel.’

‘In the second place, let us imagine that the individual
‘before us is alive and awake to all the secondary secular
‘advantages of adherence to the establishment, and espe-
‘cially to those which attach to clergymen. ‘The church,’
‘he may say, ‘as a national institution, has its national
‘endowments. Its ministers are a recognised body in the
‘state. They acquire by their office an admitted and
‘respectable standing in society. Some of them are on a
‘level with nobles and princes. Many are themselves
‘persons of distinction. All are admissible into any circle,
‘and are qualified for this, or in general are qualified by
‘the education they receive and the habits they cultivate.
‘Why should I renounce what all this involves? When I
‘ascend the summit of one of our cathedrals, and survey
‘its vast and valuable domain—this, I reflect, and all
‘similar property, belongs to the public, of which I am a
‘part; it belongs to it as a means to be employed for its
‘advantage; it belongs, for positive and pecuniary benefit,
‘to that class which is devoted to the securing for it the
‘advantage in question. Of that class I may be one.
‘That class my children may enter. Doing so, I, or they,
‘may honourably possess, for our natural lives, a portion
‘of that which, as belonging to the public, is already our
‘patrimony. We may rise to the level of those favourites
‘of fortune who are separated from the masses of common
‘humanity by the circumstances of birth; distinctions
‘drawn by the very hand of Nature may be annihilated
‘or passed—or if not (for such superiority can fall to few),
‘lesser dignities, and more limited portions of the general
‘stock of property and rank may become ours; they are
‘open to competition—they may be won by us as well as

‘by others, and may be as honourably attained as they
‘may be openly enjoyed. Or if this, even, should not be,
‘still, last and lowest in the scale, simply as a clergyman,
‘I shall possess a certain status in society. I shall have
‘access to circles, from which, as a Dissenter, I should be
‘for ever excluded. I shall mingle naturally with the
‘aristocratic and the educated—the classes and the cha-
‘racters who are distinguished by habits of cultivation and
‘refinement. Members of the other recognised profes-
‘sions will recognise me; and in that which will be my
‘own, I shall meet with many illustrious by talents, emi-
‘nent for virtue, of varied information, of solid learning,
‘of high connexions, of opulent fortune. I shall move
‘among the people clothed with a recognised legal autho-
‘rity; I may visit in my official or professional character,
‘but I shall neither be supposed nor expected to be
‘familiar with the vulgar and the illiterate, the low and
‘the ill-bred; nor shall I be confined for friends and
‘associates to respectable shop-keepers, second-class mer-
‘chants, or to a body of ministers—pious, excellent, worthy,
‘on the whole—but including many who never have been,
‘and never can be, companions for gentlemen. Why
‘should I sacrifice advantages like these? I see their
‘force; I feel their attraction; I cannot but be alive and
‘awake to their importance. If this be wrong, I am
‘wrong, I fear, in common with all the world—wrong
‘with many in the sects themselves, who are eloquent and
‘indignant at secular inducements having any influence in
‘the sacred profession. Even in an establishment, when
‘plain and poor, the ministry is contemptible; none of the
‘higher classes, and few of those born to riches and refine-
‘ment, dream of adopting it. And as to the sects, the
‘families whose circumstances confer upon their children
‘education and wealth, seldom, if ever, furnish a minister;
‘so that while they avoid the ministry because it presents
‘to them no secular inducements, they abandon it to a
‘class to whom it does! Why should I be ashamed of

‘ what everybody feels ? ’—*Conscientious Clerical Nonconformity.* By the Rev. Thomas Binney.

In comparison with the surrendering of such advantages as are depicted in this passage, the circumstance that the dissenter is compelled to pay money towards the support of an opulent establishment, besides doing his part towards supporting the form of religion which he approves, is a matter so trivial as hardly to be worthy of being named. If a layman, and still more if a minister, he will have to bear about with him, all his life long, this sense of social or conventional inferiority. This fact will be forced upon him from nearly all points, and often in forms which will not be the less felt from their being of a nature which a man would hardly descend to dwell upon, or even mention. It may be admitted, that of self-denial in this form the humbler classes among dissenters can know little. But the leaven of assumption and persecution, inherent in a wealthy hierarchy, is sure to find its way very far downwards. Sneers at the pretensions of the conventicle are often indulged by the lowest, in common with the highest. But it is to the mind of cultivated feeling that these conventional forms of wrong are the most painful. It is true, we have done with Conventicle Acts, and Five-mile Acts, with Schism Bills, and Corporation and Test Acts, but the foul spirit which so long retained its fitting habitation in such lodgments is not dead. It is exorcised, but not laid. It still roams about, and, as occasion offers, may give proof of having become only more malevolent from seeing that its time is likely to be short.

Such are the circumstances in which men become dissenters in this country. Men of sense—men of education, see all these disadvantages, and do not commit themselves on the side of dissent without being soon made to *feel* them. In so doing they may be conscious of being guided by just and honourable motives ; but they have to lay their account with being often described as men governed by

pragmatical conceit, by vulgar ambition, by paltry selfishness, if not by the most knavish hypocrisy. Were they more than men, they might, possibly, pass through this rough ordeal unscathed. But they are of our ordinary clay; and we wonder not that they should be sometimes tempted to repay their assailants after their own manner, and as with usury. Their danger lies in this direction. Their enemy is well aware that he never obtains so great an advantage over them as when he has succeeded in provoking them to intemperate expressions or to unadvised courses. The confessor's lot is next door to that of the martyr; and more or less of the lot of the confessor is awaiting every man who would acquit himself with much effect in our time on the side of protestant nonconformity. He must be prepared to surrender not a little of which other men will be free to avail themselves. He must expect to endure not a little of which other men will know nothing. The loss of privilege, though incurred from the most pure and generous motives, will only expose him to reproach, and leave him to his feeling of conscientiousness as his only resting-place. No doubt there are subordinate and less praiseworthy causes which sometimes contribute to swell the space and influence of dissent; but apart from this measure of self-sacrifice, and from the principle which calls it forth, dissent would soon become extinct in these nations.

In the history of dissent, however, as in the history of real Christianity everywhere, prosperity slays manifold more than adversity. The declensions from the ranks of nonconformity are almost uniformly declensions among the rich. We have been sometimes wicked enough to meditate a sketch of the change which one has sometimes watched as coming over the spirit of your rich dissenter—the man who, having become wealthy, begins to regard it as both inconvenient and ungentle to be quite so self-denying as formerly; who, though he owes his elevation from poverty to affluence to the steady habits which nonconformist associations contributed to fix in him, finds it

very difficult to mix with men of a higher class belonging to a more fashionable religious connexion, without seeming to forget that there is another, and a considerably different connexion, which is his own; the man who can allow his children, because somewhat more artificially trained than himself, to move him from his steadfastness, and, it may be, to give law to his household; who in the hour of his prosperity, while dropping away as imperceptibly as may be from his old acquaintances, not unfrequently becomes so awkward in his endeavours to commend himself to new ones, as to fall under the manifest contempt of both; in a word, a man who, had he only been consistent, honest, earnest, might have ruled his own house wisely, virtuously, and happily, in place of seeing it reduced to a chaos of frivolities; and who, in public life, might perhaps have attained to a position of confidence and influence, in place of becoming isolated, powerless, and despised. These men are not wise in their generation. The stain of nonconformity is not so readily effaced as they suppose. It requires at least a generation or two thoroughly to remove it. Men do homage, moreover, to integrity, and the more as they see that it is costly; but your renegade can hardly escape suspicion, and your renegade who becomes such clearly for fashion's sake is sure to reap as he has sown.

It should not be overlooked, however, that the more zealous class of dissenters are by no means free from blame in reference to such parties. Let Evangelical nonconformity become characterized by a spirit of intolerance and narrowness, such as shall cause men of wealth, who will act more or less for themselves, and men of education, who will think more or less for themselves, to feel that they are out of place in it, and all the dreams of some men as to the work of regeneration which our nonconformity is destined to accomplish will prove to be very dreams. It is easy to sneer at these classes as the fashionables and respectables, but to be severed from them is to be doomed to inefficiency. If there be any law in social history that may be said to be certain, this is certain—and if our men

of thought and our men of substance are made to feel that they have nothing but kicks on the one side, to put over against the different things often addressed to them from the other, it is not difficult to foresee the result—at least in a large proportion of instances. But this by the way.

Another characteristic of dissent is found in its natural affinity with all the principles of SELF-GOVERNMENT. Our state church is characterized by tendencies of a strictly opposite nature. As regards the clergy, the sole power of the men who are accounted the rulers of the church is purely executive. It does not belong to them to enact new laws, nor to modify the old. Their only province is to administer, not at all to legislate. Such also is the course prescribed to the inferior clergy. Everything is determined by rule, nothing is left to discretion. It is a vast and complex machine, in which each priest is to do his part, as a portion of the general mechanism. Preaching is the only exception on the side of freedom, but even this is an exception only in part, inasmuch as the preaching is required to be in accordance with certain defined Articles, even as the worship is required to be in accordance with certain prescribed forms, and the government according to certain fixed laws. As regards the laity, the non-entity to which they are reduced is almost proverbial, and by not a few of them of late this has been the matter of strong complaint.

With the nonconformist it is otherwise. It is true, the New Testament is his statute-book; and of him also we may say that his business is simply to administer, not to legislate. But in his case there is this material distinction—he is himself the interpreter of the law of the New Testament, and he administers it according to his own interpretation of it. With the churchman it is not so—the law which he administers is not that of the New Testament as interpreted by himself, but that law as interpreted by the authorities of the church, and in so far as

this interpretation has been approved by the state. In the one case there is the exercise of the right of private judgment; in the other that right is surrendered.

From this radical distinction between the two systems, arises a strongly characteristic distinction in spirit and action. Every dissenting church is a voluntary association, free to form its own judgment in respect to this law of holy scripture, and free to act in conformity with that judgment. The judgment of the pastor, or of the pastors if there should be a plurality, is not allowed to weigh against that of the church. The weight of ministerial opinion is purely natural, not at all official. Hence in all the departments of government, in every exercise of discipline, in everything relating to modes of worship, and to the best methods of diffusing the influence of religion, the church is the ultimate authority,—not the authority which enacts law, but the authority which declares the meaning of the law which inspiration itself has enacted.

It is from this larger interpretation of the right of private judgment that nonconformity has its origin. Self-government, moreover, is the natural consequence of secession from the form of government provided and settled in the established church. Declining the acceptance of what has been done for them, nothing remains to nonconformists but that they should attempt to do something better for themselves. In matters of religion, they refuse to think or act by proxy or delegation, and that they should think and act for themselves is the only course left to them.

Now, the effect of all this in the history of nonconformity has been precisely such as might have been expected. Nonconformist ministers have rested their claims to authority on personal more than on official grounds. Nonconformist church government has always assumed more or less of a popular character. Precedence in rule, both among ministers and laity, has been apportioned according to a law of fitness. The spirit of independence and self-

reliance has been thus lodged as in the very heart of dissent; and in the friends of civil and religious liberty it has always found its natural allies.

No intelligent man will be surprised to find that this element of dissent, in common with the rest, has its incident evils. In many cases it is not found to be favourable to a due recognition of the ministerial office. That the offices of teaching and ruling in the church are provided for in the New Testament is beyond dispute; and that the persons discharging those duties were designed to possess some kind of authority peculiar to themselves is as little open to debate. No question, accordingly, can be raised about the fact that such authority should exist; any difference of judgment must have respect simply to the mode or extent in which it should be exercised. It is not to our present purpose that we should enter on the discussion of this often agitated topic; but it is in place to observe, that the great preliminary secret to obtaining an eminently qualified ministry in the pastors of dissenting churches will be found to consist in a sober and scriptural appreciation of the ministerial office, and in the honest—we say the *honest* remuneration of ministerial service. Nor can it be well with any church which shall seem to have concluded that the common ground to which its members are brought, as the professed disciples of the Gospel, was meant to contravene those distinctions which age, intelligence, and worth—in a word, which nature and grace alike render imperishable. We only express what most intelligent nonconformists admit, when we say that many small dissenting churches have much both to learn and unlearn in these respects.

But while we admit these evils, and deplore them, we must remind our readers that they are only evils incident to what is in itself good—excellent. The popular governments of ancient Greece were not to be separated from some excesses; but they contributed to such a development of the human mind as the world had never before seen, and has hardly seen since. So it has been with all

states possessing popular institutions; and so it will always be, more or less, with ecclesiastical systems in which the power of the people has its just place. It would be very pleasant, no doubt, to possess the good things of this world, free from any sort of drawback; but, on our planet, such is not the law of affairs.

It is further characteristic of dissent that it should be allied with SPIRITUALITY. We use this term in two senses, in its philosophical and in its religious sense. In its philosophical sense, we understand it as denoting what is intellectual, in distinction from what is merely formal—what is received because it commends itself to the approval of the reason, and not merely because it happens to be conventional, or to be imposed by authority. We do not say that the churchman is religious without any exercise of his reason; but, inasmuch as a man who rejects an established system must be presumed to do so because he has passed judgment on it—has deemed it, to a large extent, erroneous or unwise, so it is reasonable to conclude that, as a rule, investigation and reasoning on this subject, which *may* have taken place in the mind of the churchman, *must* have taken place in the mind of the dissenter. In this matter the dissenter does not take things upon trust, and he is bound to show cause why he does not. He chooses between one system and another, and should not be thought to do so without some previous scrutiny of the different systems from which his selection is made. This applies, of course, with special effect to the first race of dissenters, or to such persons as become converts to dissent; but it must be always in a great degree applicable to nonconformity, since the ground taken on the plea of *reasonable* preference cannot be maintained except by the free use of that plea in its defence. Hence, notwithstanding the vast crudition by which many of our churchmen have been distinguished, the bulk of dissenters have always been greatly more a reading and a thinking people, as regards the disputed

questions in religion, than the majority of persons in the same rank calling themselves churchmen. An established system, especially if it be wealthy, may readily degenerate into a round of unreflecting worldly observances; but a religion which is left to be self-sustained must have principle in it of some kind—principle which has been more or less reasoned out, and which is appreciated for its own sake. If the worldly from without does not sustain it, the mental—that is, the spiritual, from within must do so, or it will soon become extinct.

Too often this is the only spirituality of which the avowed dissenter is possessed. His understanding and his moral feeling have been offended by much that has come before him in the Established Church; and if not prepared to profess himself a devout believer, he is quite resolved that in so far as he does concern himself with religion, it shall not be in a manner disapproved by his understanding. With such a man, what seems to be a question of religion, is very much a question of common sense, and of common morality. He will have nothing to do with religion in such forms as might commit him to anything which, in his view, would be absurd, disingenuous, or socially pernicious. He does not profess to be devout, but he does profess to be intelligent and honest, and he is resolved to act accordingly.

But the convictions to which nonconformity owes its permanence and power, are deeper, and more earnest, than any conviction can be which has respect to nothing beyond a rational, or even a moral consistency. The moral difficulties involved in this question have always derived their special force from their connexion with religious feeling. Good men saw that for *them* to become conformists, would be not only unreasonable, inconsistent, or inexpedient, but really impious. It would be to sin against God. Their conscience may be accounted uninformed, and may be pitied as unnecessarily scrupulous, but to this effect it spoke, and they were obedient to it. It was in this conscientiousness, this religiousness, this

true spirituality of feeling, that protestant nonconformity originated, and by this feeling it has been sustained. Concerning the nature of the compliances to which this strong objection was taken, the least informed reader may safely judge, by perusing attentively the first section of this article. Howe and Owen, Baxter and Charnock, Watts and Doddridge, and we may now add, Hall and Foster—all may be taken as illustrations of the spirit of English nonconformity. Taken together, they show the alliance in which this spirit has stood with learning and genius, with the most refined moral purity—and, above all, with a fixed sense of responsibility in everything religious to the great object of religion. Why such men have been humble nonconformist pastors, instead of being clergymen, dignitaries, or prelates, admits of but one answer. Religion with them was a reality, and a reality in relation to which they were bound to form their own conscientious judgment, and to act according to that judgment. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the feeling which originated the old nonconformists, is the same that has since originated Methodism.

The efforts of these different bodies of Christians to augment the religious knowledge and the religious feeling of their country, have been such as might have been expected from their character. They have taken the lead in every good work. In popular education, both in Day schools and Sunday schools; in district visiting; in home and foreign Missions; in more frequent and earnest ministrations from the pulpit,—in all these things, and more, they have set an example which many of the clergy and laity of the Established Church have been forward for a while to condemn, and have been afterwards constrained to imitate. With these men the truths of religion have been indeed verities. In their view the soul *is* immortal. Heaven and hell are *not* fictions. The stupendous mysteries of the Christian redemption are *facts*. They *believe* these things, and therefore do they *speak* of them.

When we thus express ourselves, we would of course be

understood as speaking generally. We admit exceptions. In this connexion, as in others, many nonconformists appear to fall into the snare incident to the particular form of their religious profession. Men may adhere to a primitive worship, and from this fact may assume that they possess the primitive spirit. Associated with a spiritual and earnest community, they may too readily conclude that they are themselves spiritual and earnest. In this manner, what is outwardly good, may conduce to what is inwardly delusive. The 'form' of godliness, in place of leading to the 'power' of it, may only the more effectually preclude it.

We may add, in conclusion, that it is characteristic of English nonconformity, that the larger portion of the good attributable to it, should be good resulting from it, not directly, but INDIRECTLY.

If social experience has taught men anything, it has assuredly made thus much indisputable, viz.:—that it belongs to every state-sustained and opulent church to sink into lethargy and corruptness, if its tendency in this respect be not counteracted by agencies from without. Of this we have abundant proof in the history of the Roman-catholic church. Thus the monks came, one order after another, each with their greater and still greater pretensions to spirituality and devotion, and each acting as regenerators of the ecclesiastical system, and as regenerators especially of the 'secular' clergy—as they were only too aptly called—who were at its head. But monks in their turn became worldly. Men less liable to be corrupted by wealth than even the brotherhood of a convent, and more disposed to activity and the work of instruction, were demanded, and in due time the demand called forth the supply. The four orders of friars proclaimed themselves as the enemies of the endowment of the Christian priesthood, and professed to cast themselves as no other religious order had done, on the voluntary offerings of the people; while, to denote their special mission, and to rebuke the tithe-endowed clergy more effectually, they

were designated '*preaching* friars.' When the protestant reformation came, the clergy of the state churches of Christendom were again found unequal to the service demanded from them. The jesuits then became, what friars and monks had been in former ages—a new spiritual militia, summoned to do the work which a clergy living a life of indulgence by means of their worldly endowments were found incompetent to perform. Even Wycliffe, secular priest, and bitter enemy as he was of those boastful voluntaries, the friars, did not scruple to trace nearly all the miseries of the church in his time to the 'foul endowing' of her ministers in the days of Constantine and Pope Sylvester, declaring that Heaven foresaw the coming evils in that hour and bewailed them! Certain it is, that throughout ecclesiastical history, the unendowed have been ever called in as the regenerators of the endowed. These have been to decayed churches, what new infusions from less effeminate and debased communities have been to corrupt nations. They have brought about reform, and thus have staved off the ruin. Many a time the compulsory priesthood would have sunk hopelessly, and their system along with them, if a voluntary priesthood had not made timely appearance for the rescue of both. Whatever may be said against the particular character of these monastic, mendicant, or jesuit voluntaries, the principle involved in their history remains the same. Indeed, if the men were so bad, or, at least, in process of time became such, and the principle even in their hands was nevertheless so powerful, what might we not expect from it as worked by men of more steady worth, and of a purpose still more resolute? If we descend from the time when these light, and somewhat irregular troops of the papacy, did their service in its cause, the state of things will not appear to be materially changed. Since those ages, state-churches have shown small signs of vitality, except as self-sustained churches have been allowed free action beside them, and have thus stimulated them to wakefulness and effort. The little we have said in a preceding section will suffice to indicate the manner in which the non-established churches

in this country have acted upon the established church. It is true, the church awakened may react upon her awakener; but it is no less true, that if the latter had slumbered, the slumber of the former might never have been broken.

On the whole, it is thus manifest, that the good which voluntary churches have done, is little compared with the good which they have provoked their wealthy and powerful rivals to do. It is one of their characteristics that the good attributable to them should be thus twofold. But a principle which is rarely found to work well except as necessity is in this manner laid upon it, must be of very doubtful utility. Such, however, is clearly the case with the church-establishment principle. For our part, we do not think so meanly of the church of England system, whatever may be the forebodings of some of its adherents, as to suppose that our episcopal church would become extinct, or, in fact, would suffer the loss of any real power, were her last glebe swept away from her tomorrow, and the last thread connecting her with the state snapped asunder. On the contrary, we can conceive that such a change would be to her as life from the dead. She would still be rich in all her historical associations, in all her ancient forms, and in all her adaptations to the hereditary tastes and habits of our people; and if it should only be given her to use her new freedom wisely, so as to reform some of the more obsolete matters in her ritual, and to put away the earthly minded and impure from her priesthood, her loss of state connexion and emolument would be abundantly compensated by her augmented strength—a strength that would be more than ever formidable to other religious bodies, and would become the especial antagonist of that Erastian spirit which at this moment has such fearful hold upon our statesmen. For the present, however, much lower views, we fear—views relating to mere pelf, will suffice to preclude these loftier thoughts concerning church power, and concerning what is greatly more important—church utility, from coming into play.

The most conspicuous fault among dissenters, and one, we are sorry to say, which appears to have been growing upon them of late, is of the sort to which all popular bodies are incident—a fault which, in our time, is nowhere seen in so strong a form as among our kinsmen on the other side the Atlantic, where broadcloth mobs sometimes take upon them the several offices of judge, jury, and executioner, in their own cause. What the Ostracism of the Athenians was to Attica, Lynch-law has since become to America. It is one of the modes in which popular liberty is liable to degenerate into popular tyranny. It is the sovereign power becoming arbitrary, lawless, oppressive; and we must be allowed to profess ourselves stern haters of such power when so wielded, whether it may chance to be in the hands of monarchs or of multitudes. At present we have not descended to the Athenian Ostracism, nor to the American Lynch-law:—but we have our one-sided passionateness in dealing with public questions; our readiness, in seasons of excitement, to stifle free and fair discussion by mere clamour; our disposition to give all sorts of bad names to the men who differ from us in judgment, and to subject them to all sorts of suspicions; our determination to proscribe everything, almost without a hearing, as absurdity or treachery which does not square itself to the full with our own notions—and in this tone of things, which has been increasingly observable of late, there is enough of the Lynch and Ostracism *spirit* to be greatly mischievous. At present the one half of dissent is consenting to be comparatively inactive and silent in respect to many public questions, that it may not come into unseemly collision with the temper too often evinced by the other half. But this is not a wholesome condition of affairs. It cannot last. Moderate men, who must be allowed to look at both sides of social and religious questions, will learn to make themselves heard, or they will gradually die out from within the pale of dissent—in the latter case, the dissent remaining would no doubt partake

of more unanimity, but its losses in respect to all other sources of strength would be irreparable.

But we shall not pursue this subject further. We think we have given proof, as stated in the commencement of this paper, that our aim has not been to vindicate Dissent from any of the faults to which it is incident, so much as to give a fair light and shadow account of what it really is. If we have at all failed in charity towards any man, we have failed unconsciously.

JOHN FOSTER AND ROBERT HALL.*

(August, 1846.)

ABOUT a century since, the pass from Lancashire into Yorkshire through the vale of Todmorden, was one of the most beautiful in England. Its hill-tops, thrown into every variety of shape, seemed to lift themselves aloft as if to break the force of the winter storm, or to present a natural resting-place to the summer clouds as they coursed each other from height to height, and threw their flitting shadows over the glens below. Some of those heights were barren, and have so been since the upburst of the mighty forces which made them what they are; but the less elevated were crowned, or clothed from base to summit, with ancient and richly hanging woods. The dells, which receded right and left from the main line of road, presented curves, and slopes, and sometimes abrupt and jagged outlines, in almost every form, intersected with rock, and wood, and verdure; and, after rain, while the voice of birds welcomed the returning sunshine, every hill-side might be heard tossing forth its tributary waters to feed the Hebden, as it rolled through its deeper bed beneath. The little of handicraft which mixed itself with the husbandry of the district, was not more than sufficed

* The Life and Correspondence of John Foster. Edited by J. E. RYLAND. With Notices of Mr. Foster as a Preacher and a Companion. By JOHN SHEPPARD, Author of 'Thoughts on Devotion,' &c. Two vols. 8vo. pp. 468, 590.

to impart those traces of man to Nature which make even Nature more beautiful. This description, be it remembered, applies to the vale of Todmorden as it was in the last century, when its seclusion had not been broken in upon either by canals or railways, and when the space now occupied with tall chimneys, and lofty square buildings, and with grouped or scattered multitudes of artizan dwelling places, had little of its present appearance.

One point of this valley bears the name of Hebden bridge, and, at the time of which we speak, there stood at no great distance from that spot, in the direction of Wainsgate, a small farm-house. The couple who, about the middle of the latter half of the last century, were the occupants of that house, had their employment, after the manner of the time, partly in the labour of the farm, and partly in weaving. The husband was no common person. It was his habit of caution and forethought which had prevented his taking upon him the responsibilities of a family until he had passed his fortieth year. He was then a devout man—a Christian. Mr. Grimshaw, of Haworth, one of that small, but noble-hearted band of Clergymen, who, about that time, began to preach the gospel in a manner of men who understood and believed it, had been the means of giving the mind of our farming and weaving friend this wholesome direction. But, as often happens in such cases, the convert did not remain a churchman. He became a member of the small Baptist church at Wainsgate, His temper was cheerful, and his views were much more expanded than was common with men in his circumstances; but, on the whole, his habits disposed him to avoid society rather than to seek it. Not a few of his happiest hours were given to reading, meditation, and prayer. Near Hebden bridge there is a secluded spot, at the bottom of a wood by the side of the Hebden, and marked by its projecting rock, which still bears the name of this good man. It was his 'cave' of refuge for thought and devotion. We can readily suppose that among his brother baptists such a man would be a good deal of an oracle. He was not only

better read than most of his neighbours in theology, but, as possessing more than the common share of acuteness and discrimination, was better qualified than most to digest what he read. On the decease of the Baptist pastor, this gifted brother was one of a small number who read 'Gurnal's Christian Armour,' for the common benefit, on alternate Sundays. It is remembered of this reader, that when he came to passages which struck him as particularly good, the exclamation was not unfrequently heard, 'That's sound divinity,' or, 'Author, I am of thy opinion.' This estimable man lived to be eighty-eight years of age. He died in 1814. His wife, who is described as his counterpart in soundness of understanding, integrity, and piety, survived him two years.

Such was the birth-place, and such were the parents, of the Rev. John Foster, who was born on the 17th of September, 1770. On the tomb-stone of the elder Foster, is the following characteristic inscription—'John Foster exchanged this life for a better, March 21, 1814, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and the sixty-third after God had fully assured him that he was one of his sons.' The subject of these memoirs was the first child of his parents, and the only further addition to their family was a second son, about four years younger. Foster saw his parents for the last time in 1801, in the thirty-first year of his age, and then said of them, 'They fear not death, nor need to fear it; for they are eminently ripe for heaven. I have never met with a piety more active and sublime.'

In the early life of men of genius, we see less of the fruit of circumstances, than of the power which is not to be controlled by circumstances. The charm of their story commonly is, that they should have done so much for themselves, amidst an outward allotment that did so little for them. It would sometimes seem as though the gifts of the mind came from one sovereignty, and the gifts of what is called fortune from another, and that the two crowns are at issue—so marked are the apparent cross purposes observable in these two kinds of bestowments.

But this is done that there may be an aristocracy of nature, placed over against the aristocracy of accident—that your high family pretensions might be counterpoised by pretensions based on a still higher relationship—that the wealth of the inner life of man, which comes from above, might be played off, in the game of existence, against the wealth of the outer life, which at best is only of the earth. Two things, it would seem, are necessary to the efficiency of this more natural aristocracy—that there should be power, and that the power possessed should be somewhat severely tested—that it should be power called to that kind of warfare with opposing influences which is favourable to a growing manhood.

The power of Foster was a power thus tried and matured. In his early years he was subject to many disadvantages. His disposition was naturally—we may, perhaps, say hereditarily—thoughtful and reserved. His strong individuality was ever disposing him to collapse upon himself. When not more than twelve years old, this peculiarity was so dominant as to cause him to feel a painful want of affinity both with the young and old about him. As a boy, he was no companion for boys: and with older persons it was often matter of bewilderment how the mind of such a child as ‘yon’ should have come by such ‘old-fashioned’ ways of thinking and talking. No one acquainted with the writings of Foster, and especially no one acquainted with his earlier letters as printed in this collection, can feel the slightest difficulty in conceiving of his childhood and youth as being of this description. The absence of all sisterly influence, the disparity between his own years and those of his only brother, the advanced age of his parents by the time he grew up into youth, and the fact that he grew almost to manhood under the parental roof—all these were circumstances tending necessarily to separate him from sympathy, and to throw him very much on his own pent-up musings and emotions. The natural effect followed. His manner became timid, shrinking, awkward, amounting, it is said, to ‘an infinite shyness;’ and this mischief, though

partly overcome in after life, left its impression on his character and bearing to the end of his days. Writing, in later years, to his valued friend, the Rev. Joseph Hughes, he says—‘I had, when a child, the feelings of a foreigner ‘in the place, and some of the earliest musings that ‘kindled my passions, were on plans for abandoning it. ‘My heart felt a sickening vulgarity, before my knowledge ‘could make comparisons. My involuntary unreflecting ‘perceptions of the mental character of my very few ‘acquaintance were probably just, as to their being qualified ‘to reciprocate my sentiments and fancies.’

But if the people about the place of his birth were little to his mind, the scenery of the neighbourhood commanded his admiration. It was good in what it was, and better in what it suggested. It assisted him to revel in imagination amidst the scenes of more profound beauty, or of more affecting grandeur, of which his books, from time to time, gave him some conception. The very words, *woods* and *forests*, called up pictures of sublimity which filled him with emotion. Calm and grave as his temperament always seemed to be, he was generally much more moved by indications of vastness and power, than by the merely beautiful. We remember once standing at his side when the object before him was a caged eagle: the anatomical display of strength in the noble bird was the special object of his attention, and his remarks on the tendency of the signs of mere power to call forth admiration, showed that speculations of that nature were no novelty to his thoughts. At any time, he would probably have turned from a Claude, or a Raphael, to works in the manner of a Salvator Rosa, or a Michael Angelo. In his youth he was, of course, sufficiently innocent of knowing anything about the existence of such geniuses; but the strength of his imagination, and the almost living force of his associations, made him particularly susceptible of impressions from the great, the awful, and the mysterious, even from his earliest childhood.

We suspect that the young of the present generation know little of the superstitious terrors with which the

novitiate of life in the case of their fathers and grandfathers was so dreadfully beset. Foster, speaking of his childhood, says—'the time of going to bed was an awful season of each day;' and the children were few in those days who had not been taught to assign a place in their sleeping-room, in the long passage, or in some adjoining apartment, to the supernatural—though in the case of our embryo man of letters, pictures of that sort were probably more frequent and vivid than with boys of a much duller imagination. The skeleton which met him every night in the room through which he had to pass to his chamber, was seen, no doubt, by his theurgic vision, with a clearness which no other boy in Hebden bridge, or Wainsgate, could have brought to the scrutiny: and vain would have been his effort to make others see those processes of Indian torture, the sight of which, as he tells us, he could not at times himself escape from—no, not by strong effort for the purpose. That trumpery stool there, in the corner of the room, what is there remarkable about that? The boy, John Foster, will never use it—years pass, and still he will not use it—why is this? The stool had been the property of a man who came by his death in a sudden and strange way, and whose ghost, it was said, had been seen in a barn near his house! To that timid, taciturn boy, there was more about that stool than the eye could look upon, or than any sense could recognise. To him it was an object of the imagination, and though it might not speak to others, to him it never failed to speak, and the mind must be sluggish in its discernment which does not see in that small incident a strongly-marked element of the future man.

But unfavourable as this home education, and much beside, may have been, the lot of young Foster was not wholly an adverse one. His parents exercised a most effectual guard over his moral and religious training. The circle in which he grew up was one of kindness, and one in which good sense and integrity were united with sincere piety. In the objects of his filial affection and confidence,

he saw the persons who were regarded with similar feelings by the best people in all the neighbourhood. One of his father's favourite sentences, he informs us, was — 'The noblest motive is the public good!' His house was a kind of sanctuary. Religious meetings were often held there. On every Tuesday evening Mr. Foster presided at a prayer meeting under his own roof, and in offering the concluding prayer, which he always did, it was observed that he never omitted the petition—'Oh, Lord, bless the lads!'—the lads being John Foster, and his then only companion, Henry Horsfall. Nor was the father altogether insensible to the intellectual aptitudes of the son. When the boy was not more than four years old, the father was known to lay his hand upon his head and say—'this head will some day learn Greek.' Some thirteen years, however, from that time passed away, and there was still little sign that this prophecy of the good man, concerning his first-born, would be fulfilled. The education of Foster during those years had been, of course, confined to his own language. He read at times voraciously, but, as will be supposed, with little system, and with a very defective and confused result. During the latter portion of this space he wrought at his father's craft, spinning wool to a thread by the hand-wheel, and afterwards weaving what are called double stuffs, such as lastings, &c. But nothing, we are told, was farther from the inclination of the youth, and few things farther from his thoughts than that he should continue all his days at such occupations. One consequence of this sort of forecasting was, that he made but a very indifferent weaver. The change which at length opened before him is thus described by the intelligent editor of these memorials:—

'When about fourteen years old, he communicated to the associate just named, the poignant anxiety he had suffered from comparing his character with the requirements of the divine law, and added, that he had found relief only by placing a simple reliance on the sacrifice of Jesus Christ for acceptance before God. Six days after the completion of his seventeenth year, he became a member of the Baptist church at Hebden bridge. His venerable pastor, Dr. Fawcett, and other friends, who had watched with deep interest his early thoughtfulness and piety,

urged him to dedicate his talents to the Christian ministry. Whether he had himself previously formed such a design is not known: the object of their wishes soon became his deliberate choice, and after giving satisfactory proofs of his abilities, he was 'set apart' for the ministerial office by a special religious service. For the purpose of receiving classical instruction and general mental improvement, he became, shortly after, an inmate at Brearley Hall, where Dr. Fawcett, in connexion with his labours as an instructor of youth, directed, at that time, the studies of a few theological candidates. Part of each day was still spent in assisting his parents at their usual employments. During the rest of the time, his application to study was so intense as to excite apprehensions for his health. Frequently, whole nights were spent in reading and meditation, and on these occasions his favourite resort was a grove in Dr. Fawcett's garden. His scholastic exercises were marked by great labour, and accomplished very slowly. Many of his inferiors in mental power surpassed him in the readiness with which they performed the prescribed lessons. One method which he adopted for improving himself in composition, was that of taking paragraphs from different writers, and trying to remodel them, sentence by sentence, into as many forms of expression as he possibly could. His posture on these occasions, was to sit with a hand on each knee, and, moving his body to and fro, he would remain silent for a considerable time, till his invention in shaping his materials had exhausted itself. This process he used to call pumping. He had a great aversion to certain forms of expression which were much in vogue among some religious people, and declared that, if possible, he would expunge them from every book by act of parliament; and often said, 'We want to put a new face upon things.' pp. 9, 10.

Brearley Hall, where our young divine pursued his studies thus sedulously, was beautifully situated. It was enclosed at all points by the neighbouring woods, except on the south, where it opened by a gentle descent upon the valley. With the surrounding landscape, and with the many glen and woodland retreats which were there accessible to him, Foster was deeply interested; and the memory of those scenes is often referred to in his after life as among the most delightful visions retained from his early years. Such a mind, exposed to such influences, was not to be restricted to a dull educational routine. Beside reading such works in theology as seemed to him most pregnant with thought and earnestness, he seized with special avidity on books of voyages and travels,—productions which, in that day, were immeasurably more the staple reading of the young than at present, both the old and the new world being now so far explored, narrowed,

and exposed, as to afford small supply in that shape to a passion for the marvellous. Fondness for this kind of reading in Foster seemed to grow by what it fed upon, and if prosecuted with more discrimination in his subsequent years, we shall see that to the last it was somewhat unduly indulged. But locality as well as temperament tended to this result. Such was Foster's passionate sympathy with the appearances of nature, that one summer evening he prevailed on a young man to walk with him by the river side in the vale of Todmorden from night-fall till dawn, that they might watch the effect of day-break and morning on the scenery of that romantic district.

Dr. Fawcett, the master of Brearley Hall, was a personage of stately presence and bearing. He was tall, and large withal, possessing a countenance somewhat saturnine, features which bespoke habitual seriousness, and a powerful voice. His preaching seldom rose above common-place; but his almost funereal gravity, which rendered his services somewhat repulsive to the young, gave weight to his utterances with minds more of his own experience and complexion. It was not one of the doctor's most conspicuous virtues to bear opposition with patience, or, in truth, to submit readily to correction in any way. He was considerably accustomed to deference, and was disposed to expect it; but he was a person of good sense in most things, of sincere piety, and, on the whole, of kindly feeling. His reading was more free and extended than was usual in those days with ministers boasting of their puritanical descent. He had read such books as Fielding's novels: and Foster long remembered the substance of a discriminating critique which fell one day from his old tutor at Brearley Hall on one of those productions. Indeed, the worthy gentleman, grave as he was, had his vein of humour, and knew how to enjoy that thing in others; and though not very sprightly himself, was never a check on the rational buoyancy of the young about him. In the matter of industry, his example was such as often to come upon the conscience of young Foster with the force of a

painful rebuke. His views of human nature, however, were of the sombre cast, and perhaps contributed somewhat to give a colouring of that sort to the early thoughts of his pupil. In regard to public affairs, Dr. Fawcett was one of that old school of dissent who were more concerned for quiet than for change. In this respect Foster appears even then to have been little in sympathy with his venerated tutor.

Foster's education at Brearley Hall was preliminary to his admission into the Baptist Academy at Bristol. The manner of our future essayist's journeying from Todmorden to that city should be mentioned, as contrasting somewhat strongly with the softer habitudes of not a few modern students of divinity. To pedestrianize from Todmorden to Manchester was no very formidable business; and from Manchester to Birmingham the youth enjoyed the luxury, such as that was in 1791, of having his seat outside a coach. But then there was the journey from Birmingham to Bristol, and for securing the said wheel luxury over that space, the bank, it seems, was unequal, and within the next two days the eighty-eight miles between Birmingham and Bristol were traversed by our young friend, yard by yard, on foot. We can imagine the arrival of the weary stranger at the door of the Academy there, at the house opposite the Full Moon, at the foot of Stokes Croft, in the city of Bristol,—a house at which, all respectable as it then was, you may now purchase drugs in one department, if you need them, and provender for man and beast in the other. So cometh change! In that institution Robert Hall had recently been the classical tutor. His place was now supplied by the Rev. Joseph Hughes, subsequently secretary to the British and Foreign Bible Society, between whom and this new student a friendship was speedily formed, not such as usually obtains between tutor and pupil, but such as binds equal to equal. Foster's friendship with that intelligent and truly estimable man was of more benefit to him than all his other friendships taken together. That

the only influence of time upon it should have been to mellow and ripen it was perfectly natural.

Foster had some peculiar notions about biography. In that sort of composition no man could hope wholly to please him. It was almost inevitable that too much would be said or too little. Sometimes there was too much of the biographer, sometimes the praise bestowed on the subject of his memoir was censured as indiscriminate and exaggerated; or, it might be, that the space allotted to materials concerning the departed personage was adjudged as monstrously disproportionate to his real claims. Few things were less endurable to Foster than to see small men endeavouring to swell themselves into greatness, by taking upon them to become the biographers of the great—fastening upon men of genius as a kind of peg on which to hang their own tawdry imbecilities. His feeling on this point was not at all times unwarrantable; but, like most of his strong feelings, was often more a matter of temper than of judgment. Whether the very intelligent editor of these volumes has had a fear of this kind of displeasure on the part of the subject of his narrative constantly present with him, or whether the deficiency is to be traced to an innate modesty of his own, we cannot venture to say, but we must confess that we think there should have been some more adequate representation than is given in this publication of that ever-memorable course of public affairs which so powerfully influenced the character of Foster's inner life in his early days. He was not inobservant of those signs of change, which, like an alternate light and darkness, then came over all human things. Those changes, hardly less than the cast of his own mind, and the circumstances of his early history, determined the ultimate complexion of his opinions and feelings. In this respect these letters are by no means a sufficient autobiography, and what is wanting in them might have been somewhat more freely supplied by the editor, without passing the line of a most scrupulous humility. It is, no

doubt, in strict accordance with Foster's own canons, that his biographer has acquitted himself thus modestly; and if our own estimate of his genius should be somewhat more discriminating than has been usual in nonconformist literature, we must be allowed to plead a deference to the same authority. Foster would have been among the first to condemn the language of undistinguishing eulogy, whether as applied to himself or to other men.

His journey to Bristol was, as we have stated, in 1791, and in the August of that year. About two years had then passed since the assembling of the States-General in France, and the fall of the Bastille. In that very month, the unhappy French king, having made concession after concession, had been seized in an attempt to escape from the personal dangers which threatened him, and was re-conducted to Paris. In little more than twelve months from that time Louis was brought to the block. There was no class of men to whom the progress of the French Revolution was not in some of its points an object of the deepest interest. The privileged classes over Europe looked upon it with horror, as menacing the destruction of everything most valuable in modern civilization. Even the unprivileged, for the greater part, saw in it a strange and dreadful power, which seemed bent on bringing to the dust nearly everything which men had been wont to regard as venerable and sacred. But many, and those especially among the more intelligent and the younger men of that generation, hailed the onslaught thus made upon the old forms of corruption and tyranny as the commencement of a mighty and ameliorating change in the condition of the human family. The excesses of the Revolution, however, came ere long as a god-send to the enemies of human freedom and improvement. The timid, the imbecile, and the selfish, were soon agreed that the evil of holding corruption in perpetuity must be far less than would be attendant on seeking its abatement by such means. The cry everywhere raised was against atheism and anarchy; and among the dominant parties in the

state, whether drunk or sober, the watchwords became 'our glorious constitution,' or, 'the altar and the throne!' Pitt, notwithstanding his recently avowed principles of liberalism, placed himself at the head of this servile reaction; and the aristocracy, the clergy, and the multitude, were found, through a frightfully long interval, to be almost totally at his bidding. But the sympathizers with the professed object of the great struggle in France still remained a sturdy remnant, both in Parliament and through the country. They were not insensible to the crimes which had been perpetrated in that country in the sacred name of freedom. They mourned over them—loathed them. But nothing could reconcile them to the old abominations in the shape of misgovernment. The conflict thus originated—between the property classes, the clergy, and a besotted multitude, on the one hand; against a small, intelligent, and firm-hearted portion of the community, bent on working out schemes of political and religious freedom, upon the other—was protracted, envenomed, and disgraced on the part of the ruling powers by outrageous acts of tyranny.

What happened at Birmingham, when a 'church and king' mob set fire to the house of Dr. Priestly, and compelled its owner to consult his safety by flight, was only an indication of the feeling and treatment to which Protestant Dissenters, even the most peaceful of them, were exposed throughout the kingdom. Take the following as a sample. The extract is from the memoirs of the Rev. Joseph Cockin, a dissenting minister of Halifax, written by his son:—

'The era when Mr. Cockin removed to Halifax was a time of general suffering to dissenting ministers in large towns. The French Revolution broke out a little before, and engaged the attention of the whole civilized world. Afterwards, Burke's Reflections operated powerfully on the public mind, and excited a strong indignation against all who augured well of its influence and its consequences. The principal odium fell upon dissenters, and much malignant industry was employed to blast their character. In one town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, a guard of soldiers was placed over the independent minister, who is yet living, to watch him and to prevent him doing mischief. At

Marsden the late Rev. Libanus Shaw was visited by a drunken clergyman and a disorderly rabble, with a constable at its head, who had a magistrate's warrant in his hand, and shackles in his pocket. They knew that he was a dissenter, and therefore they had no doubt that he was a dangerous person, and their errand was to search his house for seditious books and papers. But they went away disappointed of what they confidently expected to find. Perhaps no place was more strongly infected with the madness of the times than Halifax, or suffered more in consequence. Most of the young men enrolled themselves as volunteers, and the volunteering system had a pestilential effect on their morals and their circumstances. It is often said, that a minister has nothing to do with politics, and Mr. Cockin was perfectly willing to have nothing to do with them. He always said, that whoever ruled, and whatever was their government, he would live in peaceable subjection to their authority. While he left others to take their own way, for himself he avowed, without either disguise or reserve, the doctrine of passive obedience and non resistance. But, after all, his situation was uneasy, and not always secure from danger. He could not purge himself from the charge of Jacobinism, nor escape gross insults, because he would not join in abusing and cursing the French. He was vilified by name in the 'Leeds Intelligencer,' which was then a popular and influential journal; in the 'Orthodox Churchman's Magazine;' and in a pamphlet on Democratic Scheming, which was written by a clergyman at Bradford. The evil from which he suffered, however, was not peculiar to Halifax, but extended over the whole kingdom, and was common to most of his brethren who were in public situations.—pp. 190—195.

The spirit of John Foster was not of a sort to pass through an ordeal of this nature without deriving impression from it. His principles became decidedly republican. The maxims, temper, and conduct of the Tory and high church parties in those times became the object of his fixed and deep aversion. In the spirit and policy of those parties he saw the great antagonism of everything just, humane, and Christian. These notions and feelings were somewhat modified by time, but their substance always remained.

Bristol, when it first became known to Foster, was the second city in the kingdom. Its maritime enterprise, and its general traffic, were great; and its patronage of science and literature at that time had been such as to connect it intimately with the early history of such men as Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Lamb, and Hall. Foster's stay in the academy there did not exceed twelve months; and, if we may believe his own account of the matter, he made

small progress during that time. Writing to Mr. Horsefall, he says :—

‘ You say I must do something great in the preaching line when I come into Yorkshire. Let not my Yorkshire friends expect too much. Probably there never was a more indolent student at this or any other academy. I know but very little more of learning or anything else than when I left you. I have been a trifer all my life to this hour. When I shall reform God only knows. I am constantly wishing and intending it; but my wishes and intentions have thus far displayed in a striking degree the imbecility of human nature. To-morrow is still the time when this unhappy system of conduct shall be rectified.’—i. p. 30.

We are willing to hope something better, as to the result of our student’s bookish occupations, and social history, while at Bristol, than this gloomy report would seem to warrant; but many are the complaints subsequently made as to the inveterate and most unfortunate habit of indolent, desultory, musing vagrancy into which his mind was disposed to fall. His first preaching engagement after leaving the academy was at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The place of worship was an ancient room called Tuthill-stairs. It was not large enough to receive a hundred persons; and during Mr. Foster’s visit was never full. But of a portion of this small auditory, the preacher thus writes to his friend Horsefall :—

‘ I have involuntarily caught a habit of looking too much on the right hand side of our meeting. ’Tis on account of about half a dozen sensible fellows who sit together there. I cannot keep myself from looking at them. I sometimes almost forget that I have any other auditors. They have so many significant looks, pay such a particular and minute attention, and so instantaneously catch anything curious, that they become a kind of mirror in which the preacher may see himself. Sometimes, whether you will believe it or not, I say humorous things. Some of these men instantly perceive it, and smile; I, observing, am almost betrayed into a smile myself.’—i. p. 33.

Nothing of moment is recorded during the three months spent at Newcastle, save that the mind of our young preacher continued to be given to rambling much more than to labour, and that his habits were tending fast to give him better qualification for a hermitage rather than for a pastorate. The following picture is much too good to be passed over :

'A correspondent of genius and observation might give you an amusing account of Newcastle, but such qualifications are but in a small degree mine. The town is an immense irregular mass of houses. There are a few fine uniform streets, but the greater number exhibit an awkward succession of handsome and wretched buildings. The lower part of the town, as being in the bottom of a valley, is dirty in an odious degree. It contains thousands of wretched beings, not one of whom can be beheld without pity or disgust. The general characteristic of the inhabitants seems to be a certain roughness expressive at once of ignorance and insensibility. I know little of the dissenters in general. I was one evening lately much amused at the presbyterian, or Scotch meeting, by the stupidity of their psalms, the grimace of the clerk, the perfect insignificance of the parson, and the silly unmeaning attention of a numerous auditory. But *our* meeting—for amplitude and elegance! I believe you never saw its equal. It is to be sure considerably larger than your lower school, but then so black and so dark! It looks just like a conjuring room, and accordingly the ceiling is all covered with curious antique figures to aid the magic. That thing which they call a pulpit, is as black as a chimney, and, indeed, there is a chimney-piece, and a very large old fire case, behind it. There is nothing by which the door of this same pulpit can be fastened, so that it remains partly open, as if to invite some good person or other to assist you when you are in straits. My friend Pero, who I have mentioned before (*his dog*), did me the honour one Sunday to attempt to enter, but from some prudential notion I suppose, I signified my will to the contrary by pulling to the door, and he very modestly retired. Yet I like this pulpit mightily, 'tis so much the reverse of that odious priestly pomp which insults your eyes in many places. I hate priestly consequence and ecclesiastical formalities. When I order a new coat, I believe it will not be black.'—Vol. i. pp. 50—52.

From Newcastle, Foster proceeded, in 1793, to become preacher to a small Baptist society in Swift's Alley, Dublin; and he remained in Ireland three years. Of those years in his history we know scarcely anything beyond the little which he has himself recorded. He preached a month at Cork, with some acceptance, and was much pleased with the society to which he was introduced in that city. But nothing, he assures us, could be less interesting than the group of persons to whom he had to preach in Dublin. It consisted of a few rich and worldly people, and of a few from the poorest class, the latter wholly destitute of intelligence. In Swift's Alley, the preacher nodded, and the people did the same. 'The congregation,' says Foster, 'was very small when I commenced, and almost nothing when I voluntarily closed.'

'After an interval of several months spent in Yorkshire,' he writes, 'I returned to Dublin, to make an experiment on a classical and mathematical school. The success did not encourage me to prosecute it more than eight or nine months. I remained in Dublin several months after its relinquishment. I attended as a hearer in Swift's Alley, when there was service, but had little more connexion with the people than if I had never seen them before.

'During my last residence in Dublin my connexion with violent democrats, and my share in forming a society under the denomination of Sons of Brutus, exposed me at one period to the imminent danger, or at least the expectation, of chains and a dungeon.

'It is now a great while (1796,) since I changed, very properly, the cleric habit for a second edition of tail and coloured clothes, and in this guise I have preached at several places since I returned to England; but I have not preached at all lately. Yet after all I extremely regret that I am not employed in preaching.

'That denomination of people with which I have been conversant, have stronger causes of exception than the colour of a waistcoat—my *opinions* have suffered some alteration. I have discarded, for instance, the doctrine of eternal punishments. I can avow no opinion on the peculiar points of Calvinism, for I have none, nor see the possibility of forming a satisfactory one. I am no Socinian, but I am in doubt between the orthodox and Arian doctrines, not without some inclination to the latter. It is a subject for deliberate, perhaps long, investigation, and I feel a sincerity which assures me that the issue, whatever it may be, must be *safe*. In this state of thought and feeling, I have just written to Mr. David, of Frome, requesting to be informed whether there be within his sphere of acquaintance an Arian congregation in want of a preacher, expressing to him, however, that my preference of *such* a congregation does not arise from a conclusive coincidence of opinion, but from a conviction that there only I can find the candour and scope which I desire.'—Vol. i. pp. 38—41.

Foster, in addition to this unsettled state of his opinions, his recluse habits, and his peculiar style of preaching, had adopted notions concerning churches which exhibited them as organizations tending to do more harm than good. His own mind did not harmonize with any fellowship so general, and his feeling—his subjectiveness, as the Germans have it—in this respect, as in many beside, gave law to his judgment. On the whole, it can occasion little surprise that he failed to obtain a home as a pastor either at Newcastle, or in Dublin. But early in 1797, he became the minister of a General Baptist Church in Chichester. He retained this office about two years and a half, and this interval in his history is marked much more decidedly than any previous period by the signs both of mental and spiritual progress. He generally preached three times on

the Sunday. But the congregation continued as he found it, in a very low and formal state, and soon after his removal it became extinct, and the place of worship was closed. There is a walk near the town which is still known by his name; 'but his most favourite resort for meditation 'was the chapel, where the well-worn bricks of the aisles 'still exhibit the vestiges of his solitary pacings to and 'fro by moonlight.' The letters written by him while in Chichester are many of them deeply interesting, evincing a much more settled creed, and a stronger religious feeling.

From Chichester, Foster removed to Battersea, and resided for a while with his friend, Mr. Joseph Hughes. During this short period, he was frequently engaged in preaching in the villages of Surrey, in connexion with the Surrey Mission. But his great improvement, he tells us, by reason of this association with Mr. Hughes, and with the persons to whom Mr. Hughes introduced him, was 'in respect of manners, conversation, habits, deportment, &c.' On this subject his biographer has spoken:

'Up to the period of leaving Chichester, Foster's intercourse with cultivated persons had been very limited. But on his removal to Battersea, and soon after in the neighbourhood of Bristol, he was introduced to several individuals of refined taste, and superior intelligence. It is said by those who knew him, that his manners were vivacious, and his society in a high degree captivating; his conversation was ardent, intellectual, and imaginative, with no faint colouring of the romantic. His outward appearance was not thought by him so unworthy of care as in later life he looked upon such matters, in relation to himself especially.'—Vol. i. p. 71.

In 1800, Foster removed to the village of Downend, about five miles from Bristol, where he became preacher at a small chapel, erected chiefly through the influence of Dr. Caleb Evans, the pastor of the Baptist church assembling in Broadmead, Bristol. The year following, Foster visited his native place for the second and last time. But we learn that, 'with the exception of a wild 'solitary vale or two,' he felt little pleasure in 'retreading 'the ancient vestiges.' Everything seemed to have become the memento of change, and he found it impossible to escape from the melancholy thus induced. What man

can have visited his birth-place after long absence, and not know what this means!

Downend, however, was a sorry region to dwell in after the vale of Todmorden. It is a flat neighbourhood, with black roads, and much more valuable for its coal-pits than for its agriculture. It could never have possessed any recommendation to Foster, except from the two or three respectable families who chanced to reside there, and from its nearness to Bristol.

In 1804, Foster was invited to become a minister of a Baptist congregation in Frome. This invitation was given chiefly through the strong recommendation of Robert Hall. But in Frome, as everywhere else, Foster was doomed to preach to a congregation in a low state, and one which hardly admitted of any speedy improvement. The town of Frome had little to commend it. It resembles the contents of a stone-cart discharged into a pit. To Foster it was sadly disagreeable; and we wonder not that it should have been so. Its neighbourhood, however, has its beauties, for those who are disposed to go in search of them: but Foster was so closely and anxiously employed during his stay there, as to be little disposed to make such excursions. It was soon after his settlement in Frome that he published his memorable *Essays*. In 1806, he resigned his charge, and was subsequently much occupied as a writer in the '*Eclectic Review*.' In 1807, he contributed thirteen articles to that journal. His marriage took place in May, 1808, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, after an acquaintance of seven years, and a courtship of five.

Mrs. Foster, while known as Miss Maria Snooke, resided at Bourton-on-the-Water, and Foster chose his home in that village during the nine years subsequent to his marriage. During those years he was chiefly occupied as a contributor to the '*Eclectic*,' and in preaching on Sundays in the adjacent towns and villages. While at Bourton he lost his parents, and became himself a father. In 1817 he resumed his charge for a while at Downend.

He was willing to believe that his practice for some years past as a village preacher would be found to have qualified him for preaching with more acceptance to the rustic portion of his auditory at Downend than when his former experiments were made there. But a few months sufficed to convince him of his mistake. His next, and last place of abode, was Stapleton, a genteel and remarkably quiet village about two miles from Bristol.

Subsequently to this last removal, Foster wrote little for the periodical press. The affairs of the Baptist academy, and the controversy respecting the Serampore mission, engaged much of his attention: and of his chief literary labours, we have the fruit in his 'Missionary Discourse,' his 'Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance,' his 'Introduction to Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion,' and in his 'Letters' published in the 'Morning Chronicle.' These publications, together with his volume of Essays, his collected Reviews, the contents of the volume before us, and two volumes of posthumous lectures, constitute his works—all at least that are at present published in an authentic form, or that are likely to throw any material light upon his outward or his mental history.

In 1826 Mr. Foster had to mourn the loss of his son, an amiable and pious youth, in the sixteenth year of his age. Six years later he was bereft of Mrs. Foster. These events, and the decease of so many of his early friends, whose place he had no disposition to supply by new acquaintances, threw a gloomy shadow over his remaining days. For some years before his death, his weakness, and particularly the great failure of his sight and memory, had rendered all literary labour impracticable. Of that event, which took place in his own house in Stapleton, on the fifteenth of October, 1843, there was little to record. It came almost without pain. His mind was calm, resigned, and confiding—full of those solemn, but hopeful thoughts, which became the closing scene of such a life.

When Foster was about thirty years of age, he ques-

tioned himself after this wise—‘Have I so much originality as I suppose myself to have? The question arises from the reflection that very few original plans of action or enterprise ever occurred to my thoughts.’—(i. 198.) About the same date, he makes the following entry in his Journal, suggested by his having been several times in company with Mr. Hall—‘The question that leads most directly to the true estimate of a man’s talents is this—How much of *new* would prove to be gained to the region of truth, by the assemblage of all that his mind has contributed? The highest order of talent is certainly the power of revelation—the power of imparting new propositions of important truth: inspiration, therefore, while it continued in a given mind, might be called the paramount talent. The second order of talent is perhaps the power of development—the power of disclosing the reasons and proofs of principles, and the causes of facts. The third order of talent perhaps is the power of application—the power of adapting truth to effect.’—(i. 216.) From many passages now printed from the pen of Foster, and from passages still stronger to the same effect which we have seen in manuscript, we conclude that Foster would have described Hall as being most powerful in what he has designated as the ‘third order of talent,’ as possessing his next degree of power in the second order, and at least powerful in the first. And we feel obliged to admit the substantial correctness of this judgment. The extraordinary talent of Robert Hall was not that which discovers truth, nor that which profoundly investigates its reasons or its causes; but that which presents and applies it with clearness, and with singular beauty and effect. Not that Hall should be accounted deficient in the power of investigation and analysis; on the contrary, few men ever saw a topic more distinctly, in its parts, its causes, and its consequences. In general, his mind came in upon his subject—if we may so speak—with the authority of a field-marshal, calling the stragglers, and the broken sections to their places, and imparting relation, order, and unity to

the whole, with an admirable skill and promptitude. If he failed, it was in the want of comprehensiveness, not as overlooking the distinctness of the parts which were really before him, but as not seeing the subject in its entirety, and as leaving his conclusion in consequence more open to objection than he supposed. In any other man, his faculty even in this respect would have been extraordinary; if it be not so spoken of in him, it is because he possessed another in a much higher degree.

In no respect was the mind of Foster so much distinguished from the mind of Hall as on this one point. Hence it happened, that *originality*, which was the strength of Foster, can hardly be said to have been attempted by Robert Hall. His aim, through the greater portion of his life, was to establish, to commend, and to diffuse the received truth, in the best possible form, and with the best possible accompaniments. To a mind like that of Foster, the more fervid genius of Hall must often have appeared as much too eager to give the place of honour to his favourite dogma, and as not by any means suspicious enough in the examination of its credentials. The great essayist would feel disposed to ask many questions, and to indulge in many discriminations, while the great orator would see no occasion for submitting to the one kind of impediment or the other. The one always wrote in the manner of the preacher—the other always preached in the manner of the writer. The one, accordingly, would not suffer his course to be hindered by attending to subsidiary points, which, in his own judgment, did not affect the main questions; the other took the greater questions and the less within his ample range, and knew nothing of rest until he had equally disposed of them all. The one challenged the cultivated, but still the popular thinking and sentiment in his favour; the other made no such appeals, but seemed to fall back, as if in sullen pride, on the pure reason of the thing, and calmly left the scrutiny of the most intellectual to do its worst. The more popular effect might satisfy the one, but that

was far from being sufficient to give contentment to the other.

It was not possible that an intellect of such power as that of Foster, when given to speculation after this manner, should fail of originality. It was an intellect which travelled further than that of other men, and it would of necessity see more. It plunged to a deeper bed, and would fix its eye on wonders to which men of ordinary power could not reach. The surface of things might be beautiful, but the mind of which we speak coveted the whole beauty—the interior as well as the exterior, the beauty beneath as well as above. It was a mind bent upon knowing all the knowable. It was ever moved by the persuasion that there is a reason and a harmony in appearances, and it was intent on eliciting those secret forms of the beautiful wherever that should be found possible. Foster did not need to be assured that there are barriers which the human spirit may not pass; but he was not always prepared to admit that those barriers were so near as priests and people, in their indolence or credulity, were pleased to suppose. He was convinced that there were more distinct, more profound, and sometimes far other views than the popular to be attained on most subjects, and he sought to attain to them. His strong individuality, which gave so much isolation to his mind, even from his childhood, naturally disposed him to cherish such impressions, and prompted him to such effort. Take the following passage, as indicating the strong Mystic or Gnostic feeling which bounded in him in the seasons of his deeper thoughtfulness. Be it remembered, too, that this language is from a young man—a man of thirty.

‘I want to abstract and absorb into my soul, the sublime mysticism that pervades all nature, but I cannot. I look on all the vast scene as I should on a column sculptured with ancient hieroglyphics, saying ‘there is significance there,’ and despairing to read. At every turn it is as if I met a ghost of solemn, mysterious, and undefinable aspect, but while I attempt to arrest it, to ask it the veiled secrets of the world, it vanishes. The world is to me what a beautiful deaf and dumb woman would be; I can *see* the fair features, but there is no language to send forth and impart to me the element of soul.’—Vol. i. p. 175.

From this characteristic tendency, it has happened, that his compositions always appear like those of a man, who, before committing himself to the act of writing, has meditated on the substance of his theme until it has not only waxed brighter and brighter under his gaze, but until the suggestive thoughts teeming from it have formed a rich halo about it; and who in this stage of his progress commonly finds himself constrained to linger for a while in this outer circle of material for reflection, before coming immediately to the central matter from which it has emanated.

Enough is before us in these volumes to show, that Foster was more a man of thought than a man of reading. This is saying no more of him than may be said even of such men as Archbishop Whately. Many of the speculations which he appears to have regarded as novelties, had been the property of a long succession of thinkers before him; but it is hardly to be doubted, that we owe many an original mode of setting forth and of illustrating these conceptions, and many a conception original in itself, to the fact that Foster, with all his book-buying, and with all his vows as to the reading to which he *would* apply himself, was not really a man of books, but almost entirely a man of reflection. If he could have been brought to read systematically and largely on any subject, we should have supposed that he would so have done on the philosophy of the mind, so cognate to his characteristic tendencies, and so necessary to an adequate treatment of many of the questions in which he felt an intense interest. But so late as the year in which he published the first edition of his *Essays* he thus writes—

‘My total want of all knowledge of intellectual philosophy, and of all metaphysical reading, I exceedingly deplore. Whatever of this kind appears in these letters is from my own observation and reflection, much more than from any other resource. But everything belonging to abstraction has cost me inconceivable labour, and many passages, which even now may not appear very perspicuous, or not perhaps even true, are the fourth or fifth laboured forms of the ideas. I like my mind for its *necessity* of seeking the abstraction of every subject, but at the same

time this is, without more knowledge and discipline, extremely inconvenient, and sometimes the work is done very awkwardly and erroneously.'—Vol. i. p. 309.

Four years later he adds—'Among books I am muddling on in a poor way. Many of them I never look into, some of them when I do look into, I cannot understand (per ex. Cudworth, Locke, Hume, &c.) The bits and sections I read without order in others, I utterly forget, and in short, but for the name and notion of the thing, I might nearly as well have no books at all, excepting, indeed, those with pictures in, which I find nearer my taste and capacity.'—Vol. i. p. 408.

It was some years subsequent to the time when these sentences were penned, that we frequently met Foster, and his conversation was generally such as to convey the impression to our mind, with regard to his metaphysical, and even his general reading, which is sufficiently indicated in these passages. To natural or abstract science, he made no pretension. Of course, when we speak of the reading and acquirements of Foster as limited, we shall be understood as speaking of these things comparatively—considered as the reading and acquisitions of such a man. In these respects, we scarcely need say that Hall was immensely his superior. Hall was well read as a metaphysician, and his general reading, though considerably defective in some departments, was, on the whole, of large extent. On no point, perhaps, was the deficiency of Hall more observable in this respect than on the subject of General History, and especially English History. We remember to have heard him say—Christian, Puritan, and Whig-radical as he was—that he did not see the need of any better History of England than would be found in the volumes of Hume! With regard to Foster, it is certain that he was vastly more at home, as he states, with books which had pictures in them, than with almost any other kind of books—the books intended, however, being volumes of travels and antiquities, including just so much of the literary as sufficed to render the pictorial instructive and suggestive. He owed to the world-volume, ever open before him, more than to all other volumes; and other books were congenial to him the more they resembled that favourite one, placing him amidst living men and visible

nature over the widest possible surface. It was not enough that he should *read* about the distant and the past; he must *see* them: and in proportion as he could so do, they became available material to his mind. Thus aided, he could live amidst the wonders of the Egyptian Thebes, or upon the soil of old Greece, or could face the snows of the North Pole with the modern voyager. In this sort of reading few men had kept pace with him. His expenditure to gratify his taste in this way exceeded his means, and subjected him to some conscientious inquietude in his later days, though when cautioned about the excess by his friends, he generally had his strong arguments ready to prove that it was no excess at all—or to show that, if it were, it was an excess which brought *some* return, while many of the extravagances of his censors could not be brought under so reasonable a description.

If we were required to submit to our readers, according to Foster's own rule of judgment in such cases, all the new truth, which we believe him to have added to our previous truth, in the shape of 'distinct proportions,' we confess that we should feel the task to be one of great difficulty. Much, as we have intimated, was new to Foster, which was not new to the more learned of his readers; and it must be conceded, that when his thinking bears the impress of originality in the highest degree, we do not find in it the great distinct propositions which promise to impregnate the future, and to become watchwords in after generations. His manner of thinking, and his manner of writing which was moulded by it, were not favourable to those simple and vivid forms of utterance, which are indispensable to such ends. His thoughts are presented to us in forms, and with accompaniments, much too huge and complicated to be susceptible of any such use, in the state in which he has left them. But we may say of Foster as we say of Bacon,—if he has not been himself a great discoverer, he has done much to put others into the way of attaining to such distinction. The electric words which vibrate through the heart of nations, or the simple but grand principles of

action by which good and brave men work wonders, were not likely to be announced by him; but his thoughts abound with the elements from which such instruments of power may be wrought up, and from which they will be wrought up by the more adroit spirits to come after him. To exhibit the old truth in new aspects, is to exhibit it in new affinities and in new relations, and to convert it into a stepping-stone to the absolutely new. If we mistake not, it is in this way that Foster has done his great service to the church and to society. His mind followed out the old truth so thoroughly as to be ever verging upon the new; and if, like another Columbus, he has not explored the strange region very largely, he has often indicated clearly enough what other men might accomplish. Let any man look to the style of thinking and writing among us in relation to evangelical truth before the appearance of Foster's Essays and since, and while many causes have no doubt contributed to the healthy change, it surely is not the least of those causes that we see in the writings of this author—writings in which there are not wanting instances of defectiveness, one-sidedness, and of truth pushed mischievously far, but where the reasoning is in general so characterized by analytic power, comprehensiveness, and boldness, as to have come like a mission of light on a host of intelligent spirits within the last forty years.

We have just spoken of Foster's *analytical* power—a power hardly separable from some of the other forms of power to which we have adverted. The mind, anxious to attain to a real knowledge of things, is naturally prompted to resolve them, as far as possible, into their elements. The power to analyse, and the power to know, are felt to be the same thing. With physical and chemical analysis, indeed, Foster was little conversant, but on ethical and religious subjects he followed this course with a vigour which at times laid bare a frightful amount of morbid anatomy. No intelligent man can be acquainted with the

writings of Foster without observing, that to detect and expose the false and the corrupt was the kind of service to which he seemed to feel himself especially commissioned. Imbecility and depravity seemed to beset him in forms so manifold and so extended, as to leave little room for dealing with much beside. He was evidently inclined to think, that in a world in which folly and evil are so dominant, war against these appearances should be regarded as the great duty. Little acquainted as he was with mental philosophy, as it is expounded and systematized in books, he was a close student of mental processes in his own case, and a close observer of them in other men. Very few men, even among professed metaphysicians, have made greater effort to ascertain what the human spirit is made of, and how it works; and few have seen so far by their own unaided vision into that chamber of imagery. Small as may have been his attention to the technical forms of logic, and even to moral science considered as a science, it is with a strong and skilful hand that he separates between the fallacious in reasoning and the sound, and between the seeming in morals and the real. Rarely does he seem to be so much at home as when spoiling the game of conventional hollowness and selfishness, by stripping off from them that garb of precise virtue or extraordinary piety which they are so often disposed to assume. Politicians and religionists, of all classes, fall, in their turn, under this rigid scrutiny and censorship. It is in this examination—in this *assorting* of human thoughts, passions, and motives, that we meet with the strongest indications of Foster's originality and power. But while his labours in this department conduced eminently to those great moral results which it was so much his solicitude to promote—it is here, where we find his greatest excellencies, that we also find his greatest faults.

We have said that Foster was much more disposed to concern himself with human nature in the aspects of it which called for rebuke and correction, than in the views which it as certainly presents that are of a contrary

nature. And we must not hesitate to say, that we regard this tendency as an unhappy one—unhappy as relating to himself, and not less so as affecting his usefulness as an author. One effect of it was to subject the mind of Foster to the influence of the most gloomy and desponding thoughts in respect to human nature, and to the influence of feelings which verged too often on the misanthropic. It is a sad change we witness when we see him descend from his mystic communion with the lovely and great in the material universe, to hold converse with the real facts of the moral world. In this lower region, weakness or wickedness seems to meet him everywhere, leaving him little space for observation on anything more congenial.

It was natural that the friendships of such a mind should be few. Where Foster acknowledged such ties, they were ties which derived their strength mainly from old association. Writing in his twenty-first year, he says, 'I feel no inclination, nay, I feel a strong aversion, to any attempt to cultivate general or numerous intimacies. Nature never formed me for it.'—(i. p. 18.) Twelve years later he writes, 'I find myself not completely formed for friendship, for I often seclude myself in gloomy abstraction, and say, 'All this availeth me nothing.'—(i. p. 148.) About the same time he records these words, 'Beyond all other extravagance of folly is that of expecting or wishing to live in a great number of hearts.'—(i. p. 223.) In his thirty-fifth year he says, 'I keep to my text on the subject of forming new friendships; I am quite too old for it. When I see people good and sensible, I am glad of it for *their* sake, not for my own.'—(i. p. 324.) His letters show that he came into frequent and kindly intercourse with a few favoured persons subsequently to the time in which he thus wrote; and some of the friendships which he valued to the end of life were not formed until he had somewhat passed its middle period; but his feeling in this respect always remained very much as described in the above passages. We feel bound to add, also, that to our

knowledge, some of the persons who were admitted to this favoured cognizance were not more free from the follies, or from some of the graver defects which beset humanity, than their neighbours generally in the same social position ; and in some of these instances, where our grave discerner of spirits expected to witness displays of a pure and lofty patriotism, and one knows not what besides, we are sure that no other man alive ever expected to see any tolerable approach towards such virtues. It was as well, perhaps, that this blindness in part should have happened to him : but there is a good deal of what is psychologically curious in the fact, that a man so sensible to the foibles and infirmities of human nature at large, as to be constantly shrinking from all close contact with general society, should have been so proof against disturbance from appearances of this sort as belonging to the particular piece of humanity here or there with which he happened to be brought into nearer intimacy. Some of his friends were entitled to all the esteem and affection with which he regarded them ; but could he only have managed to extend to society generally the benefits of that exuberant candour which he exercised in favour of a very small portion of it, humanity to John Foster would have been a very different subject to speculate upon, and this world of ours would have been to him a much more welcome place to dwell in. Even his marriage, served rather to strengthen than to abate this recluse, self-reliant, and collapsed habit. If his 'domestic associate' had any fault, it was in being too much his own counterpart—a stately, grave, silent, lady-abbess kind of person. The points of agreement between them were abundant, but we suspect that a little more diversity, if only of the right kind, might have been no unwholesome ingredient in their joint cup of life.

We have seen that this singular sensitiveness to the weaknesses of human beings contributed to put Foster wholly out of humour with the very notion of a church. He was himself little disposed to become one in such a

brotherhood. *He* could not bestow the expression of a strong cordiality on any such mixed multitude, and the result which is too common in such cases followed—the duty which was felt to be especially difficult, was found out to be no duty at all! The observations of Mr. Hughes on this crotchet, show the vigorous tone in which that excellent person could have written on such topics if he had chosen, and are such as should have sufficed to put his philosophical malcontent friend into a more rational and kindly mood. He thus writes:—

‘I think your conclusion strange. To be sure, if there were no churches there would be no ecclesiastical squabbles: and it may be added, if there were no states, there would be no civil broils; and if there were no vegetable productions, there would be no deadly night-shade; and if there were no water, no one would be drowned; and if there were no fire, no one would be consumed; and if there were no victuals, no one would be choked. Church-framers may egregiously err; but when you scout the whole tribe, and all their works, tell us how we ought to proceed; make out a strong case, and show at least that the way you would substitute would be free from the objections that cling to the old ways, and would secure greater advantages.’

‘He believed,’ says Mr. Ryland, ‘that there was more of appearance than of reality in the union of church-membership; and that at all events its benefits were greatly over-rated. With the exception of public worship and the Lord’s Supper, he was averse to everything institutional in religion. He never administered, nor ever witnessed in mature life, (it is believed,) the ordinance of baptism, and was known to entertain doubts respecting its perpetuity.’—Vol. i. pp. 61, 62.

But our Essayist continued to ‘loathe what bears the general denomination of the *church*,’ and would have freed Christianity from all dependence on ‘corporation forms and principles,’ reducing it, as far as possible, to a matter of pure personal conviction. We repeat, that in all this we see the temperament of the man, and nothing more. It is his feeling, and not his logic, that is at fault. Paul could address Christian churches as his joy—his longed for—his crown, and Mr. Foster *ought* to have been capable of speaking to the same effect, in the same relations, without adopting the language of insincerity. We admit that we owe much to Mr. Foster, but we speak thus freely because we feel that we owe more to Christian consistency and to truth.

It will of course be conceded, that sympathy with the higher forms of excellence, supposes in general a high order of power and refinement. But when this ideal standard takes such possession of a man as to render him incapable of general and cordial action with his fellows, he therein betrays his weakness rather than his strength—his weakness, as we think, intellectually and morally. Our greatest men have been men who, while seeing the worst that is in human nature, have also seen the better included in it; and judging of humanity largely and hopefully, they have been capable of acting with it, and for it, heartily and powerfully. The desponding temper, so naturally allied with an everlasting fault-seeing, is the reverse of the heroic, the apostolic, the truly Christian. It is not of true greatness, and can never lead to the highest achievements of greatness. The proof of greatness is not to become awe-struck and prostrate before difficulty, but to surmount it—or at least to bring the ability which the great only can command to the effort to surmount it. It is no sign of wisdom to abstain from doing anything, because we cannot do the best thing. The great men of the world, and as the natural consequence of their being such, have always been the men most alive to the littleness characterizing the multitude about them. But humanity, with all its imperfections, has been the instrument with which such men have had to work, and their success has resulted, not from indulging in endless complainings about the faultiness of this instrument, but by estimating it at its proper value, and doing the best that might be done with such means. One effect, too, of always living as in the presence of a lofty ideal standard, should be to render a man particularly sensible to his own deficiencies; and that consciousness should dispose him to look with a large charity upon the deficiencies of his neighbours, and should prepare him to appreciate to the full, and with a strong positive affection, whatever of the morally or religiously beautiful may still be found among men.

We make these remarks because, with many of our young aspirants, to take on the gait of men of genius, seems just now to be nearly as much a matter of fashion as the millinery of Paris; and we have feared that not a few in reading these volumes may be seduced into the vain notion, that to assume a cynical air, and to seem to see a great deal to censure and avoid in what is doing in the church and in society, will be to see things *à la Foster*, and to be entitled to a place among men of extraordinary intelligence and genius. We would, with all deference, beseech such persons to pause before they take this notion in as gospel, and would pray them remember that to emulate genius, and to ape an infirmity, are not really the same thing. In this respect, what was not affectation in Foster, must become glaringly such in his imitators. Foster himself should have remembered, that the highest condition of greatness belongs to the man who, with most of superiority in himself, retains the largest share of sympathy with ordinary men. Such a man is a proper man at all points. We find pieces of humanity everywhere; to find something like its entireness in one character is a marvel. Foster had his seasons in which he was painfully sensible to his want of humane and Christian dutifulness in this respect, and in which he sincerely lamented it. But the cause, as we have seen, was deeply rooted. On this subject he shall speak for himself.

‘What an insipid thing this world of mankind is! How few we find whom we can at all wish to make one’s intimate, inseparable friends! How trifling, too, are the efforts and productions of the human mind! The whole system of human attainments, pleasures, and designs, sometimes strikes me as a confused mass of insanity. Almost everything carries some glaring mark of deficiency and meanness.’—Vol. i. p. 47.

‘434. (In the vestry of Battersea meeting, during evening service.) Most emphatic feeling of my individuality—my insulated existence. To the continent of human nature I am a small *island* near its coast.’—Vol. i. p. 183.

‘625. How often I have entered a room with the embarrassment of feeling that all my motions, gestures, postures, dress, &c., were critically appreciated, and self-complacently condemned; but at the same time with the bold consciousness that the inquisitive could reach no further, I have said with myself, ‘My *character*, that is, the *man*, laughs at you

behind this veil; I may be the devil for what you can tell; and you would not perceive neither if I were an angel of light.'—Vol. i. p. 206.

'You are one of the very small number of persons that I have ever known, whose affection I shall always be anxious to retain.'—Vol. i. p. 327.

'While Mr. D. was reading a chapter this morning, I had a deep feeling of disliking all social exercises unless it could be with an individual or two with whom I could feel an entire reciprocation of soul. This was a feeling of *individuality*, not of impiety; and how often I have experienced it, even in the presence of worthy people—a feeling as if I could wish to vanish out of the room, and find myself walking in some lonely wood.'—Vol. i. p. 362.

'I know not how to bring into intelligible description a feeling which I have many times been obscurely conscious of having, and particularly in two or three instances of late—a feeling of revolting when I find myself coming into anything like intimate, confiding kindness with persons, however worthy and kind, if they are not the individual or two with whom my intimacy can be congenial and entire.'—Vol. i. p. 363.

'To-day, in seeing the numberless multitude, as they were passing backward and forward, or standing in ranks, one glanced at their countenances with a sort of recoil from each and almost all; not from the mere effect of their material cast, but also, and very strongly, from their apparent expression of character—even of those who were evidently not of what we mean by the *vulgar*.'—Vol. ii. p. 343.

'I have a thousand times felt a vain regret on this subject. It assists a very strong tendency which I feel to misanthropy. I have long been taught and compelled by observations to form a very bad opinion of mankind; this conviction is irresistible; but at the same time I am aware of the Christian duty of cultivating benevolence as ardent as if the contrary estimate of human character were true. I feel it most difficult to preserve anything like this benevolence; my mind recoils from human beings, except very few, into a cold interior retirement, where it feels as if dissociated from the whole creation. I do not, however, in any degree approve this tendency, and I earnestly wish and pray for more of the spirit of the Saviour of the world.'—Vol. i. pp. 319, 320.

These are honest confessions. Indeed, they contain more than the truth. It is plain, from the writings of Foster, that he *could* regard men in general with a much greater degree of sympathy than the above statements would lead us to suppose. Though he despaired of being able to do much to improve the condition of his fellow mortals, it is manifest that the labour of his life was directed with a deep interest to that end. Still he wanted geniality with man as man, and with Christians as Christians. Considerations that should have bound him to the one and the other were not allowed their due influence. The essential and the general in these cases did not affect

him so much as the adventitious and the accidental. In this respect, the spirit of Hall was widely different from that of Foster. The former saw revolting tendencies in human nature hardly less distinctly or fully than the latter, but he saw in it much beside ; and one of the great charms of his character consisted in the readiness with which his heart welcomed every sign of moral or religious worth, though the attainment should be by no means perfect, and though it should be found in the humblest possible association. He was much less disposed than his gifted brother to underrate the day of small things. He could see much to delight him, where Foster would see little ; and he could in consequence see motives to action, and could labour with a fresh hopefulness, where his friend would surrender himself to musings upon the meanness of the best that might be done, and on the probabilities, or the possibility, of failure. The views of Hall, moreover, in respect to means, no less than results, were much more reasonable and confiding than those of Foster. He did not often fail of his object from a morbid scrupulousness about the road which might lead to it. The road must be substantially a wise one, but he had the sagacity to perceive that in this world absolute perfection belongs not to means any more than to results.

When the late excellent Bishop Ryder was about leaving Lutterworth, he assembled the poor of his parish at the rectory, and the man who had grown up among peers, and who was now about to join that order in the Upper House, read with this portion of his flock, conversed with them, prayed with them, and during an intercourse of several hours commended them in every way to the esteem and affection of each other, and to the favour of God. We remember Robert Hall describing that scene with the most animated feeling of delight, and concluding with the words—‘Was there ever anything more beautiful, sir—anything more like a primitive pastor?’ What Bishop Ryder did, Robert Hall, we doubt not, would have done in the same circumstances. But to Foster, the whole

proceeding, we fear, would have seemed to take with it too much of the air of spiritual parade. He would have wished those persons well, would have prayed earnestly for them, but he would have chosen his study, or the neighbouring field, or wood, in which so to have employed himself in their behalf. He could not have looked on those partially instructed, and still very imperfect people with a sufficient degree of complacency; nor could he in consequence have brought his feeling up to such a tone of cordiality towards them, as would have warranted, in his judgment, so strong an outward indication of interest and affection. We can honour the fine scrupulous integrity of such a spirit; but we must say, that we account that as much the most healthy state of mind which, supposing a man to be satisfied as to the substantial sincerity of his own feelings and purposes, should at once prompt him to do as this 'primitive pastor,' in the person of the modern bishop, is said to have done. Our young pastors, we hope, if they must be imitators of John Foster, will direct their emulation to his strong points, and not to his mistakes. In the middle age, Foster would, we suspect, have found his home in a monastery, and his only willing employment in speculation. No doubt those speculations would often have diverged from the prescribed course, in a manner to break in strangely upon the routine thoughts of the brotherhood, and to be somewhat perilous to himself. We can hardly think he would have been the founder of an order. But we certainly think, that in those days, the pedestrian journey of young Foster would have been in the direction of Kirkstall or Bolton Abbey, and not in search of the seminary which received him at Bristol.

But some of our readers will possibly be incredulous on this point, and almost offended at our venturing such an intimation. What!—John Foster a monk, or a patron of monkery? Bear with us a little—good reader. Allow us to remind you of the views relative to the moral state of our world which were always present to the mind of this extraordinary person, and to ask whether they are not in

substance those which, if made something darker still by the power of superstition, and by the abounding lawlessness which obtained in the middle ages, would naturally have pointed to a 'forsaking of the world,' as it was called in those times, as a blessed privilege? Hear what he says on this matter:—

'I sometimes fall into profound musings on the state of this great world, on the nature and the destinies of man, on the subject of the question—'What is truth?' The whole hemisphere of contemplation appears inexpressibly strange and mysterious. It is cloud pursuing cloud, forest after forest, and Alps upon Alps! It is in vain to declaim against scepticism. I feel with an emphasis of conviction, and wonder and regret, that almost all things are enveloped in shade, that many things are covered with the thickest darkness, that the number of things to which certainty belongs is small. One of the very few things that appear to me not doubtful, is the truth of Christianity in general.'—I. 89, 90.

'I have no hope of any extensive prevalence of true religion, without the interference of angelic or of some other extraordinary and yet unknown agency to direct its energies, and conquer the vast combination of obstruction and hostility that opposes it. Men are the same they always were; and therefore till some such wonderful event takes place, their affections *will* be commanded by sense in opposition to faith, by earth in preference to heaven. The same causes operating, it were absurd to expect different effects.'—I. 91.

'Indisposition of mankind to think; souls make the world a vast dormitory. The heaven-appointed destiny under which they are placed seems to protect them from reflection: there is an *opium sky* stretched over all the world, which continually rains soporifics.'—I. 196.

'These are gloomy times. It is only the anticipation of a superior state that can save life in *any* circumstances from deserving to be called wretched.'—I. 293.

'I should nauseate the place (Frome) if I had been habituated to it a century. At first, I felt an intense loathing: I hated every house, timber, stone, and brick in the town, and almost the very trees, fields, and flowers in the country round. I have, indeed, long since lost all attachment to this world, and shall never regain it. Neither indeed for this do I care; we shall soon leave it for ever.'—I. 304.

'Probably I may before have expressed to you that I have such a horror of this world, as a scene for young persons to be cast and hazarded into, that habitually, and with a strong and pointed sentiment, I congratulate children and young persons on being intercepted by death at the entrance into it, except in a few particular cases of extraordinary promise for piety, talent, and usefulness.'—II. 96.

'I hope, indeed, may assume, that you are of a cheerful temperament: but are you not sometimes invaded by the darkest visions and reflections while casting your view over the scene of human existence, from the beginning to this hour? To me it appears a most mysteriously awful economy, overspread by a lurid and dreadful shade.'—II. 444, 445.

Let these passages be taken along with those just now cited, and it must be at once seen, that the wisest and worthiest of the men who gave themselves to the life of the recluse in past ages, did so for reasons strictly of this description. Scarcely a man of them ever said anything more truly monastic—we had almost said more thoroughly Manichean—than is the substance of these expressions. With such views, nothing was more natural than that Foster's manner of looking upon the world, and the church, should be that of a man who gazed upon them from his cell. He did not—*would* not, connect himself more than very partially and remotely with the one or the other. He was observant of what both were doing, but it was always at a distance, and almost entirely through the 'loophole' of the press. Periodical publications were the spectacles, wherewith he peered out upon the doings of the living and bustling region about him. Much as he must have seen in men of genius with which to sympathize, he was as little disposed to become one with them as one with the crowd. He conversed with our great men in the pages of our literary journals, and sometimes in their works, but felt no inclination towards any more intimate communication with them. This was a grave loss to him—the loss of a greatly needed stimulus. He was thus left to depend for his friendships, in the greater part, on minds greatly inferior to his own, and whose influence tended to strengthen his natural indolence, rather than to excite him to the kind of effort which became him. Foster knew, indeed, that our most able men are too often irreligious men, and the drawback from this latter circumstance, he would have felt as by no means trivial in his intercourse with them; but there is enough in these letters to warrant the impression, that one reason why he did not seek a higher intellectual fellowship was, that he felt it would not be agreeable to him to be materially disturbed in the particular habits he had formed. One of his few chosen friends, who was a man of some shrewdness, and could tell a good story, but a person who had, withal, quite the

ordinary share of human infirmity, was so well informed, that he once inquired, in our hearing, if Butler's Analogy was not the book which Queen Elizabeth used to read before breakfast!

We have intimated that this recluse and gloomy temperament, which was unfavourable, in this way, to Foster's aspirations as a man of genius, was unfavourable to his repose as a man of piety. His views of man, of himself, and of the relation of the moral world to its Creator as a moral governor, filled him with all kinds of conflicting thoughts. His solicitude to be at rest in these respects, and his inability to find the rest he coveted, are everywhere conspicuous. In this connexion, also, the contrast between Foster and Hall is observable and instructive. Hall was the subject of much physical suffering during the greater portion of his life, and it appears to have been given to him, as if by way of compensation against trial in another form, that he should be capable of resting on the immediate and ascertained truths of revelation with a child-like reliance, calmly leaving those great facts which are so nearly allied to the mysterious and the awful to become more intelligible beneath the light of a future state, or to be approved there, in the exercise of that degree of moral confidence in the Divine government which must belong to a perfected moral nature. In his earlier years, he had known what those conflicts mean which so often brought their dark shadows over the mind of Foster; but in his later life, he evinced more of the wisdom which is from above in his manner of viewing such questions, than any man at all of the same order of capacity with whom it has been our privilege to be acquainted. He knew, as few speculative minds have known, how to separate between the revealed things which belong to us, and the secret things which belong to God; and could guard with a sound Christian precaution against allowing himself to be defrauded of the benefit to be derived from the known, by indulging in undue questionings about the unknown.

The flippant maxim, that 'where mystery begins, religion ends,' with which a certain class of theologians seemed to be so much enamoured half-a-century since, we need not now attempt to refute. It should have been obvious to any metaphysical mind at a glance, that the existence of one Eternal, Infinite Nature must be an infinite mystery—an infinite mystery inseparable from all the relations of creature and Creator. No differences in the nature or condition of created beings, can possibly diminish this impassable gulph, in the slightest conceivable degree. It must be a truth, and at the same time a mystery, and in the same degree a mystery to man and to cherubim, on earth and in heaven, in time and through eternity. What is thus true of the nature of Deity, will no doubt be in the same degree true of the dispensations of Deity. In his works and government, his thoughts will no doubt be above the thoughts of the created, and his ways above the ways of his creatures throughout all duration. Nothing can be more irrational than to suppose that the distance between Him and Them should be what it ever must be, and that his works and government should not be of a nature to indicate that distance. Indeed, instead of its being true that 'where mystery begins, religion ends,' it is rather true that where there is most of religion, there must be most of contact with the mysterious; for it is not more certain that the amount of a creature's religiousness must be determined by the amount of his rightly applied knowledge, than it must be certain that the amount of the known must be, to the creature possessing it, but as an ascent to a higher position, from which to look out more largely upon the still widening domain, and the still deepening shadows of the unknown. This is the law of progress in all knowledge. In this view, heaven will be even more a place of mystery than earth. Much that was dark will have become light, but only to shed its new light on the still onward region where the clouds and shadows are still resting, and to secure to our existence an endless progression, intellectually and spiritually. What will be

attained hereafter, will not be that mystery shall cease, but that our tendency to stumble at it shall have come to an end—not that the line which now separates between the creature light and darkness will disappear, but that the creature mind will be so built up and braced together in right habits of thinking and affection, as to be ever capable of bowing with a happy and filial worship on the threshold which separates between the attained and the still unveiled. We do not know that Hall has anywhere fully and formally set forth the principle of this high order of obedience in his writings, but he has exemplified its influence in his history in a manner which we hardly expect to see surpassed on this side heaven. When we turn to the sincerely devout and benevolent mind of Foster, we feel that to blame him because he did not pursue the same course with the same measure of docility, is more than we dare. His not so doing, whatever the causes may have been, was his own loss, and the weight of that loss he alone fully understood. There are minds which never see the sort of difficulties to which we now advert. The fact of the Incarnation, or the Origin of Evil itself, is no more perplexing to them than the precept—‘Children, obey your parents.’ Good, comfortable souls—to such, of course, in what we have now said, we have been indulging in a great waste of words and thought!

Foster’s doctrine concerning the moral state of man greatly influenced the general complexion of his theology. By such views of man, he was naturally prepared to retain firmly the doctrine of the Atonement, and the doctrine of Divine Influence. There was in his mind an obvious relation between the strength of the malady to which human nature is subject, and the greatness of the means interposed to counteract it. These truths, if not so prominent in his pulpit instructions as they should have been, are truths which he sincerely embraced, and which gave their strong impress to his religious feeling. In short, he differed from the moderate Calvinists of his time in two points only, both of which were results from his general

views of human nature, and from the peculiar tone of his moral feeling. He was, upon occasions, not a little severe in his censure of particular persons, and of particular classes of men; but when he looked beyond such limits to human nature at large, he generally spoke like a man more ready to pity than to blame. This feeling disposed him to a line of argument which ended in his adoption of the doctrine of philosophical necessity on the one hand, and in his denial of the doctrine of eternal punishment on the other. In his twenty-fifth year, Foster had relinquished the latter of these doctrines, and was never afterwards a believer in it.* There is a letter in the second volume of the publication before us which states his views on this subject at considerable length.† There is also a series of letters extant on this topic, written by Foster a few years before his decease, to his justly valued friend Mr. Joseph Cottle, of Bristol. Of these letters, all of which we have been permitted to read, the one now published may be said to contain the substance. Indeed, this letter consists mostly of selected portions from the unprinted letters, as returned to Foster, in compliance with his own request, by the friend to whom they were addressed.

Foster admits that the language of scripture which seems to convey the received doctrine is very strong. He also admits that the fact that those scriptures have been understood in their literal and larger sense by so great a majority of divines, is one of great weight. But his argument in relation to this tenet is almost wholly a 'moral argument,' consisting in an attempt to realize in the largest extent possible the idea of an ETERNITY of SUFFERING. It ends in a humble but distinct avowal of his inability to recognise such a doctrine as one which may be made to harmonize, in any view of it, with the infinite benevolence of God. Hence, he insists, that the few passages of scripture in which the doctrine seems to be conveyed should be subjected to a modified interpretation, as meaning no more, at the most, than that the wicked, after a protracted period

* Vol. i., p. 41.

† Letter ccxxi.

of great suffering, will sink into annihilation. His feelings, indeed, would have carried him to the conclusion of a universal restitution, but his main solicitude has respect only to a negation—to a denial of the one point of eternal punishment. Mr. Cottle, in his replies to the letters of his friend, has argued in support of the received doctrine, that it does not suppose the extreme of punishment in all cases, but, on the contrary, a gradation of infliction; and adds, moreover, that the conclusion, that all who die in a state of separateness from Christian privileges, do spiritually perish, is a point not proved. None of these modifications, however, sufficed to render the doctrine admissible in the judgment of Foster. It would not be expedient that we should attempt to enter on this grave question without doing so fully, and as our limits will not admit of our so doing at present, we must content ourselves with this bare statement of the opinion of Foster in relation to it, and of the nature of the argument adduced by him in its favour.

These published letters contain little allusion to that doctrine of philosophical or moral necessity to which we have referred as maintained by Foster, and which is so freely stated and reasoned upon in his letters to Mr. Cottle. This doctrine was regarded by Foster as favourable to his views on the question of future punishment. He did not confound the notion of necessity with an absolute fatalism, in the manner of Hobbes, so as at once to efface the distinction between vice and virtue; but he certainly retained it as carrying with it a large amount of abatement in respect to the turpitude of that moral evil by which our race is everywhere borne away. That sin committed during so short an interval, should be followed by punishment of such duration, was to him an inexpressible difficulty; and that sin committed in such circumstances, should be followed by such results, made that difficulty still more insuperable. His argument on this subject is in substance as follows:—That the character and conduct of men, in all the evil they include, no less than in the good, are the

necessary effect of the causes which produce them ; that those causes have their appointment from God ; that the All-wise and All-just being who fore-appointed these causes, foresaw the consequences that would flow from them, and did really fore-ordain these consequences—fore-knowledge and fore-ordination being with the Divine nature the same thing—the same thing whether the fore-ordination be to evil and consequent misery, or to good and consequent happiness. But along with this abstract law of necessity, which is thus rigidly established by reason, there is a ‘practical law’ among men, which gives them the confidence of being free agents, and which no doubt contributes much more than any metaphysical conclusion could do, to the comparative good conduct of individuals, and the orderly government of the affairs of the world. Foster’s reasoning on this subject is comprised of little more than an iteration of the above points, which he regards as sustained virtually, or substantially, both by philosophy and scripture. Compared with what he might have found on this much vexed question in our metaphysical writers, his argument is in some respects so restricted and obscure, and so ill-fenced, as to justify the conclusion that it was scarcely at all the effect of reading, but the fruit almost entirely of his own anxious thinking. The radical error, for example, of supposing that moral causes, as bearing upon the doctrine of necessity, are the strict parallel of physical causes, does not appear to have occurred to him.

Mr. Cottle, in his replies, appeals with much force to the common sentiments of mankind as strongly announcing human responsibility ; and also to the facts and language of scripture, in which the inspired writers, and the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit all address themselves to man as clearly an accountable being, and who as surely as they are themselves true, and can be the teachers only of the truth, must have intended, in the use of such language, to convey the doctrine which it could not fail to convey. Thus between these two good men,

we have the whole controversy on this subject in its old posture before us. The doctrine of necessity is proved by reasoning—the doctrine of liberty is proved by consciousness; the former conclusion comes purely from the understanding; the latter from the understanding and from our moral nature, conjointly. What is wanting is the intermediate light that might come in and show how these two laws are made to work consistently with each other. Both have their truth, and each proves its truth by the kind of evidence adapted to it; the evidence being apparently as irresistible on the one side as on the other—and the error of men in all ages has been, in their leaning unduly to the right hand or the left. Foster's tendency was to verge too much towards something like the darkness of destiny, still retaining his hold on the truth, that whatsoever is, is of God, and that, in some sense consistent with his perfections, it is the best. But it does not appear to have occurred to him to ask, whether an opinion, which, if universally admitted, would paralyse all the moral machinery of the universe, *can* be true; and whether the contrary opinion, which alone tends to put all into healthy action, *can* be a falsehood? Whether, in fact, the Father of all truth has been compelled to borrow the mainspring, on which his government depends for all its goodness, from the father of lies?

Foster, as a *preacher*, is delineated with much gracefulness and truth by his honoured friend, Mr. Shepherd. We have much pleasure in extracting the following passage from the judicious 'Observations' contributed on this subject by that gentleman:—

'The sermons of Foster were of a cast quite distinct from what is commonly called oratory, and, indeed, from what many seem to account the highest style of eloquence—namely, a flow of facile thoughts through the smooth channels of uniformly elevated polished diction, graced by the utmost appliances of voice and gesture.

'But they possessed for me, and for not a few hearers, qualities and attractions much preferable to these. The basis of important thoughts was as much original or underived from other minds, as, perhaps, that of any reading man's reflections in our age of books could be; still

more so the mode and aspect in which they were presented. That unambitious and homely sort of loftiness, which displayed neither phrase nor speaker, but things,—while the brief word and simple tone brought out the sublime conception ‘in its clearness;’ that fund of varied associations and images by which he really illustrated, not painted or gilded his truths; the graphic master-strokes, the frequent hints of profound suggestion for after-meditation, the cogent though calm expostulations and appeals, the shrewd turns of half-latent irony against irreligion and folly, in which, without any descent from seriousness and even solemnity, the speaker moved a smile by his unconscious approaches to the edge of wit, yet effectually quelled it by the unbroken gravity of his tone and purpose,—all these characteristics had for me an attractive power and value, both by novelty and instructiveness, far above the qualities of an oratory or eloquence more fashioned on received rules and models. I should scarcely be ready to except in this comparison, as it regarded my personal admiration and improvement, even the rapid and fervid, yet finished elocution of Hall; though this as being more popular, while also more critically perfect, was I suppose more generally effective.

‘A comparison, which I confess may appear too far-fetched, has often presented itself to my mind, as picturing the differences between the respective style and manner of these remarkable preachers. On the noble modern road over the Alps, formed by the engineers of Napoleon, one gains here and there a view of that mountain track by which the passage had been made before. In moving quickly up the long traverses and sweeping curves of the new ascent, you trace on some opposite height the short angular zig-zags of the path that preceded it. One might compare the eloquence of Hall to this great work; carrying you with ease to the loftiest elevations, winding with a graceful and simple, though elaborate course, amidst varied sublimities, gliding smoothly beside snowy summits where angels would seem to tread, and over gulfs where the voice of the wind or torrent might bring to mind the lamentings of the lost. On the other hand, the eloquence of our more recently departed friend has reminded me of that former mountain road, with its sudden turns of discovery and surprise; bringing us now to the brink of an awful perpendicular, then startling us by the quick descent to a goatherd’s quaint dwelling in the glen; advancing along the giddy ledges of a cliff, and then by a sharp turn placing us close to some household scene in its recesses. Here, if there were less comprehensive or facile views of the sublime, one had nearer and more astounding glimpses of the inaccessible.

‘The path came more within the echo of avalanches; and while it oftener passed the chalet and the herd, it sometimes crossed the very inlet to dark untrodden chasms, ‘which no fowl knoweth.’ In that original and singular course, the guide, the mule, the litter, were forgotten; nothing was thought of but the grandeur of the mountains and the floods. If the one might be styled a road truly imperial, the other was a path worthy at once of the simplicity of Oberlin, and the daring of Alpine barons. The imperial road deserved and had the just admiration of the great and the many. I exceedingly admired it also; but (peril and toil being in the ideal journey excluded) I would have preferred for myself, at least at times, the original path.’—Vol. ii., p. 487—490.

Nearly all the points most observable in the preaching of Hall and Foster were points of contrast. Even their presence in the pulpit was the presence of contrasts. The figure of Hall, while somewhat above the usual height, was more remarkable for its almost colossal breadth, than for its altitude—an appearance which resulted in part from his custom of standing lower than most persons in the pulpit, so as to rest himself in part, if required, upon the cushion and Bible. Foster, on the contrary, gave you the impression of his being a tall man; and his erect person, strongly formed, but without the least approach to corpulency or fulness, seemed to stand tree-like before you—or if bending slightly forward, it was only in such degree as is seen in some of the oaks of our island, when exposed to a western wind. The countenance of Hall, even during the delivery of those very simple sentences or paragraphs which were preliminary to his discourses, always bespoke a measure of excitement, and prognosticated more. The tones of his voice, the serious earnestness of his aspect, and especially the restless onward glancing of his eye, seemed to say,—the preacher will soon break away from his present hesitancy, and will expand and kindle with his theme. But in Foster there was no such appearance, nor anything to raise such expectations. His eye was more searching than animated; and his physiognomy, while strongly marked, was of that settled cast, which bespoke the constant subordination of passion to thought. The natural condition of his features was a sort of schoolman gravity,—a frown might sometimes come over them, sometimes the play of a slight sarcastic smile, but the wit or humour must have been very racy which sufficed to move them into a state much more risible. With regard to gesture, the only appearance of that sort observable in Hall, consisted, as is well known, in his rising somewhat more erect, and drawing a little back from the cushion, as he became more nerved by his subject—but in Foster there was not even such an amount of action. His hands hung at his side, or more commonly

rested naturally upon his Bible, and it was by his tones of voice only that any difference of feeling was indicated. Even his voice changed but very slightly. He never aimed to be more than calmly earnest, and his manner of speaking never rose above that key. Small space was left, accordingly, for any variety of elocution. But the elocution of Foster, like his style, if less fervent than that of Hall, was more flexible and natural. Some parties, indeed, who, like all persons in love, convert even blemishes into beauties, have professed to admire the hurried monotonous tone of the great orator, and have found a charm in that very clearing of the throat—the ‘hem-hem,’ which intervened between every sentence during the first quarter of an hour or more of his discourse. But sober elderly people like ourselves, who have their place on the outside of the enchanted circle, must be allowed to distinguish between the impediments which Mr. Hall surmounted, and the excellencies which enabled him to do so—not confounding the things in spite of which he became effective, with those by means of which he became so. Young preachers who have been ambitious of imitating Robert Hall, have often chosen his monotony and hesitancy, minus the pathos and the animation! Foster’s elocution never rose to excellence, nor did it ever descend to any very marked fault. He was generally audible, never loud, and within this limit his speaking exhibited a considerable amount of colloquial variety. But his tones possessed nothing of pathos, except as an unusual gravity and seriousness in parts of a discourse might be so accounted: and his utterance was impaired at times, by an abrupt, catchy, iteration of tone, which it is not easy to describe—but which those who have heard him will well remember. This last peculiarity became more conspicuous when he expressed himself repeatedly—as he sometimes did—in the way of interrogation. In this respect his preaching differed considerably from that of his distinguished contemporary. Foster never seemed to forget his auditory in his theme; never seemed to be so wrapped in his subject as not to be

observant of the men and women before him. His appeals to them were frequent, and often highly felicitous; while Robert Hall, and still more the great orator in the Scottish pulpit, Dr. Chalmers, were generally so borne away by their topic, as that expanded and brightened before them, that they seemed at times hardly aware of the presence of a congregation, even to the end of a discourse. With Foster it was never thus. In his case, you felt that the theme had been chosen, not for its own sake, but for the sake of those who were to listen to it, and his mind was commonly as if in the attitude of reaching towards actual communication with the mind of his auditors.

With regard to the substance or matter of their respective discourses, precedence should assuredly be given, on the whole, to Mr. Hall. The difference in this respect did not result from differences in theological opinion, for Hall and Foster held substantially the same creed, but from different views as to the fulness and frequency with which the truths distinctive of that creed should be presented in public instruction. Hall dwelt very largely, especially in his later years, on the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel. Foster never did so, but preferred occupying himself in discussing a multitude of subsidiary questions, all tending to prove that men ought to receive the gospel, and to become Christians, but at the same time leaving the truths of the gospel themselves as things implied, rather than explained—as supposed, rather than inculcated. One effect of the publication of these beautiful letters will be, to show that this peculiarity was not the consequence of any want of truly devout feeling in relation to these truths.

The real cause of this defect—for a defect of very serious amount we deem it—was of a nature, in our judgment, much too deeply-seated and refined to come within the range of ordinary conjecture. It should be ascribed, we think, to a peculiar sensitiveness—we had almost said timidity of mind, when approaching objects of thought of the more elevated and sacred description. The

feeling of spiritual awe with which Foster regarded the Incarnate One, and all the higher mysteries of the Christian system, was such as common minds must not be expected to comprehend. Nothing could appear to him more certain, than that in touching upon ideas so pure and unearthly, it behoved that his words should be few and well chosen: while the rude handling of such themes by ordinary preachers, often shocked his finer feeling, as a kind of profanity. But if most men err in their want of this special reverence and exquisite sensibility, with regard to such objects of contemplation, it was the error of Foster to indulge in such feeling until it became morbid. His reverence bordered on superstition. It is, to us, one of the most beautiful proofs of the divine origin of the Gospels and Epistles, that the religion they inculcate is equally remote from these extremes. Nothing can be further from the texture of those writings than any tendency to detract from the sacredness of things sacred; nevertheless, with what a confiding boldness and freedom do the New Testament writers speak of Christ, of his deeds, his teachings, his feelings—of all concerning him! Religion, as presented in the Christian scriptures, is clearly not that distant, obscure, oriental awfulness, which subdues the worshipper to prostrateness, in place of filling him with strong, positive, and happy affections. The gospel, in its most obvious meaning and design, is manifestly a simple story, addressed to simple-minded men; but Foster, unhappily, could not rest in the simple narratives of the evangelists, nor in the comparatively matter-of-fact discourses of the apostles, but, obedient to the strong bent of his nature, was ever descending to the occult and mysterious which was supposed to lie beneath that popular covering. What the Romanist did for Christianity, in relation to his victim, by the perverted use of art, Foster did for it, in relation to himself, by allowing this large space to the imagination. In both these cases, widely as the parties were at issue in other respects, there was this

in common—the great truths of the gospel lost their primitive *simplicity* and *immediateness*, as objects of human thought and sympathy. Only let it be concluded that these truths—the genuine doctrines of the gospel—have in them a degree of elevation and inexplicableness rendering it improper that they should be made the matter of direct and prominent popular instruction, and in this supposition the Tractarian will find a full admission of his doctrine of *reserve*; while the Romanist will find in it the very plea he wishes, for substituting the more condescending system of creature worship, and of priestly dogmas and ceremonies, provided by his church, in place of the higher teachings of Christianity. But clear as may be the natural sequence between the notion adverted to, and these most disastrous consequences, it is plain, from the whole life of Foster, especially as a preacher, that he had at least tacitly adopted this conclusion—for we can hardly be wrong in assuming, that his reason for saying little on these subjects was that he supposed it would not have been right to have said much upon them. Strange, that one of the sternest protestants in Europe should have seen the most material truths of Scripture, in as far as the popular use of them was concerned, so much with the eyes of a disciple of the Vatican; and that one of the most deadly foes of all priestcraft should have thus ceded to priests the very basis on which they have been most forward to construct their usurped dominion!

We wish our readers to mark, that we express ourselves very freely on this point, because we feel it to be imperative upon us to put the strongest possible discountenance on the notion, that there is anything in profound thinking, or in the refined feelings induced by a true philosophy, to require a timid or partial announcement of the peculiar doctrines of revelation on the part of any man professing to hold them. The issues, indeed, of all deep and healthy thinking, will be found in the strictly opposite direction. To admit the doctrine of reserve in relation to these

truths, whether tacitly or otherwise, is to suffer the religion of the priest to obtrude itself into the place of the religion of the Bible.

We yield to none in admiration of the matter of instruction contained in the discourses of Foster, so far as it extends. Good and beautiful assuredly it is. But it will be seen that our observations have had respect to a particular class of truths, and to the prominence that should be given to those truths in the discourses which a man delivers in his character as a *Christian* teacher.

Had we space to illustrate one other observation in this connexion, we should have endeavoured to show, that while the topics generally chosen by Foster related to principles of duty, everywhere assuming our principles of faith, these practical or devotional lessons are too commonly inculcated in the manner of a teacher who feels little pleasure in touching on any subject except as he is allowed to say pretty well all that his own discursive mind might judge as proper to be said upon it. We admire thoroughness in most things, but even thoroughness, to be thoroughly wise, must have its limits. Now-a-days, to treat subjects on this *exhausting* principle, is rarely expedient, even from the press; but we know of nothing more likely to be fatal to popularity from the pulpit—to popularity not in a bad sense, but in a sense necessary to every man who would do good.

But if Hall had the advantage as regards the substance of his preaching, Foster, we think, has shown greater judgment in the adaptation of language to the legitimate aim of the pulpit. The auditory addressed by the preacher is of a more mixed nature than that of any other public speaker. He may be called to instruct the highest; but the majority of his hearers should be, and commonly are, from the middle and humbler classes. His language, to be well chosen, should be familiar, without being wanting in dignity: clear, idiomatic, and such as to leave the least possible chance of misapprehension. Few things can be less proper to such a speaker—if, indeed, such a thing is

to be borne anywhere—than the appearance of great care as to the niceties of style, such as might seem to betray more anxiety about words than things—about the structure and euphony of sentences than about the presentation of truth, in the form in which the language is forgotten, and the thought is felt to be everything. Foster's style was evidently formed on principles of this nature.* It consisted, in general, of the plainest words, and these were as generally allocated in their natural order. His sentences, indeed, are often much too long, partaking of the continuity, of the weight, and of the inner-foldings of his thoughts; and his composition, generally, would be accounted by the greater number of readers, as wanting in lightness—in that 'move-on' kind of power which is now so necessary to success. But in the style of no man do we find a greater degree of characteristic harmony. His thoughts, and the drapery in which they are clothed, are always seen as beneath a subdued light: there is a shade of meditative gloom, an Oriental exclusion of the full glare of day, which gives the air of a religious seclusiveness and mystery to his theme, even when not in itself immediately religious. By this means, even the most gorgeous apartment has its colours blended into a soft and mystic kind of beauty. Often, too, there is a pensiveness and pathos in him, which, without descending to anything like a sickly sentimentality, is irresistibly affecting; and his words at such times seem to melt into his thoughts, and to become parts of them. His earlier contributions to the *Eclectic Review* are much the most free and sprightly of his productions; but the comparative buoyancy in his literary history about that time did not last. Still, he

* What Foster thought of a style the contrary in this respect of that which he cultivated, may be seen in the following remarks on Blair's sermons:—'Instead of the thought throwing itself into words by a free, instantaneous, and almost unconscious action, and passing off in that easy form, it is pretty apparent there was a good deal of handiwork employed in getting ready proper cases and trusses, of various but carefully measured lengths and figures, to put the thoughts into, as they came out, in very long succession, each of them cooled and stiffened into numbness in waiting so long to be dressed.'

never lost his fine Saxon utterance, and never failed to subordinate his language to his conceptions, with a severe and manly taste, which we feel to be an indescribable charm whenever we turn to his writings.

But the style of Hall is wholly of another order. On this subject, the great preacher took counsel from Cicero, more than from any other man, or than from himself. His early studies disposed him to take his place at the feet of the Roman orator, and to the taste acquired in that school he was bound ever afterwards. Eulogy on the style of Robert Hall has been so long familiar to the ears of nonconformists, that from us anything of that nature must be very superfluous. It is a style of transcendent beauty and power—of its *kind*. But we venture to submit that it is not of the kind best adapted to pulpit instruction, except in very rare connexions, and on very rare occasions. In its substance, it is more the language of a school in literature, than the language of the people; and in its form, it addresses itself more to an artificial culture in the educated classes, than to the natural discernment and feeling of men in general. It is true, Hall could separate his thoughts more readily than Foster, and could present them in a form enabling his hearers to take them up with ease one at a time—a power of inexpressible value to a public speaker; but in a large proportion of Hall's passages, the elevated diction, brought in so profusely from foreign tongues, must often have covered the thought as with a phosphoric light before the eyes of the uninitiated; and this cause, together with his manifestly artificial method of adjusting the relations and balancings of clauses and expressions, must not unfrequently have suggested to men in a rank above the uninitiated, that the care of the preacher about this precise and elevated method of clothing his thoughts could hardly have been less than his care about the thoughts so conveyed. Now we suppose it will be admitted, that any effect of this nature produced by a speaker must be bad.

From these causes, and some others, we have never

known an attempt to imitate Robert Hall in the pulpit which has not been a manifest failure. Scarcely a man in a generation could command a style so studiously arranged, and so delicately finished, except as a style to be read, or to be delivered memoritor. As a style to be read from the pulpit, it would be sure to be comparatively ineffective; and a man who should attempt to deliver it memoritor, must be so completely occupied with an exercise of memory about words, and about the intricacies of composition, as to render it impossible that anything like a full flow of sympathy should be given to the subject of his discourse. Monotony and heartlessness would certainly be the result. We concede that Hall's style has in it a fine stately gait—but after all there is a gait. It is the language of a prince addressing princes, more than of a man addressing men. It partakes of all the refinements of a court; it might have been all this, and have been such as to find a no less natural home with the crowd. Even from the press, this elaborate classical style is no longer the style demanded by the age. None of our great writers have formed themselves after this model. They read Johnson, but they never dream of imitating him. They feel that they must have more freedom, variety, and nature, than that school will afford them. They know that they must not merely talk about 'catching a grace beyond the reach of art,' but that they must often do that thing, if they would write or speak with much effect. It is observable, that the style of our most successful writers is now for the most part thoroughly popular in its cast. We venture to predict that in the kind of style in which Hall has written, nothing so perfect will be again produced. In this respect, he will be as the last of the Romans. But while we would praise his style with the loudest for what it *is*, we must claim permission to be excused from praising it for what it is *not*. It is the language of the scholar, and of the finished literary man, in the last age; but it is not the language even of such men in our day, and it is at a far greater remove from the language adapted to secure

the attention of the public generally at this time. The style of Foster is much more in affinity with what now generally obtains. In its substance, and in its structure, it is thoroughly English—more in harmony in these respects with what our popular style now is, and with what that style will become increasingly.

We feel the importance of diffusing just views on this subject, as bearing on the future efficiency of our pulpit; and we shall, perhaps, best illustrate what we mean, and justify the preceding observations, if that should be deemed necessary, by submitting a few thoughts to our readers, first in the style in which Foster may be considered as expressing them, and then in the form in which these thoughts have been expressed by Hall.

On Marriage. ‘Without permanence in the marriage relation, there could be no permanence in family relationships of any kind; the separation of children being a natural consequence of the separation of parents. But every family is a lesser state, and the affections which are awakened and nurtured in families are the germ of everything of that nature necessary to render society at large harmonious and happy. Hence the change which should put an end to families, would bring an end to society, society itself being really little more than an aggregate of families.’

Hall's Works, i. 53. ‘Without the permanent union of the sexes there could be no permanent families: the dissolution of nuptial ties involves the dissolution of domestic society. But domestic society is the seminary of social affections, the cradle of sensibility, where the first elements are acquired of that tenderness and humanity which cement mankind together; and were they entirely extinguished, the whole fabric of social institutions would be dissolved.’

On Paganism. ‘When the idolators of past times raised their heroes and lawgivers to the place of divinities, they still regarded them as men, but as men possessing human virtues in a high degree, and as looking with approval on

‘those better qualities in their worshippers by which they were themselves supposed to be distinguished. Human virtues thus became divine, enlarged and purified as a property of the gods; so that the pagan, beside the benefit of having so high an example before him, was encouraged by the thought of being watched over, and patronised in all his praiseworthy doings by those higher powers.’

Hall's Works, i. 31, 32. ‘When the fictions of heathenism consecrated the memory of its legislators and heroes, it invested them for the most part with those qualities which were in the greatest repute. They were supposed to possess in the highest degree, the virtues in which it was most honourable to excel; and to be the witnesses, approvers, and patrons of those perfections in others, by which their own character was chiefly distinguished. Men saw, or rather fancied they saw, in these supposed deities, the qualities they most admired, dilated to a larger size, moving in a higher sphere, and associated with the power, dignity, and happiness of superior natures. With such ideal models before them, and conceiving themselves continually acting under the eye of such spectators and judges, they felt a real devotion; their eloquence became more impassioned, their patriotism inflamed, and their courage exalted!’

If a comparison be made between these passages, it will be seen that the language which we suppose to be that of Foster, is plain, calm, little expanded, and remarkable for the absence of the rhetorical, as compared with that in which the same thoughts are presented by Hall. To what must we attribute this difference? In part, as we have intimated, to a difference in early education and taste—in part also to a difference in temperament; but in a still greater degree, we are convinced, to the more profound thought, and to the more correct feeling as to the proper relation between language and ideas, which distinguished the mind of Foster. In his view, the thought in the preceding passages, true and valuable as it might be, would

not have been such as to warrant the appearance of attaching so much importance to it as is indicated in the elaborate process of rhetorical arrangement and finishing observable in the composition of Mr. Hall.* And further, if the thought might be supposed to warrant so much pains, Foster would have suggested that this pains should be taken to conceal the rhetorician, not to give him prominence, even greater prominence than the teacher, reducing the poor teacher, in fact, to such a condition, as to seem to say, that without the help of this flourishing personage going before him, however lucidly he might himself have told his tale, his chance of getting an audience must of necessity be exceedingly small. Now, Foster was eminently a teacher, he ever kept the lower faculties of his mind in subordination to the higher, and could not have been brought to occupy himself, after the rhetorical fashion, in adjusting artificial forms of speech, to be everywhere conspicuous as such—the one office of language being, in his view, to do service to thought, to do that service modestly, and never to seem so little conscious of doing it at all, as when doing it after the best possible manner. As we have said, if we regard the style of Hall, considered simply as a style of a *particular description*, we must pronounce it to be as perfect as anything of the kind has ever been, or is likely to be; but we feel confident that the difference in the style of Foster is to be ascribed to his more searching intellect; to the more complete as-

* It should be stated, that in his ordinary pulpit service, the style of Robert Hall was often remarkable, in many respects, for its simplicity, and that the least educated of his hearers—select, and comparatively elevated as his language even then was—rarely failed to apprehend his meaning. But we scarcely need say that the fame of the preacher was not the result of such discourses, but of those more elaborate efforts which partook strongly of the characteristic qualities of his style. Having adverted, in our own hearing, on one occasion, to the clear and forcible language in which Dumont had presented the doctrines of Bentham, he remarked—‘Style, sir—style after all, is the passport to immortality.’ This, we think, was not a chance utterance of the moment, but expression given to a fixed article in his literary creed—the word style being understood in a large sense, as embracing much requiring the presence of a high order of ability to realize.

cedancy of his intellectual power over his other faculties; to a more just perception as to the best method of making language the servant of instruction, or of impression only consequent upon instruction; and to a complexion of taste resulting from all these causes, which, while upon the whole more simple, and even more refined, than that of Hall, was at the same time more manly. In short, the style we want for the pulpit is that of Foster, broken up, for the greater part, into briefer apportionments, and impregnated throughout with something of the vivacity and fire of Hall. We covet the simplicity and directness of the great essayist, but we would fain see these qualities allied with the ease, and animation, and onward speed of the great preacher. We have not the best model of style, whether for the pulpit or the press, in the writings of either of these great men, but the elements necessary to a perfect standard might be selected and combined from the works of both.

We have spoken of these letters as affording abundant evidence of Foster's sincere and deep *piety*, for such, it is now evident, was the character of his religious feeling during much the greater portion of his life. Though letter-writing, in common with all writing, was a very laborious business in his case, it is evident that he felt a strong disposition to employ himself in such half-way kind of authorship. Pious persons, with whom he had chanced to be brought into nearer intercourse than with general society, often received quiet counsel and solace from his pen; while to some of his more intelligent friends, he made disclosures in his letters which he would hardly have made even to them in personal communication. His letters were something of a relief-valve to his too strong tendency to reserve. Egotism, no doubt, is a silly and offensive thing; but on the other hand, it is not the most pleasant thing imaginable that a man should seem disposed to keep, not the rude world only, but every body about him at a sort of arm's-length. On the whole, we prefer a man who may be disposed to talk a little too much about that one person

whom we are all sure of holding in sufficient estimation, to a man thus excessively self-closed, if it were for no other reason than that there is less of the disagreeable in seeming to be trusted, than in seeming to be suspected. It is this better quality which gives inexpressible charm to the tales of Froissart, and to the gossip of Montaigne. But the man of the future who would know John Foster, must read these letters. They present a faithful portraiture of the man, and a portraiture to be found nowhere else. We are not sure that the disclosures which they make as to the want of range and system in his studies; the general sluggishness of his faculties; and the dreadfully slow and laborious processes by which he effected his literary achievements, will augment his reputation in certain connexions, but these volumes are, nevertheless, evidence in themselves of extraordinary power, and the proof of earnest spirituality which is before us in not a few of these letters and memoranda is most welcome and refreshing. The following letter is not from the series now printed. We are indebted to the lady to whom it was addressed, for permission to publish it. It was written within a fortnight after the decease of Mrs. Foster:—

‘My dear Madam,—I have to accuse myself of delay in acknowledging your kind note, received five or six days since. Accept, thus late, my most sincere thanks for your and Mr. ——’s sympathy and friendly inquiries. The girls and myself are favoured with our usual health, and have many things to alleviate the affecting sense of what we have lost. The grand consolation is the perfect and delightful confidence that the beloved companion of our former years, who is now taken from us, is in possession of a felicity which shall be uninterrupted and eternal. She is in the strange and elevated, and triumphant condition of *looking back* on death, viewing its illuminated other side, and looking on to an interminable prospect; while all of us have yet the dark vision before us. When I think of this, and at the same time remember how much she experienced of the ills of this mortal condition, I feel that it would be as contrary to true affection for her, as to pious submission to the divine sovereignty and wisdom, to murmur that she has not remained longer here; and there is the consoling and animating hope of meeting her again.

‘With some of us, as you justly reflect, ‘the day is far spent;’ may God grant us that the evening of it may be so employed and devoted to him, that we may exult in the morning of the other world. With most friendly and respectful regards to Mr. ——,

‘I am, &c. &c.’

In a large number of the letters in the collection now printed, our readers will find this grave and manly expression of fervent religious sentiment. We must content ourselves with selecting the following extract from a letter written at Bourton, in 1840:—

‘I look with pensive, and not a little of painful, emotion, at the rooms I frequented, the house I inhabited, the rural walks which I trod during the course of many years, since the end of which a much longer series has passed away. It was here I formed, and for a long time had the happiness of an union, now many years since dissolved. But the pain of a more austere kind than that of pensiveness is from the reflection, to how little purpose, of the highest order, the long years here, and subsequently elsewhere, have been consumed away—how little sedulous and earnest cultivation of internal piety—how little even of mental improvement—how little of zealous devotion to God and Christ, and the best cause. Oh, it is a grievous and sad reflection, and drives me to the great and only resource, to say, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner.’ I also most earnestly implore that, in one way or other, what may remain of my life may be better, far better than the long-protracted past. Past! what a solemn and almost tremendous word! it is, when pronounced in the reference in which I am repeating it!’—Vol. ii. pp. 338, 339.

But the piety of Foster, if somewhat monastic in certain respects, was never of the kind which separates some men from all professed interest in the general affairs of society and nations. He was, as is well known, rather a stern politician, and a no less stern nonconformist. But he wished to see good ends prosecuted by wise means, and showed himself as little tolerant of indiscreet zeal as of selfish lethargy. In 1836, when many dissenters were loudly demanding a separation of the church from the state, Foster thus writes—

‘Do you stand quite aloof from the grand *dissenting commotion*? They—(I say not *we*, for I would not have been a concurring particle in the dust the dissenters have raised—I mean as to the *extent* of their demands)—have mistaken their policy in calling out (*at present*) for the ‘*separation*,’ a thing most palpably impracticable, till a few more Olympiads have passed over us.’—Vol. ii. p. 306.

Nor could our zealous reformer bring his understanding to the conclusion, that a depraved ignorance must necessarily be a better power to place at the helm of affairs than a depraved knowledge. The following passage appears to

have been elicited by the pure conduct of that high-minded race of persons, the Bristol freemen :—

‘But what base, worthless wretches those fellows are. It is really grievous and surprising, that never once can a sober, honest man be found, that will do just the very moderate duty that you require. It makes one sometimes almost ashamed of one’s *democracy*, to have so many glaring proofs of the utterly unprincipled character of so large a portion of what are called ‘the lower orders,’ in a nation so vaunted for ‘enlightened’—‘civilized’—‘Christian’—and all that. One is amazed to hear any intelligent advocate of the ‘popular rights,’ stickling for ‘*universal suffrage*.’ Think of such fellows as you have had to do with, being qualified to have a vote in the choice of legislators!’—Vol. ii. p. 123.

Writing to a relative in Yorkshire, in 1842, he thus expresses himself again on the question of the Suffrage, and upon Chartists and Chartism :—

‘I suppose you have the pestilent chartists in your part of the country. They are a very stupid and pernicious set—some of their leaders great rogues—the whole tribe a sad nuisance. They have done what they could to frustrate the exertions for obtaining the only public benefit which there is the smallest chance of getting at present, or for a long time to come—that is, an alteration or abrogation of the *Corn-Laws*, a thing which would immediately be a most important relief to that commercial interest on which so many tens of thousands are depending. And while they are doing this mischief, they are brawling about *universal suffrage*—a thing as much out of reach for a very long time to come as anything they could dream of. And yet, unless they could get this, they say they will accept no other change for the amendment of their condition. What fools! And to judge of their recent proceedings, they are *themselves* wholly unfit for such a suffrage. What a fine and valuable thing the suffrage would be to men whose chosen business it has been to go and disturb, and break up with noise, and violence, and abuse the important meetings for discussing the best expedient for alleviating the public distress! No, no: they have yet a great deal to learn before they will be fit for a considerate and judicious voting for members of the legislature. I wish the people *had* the universal suffrage, provided they were better educated, more intelligent, more sober, more moral; but not in their present state of ignorance and rudeness. Their being so is, as to some of them, their own fault. But the main weight of the reproach falls on the government and the church, which have left the people in this deplorable condition from generation to generation.’—Vol. ii. pp. 345, 346.

Foster was one of the last men in England to laud ‘our glorious constitution,’ as the manner of some has been; or to look with an excessive reverence or confidence to the upper, or even to the middle classes of his countrymen;

but he knew that change may be from bad to worse, as readily as from bad to better, and he was not disposed to attempt an escape from 'the ills we have,' without at least a tolerable prospect of securing the better issue in this alternative.

The feeling of Foster on the subject of nonconformity was one of his strong feelings. It was such at times as to impair his candour, in a degree hardly to have been expected in a mind so comprehensive, and, on the whole, so well balanced. He sometimes spoke in high terms of individual clergymen of the church of England, but it must be confessed that such instances were very rare, and the men in those cases were always such, that to have spoken otherwise of them, would have been to sin, not only against candour, but against common sense. In general, few persons were more exposed to his sarcasm than credulous people who seemed disposed to judge at all favourably of the religious or social influence of our established hierarchy. But if his feelings were strong on this point, he appears to have been thoroughly persuaded that they were not stronger than the reason of the case demanded.

It is now nearly a quarter of a century since we took a quiet, leisurely journey with him along the road between Worcester and Pershore. On the right-hand side of the said road, a few miles from Worcester, there is a hill rising so abruptly from the almost level space around it, as to pass for an artificial elevation, were it not much too huge to have been of such an origin. It had been suggested to us before reaching this spot, that should we be enterprising enough to ascend this hill, our labour might not be accounted as altogether lost. We did ascend it, and we did so from a point which placed the hill between us and a greater part of the landscape, so that our panorama became suddenly visible and complete as we reached our purposed elevation. It was an early hour in the forenoon, towards the close of April. In the night there had been a considerable fall of rain, but the sky was now a brilliant

blue, and the white clouds still floating on above us, driven and separated by the fresh morning breeze, changed their thin substance and softly feathered outlines into every form of beauty, each moving as if intent on giving us better sign of light and joyous speed than its fellows. Before us, from this hill-top, was the extended valley through which the Severn sends its ever flowing waters from Shropshire towards Gloucestershire. In the farthest distance on the right, are the Clay Hills of the former county, towards whose resting-place the summer sun often descends, so as to present a landscape which a Claude might have gazed upon as worthy of the best effort of his pencil. On the left, at about ten miles distance, is the Bredon Hill, with its broad shield-like side of wood and verdure; and the hill far beyond it, so faint as to be scarcely visible, is May Hill, in Gloucestershire. Between those heights, which, like separate detachments, flank them at their extreme points, you see the Malvern Hills rising immediately in front of you, whose two loftiest summits, which like twin protectors shelter the little town of Malvern, send forth their descending outlines along the horizon, measuring a space to the right and left of about twenty miles. The descent of the Malvern Hills is into the opposite side of the valley, which now lies at your feet, and that valley is about seven miles in width, and, running parallel with the Malvern Hills, is more than three times that space in length. The river is not often visible, but the whole surface bespeaks abundant fertility, and is so far undulated as to exhibit a few of those elevated wood-crowned ridges which give so much suggestive beauty to some of the landscapes of Poussin. The late fall of rain had thrown a freshness over all things; the leaves and the verdure everywhere, though young, were perfect. The light clouds, fleeting along as in a sea of ether, intersected the gold-like colouring of the sun by their gliding shadows, which chased each other across the valley and up the mountain sides, disappearing there only to be succeeded by others, and by others still—shadows on earth, which

seemed to betoken the sudden coming of strange powers to it from heaven!

We shall not attempt to recal the things said by Foster as he looked and looked again on that scene of beauty. Certainly we never saw the countenance of our essayist more possessed with interest. His eye travelled to and fro as in greedy wonder. He muttered something about Milton and Paradise, and about this—this after all is *man's* world, a region so lovely, the home of a being so little lovely, &c. &c. At length we ventured to break in on these soliloquising, and pointed to the Worcester cathedral, on whose time-worn walls and turrets the sun now broke forth brilliantly. 'Ay, ay,' was the response; 'there she is, sure enough, the only ugly thing in the whole scene!' Sad want of taste in that response, say some of our readers. It may be so; but we have mentioned this incident, and the language thus elicited, because, taken together, they point our attention to the source of Foster's feeling as a non-conformist. It is clear he was not a nonconformist from any deficiency of imagination, nor from any want of sympathy with art, or with objects possessing remote historical association. He could readily have peopled the valley then before him with the generations of the past, and could have depicted to himself the Cathedral of Worcester, or the Abbey of Pershore, in the days of the Oswalds and Wulstans, whose mutilated monuments are still preserved there. But his power to appreciate natural beauty, was related to a sympathy, no less vivid, with all spiritual beauty; and his passionate interest in all beauty of the latter kind, was the natural measure of his passionate aversion to the deformities to which it was opposed. The bitterness with which he denounced the men who had corrupted Christianity, was determined by the strength of that inward worship wherewith he regarded it as seen in its purity. Science, art, poetry—all might have their beauties; but better that they should be wholly discarded, than that they should be employed meretriciously, so as to taint and degrade the properly Christian—scriptural

Christianity being the highest form of the beautiful. The less must not be obtruded into the place of the greater. In the spirit of Milton, Foster looked on the imaginative, the artistic, and the poetical, which Romanism and prelacy have thrown about them, as one fully alive to the power of such fascinations; but as one who saw with special clearness the extent of the mischiefs which had been done by such means—as one who detected the process by which in those systems the outward show had been raised to the place of the inward truth, and by which a low idolatry of the formal had been made to extrude an intelligent worship of the spiritual. Such, in his judgment, had been the *general* effect of both systems. In the clergy of the cathedral now pointed out to him he saw a body of haughty, conventional worldlings, the fair types of a great majority of their order—priests whose influence necessarily tended to assimilate the educated classes to a manner of life like their own, and to subject the uneducated to the devices of a convenient superstition. They were men, in his view, who not only refused themselves to enter into the kingdom, but who, throughout the land, were the great hinderers of those who might otherwise have been disposed to enter in. We believe that no conviction in the mind of Foster was more habitual, or more secure against the possibility of change, than this conviction. His two Letters to the Evangelical Clergy, which are reprinted in these volumes; and another in the second volume, (p. 165,) will further explain the ground of his strong feeling on this subject.

But we have passed our limits. Foster's own criticisms derive their chief value from their discriminativeness—from their free and manly dealing with defects and faults, no less than with excellencies. In this spirit he touched on all subjects, and estimated all men. It was never his to indulge in undiscerning praise. On the contrary, he regarded the faults of good men as being hardly less instructive than their virtues; and the errors of genius as the last that should be overlooked by the critic, because of

their special tendency to propagatè themselves elsewhere. In no literature was an example of this kind more needed than in Nonconformist literature. Our good men, according to our common account of them, have been a kind of angels; and our great men, have been a kind of demi-gods. But this sectarianism has caused our literature to be too much the literature of a sect. Hence, for the most part, it is read only where it is written—within our own enclosure.

Our readers, we trust, know enough of us to be aware, that even in dealing with such honoured names as those of Hall and Foster, we were not likely to content ourselves with repeating for the hundredth time the common-places of eulogy which have been bestowed on those eminent persons. We covet something better for readers and for ourselves than could result from such employment. We hold that the best friend to the fame of Hall and Foster is the man who has best learnt how to distinguish between the stronger and weaker elements of their genius; and to distinguish, in consequence, between the basis which will be sufficient to sustain their high reputation, and that which will not be found adequate if relied upon to that end.

In one respect, the example of these extraordinary men should be well considered by not a few who survive them, and sometimes boast of them. Their honest and thorough adherence to the principles of nonconformity was above suspicion—yet they never committed themselves to a single extravagant or undignified proceeding in favour of those principles; nor to anything that could warrant a doubt as to their being men whose religious feeling was something other than sectarian—the feeling of a broad, spiritual, Catholic Christianity.

TRAVELS IN LYCIA.*

(1847.)

THE seats of empire in the ancient world lay southward of the Alps and the Pyrenees. But the sceptre has changed hands. In these later ages, the once barbarous hordes of the north have become lawgivers to the degenerate children of the south. The Mediterranean sea is no longer in the centre of the earth. Its shores are no longer the privileged home of civilized man. In respect to nations, empires, and races of men, the wheel of fortune in Europe has performed a mighty evolution within the last two thousand years. Those who were last have become first, and those who were first have become last. The descendants of the Celt, the Gaul, and the German, are now the worshippers of the great and the beautiful in art and literature, while, for the most part, the men who people the regions famed as the birth-place and cradle of the works of genius, pass by the time-worn vestiges of those works unheeded, or perhaps destroy them to serve the meanest purposes. The countries which encircle the great sea of the ancients, and the multitude of islands which rise

* Travels in Lycia, Milyas, and Cibyratis, in company with the late Rev. E. T. Daniell. By Lieutenant T. A. B. SPRATT, R.N., F. G. S., of the Mediterranean Hydrographical Survey; and Professor EDWARD FORBES, of King's College, London. 2 vols. 8vo. John Van Voorst. London, 1847.

above its waters, all so rich in historical memories, have been through ages as an exhausted soil, no longer yielding its wonted fruit, but overrun with all things noxious. Will that soil never fall under good husbandry again? Will it never yield its proper fruit again? When a *people* have become degenerate, must we always count upon that degeneracy as hopeless? We know that to civilize the barbarous is possible; but to elevate the victims of a corrupt civilization—is that possible?

These are grave questions. But though naturally enough suggested by the contents of the volumes before us, it is not our intention at present to attempt an answer to them. We wish rather to make our readers partakers of the instruction and pleasure we have ourselves derived from this publication, without imposing on them the task of settling very difficult questions either as politicians or as connoisseurs.

Be pleased, then, good reader, to imagine that you are just leaving the most southern promontory of Greece, and sailing nearly due east. To your left are the waters of the Egean, the modern Archipelago, stretching inward so as to mark the seaward boundary of old Thessaly, Macedonia, and Thrace, and separating, like a magnificent bay, between the shores of Greece which look towards Asia, and the shores of Asia Minor which look towards Europe. On your right, is the blue line of the open sea, closing upon the horizon, its waters spreading on and on in that direction, until they fall on the coast which extends from the Straits of Gibraltar to the estuary of the Nile. But your vessel is floating towards that line of coast in Asia Minor which looks due south, and where snowy mountains lift themselves aloft, as if striving to rise higher than the intervening sea which separates them from the sight of their brother mountains on the African continent. In approaching this aspect of Asia Minor, you have the elevated points of its coast opening upon you on your left and in front, and the Island of Rhodes near upon your right. You have not long passed that island, when a

portion of the Asiatic continent is seen to be projecting in front of you far into the sea: and the point at which that projecting curve commences on this western side, and that to which it recedes on the eastern, mark the extent of the shores of Ancient Lycia. This irregular coast measures about a hundred miles, the Lycian territory in land extends to about sixty miles, narrowing considerably as it recedes. Long before you approach its nearest point, your attention is arrested by the snow-covered heights of a range of mountains forming part of the great projecting line of coast just mentioned. Those are the Cragus and Anticragus, or the *Cragi Vertices Octo*—mountains of the ancients; so called, because, like some ancient oak, they sent their roots down in such huge masses into the sea as to form eight capes upon its shore. In modern geography, these mountains bear the name of the *Seven Capes*. They rise to the height of nearly 7000 feet above the sea, and beyond them to the east and north-east, are the Massicytus and the Solymeian heights, the white ice-bound peaks of the former rising to the elevation of 8700 feet, of the latter to 9000.

The whole territory, anciently known by the name of Lycia, is of a nature to satisfy the expectation raised by this approach to it. Its three ranges of mountains send their graduated points and slopes over the greater part of its surface, forming capes, harbours, and well-watered valleys; high pasture lands of every kind of temperature, natural fastnesses of the most romantic description; ravines and gorges as wild as Salvator Rosa himself could have coveted; dense forests rising far up the mountain sides, and contributing to mark the line which separates the space where vegetation is possible, from the elevation where the snow reflects the ever-varying hues of the rising or the setting sun. Nearly everything that could impart beauty and value to a country, and render it the home of a joyous and a free people, seemed to meet in the land of the ancient Lycians. Its principal river is the Xanthus, which bursts forth abruptly from one of its northern

mountains, and winding its course, with an amplitude as broad as the Thames at Richmond, and with much more rapidity, towards the sea, divides the country into two somewhat unequal parts, the eastern section being the largest. The following is a description given by the authors of the work before us, of a scene from a high point of Anticragus:—

‘On waking in the morning we found that, in the darkness of the night before, we had come unawares upon a scene of surpassing grandeur. Beneath our dwelling sank a tremendous ravine, cleft down to the very sea, the waves of which were dashing against the margin of a small flat plain, buried in the gloom of the abyss. Immense masses of rocks, torn, rent, and broken up, lay scattered and hanging on every shelving ledge, while tremendous precipices towered upwards to the snow-crowned summit of Anticragus, which rose majestically over this wondrous gulf, seven thousand feet above the sea, the waves of which, and the mountain-top, were visible to us at once from the same spot. There seemed no passage to the other side, and none but a native of this rugged solitude could have guessed where a route might be. A way there was, however, but a dizzy one, and in places the horses could scarcely get along—sometimes clambering over slippery ledges not two feet broad—sometimes bending under gigantic impending blocks, which had fallen from above, and been arrested in their descent. One of the great boundary precipices presented a most singular aspect, in consequence of being partly formed of beds of shale, contorted so as to show as many as fifty doublings, which lay pressed, as it were, between great masses of horizontal strata of scaglia. There is not in all Europe a wilder or grander scene than this pass through the Seven Capes of Cragus.’—Vol. i., p. 22.

Here is a description of another scene, from a less elevated spot inland, and giving you Cragus and Anti-Cragus as part of your mountain outline.

‘The house in which we lodged is one of the largest in the valley of the Xanthus. Our host, a gloomy-looking, well-dressed, one-eyed man, was extremely polite, and paid us much attention. Our room was a long, well-proportioned chamber, the walls ornamented with arabesque paintings, and the ceiling of carved wood. Near the door, a framework of wood divided off the greater portion of the room, which was elevated above the lesser. Over the fire-place was a carved wooden canopy. Round the house were many stables; and in the yard was a large wooden house, so Swiss-like in its form and carvings, that it might have been brought from Interlaken. In front was a flat grassy court-yard, being the levelled summit of the Acropolis. At sunset, the view from this platform was surpassingly beautiful. The distant snow became tinged of the brightest crimson, and rested on mountains of the deepest purple. The valley which lay outspread far below seemed a sheet of dark golden green, through which wound tortuously the silver thread of Xanthus. Cragus, towering between us

and the sun, was a mass of the darkest blue. In the far distance lay the golden sea; and the few clouds which hung in a sky of azure above and gold below, were like fire altars suspended in the heavens. Poor Daniell, whose spirit was deeply imbued with the love and appreciation of art, the friend and enthusiastic admirer of Turner, would sit and gaze with intense delight on this gorgeous landscape, and, eloquently dilating on its charms, appeal to them as evidences of the truth and nature which he maintained were ever present in the works of the great living master, whose merits he thoroughly understood.'—Vol. i., pp. 36, 37.

But the *people* of this beautiful country—what of them? The earliest mention of Lycia is in the poems of Homer. We find the Lycians at the siege of Troy. They were then a warlike and powerful nation. Signal services were rendered by them to the Trojans, under the command of their several leaders, Glaucus, Sarpedon, and Pandarus. From the parley between Glaucus and Diomedes in front of the two armies, it is clear that the language of the Lycians at that time was Greek. So also was their religion—Homer having described them as the worshippers of Apollo.* Herodotus was a native of the neighbouring province of Caria; and as that historian evinces much curiosity about the language of the people whom he describes, it is not to be supposed that he would have failed to mention any peculiarity of that nature among the people of Lycia if such had obtained. The evidence, we think amounts to everything but certainty, that a language distinct from the Greek, and peculiar to Lycia, was not known in that country until after the Persian invasion. But so far back as the time of Homer, we trace two distinct races of inhabitants in Lycia—the one a conquering, the other a conquered people. The conquered people were in all probability the earliest inhabitants. They bore the name of Solymi, or Milyæ. The latter name is not found in Homer, but, according to Herodotus, Milyas was the ancient name of the whole country. At a very early period, however, the south-western part of Asia Minor received a considerable emigration from Crete and the neighbouring islands of the Egean, occasioned

* Iliad, Book iv. 150; vi. 150.

apparently by the progress of Phenician conquests in that quarter; for Minos, who is said to have driven out both the Carians and the Lycians, should, perhaps, be regarded as the representative or leader of a Phenician settlement. The proper and original name of the race, which, driven out of Crete, established itself in Milyas, was Termilæ, or Tremilæ. The Solymi, or Milyæ, were not entirely expelled, but established themselves in the mountainous districts, which afterwards bore the name of Milyas. It is from the mountains in those parts that Homer represents Posiedon as desecrating Ulysses. From the story of Bellerophon, who, according to the same author, found the task of fighting the Solymi the hardest of those imposed on him by the king of Lycia, it would appear that the Solymi had not been entirely subdued in the time of Homer. How the Termilæ came to be called the Lycii is a point not readily settled. The mythical story is, that they took the name from Lycas, the son of Pandion, who was driven from Attica by his brother Ægeus, and took refuge in Lycia. Such stories generally denote the settlement of a conquering tribe. The name of Lycii, however, though in use so early as the time of Homer, never supplanted the name Termilæ, which Herodotus tells us continued in use among the neighbouring nations till his own time. The name Termilæ does not appear in Homer. These appear to have been the only changes in Lycia in respect to races of people, prior to the time of the Persian invasion.

The Lycians, and their neighbours the Cilicians, were the only people in those regions who held out against Cræsus. But before the Persian power their bravery availed them not. The inhabitants of Xanthus being defeated in battle, retired within the walls of their city, collected their wives, children, slaves, and treasure within the Acropolis, and having committed the whole to the flames, they sallied forth, and perished in a dreadful onslaught upon the besiegers. In this display of an in-

domitable spirit, their example was followed by the people of Caunus.

But, speaking generally, the Lycians appear advantageously in history as a peaceful, well-governed people, taking no part in the piracies to which many of their neighbours were addicted. When they first established their singularly well-arranged confederacy we do not know. It embraced twenty-three cities, of which the six largest, namely, Xanthus, Patara, Pinara, Olympus, Myra, and Tlos, had three votes in the common council, those of the second rank two, and those of the third rank one. The different cities contributed to the national fund in proportion to their weight in the council. The meetings of this council were not always convened in one place, so as to give any one city an undue preponderance, but took place, according to common consent, sometimes in one city and sometimes in another. At the meetings of this Achean League—this Amphyctionic Council, a supreme governor, called the Lyciarch, together with magistrates and other inferior officers, was appointed, and courts were instituted for the settling of disputes between members of the confederacy. All questions of peace and war came before this general assembly; the same wisdom and moderation which appear in the constitution of this authority were observable in its exercises, and the result was a long career of prosperity and good government. This confederacy subsisted under the Persian rule, and the strength derived from it enabled the Lycians to render themselves so far independent, that they merely paid annually a certain amount of tribute to the Persian king, the sum being collected by their own Lyciarch. On the division of the Macedonian conquests, Lycia was attached to the kingdom of Syria; in time, it fell, along with Syria, under the power of the Romans, who at first assigned it to the Rhodians, but, after the conclusion of the Macedonian war, restored it to its former independence. Then followed the most flourishing period of Lycian history; but about the time of the Roman civil wars it began to decline, in con-

sequence of internal disturbances. The emperor Claudius made it a Roman province, and attached it to the prefecture of Pamphylia. At a later period it was separated from Pamphylia, and appeared again as an independent province, with the town of Myra as its capital. Myra was the port at which the vessel touched that bore St. Paul thus far on his voyage towards Rome. In subsequent time that city became the bishopric of Lycia, in honour of the spot where the apostle of the Gentiles was presumed to have preached the Gospel. The ruins of Myra are now found on the banks of a river about three miles from the sea.

Thus, the people of Lycia, consisting originally of Greek races, have received infusions from various points; the Persian element especially was largely supervened upon the Greek, and the power of Rome, as pagan, was succeeded by that of Byzantium, first, as Christian, and since as Mahommedan. The monuments found in Lycia bear a marked relation to all these changes, extending over a space of some three thousand years. Some of them evidently belong to the period anterior to the Persian invasion; others must be dated from that time, and others are of middle age origin. As it is with the works of art in Lycia, so is it with man. In these regions he is everywhere seen in decay. The country long since inhabited by a people who covered it with cities, exhibiting the highest forms of Greek, Persian, and Roman art and civilization, is now almost entirely in the hands of a low unsettled race, who, if neither so depraved nor so inhospitable as men generally are in the same condition, are ignorant, superstitious, and content to pass one half of the year under tents or sheds in the valleys, and the other half, with the same amount of accommodation, among the hills; the great majority are Mahommedans, a minority account themselves Christians.

Until the commencement of the present century, the learned in Europe were in almost total ignorance of Lycia. Colonel Leake, in 1800, meditated exploring it, but was

deterred from doing so by the pestilence then raging. He succeeded, however, in determining the site of the ancient city, Antiphellus, and in examining the ruins of Termessus. He also visited some extensive ruins at Kakava, supposed to be the remains of one of the cities called Cyanæ. In 1811 and 1812, Captain Beaufort surveyed the coast of Lycia, and in 1818 published an account of his researches. Until this time, even the coast line of the country, though well described by ancient authors, was unsettled. Captain Beaufort made known to the public the site of Patara, a city holding an important place in history; and also Myra, so deeply interesting for the reason before mentioned. He also made us acquainted with Olympus and Phaselis, beside many less important places mentioned in ancient writings. About the same time, Mr. Cockerell, the eminent architect, visited the Lycian coast, and ultimately accompanied Captain Beaufort. That gentleman examined Myra, Limyra, Aperlæ, and one of the cities called Cyanæ; but during all these researches the site of one of the most interesting of Lycian cities—namely, Xanthus—remained undiscovered. Beaufort could only indicate its probable position; and Dr. Clarke, who visited Termessus, was prevented going in search of it by a quarrel with his guides. Twenty years now passed, and nothing was attempted in the way of discovery in Lycia. But in 1838, Mr., now Sir Charles Fellowes, explored a large portion of that country, and gave an account of the interior. During this journey, and a second in 1841, the exertions of this traveller were rewarded by a discovery of the sites of many of the most important cities, especially Xanthus, Tlos, Pinara, Cadyanda, Arycanda, and Sidyma. He determined also the position of Sydna, and discovered not less than six other important sites, to which he assigned the names of Calynda, Massicytus, Phellus, Gagæ, Podalia, and Trabala. In 1840, Mr. Hoskyn, of H.M.S. Beacon, explored the valley of Xanthus, and its cities, and discovered the important city of Caunus, the capital Peræa.

In 1841, Mr. Hoskyn, accompanied by Mr. Forbes, made an excursion into the interior, during which they discovered and fixed the sites of two of the Cibyratic cities—Cenoanda and Balbura, and found two others, one of which was probably the ancient Massicytus, and the other perhaps Podalia. Mr. Hoskyn's account of these journeys may be found in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society* for 1843. We scarcely need remind our readers that it is to Sir Charles Fellows that England is chiefly indebted for its possession of the Xanthian marbles, now safely deposited in the British Museum.

Such in substance are the attempts which had been made to bring us into better acquaintance with ancient and modern Lycia, before the appearance of the publication at the head of this article. On the additions here made to the stock of our previous knowledge, the authors of this work thus speak:—

‘Besides the cities of Cibyra and Termessus Major, already mentioned, we were so fortunate as to find and fix the sites of Rhodiapolis, Candyba, Sura, and three cities called Cyanæ, Phellus, Edebessus, Acalissus, Gagæ, Bubon, Lagbe, and Lagon. The Gagæ of Fellows we found to be Corydalla; his Massicytus, Araxa; and his Phellus, not that city, but, with scarcely a doubt, Pyrrha. We found also several other ancient cities of importance; and especially two, which we have referred to, Apollonia and Mandrapolis. We traced the marches of Alexander the Great, and of the consul Manlius, through Lycia. Mr. Daniell alone visited Selge, Syllium, Marmora, Perge, and Lyrbe, and some other better known sites in Pamphylia, during a journey which was terminated by his premature death at Adalia, whither he had accompanied Mr. Purdie, the newly-appointed consul, after parting from us at Rhodes, and returning to Lycia. He fell a victim to the malignant malaria fever of the country, contracted by lingering too long among the unhealthy marshes of the Pamphylian coast, when too anxious to complete his researches.’—Preface, *xiv*, xv.

We should add, that this publication is illustrated by an admirable map, with useful lithographed drawings and engraved plans of cities. We shall now select a few descriptions of some of the most interesting of these remains of a bygone civilization. The port of Makri, the western point of the Lycian coast, stands on the site of ancient Termessus, the ruins of which have been described

by several travellers. At a few miles distance, and not far from the coast, is the village which stands near the site of Pinara, the ruins of which are thus described :—

‘ The next day was devoted to visiting the ruins of Pinara. Our expectations had been greatly raised respecting this wonderful city, by the account of it which we had received from Mr. Hoskyn, who had told us that it was the finest of all those in the valley of the Xanthus; and the little sketch given by its discoverer had also excited our curiosity; but the reality far exceeded both the report and the picture. At about a quarter of an hour’s walk from the village, we suddenly came upon a magnificent view of the ancient city, seated in a rocky recess of Mount Cragus. A stupendous tower of rock, faced by a perpendicular precipice, perforated with a thousand tombs, and crowned by ruined fortifications, rose out of a deep ravine, which was thronged with ruins and sarcophagi, and intersected by ridges bearing the more important edifices. Dark precipitous mountains, of the grandest outlines, overhung the whole. After gazing with astonishment at this wondrous scene, we plunged among the maze of ruins, making a hurried ramble through them, so as to become acquainted with the localities of the site, intending to pay future visits for the purpose of more minute exploration. We first visited a fine theatre, excavated in the side of a woody hill fronting the city. The Lycian theatres are invariably so placed as to command a grand prospect, or when by the sea-side, a broad expanse of ocean. For a scene of rocky magnificence, none of them could vie with the theatre of Pinara. Opposite the theatre are the remains of a building of much later times, with Ionic columns, some of which are double, and have the fluting grooved in a coating of cement. Close by are several very fine arch-lidded tombs, with Lycian inscriptions. Above is a lower acropolis, a long ridge of buildings, many of them of Cyclopæan architecture. Among them is a small theatre, or odeum, and a gigantic portal, shattered apparently by an earthquake. We then ascended to the base of the rock of the greater acropolis, finding on our way a remarkable group of sarcophagi. They are arranged so as to form a square round an enormous central sarcophagus, with a pedestal-formed summit. This sarcophagus was the largest we met with in Lycia. Its interior is remarkable, the sides being surrounded by a projecting ledge or shelf. The tombs of the square bear no inscriptions, but are peculiarly ornamented; the cement which covers their sides being scored so as to represent the appearance of a regularly-built stone wall, exactly as we sometimes see on plastered houses at home. The stone at Pinaya, though hard and durable, being a conglomerate, is not favourable for inscriptions; and the ancient inhabitants seem to have been in the habit of coating it with a fine mortar, or cement, and on that carving the letters. We ascended the acropolis rock by the only pass, a steep and difficult path cut on its side. On its level but sloping summit, we found the remains of many fortifications and cisterns, not, however, of the most ancient architecture. Such parts of the margin as were in any way accessible, were strongly defended by walls. On the highest part of the summit is an isolated fortification or stronghold, furnished with tanks, and surrounded by a ditch. The view from this is very grand, whether upward among the gloomy gorges of Anticragus, or forward over the fertile plains of the Xanthus, and the snowy ridges of Massicytus. The tombs which perfo-

rate the perpendicular face of this gigantic rock, are oblong holes, occasionally with a semi-circular top. They are most irregularly arranged, but occasionally form perpendicular rows. There are no traces of panels or doors to their entrances. They must have been excavated by workmen suspended from the summit. They are now inaccessible, and are the dwelling-places of eagles.

‘Descending from the rock, and passing the quadrangle of tombs before mentioned, we came to the remains of an early Christian church, at the head of a deep, dark, and narrow ravine, walled by the precipitous rocks of the low eracropolis, and filled with oleanders and chaste-trees. In this gloomy depth are many very perfect and beautiful rock-tombs, hewn in imitation of wooden buildings, and bearing on their ledges carved and painted Lycian inscriptions. On the front of the same ridge of rock, in that part facing the valley, are still larger and finer rock-tombs, some of which Uruk families had adopted as their winter habitations. Some of these are temple tombs, with sculptured pediments; and on one are the curious representations of the walls and buildings of an ancient city, figured by Fellowes. This tomb is now much injured by the fires lighted in its interior by the Uruks.

‘We returned to our village from the city of King Pandarus, greatly delighted with our first visit, and convinced that we had seen but a fraction of its wonders. The site is known to be Pinara, from inscriptions, from its situation exactly agreeing with the accounts given by ancient geographers, and from the ancient name being retained, with the alteration of a letter, in the name of the modern village.’—Vol. i. pp. 7—12.

Our next extract brings us to Xanthus, and to the parties employed in discovering the Xanthus marbles.

‘The site of Xanthus, though beautiful, is not imposing. The hill on which it stands rises abruptly from a level plain, in some places marshy and alluvial. The rapid torrent of the river rushes along the base of the steep precipice of a lower acropolis, at the back of which are the theatre, and several of the more remarkable monuments, especially the square columnar tomb which bore the bas-reliefs descriptive of the story of the daughters of Pandarus, now in the British Museum, and that on which is the longest Lycian inscription known. Above them rises a second rocky eminence, the upper acropolis, the summit of which is mostly occupied by the ruins of an early Christian monastery. On the southwestern slope of the city are several remarkable sarcophagi and other tombs, including the tomb of Payara, figured in the frontispiece to Fellowes’ first tour. Elevated on platforms of rock, immediately above the plain, stood a group of temples, of which the friezes and statues, now in the British Museum, were the principal ornaments.

‘Whilst we were there, these sculptures were daily dug out of the earth, and brought once more to view. The search for them was intensely exciting; and, in the enthusiasm of the moment, our admiration of their art was, perhaps, a little beyond their merits. As each block of marble was uncovered, and the earth carefully brushed away from its surface, the form of some fair amazon, or stricken warrior, of an eastern king, or a besieged castle, became revealed, and gave rise to many a pleasant discussion as to the sculptor’s art therein displayed, or the story in the history of the ancient Xanthians therein represented—conversations which all who took part in will ever look back

upon as among the most delightful in their lives. Often, after the work of the day was over, and the night had closed in, when we had gathered round the log fire in the comfortable Turkish cottage which formed the head quarters of the party, we were accustomed to sally forth, torch in hand, Charles Fellowes as cicerone, to cast a midnight look of admiration on some spirited battle-scene or headless Venus, which had been the great prize of the morning's work.'

The site of Tlos is about six hours' ride further up the valley of the Xanthus. The following is the account which our travellers gave of it.

'We remained three days at Tlos. It is a most delightful place. Few ancient sites can vie with it. Built on the summit of a hill of great height, bounded by perpendicular precipices and deep ravines, commanding a view of the entire length of the valley of the Xanthus—the snow-capped Taurus in one distance, the sea in another. the whole mass of Cragus and its towering peaks, and the citadel of Pinara in front, itself immediately overhung by the snowy summits of the Massicytus—a grander site for a great city could hardly have been selected in all Lycia. Pinara has perhaps more majesty, but there is a softness combined with the grandeur of Tlos, giving it a charm which Pinara has not.

'The acropolis hill terminates on the north-east, in perpendicular cliffs. These cliffs are honey-combed with rock-tombs, some of which are of great beauty. The older tombs are similar to those at Telmessus; but there are others, of an apparently later period, having their chambers excavated in the rock, but with the doorways regularly built. Such tombs have often long Greek inscriptions. The oldest tomb, to all appearance, at Tlos, is the largest and most interesting. It is a temple-tomb, fronted by a pediment, borne on columns of peculiar form and Egyptian aspect, having no carved capitals, and being wider at the base than at the upper part. From such columns the Ionic might have originated, for we can hardly suppose this, apparently the most ancient and important tomb in Tlos, to have been left unfinished. Within the portico is a handsome carved door, with knocker and lock, on each side of which are windows opening into large tombs. On one side of the portico is carved a figure, which we may recognise as Bellerophon, mounted on Pegasus, and galloping up a rocky hill, which may represent Mount Cragus, to encounter an enormous leopard sculptured over one of the tomb entrances on the right side of the door. This animal may be a form of chimæra, but presents none of the mythological attributes, and is, in all probability, the representation of a 'caplan,' the leopard which infests the crags of Cragus at the present day. An ornamental flourish appears on the door-side, near the leopard, and is repeated on the corresponding panel on the other side; but there is no animal carved on the panel. On the panels beneath the tomb are carved dogs, and there are also traces of others on the pediment. Pegasus is a Persian horse, having a top-knot and knotted tail. A saddle-cloth of ornamental character has been painted on his back. The group of figures appears to have been originally painted. The head-dress of Bellerophon is very peculiar, as also the arrangement of the beard. The eye is rather full, and Greek. There is no inscription on the tomb. A few feet from

it, on a level with the pediment, is a Lycian inscription in a panel on the rock, the characters of which are much larger than any we have met with elsewhere. Two other Lycian inscriptions occurred at Tlos; one on a tomb on the opposite hill, and another on one near the base of the Acropolis hill. None of these had been previously noticed.

'In a field, at some distance, we discovered a quadrangular pedestal, or perhaps top of a tomb, on one side of which is a representation of Tlos itself during a siege. In this curious view, we recognised the disposition of the walls on the Acropolis, and of the more remarkable tombs as they are still to be seen. In the other compartments are represented warriors in various positions. Near this relic there is a remarkable tomb, a sarcophagus elevated on a towering pinnacle of rock, cut away on all sides, so as to be inaccessible. From this we went to the theatre, which is large and handsome, and of the Greek form. The rows of seats are thirty-four, and near the avenues they are ornamented with carved lions' paws. Near the theatre is a great group of remains of Roman buildings, apparently palaces, the arched windows of which are so placed as to command a magnificent view of the valley. Great clusters of ivy gave a rich effect to these ruins, and the 'golden henbane was in flower upon their walls.'—Vol. i. pp. 33—36.

The lower valleys of Lycia have long since lost the healthfulness that must once have been common to them, and the Yailahs—the valleys formed in a higher region among the mountains, are the refuge of the people in the summer season, from the heat and malaria of the lower and more marshy districts. Describing some ruins in an elevation of this description, Lieutenant Spratt and Professor Forbes say—

'The position they occupy is, however, important; it commands this road to the uplands, and overlooks the Bazeer-yan Yailassy, a fertile plain or basin, of about two miles in length and one in breadth, having no outlet, which appears scooped out of the summit of the mountain five or six hundred feet below the fortress. The winter rains and melted snow still covered the fields several inches deep, and the summer-houses were as yet uninhabitable. This was our first view of a yailah, and we were enabled from it to form a fair idea of the numerous basin-like hollows of the elevated districts in the interior of Lycia, to which the inhabitants ascend from all parts of the coast at the commencement of the hot season. The period of returning to these upland plains is anticipated by the natives with pleasure, and they speak of their yailahs with evident pride and satisfaction, fully appreciating the advantage and luxury of these retreats from the powerful heat of the summer's sun in the valley and plains on the coast.'—Vol. i. p. 57.

Again,—

'To-day, March 18th, we followed the Kassabar torrent to its junction with the stream from the valley of Saaret, passing by two or three water-mills, where we began to ascend the steep face of the eastern mountains by a tedious winding track, and in two hours reached the

chain of small plains situated on the summit of the broad flat barrier, intervening between the plain of Kassabar and the sea-coast. These little plains are intersected by low rocky ridges, seldom more than two or three hundred feet high. Some of the plains are well cultivated, especially such as are in the neighbourhood of two or three small villages; the others are the grazing and pasture lands of the herds and flocks of the Turkomans encamped on them, whose mode of life is exactly that pursued by their ancestors before their invasion of Asia Minor, roving with their cattle, as change of locality is necessary, with the change of season, and dwelling in black cloth tents.

‘The first plain we crossed was called Tcheller, in which were a few of these Turkoman huts, in the midst of a luxuriant spring pasture, carpeted by an exquisite blue Veronica, reminding us of the names of the neighbouring sites. An hour and a half after crossing several of these basins, inclosed by barren rocks, we arrived at a few fallen sarcophagi on the north side of the ruins of Yarvoo.’—Vol. i. pp. 111, 112.

Our travellers made their approach to the site of Myra, by descending toward the coast through the wild and magnificent gorge of Dembra, and our readers, we presume, will be pleased to accompany the strangers to a spot of such sacred recollection.

‘At the end of the fourth hour after entering the gorge of Dembra, we passed by a Hellenic tower and rock-tomb on our left, opposite to which we crossed the river for the last time, from the left to the right bank. The water here is hardly above the horses’ fetlock, having become gradually lost beneath the shingle bed, which has a wider spread with the increasing breadth of the valley, at this point nearly half a mile broad. The mountains recede and diminish in height, but lose nothing of their former precipitous and picturesque character. On emerging from the gorge, we came in sight of a large group of elegant rock-tombs facing the north, near the termination of the mountains on the right bank of the river; and soon after, of the sea and the plain of Myra, situated at the base of the hills, which, at the above-named rock-tombs, take a western course at right angles with the course of the Dembra. The village of Dembra is placed at the very turning point or toe of the hills, and occupies a small part of the site of the ancient city of Myra. The Acropolis crowns the bold precipice above. Without halting to examine anything, we passed through a Turkish burying-ground, filled with marbles and architectural fragments of all descriptions, and then proceeded through the village and down the plain towards the port or bay of Andraki, passing the theatre and a picturesque group of rock-tombs adjoining it, under the acropolis on the way. About a mile further on, we reached a dilapidated building, the monastery of St. Nicolo, where we were received with great civility by the priest and his wife, and were shown into their best room, very mean and small compared to the one we had recently occupied at Kassabar. It was, nevertheless, very acceptable to us in our present soaked condition; thanks to heavy rains and a swollen river, in which we had repeatedly to bathe our lower extremities during the long day’s journey. The monastery is built in the form of a quadrangle surrounding a small low church—until a few years since, the shrine of the relics of St. Nicholas,

the first bishop of Myra. We were informed by the priest, that this precious treasure was taken to St. Petersburg by a Russian frigate, during the Greek revolution. The emperor sent a gaudy picture as a substitute, and it is now an object of great adoration to the sailors and pilgrims who visit it. Adjoining the monastery are the ruins of a Christian church, evidently of great antiquity, as the style and substantial character of the building, which appears to be of late Byzantine architecture, indicate. Since its erection, the plain has increased in elevation several feet, since the flooring of this church, as well as that of the little church over the tomb, is five or six feet below the present surface of the plain. Fellow companions with ourselves in the monastery were a Greek merchant and his family, from Almalee, and a tinker. The latter seemed to have plenty of occupation in re-soldering and mending all the old copper kettles of the neighbourhood. The former united the three objects of a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Nicolo, recreation for himself and family near the sea coast, and doing a little business at the same time. The Papas also does considerable business as a corn-dealer, and owns about a dozen wooden granaries, that stand on stone pedestals on the outside of the monastery, marking him as a man of wealth in this country. Good-natured and shrewd, with no more education than the little required for the performance of church duties, he evidently held the good opinion and regard of the Turkish peasantry in the neighbourhood, a party of whom generally joined him to smoke their evening pipe in front of the monastery. The revenues of the church doubtless added considerably to his coffers. His being a merchant brought those to it who were the most likely to add to his store; for no Greek sailor could visit the shrine of St. Nicolo without offering a donation to secure the protection of his patron saint, and ensure prosperity during the forthcoming voyage. Following the example of others, we each put ten piastres in the hand of the priest, as a donation to the church. Our surigees, Nicolo and Georgio, did the same; but Pagnioti, who was no way well-disposed toward the clergy, thought the money better lodged in his own pocket than with either parson or church, and gave nothing. At sunset we were invited to the evening service. Bells being forbidden by the Turks, a dull monotonous sound was produced by a little boy hammering for a few moments at a long plank, suspended free by a cord from a corner of the church. A piece of iron is, however, more generally used throughout Turkey, although both wood and iron instruments are sometimes suspended in the same monastery for this purpose. We joined a small congregation of about fifteen men, women, and children. Guided by the priest's wife, we descended two or three steps into a dark vaulted building, very poorly decorated and painted, not in keeping with the importance and veneration attached to the spot by the Greeks. The portrait of the saint stood nearly in the centre on a rough pedestal of masonry. On one side of it was a tray of small wax tapers, and on the other, a similar plate for the sums deposited by those who, as a particular act of devotion, burnt one during service. When a votive taper was lighted, the offerer stuck it on a stand placed for the purpose behind the picture, facing the congregation, or western end of the church. All who entered after us went through a series of prostrations, in front of the picture, kissing the pavement each time, in the manner of the Turks. After the prostrations, the picture was approached, and repeatedly kissed, before the devotee took his place with the rest of the congregation to join in the service then going on. It lasted about a

quarter of an hour. As we had stood mute spectators during its performance, without joining in the mummery of crossing ourselves, and kissing the saint, not a little disgusted at the careless and indifferent manner it was gabbled through, and the haste in which the priest threw off his vest before he had quite concluded his benediction, he inquired of our servants if we were Christians, somewhat doubting the fact, from our telling him we did not understand the ceremonies and forms used by his church.

'March 21st.—We devote to-day to the examination of the ruins, and repair, after breakfasting, to the group of rock-tombs, a few yards south of the theatre, where the face of the bold hill rising above it is studded with carved sepulchres wherever the rock is of good texture. All of them are elaborately chiselled. Several have angular pediments, bearing groups of figures in low relief, and one or two are detached, except at their bases, in imitation of built habitations. The greater number are of that striking and elegant form peculiar to Lycia, having square mullions and empanelled fronts, ornamented with flat projecting ledges, carved beneath, in elegant imitation of rafters of wood supporting a roof. The whole presents the most unique and picturesque assemblage of rock-tombs in Lycia, and they have been considered as a group superior to any in Petra, by a traveller who had seen both localities. We separated, as usual, to examine the inscriptions, and, after collating the two or three copied by Sir C. Fellowes, we were so fortunate as to find several others, both Greek and Lycian, that had never before been copied. More interesting than a hundred funereal inscriptions, was one scratched or notched in the wall of the antechamber of a rock-tomb by some Greek lover of old. It proclaimed his passion; 'Moschus loves Philliste, the daughter of Demetrius.' From these rock-tombs we literally stepped into the theatre, which is overlooked and joined by some of them—a strange and unnatural union, the playhouse married to the grave—the play-goer resting against the house of death, whilst gazing on the most vivid of the recreations of life. The entrance to the theatre from below, is by an arch supporting the seats at its southern extremity, and leading through a labyrinth of vomitories, passages, and stone stair-cases, to the diazoma. This enormous fabric has almost all its rows of seats perfect. Its diameter, according to Mr. Cockerell, who first discovered it, is three hundred and sixty feet. The arena is now a corn-field. A large portion of the proscenium is still standing. It appears to have been a highly finished building, the wings ornamented with polished granite columns, surmounted by Corinthian capitals of white marble, one of which is still in its place. Leaving the theatre, we next visited a few rock-tombs to the north of it, and from thence commenced the ascent to the Acropolis; at first, exceedingly difficult, until we found an ancient road cut out of the rock, with steps leading to the summit. Near the summit, by the roadside, we saw some niches, intended apparently for tablets or votive offerings. The walls of the Acropolis are entirely built of small stones with mortar. We saw no remains of any more substantially or solidly built structures; but it is evidently the hill alluded to by Strabo, upon which 'Myra is said to have been situated.' We remained but a short time to rest ourselves, and to cast a glance over the partially cultivated plain, stretching between the ancient port of Andriace and Cape Phinika. Descending from the Acropolis to the village at the foot of the hill, we then proceeded to the rock-tombs on the north side of it. Many of these are

large, with porticoes in front, and surmounted by pediments, supported by pillars and pilasters hewn from the solid rock, like those at Termessus; sepulchres which, for the elegance of their design, costliness of execution, and size, seem to have been suited rather for the keeping of the ashes of rulers and kings, than of common citizens. The style of their sculptures, however, denotes a late date. The Ionic tomb, facing page 197 of Sir C. Fellowes' second book, is an example of one of them. It was some time before we found the tomb facing page 198 in that work; most interesting, on account of its coloured sculptures, the hues of which are, however, sadly faded. The figures are evidently family portraits, as is the case with all the sepulchral bas-reliefs at Myra. They are in good preservation, though not remarkable for style or execution. Having visited every tomb belonging to this group, and copied several new inscriptions, we returned to the monastery.—Vol. i., 125—133.

In these extracts, frequent references are made to Lycian inscriptions, and to rock-tombs. Considerable discussion has arisen as to the origin of these inscriptions, and of these particular forms of sepulture. Our own conclusion, from all we have read on the subject, is, that the said inscriptions should not be described as Lycian. Hitherto, it has not been possible to trace them higher than to the time of the Persian invasion; and the tombs over which they are for the most part found are clearly not of Greek, but of a more eastern—of a Persic origin. These tombs consist of recesses made in the rocks, with wrought surfaces, which have the appearance of doorways, or so nearly resemble the roofs and ornamented walls of old English houses, as to have been called by Sir Charles Fellowes, Elizabethan. Altogether, this sculpture reminds us much more of Petra, or Persepolis, than of Attica, or of anything found in the Greek islands. Among the Xanthian marbles is an obelisk, with a specimen of this language inscribed upon it, and which Mr. Daniel Sharp, a high authority in such matters, supposes to be the most ancient that has come down to us.

'As far as I can judge,' says Mr. Sharp, 'the Lycian language appears to have more resemblance to Zend than the Persepolitan; yet *all three* are of the same family, which we may call Persian, and it is not improbable that this monument may have been one of the fire altars of the Persian religion. From the Greek inscriptions on the north-east side of the obelisk we are enabled to collect that it is an order addressed to the Lycians by some sovereign; the only person mentioned is the son of Arpagus, who is spoken of as a prince or governor, and to whom

perhaps, a portion of the kingdom was given in charge by a preceding sovereign. The line in Lycian, which follows immediately after the Greek, is to this effect: ' Transcript of the greatest decree of the King of Kings,' showing that the decrees on the upper part of the monument, emanate from the king of Persia. The words ' King of Kings' occur frequently on the north-east and north-west sides of the monument, and on the same side we find frequently repeated the name of Aoura and Aouremez, the chief divinity of the Persian fire-worshippers.'

The summary of Mr. Sharp's conclusions is as follows :

' The few words which I make out here and there in these two sides of the monument, lead me to suppose that it contains a series of decrees, relating to the settlement of the country after the conquest by the Persians, and to the manner in which *the people of the two nations and religions are to live together*. The Medes and Lycians are frequently used in opposition to one another, and in one passage a distinction is drawn between the worshippers and the opponents of Ormuzd, but I have not made out whether they are enjoined to live peaceably together, or whether the worship of Ormuzd is to be enforced upon the conquered Lycians. I began with the impression that the language was derived from the Phenician, but I was soon staggered in this opinion, by the abundance of the vowels in Lycian, of which there are ten, *nearly corresponding to the long and short vowels of the Persian and Indian language*.'—(Vol. ii. pp. 48, 50, 59.)

While the style, and inscriptions, of this architecture point thus clearly to a Persian, and not to a Lycian origin, it is shown in this work that evidence to the same effect is supplied by coins.

We would willingly place before our readers some account of the ruins of the fifteen or sixteen cities discovered by the enterprise of the gentlemen to whom we are indebted for these volumes. But our space is limited, and we may observe also, that the descriptions bear a strong resemblance to each other—these long deserted cities being for the greater part in remote and almost unknown recesses of the country, presenting, one after the other, so many scenes of utter solitude and desolateness. The following is a description of the manner in which the site of the once great and flourishing city of Termessus Major was discovered :—

' Opposite Evdeer-Khan two deep valleys open from the Solyman mountains into the plains of Adalia. They are separated by a craggy peak, called Gule-look Dagh, the summit of which is five thousand feet above the level of the sea. The chain, continuing to the northward, nowhere exceeds that elevation, but declines towards the north-west corner of the plain, where there is another opening or valley, which our

guide called Dooshamarz, and which is probably the pass General Koehler ascended on his route to the highlands of Pisidia. Of the two passes opposite the Evdeer-Khan, the northern is the Gule-look. To it we bent our course on leaving Lagon. Not far from the ruins, we crossed the broad and deep, but dry, bed of a torrent; following its course for more than an hour, we reached the foot of the hills at the entrance of the pass. Here our expectations were raised by the appearance of ancient fortifications crowning an eminence on our left, and of a fine Hellenic tomb at the foot of the mountain on our right.

'The valley became more and more confined. We were evidently entering an important pass; every here and there were traces of fortifications; suddenly, in the narrowest part of the gorge, we came upon a range of perfect and admirably built Hellenic walls, stretching across it, fortified by towers, and passable only by the ancient and narrow pathway. The fortifications mentioned by Arrian, the pass through which the army of Alexander marched, seemed before us, and at every turn we expected to see the walls of Termessus. Our guide pointed to the summit of the mountain above us, and said he had heard of ruins there. About a mile beyond the gateway, we reached a khan, consisting of three stone buildings, and a coffee-house kept by Turkish soldiers, acting as guards to the pass. Here we put up for the night, not a little gratified by the assurance given us by one of these men, that the report of ruins on the neighbouring mountains was true.

'April 27th.—Early in the morning we commenced the ascent of the mountain, to seek for the ruined city. The first part was over steep and rocky ground, but after a time we came upon an ancient roadway, leading towards an opening in the mountain-side, between two towering rocky peaks. Following this road, which was buried in trees, and encumbered by underwood, for an hour and a half, we suddenly came upon two ancient guard-houses, almost perfect, one on either side of the way. We did not linger to trace any connecting wall, but hurried anxiously on with sanguine expectations. For nearly a mile, we met with no other traces of ruins. Some sarcophagi were at length discovered among the thicket, and near them, on the face of a great rock, were carved in large letters the words ΠΛΑΤΟΝΙΚΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΣ. Suddenly, after crossing a low wall, we emerged from the thicket, and entered an open and flat area, between the two great rocks, and walled in by inaccessible precipices. On it ruins were profusely scattered; numerous built tombs and sarcophagi, fallen buildings of large size, and a temple, the ornamented doorway of which still stood, fronted by a goodly flight of steps. Fluted columns of large dimensions lay strewed in fragments on the ground. Unwilling to delay until we had ascertained the full extent of the city, after a hasty glance, we proceeded to the upper end of the platform. Here the valley became more contracted, and a strong and perfect wall was thrown across it. Within this, ruins of nobler style and more perfect preservation appeared,—especially a palatial building of great extent, having numerous doors and windows, and almost perfect to the roof. Like the others, it was constructed of rectangular blocks of limestone, without intervening cement; before us, on what appeared to be the mountain-top, a third wall appeared, to which we ascended, expecting to find the Acropolis. Hitherto, we had met with no mention of the city in any of the inscriptions; but on ascending to the last-mentioned wall, we came upon an inscribed pedestal, which assured us we were in Termessus,—a name shouted out by the finder with no small

delight, and echoed by the old rocks as if in confirmation. It must have been new to them, after having rested so long unspoken. On reaching the third wall, our surprise was great at finding that hitherto we had been wandering, as it were, only in the vestibule of the city, and that Termessus itself was yet to come, built on the mountain top, even as Arrian has recorded. It stood on a platform surrounded by a natural wall of crags, three to four hundred feet high, except on the east, where it terminated in a tremendous precipice, diving into a deep gorge, opening into the Pamphylian plain.

After crossing the third wall, our attention was first attracted by an avenue, bordered on each side by a close row of pedestals, terminated at each end by public buildings, apparently temples. These pedestals were almost all inscribed, and the inscriptions in good preservation. One of them was of peculiar interest, confirming this site as Termessus Major—

ΤΕΡΜΗΣΣΕΩΝΤΟΝ
ΜΕΙΣΟΝΩΝ ΠΟΛΙΣ.

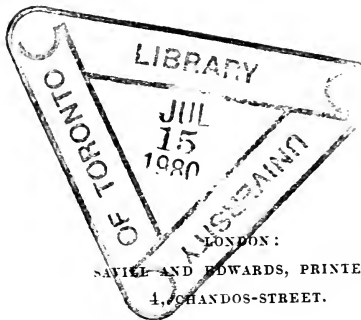
Above the avenue to the west, appears to have been the habitable portion of the city,—the buildings there, which are all fallen, having the aspect of the remains of dwelling-houses. To the south and east, the ground is covered by public edifices, many in tolerable preservation, others prostrate—all of substantial architecture. In the centre is an open levelled space, which, from an inscription, proved to be the Agora. In the midst of it stands an isolated rock, about fifteen feet high, surmounted by a plain sarcophagus; below which, at the head of a flight of steps, hewn out of a rock, is a recess with a seat (a bema?) There are also niches for votive tablets. The area of the Agora is undermined by extensive cisterns, the roofs of which are supported by massive pillars and arches. This area seems during the middle ages to have been inclosed by the walls and cells of a monastery, one of the very few remains of Christian origin at this site. Termessus was the seat of an episcopal see. Around the Agora are the most important public buildings; the most perfect of these is a great square erection, with highly-finished walls, ornamented with Doric pilasters, and having only two windows, placed high up. A smaller and similar building, stands behind the larger, the most prominent object among the ruins; and by its side a second, in front of which are two pedestals, bearing inscriptions, one in honour of Plato, who appears to have been held in high esteem by the Termessians, and the other dedicated to the Muses, of whom this was probably the temple. By the side of the Agora, and on the left of the great square building, are the fallen remains of a Doric temple, apparently (from an inscription) dedicated to the sun. Some of the blocks are of Parian marble, and are fragments of sculptured friezes. A search and excavation among them would probably lead to the discovery of many works of art. In front of the Agora are several large buildings, the purposes of which cannot well be guessed, and behind one is a great Doric edifice. Communicating with it is a smaller edifice of ancient structure, having in the centre three erect projections of rock with steps carved on their sides. Could these two buildings have formed part of a college of Haruspices, and the pillars of rock have been Haruspicia? The theatre is placed at the north-west corner of the Agora, and its upper part is nearly on a level with the platform, whence there is an entrance leading to the diazoma. This entrance is not arched, as is usually the case, but

is open, and consequently interrupts the connexion of the upper row of seats. Some fragments of columns standing near the passage seem to indicate, that the passage from the Agora into the theatre was through a portico. The theatre is of good proportions, and well preserved, free of bushes, and having few of its seats displaced. There are eighteen rows of seats below the diazoma, and nine above. The south wing was extended as far as possible without interfering with the proscenium, to which it is joined by a wall. Fronting the proscenium was a platform, ornamented with pedestals; leading from it are five doors; the architecture is not ornamented. Behind the theatre is the gymnasium. The theatre overlooks a deep ravine, on the opposite side of which is a narrow zigzag causeway, leading up from the gulf below, and forming a second entrance to the city, equally difficult with the first. Most of the ruins at Termessus are of Roman date.'—Vol. i., pp. 230—238.

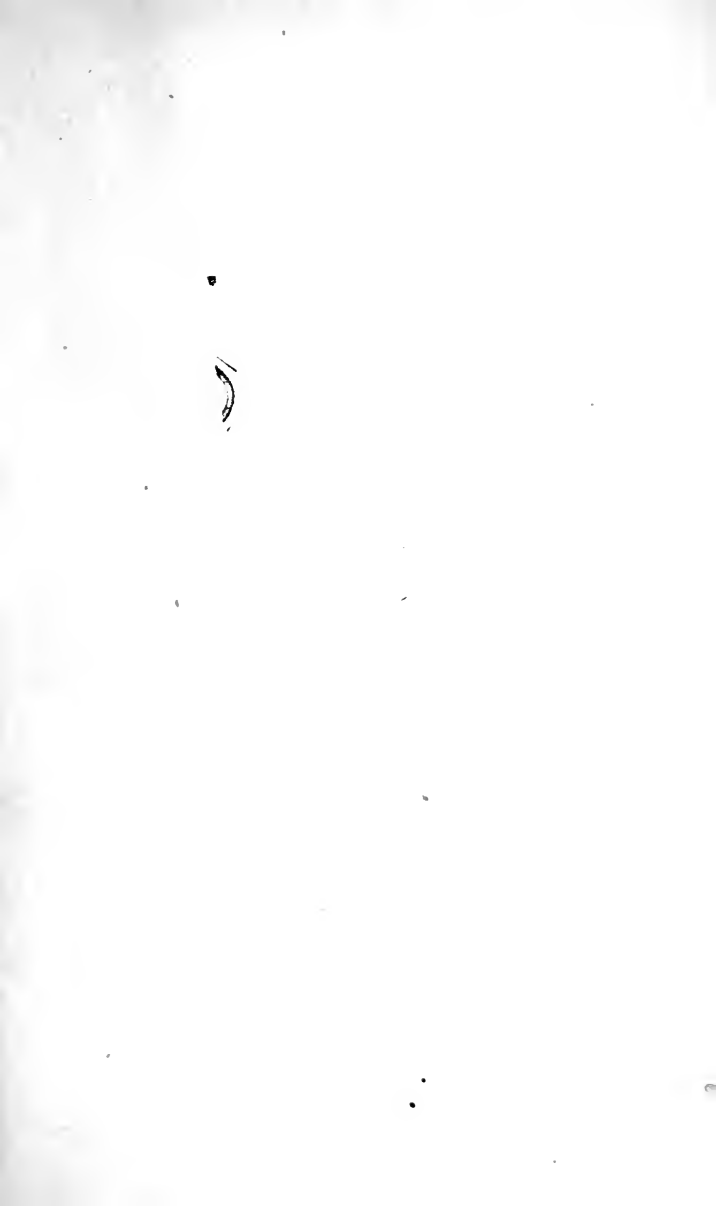
Had the life of the Rev. Mr. Daniell been spared, the literary department of this publication would probably have risen to a higher standard; but as it is, these volumes contain nothing at variance with good taste, sound judgment, and real learning. It is a long time since a more interesting work has been published under the title of a book of travels.

We should add, that the second volume contains some account of the natural history, botany, zoology, and geology of Lycia; together with very learned and able dissertations by Mr. Daniel Sharp on the Lycian and Greek inscriptions, and on the early coins of Lycia.

END OF VOL. I.



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