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ARTICLE I.

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH OF FRANCE AND THE PASTORS OF THE DESERT.

Histoire Des Églises Réformées de Pons, Gemozac et Mortagne En Saintonge, Précédée d'une notice étendue sur L'établissement de la Réforme dans cette Province, L'Aunis, et L'Angoumois. Par A. CROTTET, de Genève, Pasteur à Pons. A Bordeaux : 1841 ; pp. 263, 8vo.

Histoire des Églises Du Désert chez les Protestants de France depuis la Fin du Règne de Louis XIV., jusqu'à la Révolution Française. Par CHARLES COQUEREL.

“ Plus à me frapper on s'amuse,
“ Tant plus de marteaux on y use.”

THEODORE DE BEZA.

Two vols. Paris : 1841 ; pp. 564, 616, 8vo.

Histoire des Pasteurs du Désert depuis la Revocation de L'édit de Nantes jusqu'à la Révolution Française, 1685–1789. Par NAP. PEYRAT.

“ Ils tenaient devant le trône, en présence de l'Agneau, vêtus de longues robes blanches ayant à la main des palmes.—D'où sont-ils venus ?—De la grande tribulation.—Ils ont lavé leur robe dans le sang de l'Agneau ; voilà pourquoi ils sont devant le trône de Dieu, et le servent dans son temple.”

Apocalypse, Chap. vii.

Two vols. Paris : 1842 ; pp. 516, 552, 8vo.

beyond the reach of our present conception. Vastly sooner might an intelligent caterpillar conceive the unseen glories it shall wear when, bursting its silken coffin and its shroud, it is to appear, no longer a crawling worm, feeding on gross herbage, but a thing of light and beauty, a fluttering gem, that adds brilliancy to the flowers which supply it with its dew.

Faith, hope, natural desire, unite to persuade us that there will be a ready, though it may be, at present, an unimaginable, mode of recognition hereafter. Still, the teachings of science, and the infinitely more reliable hints of revelation, warn us not to conceive grossly of that future state; and especially not to expect there the cumbrous, *earth-bound machines*, which now condemn us to crawl through the dust, and to feed upon its productions; but to picture to ourselves a body-suited to that "inheritance of the saints in light," which is described as "incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

ARTICLE III.

Letters of ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT to VARNHAGEN VON ENSE, from 1827 to 1858. With Extracts from VARNHAGEN'S Diaries, and Letters of VARNHAGEN and others to HUMBOLDT. Translated from the second German Edition. By FRIEDRICH KAPP. New York: Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand Street. 1860; 1 vol. 8vo., pp. 407.

Few books have ever been more eagerly received by the reading public than this. Few, we will venture to add, have been read—if any one has read it besides ourselves—with a more grievous sense of disappointment. The world-wide fame of Humboldt, his vast attainments in natural science,

the prominent position which he so long held in the public eye (he was more than ninety years old when he died), the lofty height above the intellectual level of other men on which he seemed to stand, and the apparent simplicity and kindness of his character, all conspired to awaken an ardent interest in the volume before us. When it was announced that his correspondence with his most beloved and confidential friend, for a period of thirty years, would be unreservedly published, the civilized world was all a-gape. Rival publishers contended for the honor (and the profit) of printing it, and poor scholars saved their scanty funds to buy it as soon as possible. At last we have it. And what have we got? The worth of our money? *Not even that!*

The book contains two hundred and twenty-five notes and letters, almost all of them from Humboldt to Varnhagen, on all sorts of occasions, and on all sorts of subjects, from the most trivial to the most serious. There are a few letters from other persons to Humboldt, and occasional extracts from Varnhagen's diary, to illustrate the letters. The latter individual seems to have been a devout hero-worshipper, whose object of homage was Humboldt. He appears to have preserved with a religious zeal, and bequeathed to his niece, every scrap of writing with which his demi-god condescended to honor him, and she, with a yet more ardent devotion, has published it to the world. Every little note on the smallest occasions, such as one friend living in the same city would often send to another—even one to say that he would call to see him at eleven o'clock the next day—is here emblazoned in print for an admiring world. Humboldt was a great man, *awfully* great, some thought. When he spake from his own throne, it was *Jupiter tonans*. And, after all, it may be some relief to know that he ate and drank, slept and was sick, like any common mortal. But what we complain of is, the trouble and expense we are put to, just to find it out. We guessed as much before.

One object of the publication seems to be to let the world know how much Humboldt thought of Varnhagen, his wife, and his niece. Many of the letters contain the most extravagant laudations of these persons, whom we are sure few of our readers have ever heard of before. Let them know now, let the world know, that they were the strictest friends of Humboldt, whom he admired and praised as gifted with the best and noblest endowments of human nature. But if any such vanity entered into the motives for publishing these letters, it has richly wrought its own punishment, in the ridicule and reproaches which it must provoke from the world. No one has any reason to envy the honor this publication will gain for either Humboldt or Varnhagen, while it suggests a new emphasis for that good old English prayer—"Save me from my friends!"

Nevertheless, this book has some value. It contains some things of intrinsic importance in a historical, political and social point of view. But it is chiefly valuable for the revelation which it makes of Humboldt's real character and feelings. It has been often said, with a great deal of sad truth, that every man has two characters, often widely different, in one of which he appears to the world, generally, and in the other to his intimate friends and companions. This is true, to some extent, even of the best and greatest men. No man is, or can be, the same in his relations and intercourse with the world, that he is in the freedom and confidence of private life and intimate friendship. According to the satirical old proverb, "No man is a hero to his own valet." This volume puts us in the position of Humboldt's valet—or, rather, in a position yet better. The valet sees only the worst of the weaker traits of the hero. The confidential, admiring, trusty old friend sees *all*, even the weakness of the hero's strength, the littleness of that wherein he is great. And, with this book in our hands, we know Humboldt as Varnhagen knew him, without being Varnhagen. We see the hero as he saw him, but not with

his eyes. And in the remainder of this article we propose to glean, out of the emptiness and chaff of the volume, some few grains of valuable information to be found in it in regard to the character and feelings of the great man before whose name some bow with a reverence which we fear they never feel towards their God. And, if the testimony which it shall furnish do not tend to exalt the hero, if it appear that proud humanity, even in its loftiest specimens, is, after all, a poor, pitiable thing, if it be proved that man in his best estate is altogether vanity, let the blame fall, where it ought, on the foolish friends who have made it necessary. If any reprove us for assaulting a dead lion, let them remember that somebody flung the carcase upon us, and if we kick it, it is to show that there is no danger in it. In fact, the publication of the correspondence absolves a critic from every scruple of delicacy in his treatment of it, and the preface, written by the editress, Varnhagen's niece, invites, if it does not challenge, any freedom of remark. She says: "The following letters of Humboldt furnish a contribution of the highest importance to the true, correct, and unveiled representation of his genius and character. That they should be delivered to publicity after his death was his desire and intent. * * * Never has he spoken out his mind more freely and sincerely than in his communications with Varnhagen, his old and faithful friend, whom he esteemed and loved before all others. * * * It was a religious duty to leave every word unchanged as written down. I would have thought it an offence to Humboldt's memory, had I had the arrogance to make the slightest alterations of his words. * * * There was but one consideration to be obeyed—the *eternal truth*, for an adherence to which I am responsible to Humboldt's memory, to history and literature, and to the will of him [Varnhagen] who enjoined this duty upon me." "History and literature" will thank her, whether the memory of Humboldt does or not.

First of all, our readers will desire, as we did, to know

what light this correspondence throws on the religious opinions of Humboldt. What did he believe about God, the human soul, man's moral and spiritual relations, the Bible, and eternity? In regard to this enquiry, we have been greatly disappointed in the perusal of the volume. We fully expected, in such a correspondence, to meet with the freest expression of the writer's views on such topics as these. This expectation was heightened by the extract from the sixty-first letter, ostentatiously printed at the beginning of the book, "as its motto," and our second quotation below. But, so far as any thing of a positive character as to Humboldt's religious views is concerned, the testimony of these letters is very meagre. Of this sort we have noted only the following passages: (1.) "'Bruno' (Bauer) has found me out to be a præ-Adamite convert! When I was a boy, the court preachers reasoned in this way: I was confirmed by one of them, who told me that the biographies of the Evangelists were finally manufactured out of memoranda made by themselves during their life-time. Many years ago I wrote: All positive religions contain three distinct parts—First, a code of morals, very pure, and nearly the same in all; next, a geological dream; and, thirdly, a myth, or historical novelette; which last becomes the most important of all."—p. 112. (2.) "Your last favor, doing me so much honor, contains words about which I wish to prevent every mistake. 'You are afraid to enjoy the exclusive possession of my impieties.' You may fully dispose of this sort of property after my not far distant departure from life. Truth is due to those only whom we deeply esteem. To you, therefore."—p. 116. (3.) "It is a source of infinite joy to me to learn that the really very delightful society of the Princesses has benefitted you physically, and, therefore, as I should say in my criminal materialism, mentally also. * * * I still retain your 'Christliche Glaubenslehre,' (a work on the Christian dogma, by Strauss,) I, who, long ago, in Potsdam, was so delighted

with Strauss's Life of the Saviour. One learns from it, not only what he does not believe, which is less new to me, but rather what kind of things have been believed by those black coats (parsons), who know how to enslave mankind anew; yea, who are putting on the armor of their former adversaries."—p. 122. That contemptuous epithet, "black coats," was quite a favorite with Humboldt and Varnhagen, which they often fling, in this volume, at the clergy. It is edifying to see Humboldt coming down from the serene heights of his superhuman eminence, to catch up the low slang of the vulgar, and use it with such gusto. And yet, to these same "black coats" he was indebted for the privilege of pursuing his favorite natural science, and even for the liberty of reviling them. In the era of the Reformation, when the Protestant clergy staked life and all for the freedom of human thought, and by their heroism secured it, the students of natural science slunk trembling in their dens, or, like Galileo, were terrified into a cowardly denial of what they believed. (4.) "You will observe that my political 'ire' is still the same; that I am always very much attached to this life, having learned from you that, according to Kant's doctrine, there is not much to boast of after our dissolution."—p. 143. On page 194 there is a brief defence of his *Kosmos* against the charge of atheism. But, as in our second extract above, he makes the remarkable avowal that "truth is due to those only whom we deeply esteem," and as he did *not* deeply esteem the world generally, as we shall abundantly show after a little, it may be doubted whether any value is to be attached to the theism or atheism of *Kosmos*. Judging, then, from the quotations we have given, Humboldt belonged to the very lowest class of German infidels. He rejected the Sacred Scriptures as dreams and myths. He was a materialist. He believed that, after death, there is not much, if any thing, to boast of. And it is doubtful whether he held to the existence of a God. This was his bald, blank creed,

or rather no creed—this empty nothing. And we shall see its effects on his own moral and spiritual nature.

But, if the positive evidence of this correspondence as to the religious views of Humboldt is somewhat scanty, its negative testimony is more than sufficient. There is not, we believe, in the whole of it, so much as one reverential allusion to the Divine Being, not one recognition of man's immortality, not one reference to his moral responsibilities, no faith, no *hope*, and, what is very noteworthy, not a particle of *charity*, towards his God or his fellow-men. It is all of the earth, earthy, with a rank smell of the brutes that perish. The world has never seen a more terrible example of the power, which an exclusive devotion to natural science may have, to obliterate wholly the nobler impulses and aspirations of the human soul. In this Humboldt, this *magnus Apollo* of science—the faculty which takes cognizance of the higher moralities and of the relations of man—seems to have been utterly dead; and to him the ideas and affections which exalt us above the dirt of the world, were as if they absolutely were not. In the course of this correspondence, Varnhagen's wife died, then Humboldt's own brother, William, and then his beloved Varnhagen himself. On each of these sad occasions Humboldt wrote a letter. In the one in reference to his dying brother, there is some expression of natural sorrow. In the other two there is little or nothing besides mere miserable compliment and flattery to the living and the dead. In neither is there a thought, a hope, a wish, or even a hint, drawn from any higher source than the low level of time and sense. He had no balm to offer to the bereaved and bleeding heart, other than to praise the lost, and to compliment the survivor. He sees no ray of light shining on the tomb; recognizes no hand of a loving God in affliction; suggests no hope of a better and brighter destiny; and only mocks the soul by enhancing the sense of its bereavement. He writes of the dead like an atheist, a materialist, a heathen. Nay, we

would infinitely prefer Cicero's or Socrates' consolations to Humboldt's. And, if the highest philosophy and science have no other voice to utter at the grave than his, we would gladly exchange them for the superstitions of an arrant paganism.

Our first quotation from these letters is interesting and valuable, as it reveals the origin and history of Humboldt's religious opinions. It appears that in his early youth he was *taught* them by one of the court preachers, one of those same "black coats." "Many years ago I wrote," he says, and then specifies views which are at once recognized as those of the rationalistic theologians of his younger years. It is evident, therefore, that he formed his religious opinions in early life, and, moreover, that *he took them upon trust*, accepting without investigation what were the current doctrines of his time and country, even with the teachers of religion. This unquestionable fact divests his opinions of all the weight of authority which his name might give them, and leaves them to stand in that pitiable attitude so often presented in the history of the world—that of opinions formed without examination by one utterly incompetent to arrive at the truth. And we hazard nothing in asserting that, having once embraced these infidel sentiments, and devoting his life exclusively to scientific studies, Humboldt never reëxamined the grounds of his belief, or even raised the question of its possible error. The truth is, he outlived his time. He came down to us as the relic of another world. The era of his youth was the era of French infidelity and revolution, on the one hand, and of the lowest, most abject form of German rationalism on the other. And in religion he never got any further than the age and generation of his prime. The views which were then almost universal in literary and learned circles, have become nearly extinct, and are found only among sciolists and dreamers, and paltry pretenders to superior illumination. He was like one of the monsters of a former geological era, which

had survived the cataclysms in which its companions all perished, lingering for a space among new beings in a new world. With him, the genus to which he belonged has passed away, or, if it is repeated, it appears only in very diminutive forms, such as our bats and lizards are to the dragons of remote ages.

So much for Humboldt's religious views. Let us look at some other developments of this correspondence. One melancholy and instructive fact which it reveals is, that he was far from being a *happy* man. The world thought he was. On the principles of the world, and if his own creed is true, he ought to have been the happiest of mortals. Before the eyes of the public he presented what appeared to be a striking example of a cheerful, even a gay, old age. His life was, to use a current phrase, a distinguished success. All the great ends which he proposed to himself, or, at least, for which he labored, he achieved. In the field of intellectual effort, to which he devoted his great powers, he attained an acknowledged preëminence. Kings, nobles, and the princes of literature and science, were his friends and companions. The honor and applause which, for the most part, only a distant posterity bestows on great men, were lavished on him before his career was half completed, and never withdrawn to the day of his death. For long years he sat on the very pinnacle of earthly prosperity, enjoying all which complete success and an infidel creed could give him. But, in the overruling providence of a benevolent God, he is made, in these letters, to add his mournful testimony to that of one greater than himself, that "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!" In 1841 he wrote, "Towards the close of a much troubled life, which has but imperfectly realized its aspirations." In the same year Varnhagen observes, "I have just received a note from Humboldt. He concludes, with significant melancholy: 'The atmosphere to me is gloomy and foreboding. It is hard to be Humboldt, and to be obliged to confess this, at the summit of

honor and in the fulness of glory.' Indeed, he has but little pleasure, and his satirical humor alone can make life here at all supportable to him." Again, in the next year, Humboldt writes: "I live in apparent outward luxury, and in the enjoyment of the fanciful predilection of a generous monarch [the King of Prussia], yet in a moral and mental seclusion," etc.—p. 121. In 1844 Varnhagen writes in his diary: "The Court and its society are to him [Humboldt] like a tavern of habitual resort, where one is wont to pass one's evening, and drink one's glass."—p. 148. Humboldt writes again: "I go for a few days to Sans Souci, where I shall, unfortunately, celebrate my seventy-fifth birth-day. I say unfortunately, because, in 1789, [when he was twenty-five years old] I believed that the world would have solved more problems than it has done. It is true, that I have seen a great deal; but very little, indeed, in proportion to my exactions."—p. 180. The next year he speaks "of the terror of having reached the age of seventy-six years."—p. 195. We have before quoted, "I am always very much attached to this life, having learned that there is not much to boast of after our dissolution." Again, "I am well, industrious, but not cheerful."—p. 261. "Sadness and displeasure of the world have increased in me."—p. 361. All that apparent happiness, then, was unreal. That buoyant gayety which was so charming in the great old man was hollow and deceitful. Underneath it was a sad, disappointed, unsatisfied soul. All he had won, and all that he was, failed to procure happiness. And this Humboldt, "at the summit of honor, and in the fulness of glory," was embittered with the world, angry with his fellow-men, eaten inwardly with melancholy, and terrified by the advance of his years. His most intimate and admiring friend testifies that "his satirical humor alone made his life at all supportable to him." So utterly was it all a failure, that he had no resource to render it endurable, but in that bitter and biting spirit which finds gratification in virulence

towards his fellow-men. And how savage Humboldt was in this respect, we shall see hereafter. What can be more humiliating than this? What a fall it is! How pitiable! We hold it to be an irrefutable demonstration that there was radical error in his principles, and, in consequence, fundamental defect in his character. It is impossible that a man whose faith is right and true, whose character is formed and developed in accordance with it, whose occupations are honest and honorable, as Humboldt's were, and whose life is crowned with prosperity and success, as his was, should not also be happy. To think otherwise, would be to impugn the wisdom and goodness of the Creator and Ruler of the world, or, as the philosophers would say, the laws and order of nature. To say that truth and virtue, taken in their largest and widest sense, will not, as a natural and necessary effect, produce happiness in the soul, make life blessed, and conduct to a serene and cheerful old age, is to destroy not only Christianity, but all faith and confidence in God, in nature, in reason, in instinct, and to land us in a chaos of scepticism and despair most accursed. We have never heard that Humboldt was guilty of any of the vices or crimes which torment the lives of so many men. Our impression is, that his sins were only such as the world thinks consistent with decency and honor. The great age to which he lived proves that his habits were regular and temperate. It is evident that his unhappiness could have had no cause external to his own soul. It sprang up and grew from within. Nor was it the fruit of some unhallowed passion, suffered unrestrained to work its evil there. It was the result of a want, a defect, in the convictions of his understanding, and in the affections of his heart. The elements of religion were utterly wanting in both, and the soul, therefore, in this woeful destitution, could not be satisfied and blessed. No other cause can be assigned for the unhappiness which pervaded and embittered the life of Humboldt but this. And the volume before us, published,

in blindness and folly, for far different purposes, is another most precious demonstration of the fundamental error of his religious belief, and of its utter insufficiency to satisfy the needs of the human soul, or the exigencies of human life. Whatever may be said of the Christian faith, Humboldt's faith *cannot* be true. And, in this connection, a similar most memorable example deserves to be remembered. Goethe, who also lived to a great age, who was Humboldt's superior in intellect and genius, and equally blessed with honor and fame, and worldly success, confessed that during his long life he had not spent four happy weeks. Mournful confession! Crushing evidence that the faith and lives of such men are false to truth and goodness!

In the next place, we will notice a yet more painful and melancholy discovery made by this correspondence. It is found in the exhibitions it contains of what Varnhagen emphatically calls Humboldt's "satirical humor," but what might, perhaps, without too great severity, be called "satanical." We feel that an apology is almost due to our readers for inflicting on them the quotations we shall make; but if any should be required, let it be found in that "*eternal truth*," whatever that may be, of which the editress of the correspondence speaks in her preface. Let it be remembered that Humboldt was living on terms of the most honored intimacy in the most moral, intellectual, and pious Court of Europe, and in the most learned and literary society of the world—in the Prussian capital. His daily companions were the King, statesmen, savans, and theologians, among whom were such men as Tholuck, Hengstenberg, and Bunsen, and others equally great and good. It is on such men and such a society he deals out his vituperations. He says: "What depresses me is the vileness of the society in which we are here living."—p. 29. Varnhagen writes: "Humboldt sneers at Bunsen's little tract, 'The Week of Meditations.'"—p. 114. Humboldt speaks of "this arch aristocratic, utterly bigoted—(and consequently prepos-

terous, nay, stupid)—fanatically anti-French Canitz, with his malicious and vulgar sneers.” Varnhagen says himself that Canitz “is honest, strict, and straightforward.”—p. 118. Varnhagen, recording a conversation with Humboldt after the latter had returned from a visit to England, says: “Peel pleases him as little as ever; looks like a Dutchman; is more vain than ambitious, and narrow in his views. Lord Aberdeen is invincibly taciturn, without being able to convince people that his taciturnity covers any thing worth saying.”—p. 118. In another entry in his diary, he writes: Humboldt “speaks contemptuously of Eichhorn and Savigny, as hypocritical menials, who receive the word of command from Thiele, from Gerlach, and from Hengstenberg.” “Love of art and imagination on the throne, fanaticism and deceit all round, and hypocritical exaggeration in matters unworthy of attention.”—p. 137. Again: “First he vented his bitter and indignant scorn on the speeches of the King”—“Then he spoke with the utmost contempt of Von Raumer, the Minister of Public Worship and Instruction, of his brutality and insolence, his hatred of all science, his pernicious activity.”—p. 282. (Humboldt held a high office in the Court himself.) “The meanest fellow of the whole concern (the ministry) is Privy Counsellor Niebuhr, a low, canting parasite, full of spite and venom.”—p. 284. “Dorner and Rothe have been jostled out, and their places are held by the most mediocre and narrow-minded people to be found in all Germany, such as Lange and Steinmeyer; from Hengstenberg’s study, through Gerlach, all tends, he says, to ignorance and darkness.”—p. 293. Humboldt writes, “The ‘Dreamer,’ etc., like every thing emanating from this bad party, sick with mental poverty, bears the stamp of cowardly malice!” Varnhagen says: “Humboldt talks of Radowitz decidedly as of a Jesuit, calls him Ignatius, mocks him, and jests on him a long time.”—p. 312. “Finally, Humboldt added: ‘When a man has the misfortune to be compelled to live

among such wretches as this Gerlach, Raumer, and the rest who have crept into this Court."—p. 313. "In a box he had a living chameleon, which he showed me, and of which he said, that it was the only animal which was able to direct one of its eyes upwards, and at the same time the other downwards; and that our parsons only were able to do the same, with one eye directed to heaven, and the other to the good things of this world."—p. 341. Chevalier Bunsen published a work with the title, "God in History." Humboldt derisively and profanely nicknames him by it.—pp. 385, 386. Such are some of the many instances furnished by this volume, in which the hidden bitterness and wrath of Humboldt's spirit broke forth in unsparing and unjust abuse of his companions and associates, the leaders of the politics, religion, and literature of his country. They are melancholy disclosures pointing yet more emphatically in the same direction as the quotations we gave under the preceding head of our review, and indicating demonstratively the radical defect in the sentiments, and consequently in the character, of Humboldt. No man whose soul was formed and pervaded by principles of truth and goodness, could breathe forth such venomous abuse on his fellow-men. And, if our readers are surprised that Humboldt could so feel and speak of men with whom he was intimately associated, officially and socially, and with whom, therefore, he must have lived on terms of ostensible courtesy and respect, let them remember that he believed "truth is due to those only whom we deeply esteem." The less he thought of them, therefore, the more did he think himself justified in concealing from them what he really believed about them. Prince Albert requested from Humboldt a copy of *Kosmos*, and, after reading it, sent him a very civil letter of thanks and compliment. Whereupon Humboldt, in a letter to Varnhagen, most unmercifully ridicules the Prince, with such severity, indeed, that Varnhagen rebukes his friend. But all the while there is no doubt he was as courteous and

respectful to Prince Albert as he knew how to be, outwardly. "Truth is due to those only whom we deeply esteem;" not, therefore, to Prince Albert. Not, therefore, to many. Secretly he could pour forth his scornful sneers and sarcasms and revilings and mockery, and yet publicly pay the profoundest respect and obeisance.

These developments are especially noteworthy, from the fact that those who belong to Humboldt's school of religious opinions make very loud pretensions to a liberal, tolerant and indulgent spirit. They demand the largest charity for themselves, and profess to extend it to all others. Indeed, they appear to think *that* the sum of all virtues, and no offence more rouses their holy wrath than any severity towards the opinions and character of another, especially towards their own, and yet more especially if it comes from a "black coat." It is a very shallow device. And invariably, when we come at the truth, as in Humboldt's case, we find that these liberal-minded preachers of charity are of all men the most fiercely intolerant and uncharitable.

There is a yet graver aspect in which this vituperation of others, so profusely uttered by Humboldt, presents itself. A distinguished student of the import of language (not a "black coat"), says, "terms of abuse and vituperation generally serve rather to convey an impression of the speaker's moral status, than a distinct notion of the exact character and degree of depravity he imputes to the subject of his discourse. This consideration suggests the duty, or at least the expediency, of extreme reserve in the use of words which give the hearer to understand, not that we have cause to believe the supposed offender to be guilty of any specific violation of the laws of God or man, but that we are ourselves in a frame of mind which almost necessarily involves some sacrifice of self-respect, some disregard of that charity which the obligations of both religion and society require us to show towards our fellow-man."—(Lec-

tures on the English Language, by G. P. Marsh.—p. 578.) This is euphemistic. We have never known a severe truth delivered in more gentle terms, or a statement better illustrative of the sentiment it was meant to enforce. But there is stinging truth in it, and it means that the free use of vituperative language reveals what is any thing but creditable to the moral character of the speaker or writer. With the specimens of Humboldt's vituperation which we have given, and this criterion before them, let our readers judge him for themselves.

It is not surprising that Varnhagen caught the spirit of his hero. He writes, pp. 394, 395: "Humboldt sends me with kind lines [mark you!] the work of the Marquis of Normandy on the revolution of 1848. He calls it an indiscreet book, and almost talentless; I call it stupid and perfidious in its contents. He is one of the dullest and most tedious Englishmen ever heard of." * * * "He is a poor fool, but his bad book is good enough to expose the paltriness of Louis Phillippe, the villainy of Guizot, and the pernicious influence of sneaks and sharpers." We were surprised, however, to meet with the following, in a letter from Arago to Humboldt, in 1834, p. 158: "All that I daily see in this vile world of meanness, servility, and low passion; makes me look with indifference on the events with which men are mostly preoccupied." *Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?* Are these great and wise men, familiar with the most cultivated and exalted circles of society, so disgusted and wrathful with what they see there? What, then, are we to think of the world, and of these men themselves? When "a black coat" uses language respecting his fellow-men that even approaches this in severity, all the liberals and philosophers rebuke him for reviling and maligning humanity.

We give the following for what it is worth: "Humboldt says there is no doubt that Louis Bonaparte is a son of

Admiral Verhuel, and his brother, Morny, a son of General Flahault."—p. 267.

The editress of this correspondence promised us, in the preface, that it would "furnish a contribution of the highest importance to the true, correct, and unveiled representation of the character" of Humboldt. Whatever may be thought of the silly vanity which has led to this unveiling of his nakedness before the world, there can be no doubt that that promise is fulfilled. We have several times quoted that astounding avowal of his, that "truth is due to those only whom we deeply esteem." No man who duly loves and honors the truth, could utter such a sentiment. None who, in his own soul, recognizes the value and glory of truth, can tolerate it. We speak of truth both in regard to theoretical truth, and in regard to practical truth, or veracity. What is more, no man who *knows* the truth could entertain that thought for a moment. For, a truthful soul coming to the knowledge of the truth, must see and feel that excellence and preciousness in it which will seal upon him an obligation to impart that truth to all men if he can. And we hold Humboldt to be self-convicted of ignorance, error, and a want of honesty. Mark, also, the following quotations. Referring to an encomium which he had pronounced on the King in a public address, he says: "In praising that with which the party praised is scantily supplied, we point him to the honorable road, and justify ourselves before the people."—p. 319. "I did not care to disabuse the mind of the one-legged Raumer, as they will leave soon. *Decipitur mundus.*"—p. 372. The first of these extracts indicates a state of moral sense, which would not surprise us in a courtier, who fawned for a livelihood on the favor of a prince, and whose daily business it was to reconcile lying and flattery with his conscience. But in a philosopher, in one who dwelt in the pure heights of science, in a man who was reputed to possess a mental elevation so far above common men, it is amazing and humiliating. The last quotation

- lets us know that in Humboldt's opinion deceiving and being deceived was the order of the day, and he did not think it his business to disturb it. Truly, this is to be "unveiled." We examine this dead lion, and it seems rather to be a fox.

With the quotation of three references to the United States, we will close our extracts from a book which has already occupied us too long. In 1856 he writes: "An excellent article, by Laboulaye, on the domestic institution (slavery), and the flagitious Pierce's extension of the outrage upon territory hitherto free, met my eye yesterday," etc.—p. 321. "Most unfortunately, Buchanan will be the next President, and not Fremont, the traveller of great acquirements," etc.—p. 324. "And the disgraceful party which sells negro children, and distributes canes of honor, as the Russian Emperor does swords of honor, and Graefe's noses of honor,—who prove [the grammar is not ours] that all white workmen should rather be slaves than free—have succeeded. What a crime!"—p. 339. Humboldt judged the politics and institutions of the United States as he did religion, at a distance, without any competent knowledge of either. And his opinions on the two subjects are of about equal value, and equally worthless. For his admirers, in the South, at least, we set one against the other.

And now, let the poor old man rest, as we and our readers will also.